













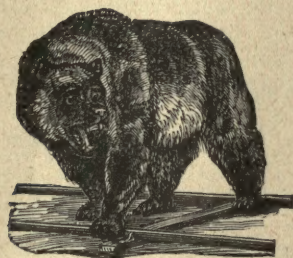




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JANUARY—JUNE. 1889.



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# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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VOL. XIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—JANUARY, 1889.—No. 73

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## HYDRAULIC MINING ILLUSTRATED.—II.



THE RESERVOIR.

THE entire story of the life of the hydraulic miner, and of his methods and appliances, is worth the most careful study. A photographer traveling from the head reservoirs under the snow peaks to the mine, many miles distant, would find scenes worthy of his camera in almost every rod of distance. The strong reservoir dams, of rock, or logs bolted together and clamped into the





THE FLUME.

sides of the ravines, the winding ditches, the "drops" and "shoots," the bridges, and trestle work, and syphon pipes, in the midst of a wild landscape, are all distinctly Californian. Even now, although many of the most important hydraulic

mines have stopped working, owing to the mining debris decisions, the great reservoirs are coming into use for irrigating as well as for mining purposes.

In bringing the water from the high Sierras to the gravel beds where it is to be used, the highest skill and ingenuity are required. The method of using pipes has already received illustration in the first article in this series. The part played by suspension bridges remains to be described. Deep, narrow gorges and rivers are sometimes crossed by costly and strong structures of steel wire, such as shown in the accompanying sketch, illustrat-

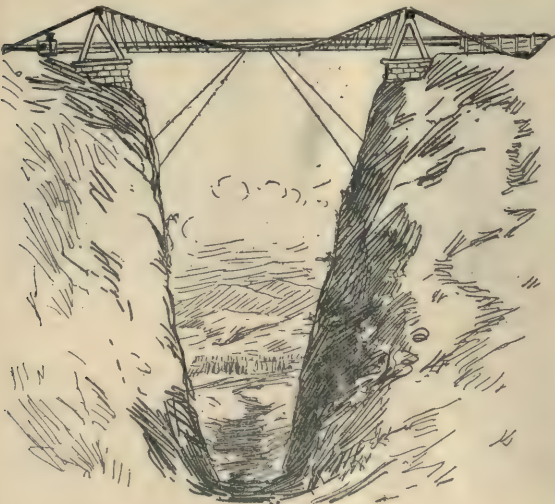


PLATE 24.



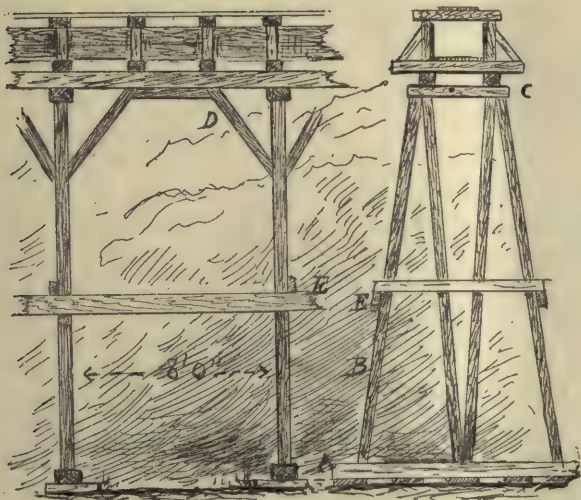


PLATE 25.

ing one over the Calaveras River, near Jenny Lind. Trestle work of great height and considerable length has been introduced on many of the ditches and flume lines in California, but the character of structure is being rapidly superseded by the inverted siphon system. Where high trestle work has been used, the plan for bents shown in Plate 25 has given satisfaction.

Gorges, creeks, and water-courses are often utilized as "drop-offs" in the conveyance of water, by turning the flume or ditch stream into these natural channels, and by draining the same at any desirable point lower down, thereby forcing it into the head of a lower ditch or flume at such a point. In Plate 26, *A* is the inlet, *B* is the dam, and *C* is the outlet.

The water, finding its way out of the reservoir, and through flumes, ditches, and pipes, along mountain sides and cliffs, over rivers, through tunnels, across valleys and gorges, over trestle work and suspension bridges, finally reaches the distributing reservoirs, from which the water to be thrown into the diggings is drawn.

The distributed reservoirs are generally located at some point in the neigh-

borhood of the mine where the water is to be used, and at an elevation above the mines of sufficient height to furnish any required head or pressure.

These reservoirs are generally artificial basins made by excavating material from within certain limits and then using it to create an embankment. The outlet from this distributing reservoir may consist of any contrivance that will connect directly with the main pipe, which carries the water direct to the mine where it is to be used. There may be a simple drop-gate arrangement, or there may be a siphon outlet gate. Each of

these forms has its advantages, and hence we describe and illustrate both.

In the first method, that of a simple drop-gate, the gate *A* may be lifted or lowered by the lever *B*. This gate will



PLATE 26.



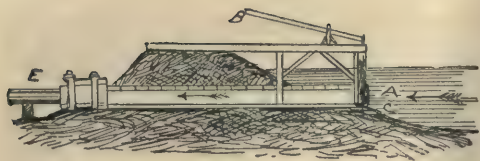


PLATE 27.

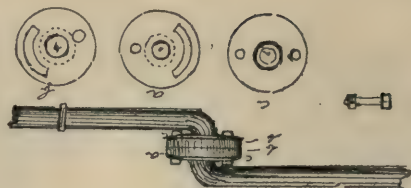


PLATE 29.

admit of the water in the distributing reservoir being drawn off down to point *C*, (Plate 27).

The second method, that of the siphon outlet, admits of the water in the reser-

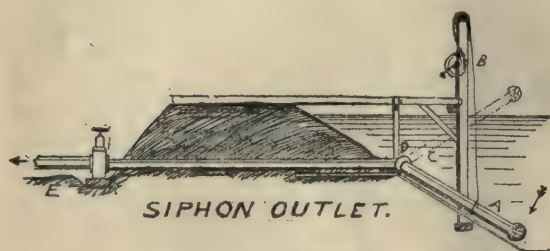


PLATE 28.

voir being drawn off below point *C*. The siphon arm *A* is lowered and lifted by a hand wheel *B*. The form of the siphon pipe joint (*D*, in Plate 28,) is shown on an enlarged scale in Plate 29; also the manner of connecting the same.

From the distributing reservoir the water is conveyed by pipes, ditches, or flumes, directly to a box, Plate 30, called a bulkhead, situated above and in close proximity to the material or bank to be washed. From the bulkhead a pipe leads directly to a distributing box located below and close to the bank. This arrangement is shown in the accompanying ideal sketch of a part of an hydraulic mine.

The real hydraulic mine presents a wild and desolate appearance. It is, in effect, an open amphitheater, almost wholly or in part surrounded by high, perpendicular walls of gray, or red, or yellow clay, earth, rocks, and gravel. Trees grow on the cliff and topple down with it, as do boulders, or masses of lava, or honey-combed stone and quartz. The bottom of the mine is very uneven, partly because the "bed-rock" which underlies the gravel, and to which [the mine operations extend, is seldom level but is either tilted, or folded in great folds, and partly because

deep channels to carry off the water through "flumes" are cut into the bed-rock itself. Every one who has visited the mining regions of the Sierras has been impressed with the greatness of the operations involved in hydraulic work. The force of the stream directed against the cliffs seems so enormous, and its vis-

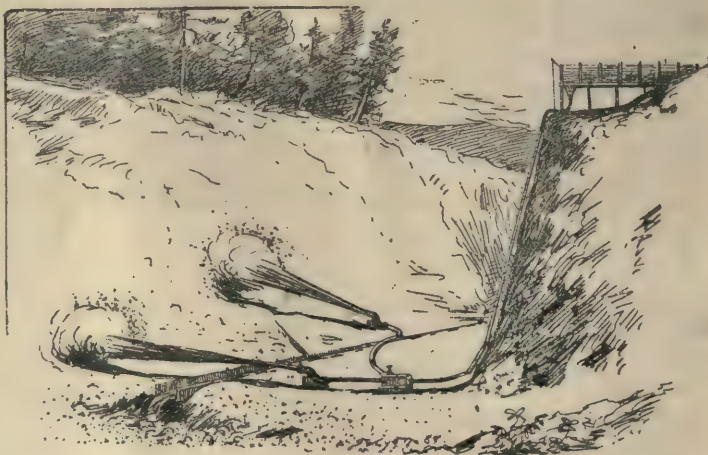


PLATE 30.





AN HYDRAULIC MINE.

ible results are so appalling, that ordinary drift mining and quartz mining seem insignificant in comparison.

Before a more complete description of the mine itself, we must continue our account of the appliances used in obtaining the terrific force used against the indurated gravel. We have seen how

the water is conveyed from the distributing reservoir to the very edge of the mine, and poured into a "bulkhead-box." This "bulkhead," at the top of the bank, from which point the water is drawn directly for use at the mine, is usually the point where the hydraulic pressure begins. Indeed, the water-way is often



an open flume to the opening into this bulk-head. The usual method of constructing a bulkhead is shown in the accompanying illustration :

The pipe *F* is made in twelve (12) foot lengths, and is joined stove-pipe fashion, having a lap of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Several lengths have a greater lap to allow for expansion. When it is deemed necessary to fasten these lengths together, it is done with wire over lugs on the end of the same.

Air valves, to prevent a vacuum in the pipe in case of a break, are placed at various points along its length. The

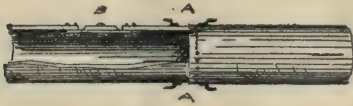


PLATE 32.

water while flowing through the pipe keeps the valves closed, and in case of accident the valves open automatically, admitting air and preventing a collapse of the pipe.

In Plate 32, *B* represents the valve, and *AA* the lugs.

The distributing boxes used in the bottom of the mine, as previously shown,

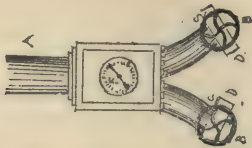


PLATE 34.

are of various forms or designs. We illustrate two kinds now in use.

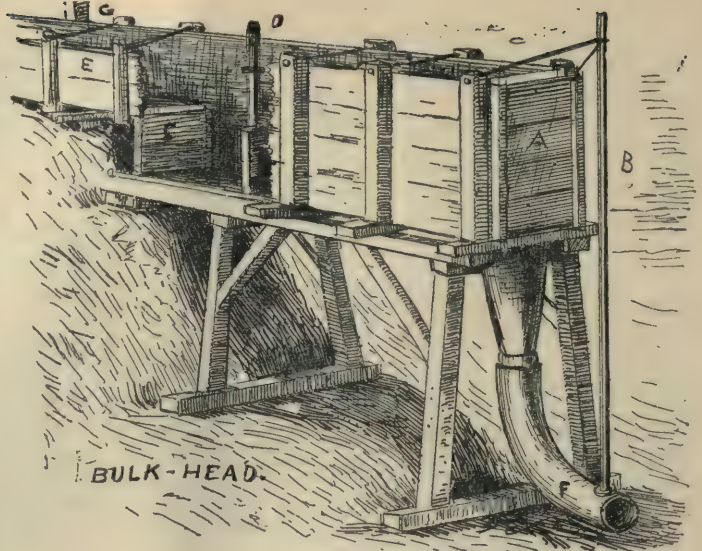


PLATE 31.

In the first, or simple form, *O* is a cast-iron box of sufficient strength to resist the pressure of water under a given head; *A* is the inlet pipe from distributing reservoir; *B* are outlet pipes leading directly to nozzle; and the wheels are used for elevating the valves.

The second form is a Y distributing box for two branch pipes. *A* is the inlet

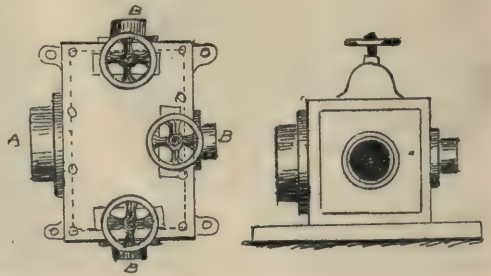


PLATE 33.

pipe, *B* the outlet pipe, *C* the elevating wheel, *D* the valve box, and *F* the pressure guage.

The water is now under pressure and on its way to the point of use. One or more pipes from the distributing box carry it to a "Hydraulic Chief," from which theseveral hundred miners' inches



of water are hurled through a nozzle against the face of the bank of the mine with great and indeed irresistible force, before which the earth melts rapidly away. In some mines five hundred feet of pressure is used, with a fifteen-inch inlet to the distributor, and with an outlet to the nozzle of from eight and one

like straws or be hurled away many feet distant.

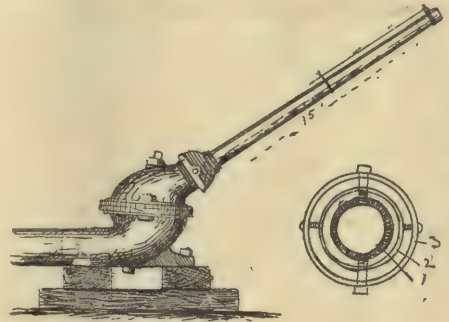
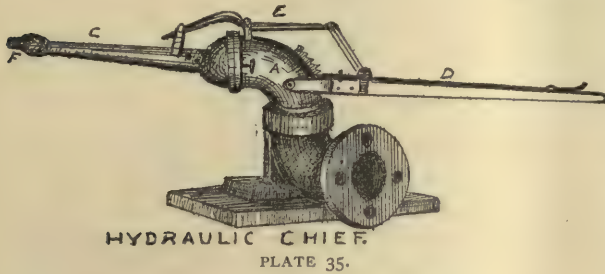
The miners prefer to chip away at the base of the bank until it is ready to cave. When a large mass of dirt falls, they wash it away into the sluices, then begin again at the bottom, and wash down another slice. When the perpendicular

cliff they are attacking is from eighty to a hundred and fifty feet in height, or even more, the mass of earth, rock, and gravel that sometimes falls is immense, and the pipemen meet with frightful accidents. Large boulders are blasted or broken with sledge hammers, so that the bed-rock flumes can carry them

off, or are piled up on portions of the mine already "stripped" and laid bare. A very few men are able to handle immense amounts of water. One company in 1876 employed ten men, used two hundred miners' inches daily, and washed two hundred and twenty-four thousand cubic feet of earth each six working days.

half to nine inches. Five and one half to seven-inch nozzles are the ones in general use. By such a stream the softer bed-rock is torn up, and the whole mass whirled away down the flumes.

The force of the stream which issues from a "Little Giant" or a "Monitor" is such that it would kill a man instantly if directed against him; and a few miners with their hydraulic machines could hold a pass against an army. All the water that flows into an eight-inch pipe is sometimes compressed into a two-inch nozzle. In the larger mines the same proportion often holds. The stream is therefore solid, — so solid when it issues forth that it cannot be pierced. A man cannot thrust his hand into it, or move or impress the current any more than if it were polished steel. A "tenderfoot" in Nevada County one day tried to drink out of the stream that issued from the "little giant," and found that he could not get a single drop, and that the skin was taken from his face and lips, as if he had touched redhot iron. Speed is the element of power. The velocity of the water makes boulders two feet in diameter jump twenty feet in the air when it hits them. Trunks of trees lying in the mine can be made to spin



The various hydraulic machines for obtaining this remarkable control of the stream of water, to which are attached the pipe and nozzle, are known among miners as "Hydraulic Chiefs," "Monitors," "Little Giants," etc., and are of various devices.

In the "Hydraulic Chief," Plate 35, *A* is the Little Giant, *C* the pipe, *D*



and *E* the levers for directing the stream, *F* the nozzle.

In the "Monitor," Plate 36, the Monitor, the inlet pipe, and the horizontal revolving joint are shown and the connection between the pipe and the Monitor in section.

In the globe monitor, the pipe *E* revolves on a horizontal plane at the globe joint *C*, and can be made to turn entirely around, while the pipe *E* can be raised or lowered vertically over a radius of forty degrees, the globe joint at *C* admitting of such movement; by the nut

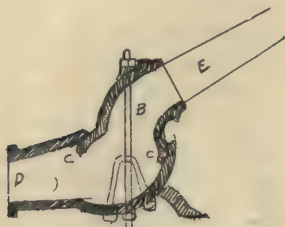


PLATE 37.

attached to the upper end of rod *B* running through the center of the globe, the friction may be lessened and the pipe easily moved, Plate 37.

Plate 39 represents the "Little Giant" disconnected from the pipe. The neck *A* revolves on a horizontal plane at joint *B*, and is held in place by bolt *C* which passes through the machine. The pipe and nozzle is connected with this machine at the point *D* in the manner shown.

These machines are of cast iron; the

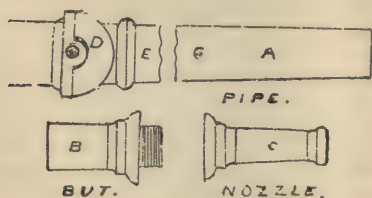


PLATE 38.

smallest size will sustain a pressure of four hundred feet or two hundred pounds.

Plate 38 shows pipe *A*, butt *B*, noz-

zle *C*, and joint *D* connecting with the neck of the Little Giant. Pipe *A* is brazed to butt *B* and shoulder *E*.

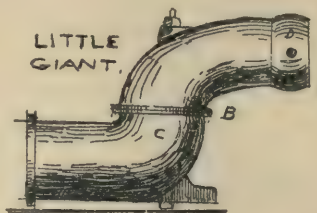


PLATE 39.

The pipes with their nozzles vary in length and diameter, the largest size in use being fifteen feet long and nine inches in diameter at the outlet, as shown in the illustration of a "Hydraulic Chief." They are used under various pressures ranging from one hundred and fifty to five hundred feet, discharging water at velocities from seventy-five to one hundred and eighty feet per second. The largest pipe used is under a three hundred and seventy-five foot head, discharging two thousand four hundred



PLATE 40.

miners' inches, or thirty-six million gallons every twenty-four hours.

Water in passing from the supply pipe through the machines receives a revolving motion, imparted to it by reason of the angle it is forced to traverse between the inlet and the outlet. To overcome this imparted twisting motion in the stream, and to force it from the pipe in a direct or straight line, a device as here shown is placed inside the pipe, P. 40.

To assist in the breaking up of these mineral deposits, pipe-clays, etc., blasting tunnels are run into the face of the diggings for hundreds of feet, and branches are also run to the right and



the left. Large quantities of blasting powder are stored therein; the tunnels are then partially filled up with earth,

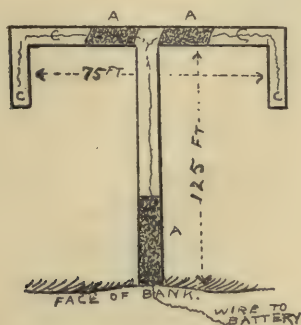


PLATE 41.

and the blast is fired by electricity, scattering and breaking up immense masses of material. Water does the rest, and rapidly melts away the vast piles.

Plate 41 shows the manner of tunneling and blasting gravel banks, as described.

Giant powder is used to break up the bowlders in the banks, so that they may pass through the sluices. Masses of pipe clay are still further disposed of by boring holes in them with a "clay auger," and blowing them to pieces with powder. A great deal of gold is unavoidably lost by being caught in the pipe clay, and carried off.

The mining having been thus far accomplished, the whole mass of the mate-

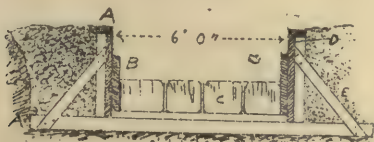


PLATE 42.

rial is carried away and into bed-rock sluices, located below the natural surface of bed-rock as shown in Plate 42, which may be described as follows:

A. Posts and sills. 4" x 6" posts halved into sills.

B. Side lining. 18" x 18" x 3" thick on end.

C. Blocks. 20" x 20" x 13".

D. Sides. 1 1/2" x 2" thick.

E. Braces. 2" x 4".

F. Bottoms. 2" thick, tongued.

There are sills every three feet.

A sluice box 6 feet wide by 40 inches deep, on a 4 per cent or 5 per cent grade, will run from 3,000 to 3,500 inches of water. A box of 4 feet by 30 inches, with a 4-inch grade in 16 feet, will run from 1,200 to 1,500 inches of water. A box 3 feet wide and 30" deep, on a 1 1/2 per cent grade, will run 1,200 inches.

Bed-rock sluices are made of various widths, and in accordance with the magnitude of the claims and the amount of material to be used. We illustrate the

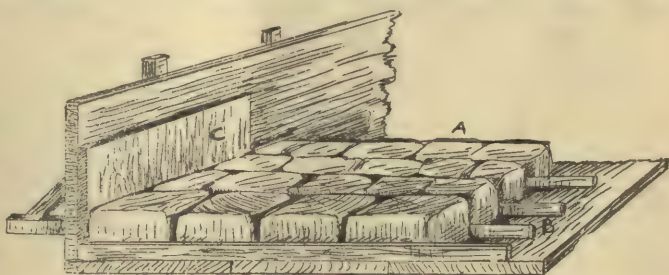


PLATE 43.

manner in which the blocks are placed in these sluices. In some locations round stones are used in place of blocks, and for heavy currents they are preferred.

A, A are blocks 20" x 20" x 13".

B, B are strips of wood to separate blocks 6" x 1 1/2", fastened with headless nails.

C, C are the inside lining planks 18" x 18" x 3".

The bed-rock sluice leads directly to the outlet, or tailing dump, or in some instances directly over and discharging into a shaft connecting with a bed-rock tunnel outlet. Experience has developed in many of these enterprises the fact that large bodies of blue gravel lie in the old channels between the rivers and



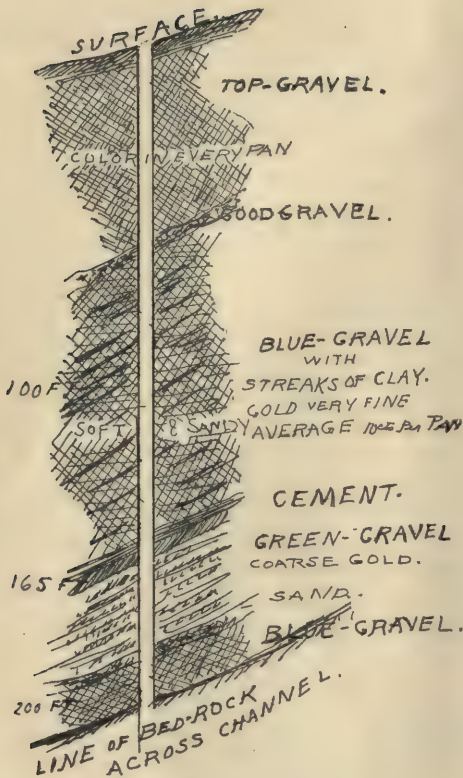


PLATE 44.

their rising sides, and so in order to work the lower and richer strata, an outlet must be found at some point below the bed-rock. This is done by running tunnels under and through the bed-rock, thereby creating a permanent outlet and drainage. It is often found necessary to run these tunnels for long distances through hard rim rock and at great cost.

The North Bloomfield tunnel in Nevada County is 7,854 feet long, and cost \$550,000, occupying two and one-half years in cutting. The upper end of this tunnel terminates at a point two hundred feet below the surface, under the gravel bed, with which it is connected by a vertical shaft, through which the material from the bed-rock flume falls. The material then passes through the sluice boxes in the tunnel to the outlet, and then on for several thousand feet over the creek bed, through under-currents and other

gold-saving appliances to the final outlet or river channel below.

In sinking on one of these mines, or diggings, 210 feet (from the surface to the bed-rock), strata of material were cut through, as shown in plate 44.

The under-current used for gold-saving, and so called in connection with hydraulic mining, may be described as follows, Plate 45:

The sluice *A*, leading from the diggings, may be of any grade, depending upon circumstances and the judgment of the miner, and varies from  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch to 1 inch the foot.

At any desirable point along the line of the main sluice, generally near the lower end, where the vertical space between the "dump-off" and the tailings is the greatest, there is placed in its bottom a strainer of iron bars, called a "grizzly." In some flumes the bars of these grizzlies are placed cross-wise of the flume, instead of lengthwise.

The "grizzly" is formed of iron bars, placed say one inch apart, more or less, by which a portion, and of course the finer, of the moving debris is separated from the coarser. A portion of the water is also separated.

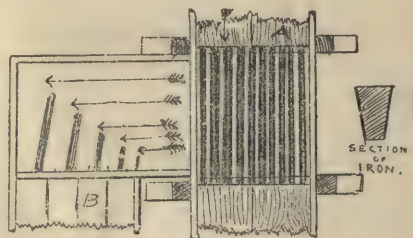


PLATE 45.

The coarser materials, bowlders, large pebbles, etc., go immediately to waste over the grizzly.

The eliminated material and water is cast upon and spread over a broad platform, with a width of 2, 3, 4, or 5 times the width of the sluice boxes, and as long as circumstances will admit.

This platform has a grade or inclina-



tion greater than that of the main sluice and is covered with frames of riffles. These riffles are made in frames, or sections, for the convenience of cleaning up the under-currents, when desirable. Thus, a portion of the debris, and presumably the gold that has escaped lodgment or amalgamation, together with a portion of the water, is spread over a large area, the depth of the water greatly decreased as compared with its depth in the flume, its velocity is supposed to be sensibly checked; particles of gold that were kept in motion by the depth of the water and debris in the main flume are brought to rest, the heavier grade allowing the lighter matters to pass to waste, while the heavier gold and amalgam, are held by the riffle bars.

The riffles are simply narrow wooden rails, covered with strap iron laid lengthwise of the under-current, with spaces of one or two inches between them.

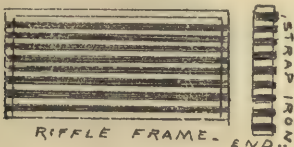


PLATE 47.

Sometimes when the fall will admit, a second under-current is placed below the first one, as shown in Plate 45, with a second and finer "grizzly" at *D*, the waste material passing off, and the sand, with any free gold or amalgam that may have escaped the upper under-current, passing into the box below, which contains riffles, across the bot-

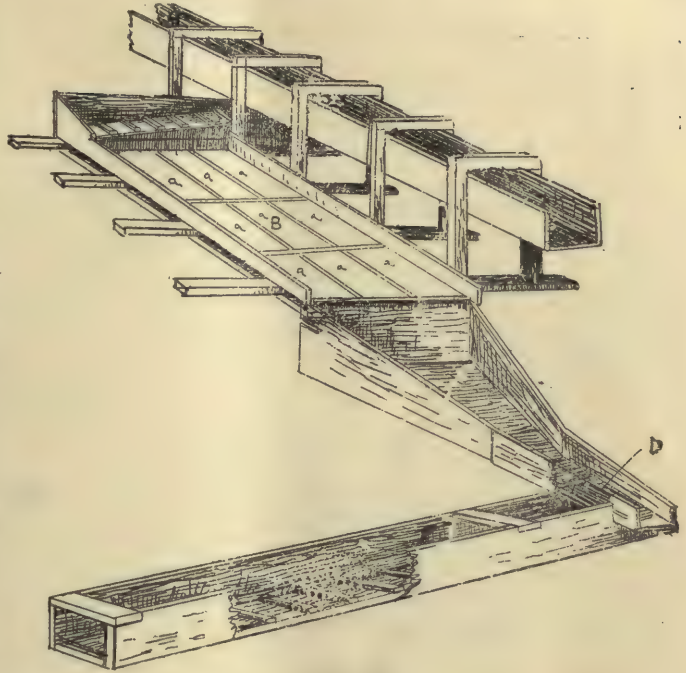


PLATE 45.

tom, where it is caught and retained. Under-currents are extensively used in working tailings.

Formerly, hydraulic claims at night were lit up by pitch knots burned in iron frames or cages, placed at various points in the diggings. At the present

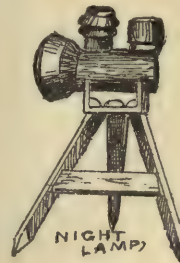


PLATE 48.

time, self-generating gas lamps of large dimensions, with reflectors and other appliances for throwing a brilliant and steady light against the bank, are used by water power. The most improved lamp in use, when placed at a distance of 200 feet from the banks, will light



them 250 feet in length, and 150 feet high, if required, at an expense not exceeding five cents per hour for each lamp.

Electric and calcium lights have been tested in some localities, and it is thought they may supersede all others.

Derricks are frequently used in connection with hydraulic mining, for moving large boulders and stones that cannot be otherwise handled. The plate shows one used in hydraulic claims for handling large boulders.

supported upon globe *C*, revolve with it. This derrick works under a head of water passing into pipe *G* through the globe *C* out of pipe *J* against wheel *I*.

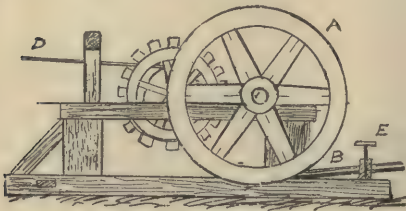


PLATE 49.

- A* is the Hurdy Gurdy Water Wheel.
- B* is the Water Pipe.
- C* is the Drum.
- D* is the Rope.
- E* is the Valve.

The above wheel, called a "Hurdy Gurdy," is a California invention of which there are several kinds in use. One of the most improved and effective in its workings is shown in the following plate. It represents the Gorman hydraulic derrick that is in use by several of the large hydraulic mining companies. This derrick is mounted upon a globe *C*, out of which projects a pipe *J* which furnishes the power to wheel the mast *A*. Drum *D* and wheel *J*, being

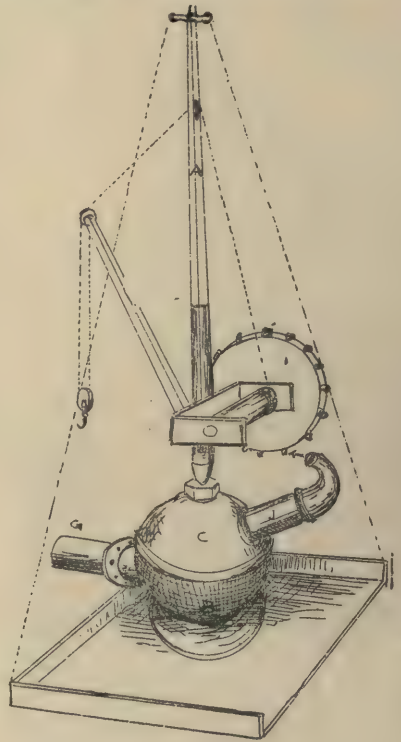


PLATE 50.

I have now described the principal operations in the hydraulic mine, and the machinery used there. The next article of this series will explain how gravel is elevated so as to work mines that have no natural dump, also the action of gravel pumps, the operations of "cleaning up," together with notes on different kinds of gold.

*Irving M. Scott.*





## THE CALIFORNIA PALESTINE.



ENTERING THE FOOT HILLS.

CALIFORNIA, except for its great central plain of the Sacramento, San Joaquin, and its narrow valleys descending to the bays and ocean, is a land of hills and mountain ranges. It is a land where men and women can camp outdoors nine months in the year with comfort and safety. It is a land, too, where the hills, barren, waste, shrub-clad, and wild as they are, hold unmeasured possibilities of vine and tree. The hill region of California is the Palestine of the continent.

These hills are worth the study of all Americans. For here, not in isolation but in a thousand small colonies, in settlements devoted to horticulture, to diversified agriculture, to bee culture, to olive orchards and orange groves, these uplands, mesas, rolling hills, and broad leagues of campaign country, will

at last become subdued. Never to tame-ness, any more than the hills of sunny France, but not less beautiful and even more varied.

Studies of the hills, the arable levels, the long approaches to the greater and wider heights, then, this article shall contain. And first, some statistics, as light and few as possible.

Of the fifty-two counties in California not one is without hills or mountains within its boundaries. Even Sutter, in the heart of the great valley, far from its boundaries, has its great Buttes. The other valley counties, such as Merced, extend into the foothills, and some go far into the wilder Sierras.

San Francisco, situated at the gateway of the great central valleys, is within a few hours' journey of the hills. The very ridge of the peninsula of sand on



A BIT OF SUISUN CREEK.

which it is built, hardens and rises into the fine Twin Peaks west of the head of Market Street, and extends far south in the foothills and redwood-covered heights of San Mateo and Santa Cruz. Across the bay, east, the hills seem to shut in a narrow plain of farm land, and Monte Diablo and Mission Peak are within a day's excursion. The same range sweeps around by San José and the head of the valley, and rises to Mt. Hamilton. Crossing the bay to any point, or skirting its shore, or sailing whither one will, north or south, or far inland among the sloughs, the dominance of some great mountain range and the constant nearness of lesser and beautiful foothills impresses a man. It is a land of broken outlines, a land of great earth masses only a little subdued to human use, a land of height, and vastness, and strength. And, although it is certainly not a land of many harbors, yet, so fertile are its sea-coasts, that wherever a house can nestle or an orchard be planted in all the thousand miles or more of the California shore, there will men come and make their



SAUSALITO BLUFF.



homes. Rockbound it is for miles, but desolate it will not be. The ridges of the mountains, clad with grass and trees, thrust themselves down to the very waves, and are already fit for plow and spade.

"It is a strange land," said an English tourist to me once. "Do you know, people have lied to me. I thought there were plains, like Australia, you know, with mountains of course, away off after a week's journey. But here I've been trips all about, and as far as I can see, the hills are pretty nearly everywhere. It's a wonderfully interesting country, but then it's not what I expected to see."

gardener. Some of the finest of these are in San Mateo on the San José road; but Suñol, the Livermore foothills, and the Napa, Sonoma, and Solano borders of the valley show the same fine charm of natural copses and oak masses. It is rare to find a farm in the coast or Sierra counties of California that has not some commanding site on which to build,—some hill, or ridge, or "head of a gulch," or some bluff edge overlooking a lower level. The opportunities for "commanding sites" about every valley and on every river, impress the traveler forcibly. It is easy to see that when the California foothills are fully settled, they will retain much of their present wild charm



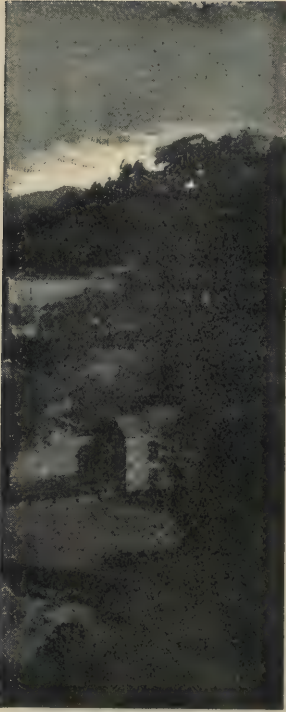
A MESA IN SUMMER.

Whoever wants to arrive at a primary conception of California, will please remember that although it contains fifty-two counties, covers an area of 158,360 square miles, and stretches through nine and a half degrees of latitude, it is only in the central valley that one can be more than a few miles from the hills; even in the great valley, which at its widest part is sixty miles across, the land is far from having a monotonous level. The charm of California and the secret of its climate and productions may be found in a study of its broken and diversified hill surfaces.

Where the foothills break into the valleys, natural groves of oaks are found, parklike as if planted by a landscape

in ravines and rocks, while they add the effect of cultivated fields, vineyards, and homesteads. And the slow, costly subduing of these hillsides is really the problem before California. The level principalities will divide and subdivide; but only the full conquest of the whole beautiful and wonderfully rich "hill-country" of the State can make possible the horticultural development which Californians predict. The best wines, the olive oil, and the finer fruits, must come from the foothills.

Illustrations of the way in which the hill life colors everything in California are impossible to escape, so thick they lie on every hand. Every wagon sold in San Francisco has brakes calculated for



TWILIGHT AT BELLOTA.

vineyard. You find it perhaps nearly level, and yet on hill soil, not sediment "bottom," the wheat lands lying a hundred feet lower, and the bay as much lower again. Its few feet of elevation bring it into the hill climate, and out of the frost.

The long winding Californian valleys, like the five beautiful ones that center at San Francisco Bay, or like those that reach the Pacific at San Buenaventura, or San Luis Obispo, or the Salinas, have wooded spurs of the hills that extend far into them. Some of them run out into the bay or ocean, and then there is a bold, wooded promontory, perhaps nameless till some lover of such a sight takes possession and plants his home in the redwoods or pines. Such a promontory, famous in early days of San Francisco, is occupied by the suburb of Sausalito. It is one of the mountain ridges, descending southward from Tamalpais, and jutting into the bay; it is one of the coast defenses of the range, and it is not far across its blooming gardens to the breakers of the Pacific.

use in the hills. Prudent travelers have them even on light buggies.

Much that is called valley is honestly mesa, or a border of foothills. You are asked by a friend in San Mateo, or Santa Clara, or Alameda, to visit his valley

If a person who wished to study California either for pleasure, health, or investment would buy a span of horses and a buggy, and starting in April, after the winter rains, travel over the State,



SAND DUNES OF THE COAST RANGE.



he would be safe to make a success of the affair. Whether north or south, winding along the Sonoma streams, or through the Montezuma hills, or by Saratoga, or Capay, every variety of soil, climate, and resource would sooner or later come under his observation. He would find such differences of dialect and habit, slowly developing among the dwellers in the vast mountain world of the Pacific Slope, as writers about the Alleghany mountaineers describe. He would find isolated communities, in regions as yet pierced by no railroad, living the primitive life of forty years ago. He would find great wastes untilled, great forests unhewn, but everywhere, on every hillside, the signs of change and growth. Here, men have perhaps begun an orchard, burning away the brush, or tearing it up with ox teams and chains, and rolling the rocks into the roadside. There they split the light volcanic stone into yellow slabs for their cabin; and yonder, on a vaster scale, the whole hill-slope for a mile or more, but last year a brown and dry mesa, dotted with scrub oaks, is fast changing to one sweep of young vineyard, whose owner is living in a tent on the hill.

The oak lands of which capitalists talk are chiefly tan-bark forests, as the live oak and white oak of California have fortunately little commercial value, except for firewood. Even for this other woods often pay better, so that the notable oaks, so stately, and so much a part of the California landscape, are likely to remain for many years. Especially about the heads of the valleys they congregate in armies. I remember Capay, when I first rode its length and climbed its bordering hills. It had oaks that were fairly gigantic, some in the bottoms, others far up the mesas near the Rumsey place at the head of the valley, where the last of the Capay Indians dwelt beside the cool waters of Cache Creek. I have seen magnificent parks of enormous white oaks in almost every county

of the State, and growing from the heart of the upper San Joaquin to high valleys and rocky mountain ridges, and from San Diego's sunny slopes to the extreme northern point of the Sacramento, but my impression of the upper Capay oaks is that they were especially fine.

Still, the oak is everywhere in the



FROM WILDERNESS TO VINE.

foothills; and likewise the wild grape vine, and the laurel, and scarlet-stemmed madroño, and the elderberry, but of a size very much larger than in the Atlantic States. I have seen them with trunks of six and even nine inches in diameter.

A very pretty village in eastern San Joaquin, on the Calaveras River and in the foothill land, is named by the musical name of Bellota (the acorn), and it is a typical foothill town; a land of farms,



A MESA IN SUMMER.

and homes, and yet of rolling surface and picturesque variety. The oak forest of old extended for miles along the river, towards Jenny Lind, a Calaveras mountain town, and down the river towards Lodi and Woodbridge. But it has now been cleared off, acre by acre, and turned into grain fields, pastures, and orchards, with occasional masses of ancient oaks, to keep the name Bellota,

The spurs of red foothill land extend far into the valley. Some of the roads cross the hills, and some wind through the valley by the river, but all are beautiful lanes with their wild roses and other vines, and their great trees, not only oaks but sycamores and willows and valley trees, just mingled with a few conifers from the higher hills. From the bridges across the river the hills rising on the east, the valley falling away to the west, the fish-ponds and water reservoirs, the old houses of the ancient village, all join to make a scene of quiet and settled prosperity. The low, rounded hills, wave-worn once, are covered each spring with close turf of short, sweet grass, and starred with countless hosts of yellow violets, pink

dodecatheons, white and blue nemophilas, clear yellow buttercups, and at rare intervals, a cluster of collinsias. In the ravines one finds blue brodiaeas, a few fritillarias, very large trilliums, and ferns galore.

Here and there the people have opened quarries of yellow or gray stone, and use it for walls and chimneys. It lies ready to their hand for building, not only here, along the Calaveras, but in the foothill regions of the whole State.

The traveler in California's Palestine crosses from one river-land to another, across stony and yet fertile hills, or skirts rock walls and barren cliffs. To him the whole region he traverses is a succession of closely connected oases, quite unlike the aspects of any other part of the United States. A uniformity of color, according to the season, the landscape has, but otherwise each hour's ride changes the whole scene. For instance, I once rode from "Bellota on the Calaveras" to Lockford, the old Poland House, Comanche, and Lancha Plana, on the Mokelumne, and each mile of the journey was a surprise. The foothills, for the most part treeless at first, showed

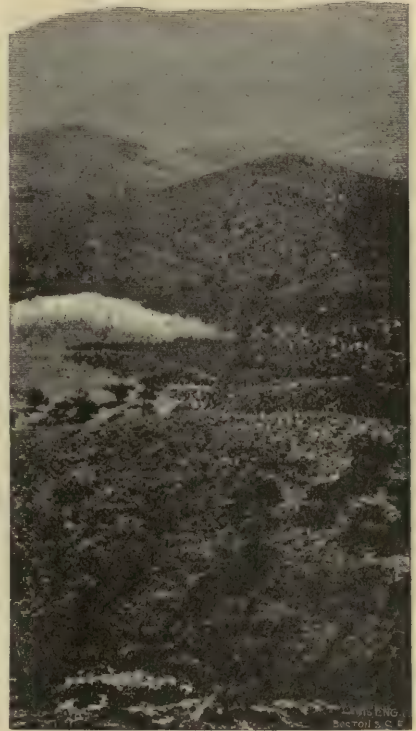


occasional "mottes," or "round tops," timbered heavily with oaks. "Fleecy flocks and gentle shepherds" abounded, — not the classic kind, with sweet dispositions, and elegant crooks and lyrical voices, but brawny Mexicans with hang-dog looks and oaken walking sticks. The view constantly before one while riding over these hills is that of the full sweep of the Coast Range, from Monte Diablo northward, and the full extent of the Sierra, white and high, and seemingly sheer as a wall, halfway up the sky. White mist often fills the cup of the valley, but seldom reaches the foothills, and out of it rise single peaks and dim ranges, wooded like the heart of the Blue Ridge, yet because of the fertility of the soil and the warmth of the climate, rapidly yielding to the ax and plow. It was in January that I rode across these warmer foothills of eastern San Joaquin and western Calaveras, and yet, since the rains had come early, the grass was a foot high by the waysides.

The ranches along the Mokelumne were among the first settled in the State. While as yet the great sand plains were considered worthless desert, unfit for other than a scanty pasturage in rainy winters, and while the richest and blackest soils of the San Joaquin bottoms were called "wild goose pasture," the lands along the Mokelumne were claimed, reclaimed, pre-empted, squatted on, fought over, and farmed to the top of their capacity. The county map of 1858, compared with that of 1888, shows as remarkable and complete changes of ownership and obliteration of old division lines, or creation of new ones, as it is possible to conceive. A county map, like a ledger, may often be the skeleton of a novel, such revelations of the rise and fall of families it contains.

Almost imperceptibly, the first ranges of foothills rise into higher ones, still woven through and through by roadways unfenced often for miles, still netted together by silver streams, still overlook-

ing the world below, still gentle with fertile territory, and subdued to human uses. Sign after sign of the mining region of the placer camps, and of '49, appears as one rides farther into the hills, up most gentle ascents, and winding past islanded mountains, about whose bases rivers carve channels and oaks cling to



SIERRA FOOT HILLS.

outcroppings of quartz. This is early California. You ride for a mile past piles of boulders thrown together by the miners in their eager toil; cattle climb over them, vines entangle them, the plow stops at their bases, and trees root slowly there. Once there were four or five hundred men camped here, but now it is only Smith's pasture land. But the rains wash down the soil, the river floods carry it over the banks, — little by little each trace of the

placer miner's work disappears. Some day antiquarians will dispute over the remains of ditch and mine, as Scotch antiquarians do over the famous Catrail or "Fosse of the Galwegians"; the farmer's foothills, the miner's foothills, the sheep-herder's foothills, will lose their present lines of demarcation, for really they form but one hill-region, from the lower champaigns to the greater slopes, vaster than Lebanon's, that fill the whole eastern horizon as one rides along the Mokelumne.

cañon crosses, and over them rise black buttes, and walls of dark and shining rock in battlements. Far to the east are mountains, three distinct ranges, cloudy with broken forests, and above them all, white against the sky, rose-purple at sunrise and darkened at sunset, rises the enormous wall of the Mariposa Sierra, far more distant from the foothills here than are the more northern Sierras.

The region for miles east of the foothill border, where hill touches plain, is almost unfenced. Country byways cross



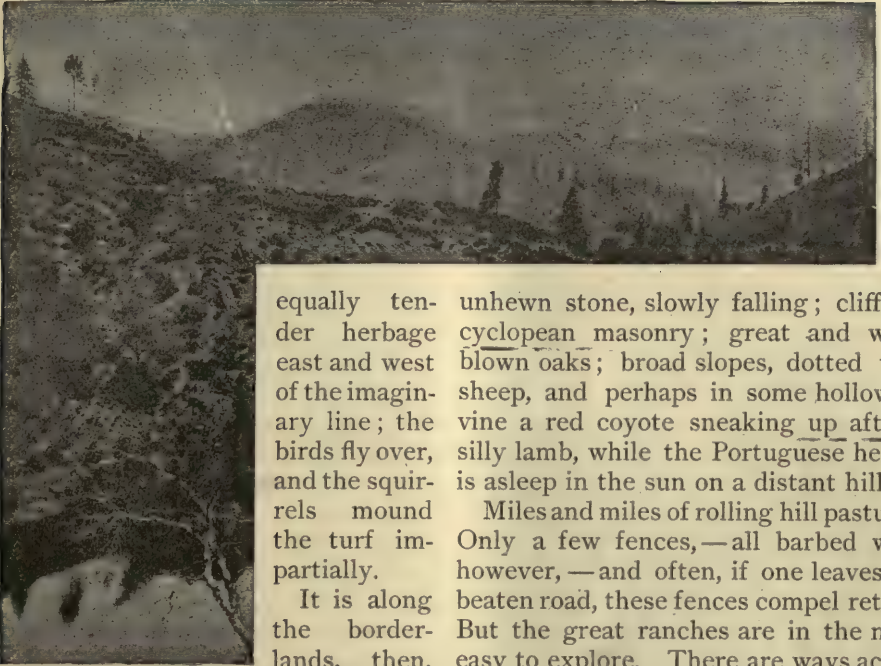
A WHITE OAK.

I remember well the foothills of Merced, for instance,—foothills that fairly begin some seven or eight miles east of the railroad town of Merced, though some of them are much nearer. They lie in broad cattle and sheep ranges, and fit for little else but pasture for years to come, but always a paradise of flowers in March and April, when rivulets flow down almost every ravine.

The Merced hills are long, sea-like waves of land, green to the summit in spring with grasses, and bright with bloom. Through them many a deeper

it, cattle paths and sheep trails, and a few wagon tracks, for one can drive for miles across the great champaign country, so gentle are the slopes. It is crossed, too, by broad county roads, in winding distances,—this one goes to Milton, that to Hornitos, yonder one to Snelling, and before one knows it one is in Mariposa County. Even the rustics one encounters do not pretend to know where the lines are; the vaquero galloping along the ridge, silhouetted against the sky, pastures his herds on the borders of both counties; the sheep find





ALONG THE YUBA.

equally tender herbage east and west of the imaginary line; the birds fly over, and the squirrels mound the turf impartially.

It is along the borderlands, then, that we have chosen to

unhewn stone, slowly falling; cliffs of cyclopean masonry; great and wind-blown oaks; broad slopes, dotted with sheep, and perhaps in some hollow ravine a red coyote sneaking up after a silly lamb, while the Portuguese herder is asleep in the sun on a distant hill.

Miles and miles of rolling hill pastures. Only a few fences,—all barbed wire, however,—and often, if one leaves the beaten road, these fences compel return. But the great ranches are in the main easy to explore. There are ways across that can be found, through deserted camps and gateways put down on no

wander. And of this debatable region let us choose, for the purposes of this article, a point south and east of Plainsburg, a most desolate and lonely valley village, rendered artistic by reason of some grand oaks, but otherwise exceedingly tiresome. East of Plainsburg, then, where a county road enters the hills, is a stream flowing briskly at this season. And hereabouts, years ago, a stone house, of antique appearance, stands near the dividing line of Merced and Mariposa. From here for miles one might follow the borderlands northward. Plenty of things here that needs must tempt an amateur photographer; bits of sheep-herders' cabins; chimneys of



CROSSING THE FEATHER RIVER.



IN THE REDWOODS.

winding roads, newly made each year, will be fenced up and walled in, and one can no more cut across lots to wherever one wishes to go, steering course by butte and sierra. Then it will pay more taxes, as is supposed to be the duty of land, but it will not be half so interesting as now, nor half so beautiful in spring.

Yet men may always have warm and sheltered gardens, and often find springs to irrigate them, breaking from the rocks. Here one may grow most marvelous roses. Doubtless there were rosarians among the princes of the Orient, while Pantabiblion was still in its prime; but none of them ever had a more perfect rose climate than the California foothills offer. In many parts of the State roses even run wild, and bloom indifferently at any and all seasons, without culture. Today, in many a mountain pass, on many a Sierra hillside where deserted and ruined miners' cabins rot slowly away and the fallen leaves blow through the shattered roofs, there are perfect thickets of such roses, — pink, crimson, purple, white, cream-tinted, lemon-hued, deep gold, — roses that were planted years ago by hardy prospectors who fill nameless graves, by little children, the pets of the camp, by women who had brought carefully-tended rose-slips across the plains, — which have grown contentedly and prosperously ever since, perfectly at home, filling the lonely woods with fragrance and the waste places with delight.

map. Indeed, one can circulate through the land much as the birds do, or the small gray owls, or the gopher snakes.

Some of these days all the lovely

The teas and hybrid perpetuals are best suited to California, as to southern France. Lists of varieties vary so greatly in different localities that all one can say is, that the sorts cultivated in England, France, Italy, and the South, thrive beyond measure, and may be found in one garden or another, chiefly in the coast counties. It is San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, Sonoma, Alameda, Marin, Butte, the valleys of the Coast Range and the foothills





TREE-CLAD KNOLL.

of the Sierras, that are most famous among the homes of rosarians. The belt of territory best adapted to the production of the choicest fruit is identical with the region where roses most luxuriate,—not only in the foothills, but everywhere.

The writer well remembers a garden in a broad valley near the mountains, in a notable fruit region thirty miles from San Francisco, where large, bright roses, returned to an uncultivated state, attest

as well the fitness of soil and climate. In this garden the cloth-of-gold rose was a trim and dignified shrub, kept well within bounds for years. But a new garden was laid out, a new house built, and the old garden was left to its own wayward will. Then the cloth-of-gold rose took heart of fate and showed what fancies it had cherished in secret these many years, while seemingly submissive to pruning-shears and spade. It grew as never before, sent forth one sturdy shoot twenty feet in a summer, and thus bridged space to an adjacent apple tree, and before winter came huge yellow roses bloomed among the apple leaves. A few years later the tree was starred through with great, heavy roses, so choice that when some San Diego rosarian reported a rose of fifteen inches in circumference, the cloth-of-

gold in the apple tree furnished one that was a trifle over eighteen inches. Knife never touched it, nor was the ground stirred beneath; it simply grew, as if it were in a wilderness, and created for itself at last a palace of far-reaching bloom.

But the finest rose-vine the writer ever saw was by the borders of a mountain river in northern California. It was a La Marque, white and clustered, planted



CACHE CREEK, LOOKING WEST.

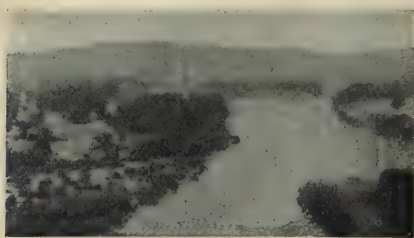
by some pioneer whose cabin was crumbling to dust, whose fences were buried in blackberry vines. It sprang from the rich moist soil, climbed into a wild cherry-tree, bloomed along its summit, crossed to the lower branches of an Oregon maple, and crept higher and higher, until blossoming clusters were gleaming in the midst of maple leaves forty feet from the ground. Not far off was a ruined sawmill, over whose broken wheel the water ran in sunlit sparkles. Against a piece of stone wall the torrent

southern and western third of the district is a wilderness. Once, while riding over a mountain trail twenty miles west of Douglas City, I found so many cattle trails that the proper choice was difficult to determine. While in this quandary a lean, long-haired old man, bearing a Kentucky rifle, came in sight, of whom, having made formal inquiry, the following notable reply was received:

"Jest ye ride up on that crum'lin' slate ridge, an' keep on till ye see the crookedest tree that ever grew. Then ye take the right-hand trail."

Half a mile farther up the "crookedest tree" appeared. There was a seamed and broken rock looming up like the petrified prow of some Great Eastern, while against the gray wall appeared the flattened, twisted, interwoven net-work of a scarlet tree-trunk, crowned far above the rock by massive leaves of intense green. It was a madroño, a beautiful tree with scarlet bark, glossy leaves, and red berries, indigenous to the Pacific Coast. A small tree growing at the base of the rock had evidently followed an open crevice, and almost filled it with branches, until when it reached the top it gained strength to force off the shell of rock. In dozens of places the branches, crossing at all manner of angles, had grown quite together. Low at the base rich fresh tree-sprouts appeared, and the nakedness of the long, stilted espalier tree was soon to be hidden. Ordinarily the madroño is not over eighteen inches in diameter, but this tree, had it been able to grow naturally in a single trunk, would have been twice that size.

In the mountainous portion of San Luis Obispo County, nearly at the head of a narrow little valley, seldom visited except by stock herders, a tall and symmetrical white oak stands, the largest in the entire region. It is chiefly remarkable for its shape, being a compact and beautiful oval, some three times higher than it is thick. Most of the white oaks of that region are broad, low-spreading



THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

had broken in time of flood, and undermined all except a square of moss-grown surface, over which a wild white morning glory trailed. The hillside, in some wild winter cloud-burst, had hurled an avalanche half across the narrow strip of lowland, obliterating the outbuildings, and reaching within ten feet of the unconscious rose and vine. But it remained untouched, and today, as for years past, it blooms in that lovely, lone spot, the queen of California roses run wild.

The superb single trees that one finds in the California hills are worth study. I remember one in the country of Trinity, in the extreme northern part of the Coast Range, within fifty miles of the Siskiyou mountains, and fifty miles from the Pacific Ocean. Here is almost an unexplored region. Botanists and geologists sometimes enter it by the narrow horseback-trail but no wagon road crosses the country east and west. The population is chiefly in several fertile valleys near the heart of the county, but the



trees, except when they stand closely, and then they lack side branches.

This one stands all alone, and fairly towers above the other trees of every description. About it sweeps a broad, open space of rolling plain, grassy and flower-clad, and it stands upon a little knoll. The trunk is an arrowy column without ridge, knot, scar, furrow, or blemish of any sort; the branches rise like the curves of an antique vase. Neither withered leaf nor broken limb appears; it is in the prime of a superb existence. The writer estimated the height at seventy-five feet, and the girth of the trunk two feet above the ground at thirty feet. The distance to the lower branches was about twenty-five feet.

In the heart of the redwood-covered coast land of ravines and crags, far up

the picturesque Noyo and Navarro rivers, in Mendocino County, are many giant trees, almost as worthy of fame as their taller but less beautiful cousins, the "big trees" of Calaveras. There used to stand, on the Navarro head-waters, a stately redwood, eighteen feet in diameter, fully one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, around whose base and growing from the same roots forty or fifty lesser trees, any one of them larger than the average pine of the New England woods, grew in a rank luxuriance. Sprouts a few inches in thickness and ten or fifteen feet in height surrounded the whole clump, which thus presented the appearance of a vast pyramid of green, equal in arboraceous interest to the best banyan of the Indian forests or the stoutest baobab of Africa.

*C. H. Shinn.*



### SURRENDER.

No more against inexorable Fate  
 Strive we in vain; the very stars and sun  
 Are linked against us, and the moments run  
 In deepening chasms 'twixt us grown separate.  
 Not heaven's own breath could now reanimate  
 Our poor starved hopes, that slowly, one by one,  
 Succumbed and were extinct. The tale is done;  
 Love at our darkened thresholds knocked too late.

But yet for us the morning wind shall blow  
 More sweetly henceforth; to our tranquil eyes  
 Songs, and half-opened buds, shall hourly take  
 A new, pathetic meaning; we grown wise  
 In sorrow's tender subtleties, shall go  
 All our years softly, for the old sake's sake.

*M. C. Gillington.*

## A CHRISTMAS ON THE ARKANSAW.

## I.

A DOZEN cowboys belonging to one of the Arkansaw River ranges lay around the blazing campfire basking in its warmth; for though Southern Colorado often keeps up its boast of Italian skies and semi-tropical sunshine far into October, the nights of December out on the plains are cold enough to satisfy a Canadian. Some of the men were smoking and playing cards, some idly chewing the cud as they gazed into the depths of the glowing coals with a look as placid and contemplative as that of the cows they watched by day. The firelight, shining warm and red upon them, seemed to take pleasure in emphasizing the harshness of their faces.

Juan Gomez, short and swarthy, had possessed no beauty even before the bridge of his nose was broken in a Mexican bullfight. The ruddy glare showed a hard mouth, with evil lines about it, and two small, cruel, snakelike eyes. The deep scar that stretched from temple to chin on the face of one Jack from Montana was plainly revealed: nobody had ever asked any questions about that scar, nobody was likely to do such a thing, although a stranger looking at it for the first time could not help wondering at the vigor and ferocity of the blow that had left so fearful a mark. The stiff red locks of Horace Greeley were kindled into a glow that was wholly unnecessary, and his features shone with startling brilliancy. Horace was not even a distant connection of the great journalist; his surname was unknown. When he drifted into the cattle country he stated that he had come from the thriving and upright town of Greeley, and the wit of the camp, who deemed himself a fellow of infi-

nite jest and most excellent fancy, had straightway christened him, finding fresh mirth in the name every time he saw its bearer lying drunk under some wagon, for the cornerstones of Greeley, be it known, were laid in cold water; and those who delight to look upon the redness of wine, those who contemplate any spirituous liquor when it worketh itself aright, spread not their tents in Greeley. Dave Milton's sandy hair and honest blue eyes were in the shade, for his head rested on his arm, but one could catch a glimpse of a strong, homely face, on which was a mingled expression of kindly good nature and hopeless sadness.

There lay Long Rupe absorbing warmth into his great extent of limb, chilled by a hard day's ride from Pueblo, and close beside him, perhaps as much for protection as in friendship, curled the two infants of the outfit, Dandy Jim and Pius Æneas, boys of seventeen and eighteen who had run away from home, and come west to grow up with the country. They were the sons of a wealthy New England manufacturer. One day, when the restraints of school life had been more irksome than usual to their proud souls, they threw off the yoke of the oppressor, and took the next through train to Denver. Arrived there, James, the younger and more enterprising, had bought a horse whose cabalistic brandings had pleased him mightily. "B X B" was on the left shoulder, "ee" on the right side, "JR" on the jaw, "Z" on a hip, and the boy noted with glee there was space for further decoration. Then seeking out a far-famed saddlery warehouse, the youth had lavished much of his father's substance on a superb saddle and bridle quaintly wrought, the hand-made bits and spurs whereof were inlaid with silver, a rawhide riata and quirt, magnifi-



cent *chapparejos*, and a hat whose brim reached far out into the landscape. Unfortunately young James did not stay long enough in Denver to notice that the true cowboy does not mingle the garb of the plains with the attire furnished by a city tailor of high renown; so, when leaving his brother at a hotel, he went down towards the Arkansas River as far as possible by rail, and then mounting his much-branded charger, rode blithely into a cattleman's camp, he presented a unique appearance. The fringed leggings did not conceal pantaloons of finest broadcloth and fashionable make, the loose jacket of the cowboy fell back to reveal shirt and collar of dazzling whiteness, with silken tie and diamond studs, and when on alighting he took off his gloves, flicked the dust from his boots with an embroidered handkerchief, called for a glass of lemonade and asked somebody to take his horse to the stable, the assembled crowd knew not what to think of the apparition. They studied it for a few minutes in awed silence, which the boy broke by calmly announcing that he had run away from school, and wanted to learn how to be a stockman with fifteen or twenty thousand head of cattle. Horace Greeley lay down on the ground, and hoped to die if it was n't a cheeky galoot, Jack from Montana said the kid had gall, Long Rupe declared he would speak to the firm, and have him made a member of the cattle-growers' association at once, even Juan Gomez relaxed his usual saturnine expression, and grinned. It ended in the boy's being put to work under the name of Dandy Jim; he was soon joined by his brother, who came in a more modest guise. Edward had been a scholarly youth before the Western fever attacked him, and in the first few months of his life as a cowboy might often have been seen poring by the light of a camp-fire over his Latin books.

"Read us some of those yer yarns you take such a shine to," Long Rupe would

say, and the boy would translate in his best Latin School manner choice passages from the Mantuan bard.

The story of the siege of Troy pleased them mightily, the device of the wooden horse was declared to be a shrewd scheme, although the lying Sinon's life would not have been worth a nickel if they had met him anywhere on the plains the next day. Pyrrhus slaying Priam's son before the father's eyes and then killing the old king at the altar was characterized as a low down onery cur, even before he carried off the hapless Andromache as his slave, — when that act was made known Dave Milton arose and solemnly cursed the degenerate son of Achilles with a breadth of anathema that included him and his, horn and hide, hoof and tallow, to remote generations. Æneas's rescue of his tender child and aged sire from the blazing city was made more real and lifelike by Long Rupe's tossing Horace Greeley on his shoulders and taking Dandy Jim by the hand, while Montana Jack with a foolish simper on his face and a buffalo robe impeding his manly limbs followed as Creusa.

The old stories gave the camp much pleasure, and the boy, who lay flat on his stomach before the fire waving his heels in the air as he doled out the tales, they named with one accord Pius Æneas. For weeks after their arrival the two boys were the butt of the camp; it seemed as though the men would never tire of laughing at their elegant peculiarities in regard to food and cleanliness, or of playing rude jokes upon them, but Milton and Long Rupe had been bulwarks of defense, and in time the sturdy good nature of the boys won the respect or toleration of all.

One by one that night the loungers around the fire withdrew to their watches among the cattle or to their rude beds in shanty and wagon, until Rupe and Milton were left alone.

"Dave," said Rupe, suddenly addressing his companion, but turning his face

away from him, "I've got something to tell you; I've heerd tell of *her*."

"You have!" said Milton sharply, "and where is she now?"

"She's in Las Vegas a-paintin' of the town a fiery red; I had it today from a man in Pueblo that seen her there last week."

"Is—*is he* with her yet?"

"No: they parted before they left Butte, but it's first one and then another. She keeps the child with her now."

"The child? What child?"

"Why, hern,—hern and yourn, Dolly."

Milton sprang up with a wild cry.

"You're dreamin', Rupe, it's a lie, Dolly's dead; she died three years ago."

"Not a bit; that woman told you so jest for a blind. She's hid her most of the time in a convent, but she has took her out now, and keeps her with her right along."

Milton's powerful body shook with emotion; he wrung his hands like a woman and groaned, "O God, my little girl alive and with that she-devil! I'd rather, I'd a million times rather she was dead. But she sha'n't have her; I swear she sha'n't. Rupe, I can't believe it; she writ that the little one died of scarlet fever, and she wanted money for the funeral. I sent it and enough for a handsome stone. I said not to spare expense, and to have the grave all sot with violets and them daisies that Dolly was so fond of. I was in the mines then; it just plumb broke me up to think I'd never have her cuddling in my arms again and calling me her sweet old paw. I hain't seen a good day sence. *She* went wrong after that." The unhappy man buried his face in his hands.

"There, there, don't take on so," said Long Rupe, pityingly. "You can't help things bein' as they are, but think as how the child is alive."

Milton choked back his tears. "Yes, I'll git Dolly. I'll go there tomorrow. She's mine, and she sha'n't be left to grow up what her mother is."

Long Rupe puffed away at his pipe, while he mentally reviewed the situation.

"No," he said, after some minutes, "that ain't a good scheme; she'll get onto your racket the minute you strike the town, and she'd hide Dolly so you'd never find her, and besides—" he stopped in some embarrassment.

"Besides what?" asked Milton, without looking at him.

"Well, it ain't goin' to do no good for you and her to meet again in this world; maybe things will be smoothed out up there," jerking his thumb reverently in the direction of Aldebaran and Capella, which were shining brightly down upon the camp from the bluest of winter skies. "There's likely to be hard words between you two, and women of her brand are oncertain in their tempers; they are of most any brand, but hern in particular. I ain't a family man, as you know, but I've studied their ways along of those of rattlesnakes, kyotes, and sech birds of prey, and I've seen 'em fly out most onexpected. It ain't the lovin' husband and meek, and him that is a good provider and willin' to buy a new gown and fixin's every few months that they'll stick to; they're that changeful that sure things makes 'em tired; it's somethin' else, somethin' they hain't got, that they're wantin' all the time. I mind what the kid read out of that book of his: 'Woman is ever a fickle and changeable thing'; he didn't give the circumstances, but I don't need to know 'em. The man what writ that book is dead, nigh two thousand years ago, the boy said, and he did n't live round here nohow, but way off somewhere near Cæsar and Pontius Pilate and them folks, but his words are true, and they fit this time and place like as they were made purpose for 'em. Your woman left you for another man, and you and she don't wander side by side no more on the same range; but that don't count. Onst at a dance in Dodge there was a woman who had run away from her home and chil-



dern, and was a-livin' with another man ; her real husband happened to be passin' by the place, and he stopped for a minute at the door jest to look on, like anybody might, he did n't know she was there, and before a fellow could wink she up and whipped out an ugly little dagger from her hair, or sleeve, or some place where they carry 'em, you never know where, and there he was stabbed dead. When they asked her what she done it for, she cried like anything, and 'lowed it was 'cause the sight of him brought back old times, and she could n't stand it nohow ; that 's the way they are. Now, I'll go to Las Vegas, she's never seen me to make any note of me, but I've got her markin's plain ; she won't be on the watchout. I'll snatch the little one and run her out of town with no trouble at all, see ?"

Milton nodded his head approvingly. "There's sense in what you say, Rupe. I don't want to see that woman's face no more, though once I thought the sun never shone on a prettier one. I'll take it kind if you'll go after Dolly. Oh, Lord, to think she's alive, when I've thought her dead all this time ! I've got something to live for now ; it makes a new man of me."

He stretched out his long arms, as if to gather into their embrace the little child that used to nestle there ; a smile lighted up his thin, sad face, bringing back something of its lost youth.

"Yes, I'll go, Dave, glad of a little holiday. Have you thought what you'll do with her when you get her ?"

Milton had thought. Past, present, and future had flashed before his mind in the brief space of time since he had learned his daughter still lived ; he looked squarely at his friend for almost the first time since they had begun talking.

"I've been all over it, Rupe. She is going to have a fair show ; I've money enough. I will send her East, and put her in some school where her mother

can't find her, or maybe I'll leave her in a family where the women folks would care for her like she was their own, and would bring her up quiet and ladylike. She was a gentle, loving little thing when I seen her last, with the prettiest ways that ever was, something like a soft white kitten, and something like a young bird that has n't learnt to fly ; she can't be much changed now."

"I make no manner of doubt she's the same yet," said Rupe, whose heart was strangely softened as he stole a glance at the father's eager face.

"First of all, though, I'm going to keep her here with me a while, maybe a few weeks, if the weather is good. I want to have her to look at ; it's like getting her back from the grave."

"So it is," assented Rupe, "and had n't you better give it out, accidental like, that you expect your daughter to stay with you a few days on her way to enter Vassar College or some such, then the outfit won't be so paralyzed when I loom up with her under my arm."

Further arrangements for the trip to Las Vegas were made ; then the two men wrapped themselves in their blankets, and arranging their saddles for pillows lay down to sleep.

The astonishment among the cowboys was great when Milton announced that his little daughter was coming to make him a short visit. Montana Jack wished to know why the crowd had not heard of her before ; Horace Greeley said he was willing to show the young lady any delicate attentions in his power ; the two boys were secretly pleased to think they should see a little girl once more ; their life on the plains for three months had conquered much of their boyish scorn for the sex. Juan Gomez alone displayed no pleasure at the thought of the coming guest, but was heard to mutter a remark to the effect that he took no stock in Dave Milton's having a daughter all of a sudden, and he saw no sense in his bringing such troublesome cattle around

on the range, even if he had a whole herd of them.

Milton, fairly radiating happiness, proceeded to clean house in one wagon and a tent, which he had appropriated to his daughter's use; the wagon was washed inside and out to the last spoke, cooking utensils scoured for the first time in months, holes in the canvas were patched, and skins of coyote, calf, and bear carpeted the floor of tent and wagon, and hung as tapestry against the sides to keep out the cold. When all the elaborate preparations were complete the men declared that both places were fit for a princess.

The day on which Rupe was expected to return witnessed many careful preparations in the way of toilets. Beards were trimmed and rough heads of hair combed; some even went so far as to inquire about a bar of soap that had once been jointly owned by the men. Dandy Jim spent half an hour wondering if the occasion did not justify a return to the shirt of civilization, but fearing to bring on himself the old ridicule, he compromised by putting on a necktie and greasing his boots. His brother searched the pages of Virgil for some parallel to this recovery of a long lost child. He could find nothing more like it than the visit of the Trojan band with the young Ascanius to Andromache, but her tears as she beheld the boy so like her own dead child, he reflected, would only dampen Dave's joy; it was a bad omen, he had better say nothing about it. He wished it was summer, then he could go out in a triumphal procession before the little girl as she came in, and throw down blossoms for her to ride over, while he would sing, "Give me lilies brought in heaping handfuls, let me scatter here dark purple flowers," but now there was not even a sunflower to be had, cactus and golden rod and soapweed had perished long ago.

To him revolving such things in his mind comes a swift sound of galloping

feet, he tears out of the tent and beholds Long Rupe on a horse covered with foam. The man's brown face is triumphant, his eyes sparkle as he points to a child's figure which he holds in his arms,—a little child wrapped in a woman's riding skirt and with her head hidden against his shoulder. He gives a wild yell that brings everybody quickly to the scene: the men move away to right and to left as Dave Milton rushes forward, and snatches his child from Rupe's careful hold; but the mad kisses and hot tears frighten her. She utters a faint, timid cry, and turns to Rupe for protection. The father releases her gently from his embrace, and puts her on the ground. The long black garment falls down, and she is revealed to the enraptured view of those men so long separated from home ties,—a small girl of seven or eight, with a pale, pretty face, big brown eyes, and a heavy mass of tangled curls. She looks her father over from head to foot with great deliberation, and finally says:

"I 'spect you're one of my paws. I've had a good many: sometimes I forget. Have I ever seen you before?"

A flush of shame reddens Milton's face. He feels the eyes of the men bent upon him.

"Yes, Dolly, I'm your own paw," he answers, then takes her by the hand and leads her to his tent, while the men follow with their gaze the slim little figure, and note the blue dress covered with a white apron, the scarlet stockings, and the jaunty cap perched on the bright curls.

"One of her paws," remarks Juan Gomez with an ugly smile. "I wonder how Dave likes—"

"You are not called on to wonder anything about it," interrupts Rupe striding up before him, and squaring out for a fight. "Them that wants to know the facts had better try asking Dave himself. They'll have to pay dear for anything they say behind his back if



I'm around to hear it. You see," he added, turning to the crowd, "Dave heard as the kid died some three years ago, and to him it's like seeing her walk out from under her monument, as he says. He 'lows to send her East after a little."

A respectful murmur of sympathy ran through the group. The Mexican walked away cursing under his breath. For the next few days the live-stock on the range was somewhat neglected. The men lingered around the few tents and shanties that made up the camp to catch a glimpse of a small person in a blue dress and red stockings. The child was shy at first, and rarely went anywhere without her father, to whose hand she clung tightly; but gradually the two boys worked their way into her confidence, Jim by performing startling feats of horsemanship on a fiery, untamed mustang,—feats which left her cheek colorless, and made her little heart stand still with fright, but she was a true woman in embryo and already loved masculine courage and boldness: then Æneas, renewing his youth, discoursed to her of Cinderella and Jack the Giant-Killer and the Three Bears, and she took him into favor. The scar on the face of Jack from Montana and his general lack of comeliness she came to overlook in time, in consideration of a long string of rattlesnakes' rattles which she had discovered one day hanging to the canvas door of her wagon. Horace Greeley cut out the bottom of the best and largest bread pan, spent hours in rubbing it bright, scratched a Remember Me on it, and presented it to Miss Dolly for a mirror. It was a masterstroke of policy.

Her father was delighted at the friendly way in which she received the overtures of the camp. It was no merit of the men's that they found the little one sweet and lovable, but it was royal condescension in her to look on them at all. As for himself, he seemed to spend half

his time in a dream of bliss, and the other half in mortal terror lest he should wake and find it nothing but a dream. She rode over the range with him by day when it was not too cold, and at night visited the camp-fire, curling up close to his side while the men played cards or told marvelous tales of their prowess. When the long-lashed lids began to close over the dark eyes and the yellow head nodded and then dropped against Dave's arm, the story-teller's voice would sink low, and the poker players almost stop their game to see the child go to sleep, just as easy and natural and contented, they said, as any baby in a velvet cradle.

## II.

ONE day Dandy Jim woke to the discovery that Christmas was drawing near, he took his brother behind a wagon and broke the intelligence to him; if both youngsters had not felt it beneath the dignity of cowboys in good and regular standing to be homesick, they would have owned to each other that they longed for the delights of the holidays, that they yearned to behold a bright array of gifts on the breakfast table and to hear the merry greetings of the day. Jim tried to subdue the quivering of his chin, and rubbed his eyes with the leather sleeve of his jacket; he was not thinking of crying but the Colorado sun was so bright, perfectly glaring. Steady sunshine for weeks and weeks might be a good thing, but for his part he would be glad of some variety in the weather,—a little fog, a drizzle of snow, a dash of east wind. Æneas was more of a philosopher than his brother, he reminded him that Christmas lasted only a little while anyhow, and afterwards school always began again and then things seemed worse than ever; he would like to see the folks at home, of course, and probably they would have given him a bicycle this year, but what was a bicycle in comparison with a horse that stood

on his hind legs one minute and on his fore legs the next, and made a steep triangle of his backbone, all the time looking as innocent as a new-born calf? And the wild dash across the broad plains, and the lasso-hurling over the horns of unsuspecting cows, and the spring and fall round-ups,—oh, they were better off where they were.

"And Jim," he continued, "let's imagine that we are exiled now from burning Troy, tossed about by many misfortunes both on sea and land, though I don't know where the sea is, then by and by when we own a whole range and have begun a brand ourselves, we'll go back just for a visit, each riding a bucking bronco and with a lasso hanging in an informal way from our saddle-bows, we'll be togged up regardless. How the crowd will stare as we dash down Commonwealth Avenue, with the sunlight glinting on our spurs and on the silver braid of our hats, and bringing out the color of our chappies! I say, Hector laden with the spoils of the Greeks won't be a patch on us. Cheer up, Jim, that's a day to look forward to!"

Jim's face brightened a little. "That's so, we'll be a sight to behold, especially when I throw in a few Mexican riding tricks; still that time is a year or two off and Christmas is right here, it won't count anything with the outfit, I bet half of them never heard of the day,—I don't mean anything against them, of course," he added apologetically.

His brother looked off toward the long line of mountains which reared their white heads against the western sky, he pointed toward the great barrier with an imposing gesture. "Christmas in sight of those miles and miles of Rockies is a new experience for us; there's a crowd of boys back at home that would give a good deal for it. Look, far as you can see north and south those peaks bald and otherwise rise up before you, and the foothills make a pretty show all covered with purple haze."

Jim disdained to glance in the direction of the foothills. "Oh, they're well enough, but purple haze is unsatisfying; the backbone of the continent is no trifle, but for Christmas I want something I can get hold of. Where's the turkey and pudding, and candy, and nuts, and everything; where are the presents, and the dancing, and music, where—" a sob choked his speech.

"Now, Jim, don't be a girl baby," said his brother brusquely, though he looked somewhat downcast and melancholy himself. "They never broke their hearts because they could not see Priam's palace, with its gilded columns and rich hangings; they just tried to make a new Troy as quick as they could; and when they stopped at Actium incidentally, while they were waiting for the train, so to speak, what did they do?"

Young James tossed his head impatiently. "Oh, they set up their national games, greased themselves, and had wrestling-matches, but what has all that got to do with us here? I want something now."

"Jim," said his brother solemnly, "what good is it to have had the wisdom of the ages garnered up for you and passed round at intervals by me if none of it sticks to you? Who's hindering you from celebrating the day here? Jupiter, I have an idea! The boy Ascanius was always with them, and have n't we got the girl Dolly?"

He waved his whip joyously in the air and began to dance.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" plaintively inquired Jim. "You leave me way behind. I don't see what you're driving at."

"Well, Jim, once you learned that it is more blessed to give than receive. I know you never took any stock in the statement, but let us try it on Dolly; here she is thrown by the decrees of fate upon a cattle range, no other little girl, no woman within miles, a sweet, cunning blossom, with brown eyes and



golden hair, and dimples such as you see in chromos, and —”

“You used to hate girls.”

“I do now, fairly loathe them, but this one is so small she does n't count. She has had Christmases all her life; she knows what they are, and it will be harder for her to lose one than for a great, long-legged animal like you. Now let's do things for her, and get up a time that shall be something. Here come the men from the watch. I'll break it to them first.”

The idea met the general approval at once, and within a few hours the camp, almost to a man, was in a state of feverish enthusiasm. Dave's Dolly, they declared, should not miss what belonged to the day. A meeting was called to inquire into the nature of Christmas observances in civilized lands, and to decide how far they might be carried out on the banks of the Arkansas. Milton was not present; the men had waited that night until the child had fallen asleep in her father's arms, as usual, and he had taken her away. It was a grave and formal gathering. Horace Greeley presided with considerable dignity and state.

“The thing for us to do,” began Montana Jack, “is to find out how they celebrate this occasion in the halls of the rich and proud. I had forgotten it was any great of a day for kids, but now that my attention is called to it, I kin remember hearin' some talk about it bein' Santa Claus's birthday.”

“Think yer givin' us news, Jack, don't yer? Bet the drinks there ain't one in the crowd that did n't know that,” murmured a voice proceeding from a man who sat cross-legged by the fire, carving with infinite labor a doll from a piece of wood.

“You hold your breath while I have the floor, or I'll sling a blazing knot at you,” promptly returned Jack. “This Santy was a furrin potentate or something of that sort, which had a large fam-

ily, children and grandchildren; he never went back on any of 'em, treated 'em all alike, and they never forgot it; they kep' his birthday long after the old man had gone over the range; bymby the neighbors took it up, and they kep' it agoin' too, and so it went on, till not only the kids in his own po-tentiality, but all around there, they caught on to it, and now it's the regerlar thing when the time comes round to give presents right and left, same as the old man did, and to wish him well wherever he may be.”

All but one or two of the men nodded their heads in acquiescence, and continued to smoke tranquilly.

“That's the size of it, only I had forgotten just how the account ran,” said Long Rupe. “Anything further about it in your book, Pius Æneas? That old Prime you tell about was a good deal of a father. It must have cost him something to set his young people up for the day.”

“No mention is made of Christmas in my Virgil; I do not think Priam had heard of it,” said the boy demurely.

“Likely not, likely not. Troy was sorter off the road. Well, we are a-wanderin' from the p'int. You say Santy likes to have presents flyin' round; what else chirks him up and makes him feel pleasant?”

The men looked from one to another in painful hesitation. They seemed to be at a loss.

“Five years ago I struck Trinidad the night before Christmas,” began Montana Jack, retrospectively. “It was a pretty lively crowd. We rode through the town and shot out the lights; there was some kind of a performance goin' on in a Greaser church; they had a young hemlock decked out with candles and popcorn; and there was a wax image of a girl holdin' a doll. Well, sir, when I took my horses' reins in my teeth and blazed away with both shootin' irons, you should have seen the folks light out! I snuffed every blowed candle clean.”

Gomez, lying in the shadow, ground out a curse from between his teeth.

"What's that, you Mexican, hey? Mad 'cause I broke up a show one of your petticoated priests had got up? I'm liberal in my religious views. I never shot the bald-headed old woman himself. Tell us what the tree all trimmed up so was for."

Gomez raised himself on his arm and glared malignantly at the speaker.

"The bed to you will make hisself in hell for your sacrilege, and it eez not I who will speak of holy things to hereticos."

He crossed himself piously and lay down again.

The chairman, scenting possible bloodshed, rapped on a log of wood for order, and Rupe, likewise intent on peace, addressed himself to the boys: "You youngsters fresh from home, give us some idees on the subject."

Dandy Jim started to his feet, left his place of modest retirement, and put himself in a conspicuous position before the fire.

"I'm the man that can give you all the information you want. You have struck the source of knowledge this time. First the tree,—that is to put the presents on, and for a gaudy spectacle besides; we have it gay with silver stars and gilt things; then they hang up their stockings, the children do, the night before, and Santa Claus, driving a superb team of reindeer, comes down the chimney and fills them with whatever a fellow wants most. Once when I was a little shaver I found a turning-lathe and a Shetland pony in mine."

"In your stockin', did you say?"

"That's what I said," replied young James with equanimity.

"How did you account for there being room there for such cumbersome objects?" asked the chairman.

"I did n't account for it; did n't have to. I just took the things, then I went through Ed's stockings; he was asleep."

The camp smiled tenderly upon the boy; they saw in him the germs of future greatness, and they were fast learning to forget his New England birth in consideration of his sterling qualities of pluck, endurance, and a fertile imagination.

"Then Dolly must hang up them little red stockin's of hern to be filled," said Rupe.

"In course," chimed in a dozen voices.

"Mr. Chairman, I don't tie to this yarn about Santy Claus, I don't," said a lank, sallow, one-eyed man from Missouri, in slow, hesitating tones. He had hitherto been silent, but now felt impelled to give utterance to the cankering doubts within him. "I hev went to school more than some of you-uns; the old man sent me fur three winters before I was fourteen, bein' as I was sickly from the measles and no account on the farm, and I hev had it from good authority that Santy is mytherkle."

All eyes were turned upon the speaker; a sullen, wrathful murmur was heard portending danger. He shrank before the combined gaze; his solitary pale blue orb fell to the ground, and he nervously shifted his quid of tobacco from one hollow cheek to the other. The chairman plainly felt that the duty of investigating devolved upon him. Gingerly, as one handling dynamite, he lifted up the unknown word. "Myth-er-kle? You, a person of eddication, you give it out cold that this portentate which we have been a-discussing is mytherkle?"

The answer came somewhat faintly, as the man darted an uneasy glance around, "I do."

A gloomy silence fell on the company, the faces of the men grew stern and forbidding; they had worn such looks when they sentenced a cattle-thief to be hung. The man from Missouri read their countenances like an open book, much better indeed; he edged away from the fire as though the blaze was growing too hot for him, and cautiously felt for his pis-



tol; to his horror it was not in its accustomed place, and he remembered that he had carelessly left it in the mess-wagon. Montana Jack arose in all the majesty of his splendid six feet of nerve and muscle; he pushed the boy James out of his path, and towered severe and awful above the recumbent Missourian.

"I have told this crowd who Santy Claus is, I have said he was a great and good man, second to none, I have 'lowed as he was a public benefactor, and now you have the cheek to slander him and call him vile, indecent names behind his back, and him dead, too, and not here to show up for himself. If you don't eat them words I'll lick you out of your boots. You hear *me*?"

The trembling Missourian arose; his knees knocked together, his teeth chattered, he had barely strength to speak.

"I—I reckon I hev made a mistake. I read about so many famyous men when I was at school that at times I get 'em m-mixed. Napoleon Bonyparte and Santy Claus I allers did confound together, but it comes back to me now plain as day that it was Napoleon as was mytherkle."

The camp breathed freer, the camp smiled, harmony was restored.

"Now that this unpleasantness is straightened out satisfactory, Dandy Jim, you may go on," said the chairman.

"There is n't much more, — a tree full of presents, stockings full likewise, a gorgeous feast, and a good time all round, — that's Christmas."

Horace ran his fingers through his glowing locks, and from beneath his bushy eyebrows he darted searching glances upon one and another, like some general weighing the qualities of his officers before dispatching them upon special service. "You, Towhead," he began, addressing a blonde Norwegian, "I appint you to ride to the mountains and pluck a tree, and mind you make a good selection; better take a couple of men along of you. Rupe, you sail into

Pueblo and pick out dolls, and kites, and tops, and four-bladed jackknives, and all such girls' gimcracks, and some candles and decorations for the tree; Jack, you go too and bring in enough turkey and canned plum-puddin' to reach round. I'll go out shooting myself, and lay a few jack-rabbits low. If anybody thinks of anything else, out with it."

To the surprise of all Juan Gomez offered to go to the city to help buy presents. No one could object, although neither Rupe nor Jack was anxious for his company. Then the meeting adjourned.

### III.

THE delight of the child when she knew that the day was to be made a holiday for her was intense. She sang blithely to herself from morning till night, and went dancing about from one tent to another, telling every man she met that she was to have a Christmas; she was even seen to throw her arms around the neck of a spotted heifer of gentle birth and breeding, a pet of the boys, and pour the glad tidings into its capacious ears. But the next day when the several deputations were to set out from the camp, the weather suddenly changed and snow began to fall, at first in a few scattering feathers, which the wind whirled about in light clouds, then the flakes came faster and faster and the snowstorm was a blizzard. The weather-prophet, when consulted, gave no hope of any alteration for the better, and the men were reluctantly forced to give up their proposed trips in order to look after the welfare of the cattle, which if the storm continued were likely to wander away and perish. Night shut down upon the plains and still the snow fell; on the second day the ground was covered to the depth of a foot and a half, and the cold was intense.

"I have told Dolly she must put off Christmas till New Year's," said Milton

that morning, "And then she shall have a royal celebration. I explained as how the snow was too deep for us to go to the city, and the stock might stray over the river and git froze; her heart is that soft it aches for the beasts; she wants me to look after the bossy-calves particular."

"Does she seem to take the disappointment well," inquired Montana Jack with interest.

"Like a little man," said the father proudly. "She bore up like a hero: it will be all the same to her. I reckon I'll get her something extra for waiting so patient and lamblike, but somehow I don't know what to pick out besides dolls. Living away from children so long I hain't kep' track of what they put their hearts onto. Jim, what is 'specially good for girls?"

Dandy Jim put his head on one side and meditated. By chance his eyes fell on his own hands, once carefully kept, but now rough and brown,—on the nails that were brightly polished and daintily trimmed in other days, but which now resembled sections of a bullock's hoof. He smiled re-assuringly upon Milton.

"Set your mind at rest, pard. It's lucky I'm here to help you out. Once I was held up to the gaze of all as the glass of fashion and the mould of form. As such the ladies smiled on me, and I was naturally thrown a good deal into their society. This is how I came to know so much of their manners and customs. Now for a young person like your charming daughter I can think of no gift more suitable than a manicure set";—he darted a savage glance at his brother who was about to interrupt him,—"the toilet table of a lady is incomplete without this elegant accessory."

Milton looked doubtfully from one boy to the other, Long Rupe turned his gaze toward the Spanish Peaks, Jack busied himself cutting off a chew of tobacco. Nobody wished to show his

ignorance: it was left to Horace Greeley to speak.

"Manicures? What is such? The name sounds familiar, but I don't get my bearin's on it right away. I s'pose I used 'em common when I was a child, but I must have called 'em something else."

"O," said the boy carelessly, "they're things to keep your nails nice. All the crowned heads have them. The girls in my set wouldn't live a day without them. They spend hours making their fingers look pretty."

For several minutes nobody spoke. The idea seemed to require time to penetrate. At length Jack said thoughtfully, as one groping his way in the dark, "What is the opinion of this crowd? I'm free to confess I should n't set any great store by such a gift."

"No more would I, and I reckon it ain't wholesome for so small a girl to begin that way. They take to it later nateral enough," commented Rupe.

"Them's my sentiments. What comfort, I'd like to know, could the child have with her mud pies when she's got to come in and spend the rest of her time on her finger nails? Why, it's jest doin' and ondoin'. I never heard Dandy Jim show so little sense," said Horace Greeley, frowning darkly on the boy, who, feeling himself in a minority, sidled away.

"Maybe the best way will be to let the folks in the toyshop settle it. They'd be posted. It's what I'll do, and now I'll start out on my rounds. This is the coldest weather I've known in Colorado these three years. Where's the Mexican? He is to go along with me."

But Juan Gomez did not appear either then or at any other time during the day. No one had seen him leave the camp, but he was gone. His absence would have excited surprise if another discovery had not absorbed the attention of everybody. Long Rupe going past Dolly's tent heard the sound of weeping.



Fearing that she had hurt herself in some way, he went in and discovered her lying prone on a black bearskin, her body shaken with sobs, even to the little scarlet legs which quivered with emotion.

"Got frightened at something, Dolly?" he asked, when he had picked her up and found her bones whole.

"No—o," she murmured, shrinking away from his consoling arms, and hiding her wet face in the bearskin.

"What is it then, dear? You'd ought to tell me; mebbe I could straighten it out."

Reaching forth her hand, and hiding it in his by way of preface, the little man and hero sobbed out her woe. "My Christmas is took away, and I can't have it until New Year's, and Santa Claus will forget all about me. He does n't go around twice, but d-don't tell paw; I don't care—much."

Rupe patted her head reassuringly. "Old Santy ain't no such man as to forget you, Dolly. He ain't that kind; he'll turn up all right. I've known him to be a month belated, but he got there just the same."

Her tears dried at once; she smiled brightly on Rupe, and condescended to get up from the floor, and perch on his knee for a little while. When he left her she was quite consoled, but he feared a relapse.

"Boys," he said to his companions, "it's no use to think of putting off the show; the little one has been breaking her heart over it all by herself. We'd better get up something; any sort of a tree with a few presents hung on it at the appointed time would be more than the wealth of Injy later on. Children is made that way."

So it came to pass that on the night before Christmas a brown, leafless young cottonwood occupied the middle of the largest tent; bunches of sagebrush were tied on in profusion. They represented, according to Horace Gree-

ley, roses and pinks and chameleons and all choice greenhouse herbs. Stars and moons cut from tinfoil which wrapped their tobacco had been hung by the men from almost every twig. A wooden doll, masculine, dressed in a cowboy's suit of buckskin, smiled down from the top of the tree; the eyes were rather small, and the mouth was too irregular for classic beauty, but the man who had carved it was of more importance just then than a presidential candidate. It was thought that his road to the child's heart had been made broad and easy. She must succumb before that masterpiece. Willow whistles, horsehair rings, and jumping-jacks were bestowed lavishly, and when the knots of resinous wood placed at judicious intervals behind the tree had been lighted, the tinfoil planets gave forth their reflected glow, and the whole presented a unique and pleasing appearance. Everything being ready the boys went to escort Dolly to the festive scene,—her tent was empty. "She's in the wagon asleep. Dolly! Dolly!" cried Jim, but no laughing face thrust itself out from the canvas. He climbed into the wagon and found that empty also.

"I guess her father has put her somewhere else; we'd better ask him," said Æneas.

Milton was frightened but he tried to conceal his fear. "Dolly not there? Of course she is. I left her not half an hour ago, and told her we'd come for her soon. She's a-hiding from you; she's full of larks."

He ran to the tent, he looked in the wagon, then called her name wildly. The men joined the search; they peered into all the shanties and the mess-wagon, they looked among the horses as though she might be curled up on the back of one of those ungentle beasts. Every spot in the camp where the child could have been concealed was examined, but not the slightest trace of her was found. Milton turned furiously upon his friends.

"You're playing a trick on me, some of you; you're hiding my girl from me. I'll shoot you, every one of you,—"

Long Rupe laid his hand on his shoulder. "O come now, Dave, you know there ain't one of us so mean as that. She has strayed off somewhere; we'll find her."

But a half hour's further search was unavailing, and the men's hearts were filled with dread as they looked at the wretched father.

"It's queer where the Mexican is all this time. He's been gone two days and nights," said Jack, as they stood deliberating. "I thought a good streak had struck him, and he had gone to Pueblo alone to buy things."

"I knew better than that. He's gone off to get drunk. He regularly does; it's a failing of his," said Horace Greeley, with the just contempt of one who never erred in that direction.

"Maybe he has come back and hooked Dolly to make a Charlie Ross of her," hazarded Jim. His wild guess fell like a conviction upon all.

"That's it; he has stole her out of pure cussedness!"

Acting on this idea they soon discovered the tracks of two horses which had left the neighborhood of the camp. It was the work of but a few minutes for three of the men to make themselves ready and start with Milton for the chase.

"I own I don't understand these two tracks. It would be a heap easier for him to carry the child than to make her ride alone. She couldn't do it long anyways," said Rupe.

"I reckon he has hired another Mexican to help him do the job. It will be a double lynching when we get 'em," said Montana Jack with a sinister laugh; "but they've got an hour's start of us, and Gomez has the best horse in the outfit."

Milton turned his white face to the speaker. "It won't make no difference.

The Devil himself can't keep that man from me. I'll hunt him to the ends of the earth."

"And we will follow you," cried the three men. Then they rode on in silence.

The air was clear and bitterly cold; the moon and stars shone with wonderful brilliancy; nothing broke the glittering splendor of the wide plains, until the deep blue of the sky shut down upon them in the distant horizon; on the west foothill and mountain peak alike were wrapped in snow. For many miles they kept on their way, and it was nearing midnight when Milton, ever straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of what he was pursuing, saw afar off something dark dimly outlined against the surrounding whiteness; he pointed to it without a word and spurred his horse. Montana Jack felt for the knife in his boot and put his hand on his pistol. They soon discovered that the object, whatever it was, did not move, but to the anxious men it seemed an age before they could reach it.

"If I've got the right idee that is just the other side of Arapahoe Crick," remarked Rupe, "and if I see straight there's a critter there off its feet."

Milton struck his horse a sharp blow; the animal may have felt that his long, hard ride was drawing to an end; he dashed forward vigorously, and bore his rider to the place far in advance of the others. A horse lay there with a broken leg, the pain happily benumbed by the cold. Close against his side, getting some warmth from the beast's body, was huddled a woman. A light shawl was drawn over her head and shoulders, but Milton had no need to uncover the face to know it. Lying under the woman and closer yet to the horse was something wrapped in a warm sealskin sack. "My little Dolly! God be thanked!" he murmured reverently, as the child woke fresh and rosy, and smiled sleepily in her father's face.



His companions rode up and dismounted.

"Bless the little kid; she's blooming as a pink," said Horace Greeley, beaming down upon her.

Rupe's eyes were wet as he looked at her. He tried to speak, but his voice stuck in his throat. Jack was the first of them to notice the figure lying at their feet.

"My God, a woman here in the snow!" He knelt down beside her, and pushed back the thin shawl. "I tell you, she's the one you need to look after; she's cold as death now."

Milton made no movement. He seemed not to hear the man's words, but the others turned quickly. Rupe stifled a cry as he saw the still face so white and ghastly in the moonlight, and muttered under his breath, "The child's mother!" Perhaps Dolly heard him.

"Paw, mamma's here, don't you see her? She carried me off; I did n't want to go; she don't like you and she says you shan't have me, but you've got me, haven't you?" She laughed gaily, and patted his cheek with her little warm mittened hand. "When our horse slipped on the ice and hurt himself, the Mexican swore awful and rode away. Mamma asked him to take me, but he said the snow was so bad it was all he could do to save himself, 'specially as you'd be after him. Pretty soon I got cold and cried, then mamma took off her jacket and wrapped me up, and first I knew I was asleep. I love mamma sometimes, don't you?"

Her father said nothing.

"Paw, what makes you look so? I'm going to give the cloak back to mamma; she told the man she'd die there before he could send anybody to help her, but she won't, will she? you came just in time." She slid from his arms and made her way to her mother.

"Don't rub snow on her, Rupe, she's cold enough now; don't you know any better? Jack, you need n't pour that

stuff from the bottle down her throat, you'll choke her; she never drinks it that way; she has it in a glass and says, 'Here's looking towards you, Frank,' or may be 'Charlie!' Put this fur sack round her; that will make her nice and warm. Wake up, mamma, wake up."

She revived a little under their efforts but showed no consciousness of her surroundings. They wrapped her in blankets, and Jack took her on his own horse; then Milton, still bestowing no attention on the mother, took the child in his arms and they journeyed back, all of them except the little one half dead with cold and exhaustion.

Hours later when they reached the camp they found a warm welcome. The Christmas tree with its many stars shone gloriously, and the fire was such that no one could stay near it. Milton staggered and would have fallen with his precious burden; a dozen arms were reached out to take the child. She promptly expressed a preference for Æneas, and it was against the breast of that proud youth that she presently leaned back with a yawn and stretched out her toes to the fire, while the men looked on with worshiping eyes.

Every attention was bestowed upon the suffering woman, but it was soon plain that the terrible exposure had been too great for her. She lay on a pile of blankets, and for a long time watched with half-closed eyes the men as they came and went about her, painfully eager to do something to make her more comfortable.

"Put it away; brandy can't help me now," she said in a faint voice to Horace Greeley who stood near holding a tin cup. "I'm cold all through. Call *him*," pointing towards Milton.

"Go to her, Dave; we think she's dying," whispered Rupe, and Milton obeyed. He looked down unpitifully upon the beautiful face of the woman who had ruined a happy home and made his honest name a reproach.

"Dave," she murmured, "this is the end of me; I sha'n't do you any more harm. Curse that Mexican,—he might have planned it better," she exclaimed with sudden fury, raising herself up on her elbow. "I meant to go to California this time, but it's all over now." She sank back panting; her breast fluttered painfully. "Dave, I'm a bad woman; I always was; I couldn't be different if I was to try; you might give me everything, but I'd break away,—it's in me. You were always too good for me; you fretted me."

"I did the best I knew how," said Milton sadly.

"I know you did, but that never counts when a woman does n't care for a man. Dolly will make it up; she is n't like me."

A tremor ran through her limbs, the shadow of coming death darkened her features. The man's face grew kinder; he sank down beside her and pulled the blanket more closely around her.

"It's no use, I know I'm dying, Dave. I wonder if—if things would go any easier with me up there if they knew you had—had forgiven me." She reached out her arm irresolutely.

He hesitated, but only for a moment then his hand closed strong over hers, and he whispered, "I forgive you, Dorothy, and them that have the right to judge you will take account as how you gave your life for the child's tonight."

Her eyes thanked him; her lips could not.

"Dolly, come here," cried Milton. "There, kiss your mother goodnight, she wants to go to sleep."

The child's yellow hair mingled for an instant with the dark locks of the mother, the warm red mouth was pressed against the cold one, then she sprang lightly up.

"Goodnight, pretty mamma, we will all have a Christmas tomorrow, there are lots of things on the tree, and see, that great big star on the branch right over our heads shines like a truly real one! I'm sleepy, too; paw, put me to bed."

Tenderly David Milton lifted his child in his arms and bore her away. The moon had set, a few stars still lingered in the sky, the whole world lay before him white and pure, and the distant mountain peaks were catching the first rays of light from the east.

*Marshall Graham.*





## ON A JURY IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Now that his excellency the Governor of Washington Territory has decided that lady jurors are not only undesirable and incompetent but unconstitutional, and as one cannot be sure that the intelligent public, — governors and all, — can be educated up to a belief in the fitness of such things, I treasure as something unique in this part of the country that episode in my personal history, a week's service as a United States juror.

I was twenty-one and a school mistress, and thought I was very strong-minded, and argued earnestly with my friend Queen Mab, (who was also twenty-one, and taught music,) about the duties and responsibility of the ballot and the weight of personal influence in politics. Mab was conservative, and inclined to have what she called "lady-like" views about woman's position in society. Rather disposed to be a vine and cling, Mab was, and didn't care to do battle with the powers of evil by casting a ballot or serving on a jury. Nearly every evening we talked together, sometimes I admit over the usual girly subjects of interest, including gowns, bonnets, blue eyes *versus* brown, and the merits of bass voices as compared with tenor; but I think that we were mostly given to the discussion of serious things, and were rather old for our years.

It was our high privilege to vote at a local election. Mab didn't at all want to at first. But the weighty matter of local option was to be submitted to the popular will, and the little town seemed likely to be pretty evenly divided as to whether the two semi-disreputable dens where bad whiskey and stale beer were dispensed, should be closed. Mab was decided by finding one of her pet pupils coming out of one of these dens one

afternoon with a bottle of beer under his jacket. True, it was for papa, who was scarcely worth voting for, because "when he wanted to drink he *would* drink whether there was any whiskey in town or not," and for whom there seemed no salvation; but the young woman said with emphasis that her voice should be lent toward putting harm out of the way of that small boy. So she voted. She knew her vote was likely to be challenged, too; for she had grown up abroad, and was popularly supposed to be of foreign birth, though in fact she was born in Baltimore. Her vote *was* challenged, and people stared while she explained in a low, sweet voice and with a pretty air that she was quite American.

One evening as we talked together the bell rang. I opened the door. There in the moonlight was an important looking person with an important looking paper in his hand.

The light had blown out as the door opened, but he declined to come in, and did not wait for a light. Whether he produced from somewhere a dark lantern or a tallow candle, or read his paper by a solitary match or the light of memory, I am quite unable to say, for its contents blotted perception of details out of our minds.

"Miss R— and Miss M—?" he first asked hurriedly; and as we acknowledged these names, and before we could guess what was wanted, he read in a deep tone of authority that we were duly impaneled to serve as United States jurors at the next regular term of court.

Now if we had known what was coming I am sure Mab would have rushed into the back yard, while I — well, probably I should have gone with her. You know it is always possible to be "not at home" when unpleasant people call;

but as it was we were taken unawares, —doubtless the young man considered that beforehand, and hurried his speech accordingly. And now the summons was served and escape was impossible,

We stared at each other in a helpless manner for a moment ; then Mab said :

"O I can't! What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"Go to court," the marshal said ; and away he went, in order, I am sure, to preserve his official dignity.

Then Mab shook me, said it was all my fault, and that she *never* could do it, —then asked what gown she should wear. Not that she was n't a sensible young woman,—she was, very ; but I judge from what we afterward saw of jurors in general that if we had been jurors in general we should have gone at once to take a drink ; hence I defend Mab's more innocent and equally sensible relaxation.

I now confess that there was a good deal of trepidation in my own breast as to what people would say. Would it seem bold? would the papers print our pictures? would they think that we had sought to be thus conspicuous? But the only thing to do was to tell Mab of course we would go : we could n't help it, as we had been summoned,—unless, indeed, we should be ill, and there was n't much hope of that, as we both had perfect health.

Our little village was usually very quiet. Its repose was disturbed tri-weekly by the Seattle-Victoria steamer, which brought the mail, the groceries, fresh fruit, and occasionally a passenger. The last was duly noted, his demeanor and probable intentions commented upon, and even his order at the one little hotel made note of. Did he take toast and tea, he was a dyspeptic—probably ill-tempered and not to be associated with. Did he order claret, the local mind sustained a shock, and suspected that he had come down to reform. This last suggested no doubt by the fact that

on one occasion a gentleman had come down to reform from the habit of taking morphia. When he came he was taking ninety grains a day, and in a short time our excellent doctor had him reduced to fifteen grains, and he was doing nicely. But you know about that ungrateful horse that died just as his master had taught him to live nicely upon nothing : well, our reformed gentleman did n't die ; but he silently stole away, taking such personal effects as he could conveniently put in a grip-sack, neglecting to pay the excellent doctor's bill, and even carrying off all the morphia he could lay hands upon. After that the village folk were suspicious of strangers.

"And little thou knowest what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

But not with suspicion was the gray-haired judge and his able following received. Our people knew how to give honor to whom honor was due. The little hotel was full to overflowing, and half the best houses were thrown open to guests.

I think it must have been quite a vacation for them to come down to our prosperous county, it was such a pretty place. Mount Baker looked down at us with dignity from the north, and in the south-east Ranier rose up white and glistening from his base of pines. Wherever you look in the Sound region, you have always a dark background of evergreens. Nothing but a glimpse of these snow-peaks conveys the magnificence of them as they rise up solitary and alone from the sombre forests.

The village itself was on a knoll, which overlooked the inlet from Puget Sound on one side, and a wide stretch of tide flats on the other. These tide flats have been gradually reclaimed from the Sound basin ; they make a wide delta between two forks of a river, which washes down debris and soil every year, and adds to the land accumulation at the mouth. This is the richest soil. Just across the



inlet is a long island covered with the dense Washington forest of evergreen. This island was an Indian reservation, and on the shore just opposite was an Indian village, so near that we could hear the voices of the rollicking pappooses as they splashed in the waters of the inlet, or dug in the mud for clams. They won't drown, these dusky youngsters, and learn to swim while they are teething. On the hillside, just above the Indian village, was a little Catholic church, — for the Flathead Indians are all good Catholics, — and from the white tower a cracked bell told the hour for mass, or announced the departure of one more child of the forest for the happy hunting grounds. One of the lawyers looked across to the picturesque Indian village, sighed, and murmured something intended to be eloquent about the simple contentment reigning over there, — and with such success that one could n't but think of the disconsolate judge in Maud Müller, and we expected to hear him "hum in court an old love tune."

Although our town was small, the county was one of the richest in the Territory, the soil a thing to be spoken of by all comers, and the yield of oats and hay to the acre something almost incredible. The homes were pleasant, and the country people indulged in mild luxury; and if they went to law, were satisfied with no less able counsel than the best legal lights of Seattle, and the best legal lights of Seattle means a good deal.

Court week came, and the village was all astir. School closed, as school house and court house were one; and one of the unpleasant features of the occasion, — one of the things that reminded me of Miss Partridge's saying that "women are needed to sweep out the political kitchen" — was that the floors had to be covered with sawdust. It is the custom, I believe, in country court houses, and reflects very discreditably on the manners of the people who assemble there.

It seemed queer to have the grave judge occupying my little wooden desk, and the recitation benches creaked with responsibility as their corner did duty as jury box. The blackboards with their *a's* and *e's*, their spelling book sentences, and amateur pigs, birds, and bottles, looked strangely out of place, — though I don't doubt Judge Greene was a bare-foot boy once himself, and dangled toes four inches from the floor when he learned, "The cat has the rat," — "It is a hen," — "See my dog run."

That morning Mab and I put on very sober gowns, and with endeavor to look very dignified and intelligent, went up to court. My best bonnet was red-tipped and somewhat jaunty, so I carefully did not wear it, but completed my toilet with a plain black hat. It was much less becoming, but it was a vital matter not to be conspicuous. We felt, too, that it might be in keeping with the court dignity that decoration should be avoided, — though why I don't know, when our ancestral judiciary was so decked out, powdered, bewigged, and scarlet-gowned.

We were regarded critically, it is true; not that we were the first lady jurors, — there had been others at the last term of court in Seattle, — but we were the first in that jurisdiction, and people were assembled from all over the circuit. We had agreed, however, to imagine that we were society beauties occupying a proscenium box, and not to mind the staring; and as Judge Green was very kindly and courteous, we felt well chaperoned. Dapper lawyers provided chairs, expressed a desire to make us comfortable and "at home," promised to tell us what to do, and even went so far as to plan to get us excused from tedious or unpleasant cases. Of course it was regular service on the petit jury; we were not eligible to grand jury service.

But fortunately for us the district was rural; divorces and such sensations were not the fashion, and the cases were civil

ones, at most a squabble between neighbors over line fences, or the like. It is the usual thing for the juror, especially if he has much intelligence, to be excused from serving on many cases, so it goes without saying that Mab and I often went to court at ten to respond to the call of the bailiff, and then to go shopping or calling till we should report again for the next case.

One afternoon Mab was retained, but I was assured by the bailiff that no new case would be brought up; so I went calling. Just after I went away, however, a new case was called, and there was one juror missing. Now, it is n't at all the proper thing for a juror to be missing; the dignity of the court must be respected, and one is expected to give so serious and weighty an occasion his undivided attention, and not to go making calls. Therefore when the delinquency was reported, the court machinery was stopped, the judge looked a severe reprimand, and a deputy sped away after the caller.

Now it happened that as I wore my best gloves, and was displaying my most elegant air, I thought it would be a good time for ceremonious calls, fashionable calls; not those cosy chats where one takes a rocking chair, and with great sociability spends a pleasant hour or two, but where the weather, the family health, and the latest things in literature or art are gingerly touched upon for a space of ten minutes, when the carriage is discovered to be waiting. Well, I fashionably called from house to house, and the deputy called after me. At last we met on a crossing. I was taken into custody, as it were, and with the comforting assurance that I should likely be fined for contempt of court, was escorted back. It was a serious matter with me, I assure you, and I don't doubt I felt as guilty as any culprit present, as I was marched up the long aisle, past gaping, grinning faces.

Shortly after, however, I had occasion

to be comforted for my delinquency. A little room on the upper floor was jury room, where we held our deliberations. If my faint recollection is correct, it was once when we were shut up there that it happened. The case had been tedious, and the judge's charge long, and he had apparently taken it for granted that it would be hours before we came to a decision, and had serenely gone off to dinner. But he did not know the mental capacity and decision of his jurors. We were eleven to one on the first count, and on the second the one perverse juror must have concluded that he could n't possibly be right if the eleven thought otherwise, for there was no dissenting voice. Then we clamored to be let out; but no judge was there to receive our report, and we pined in seclusion till he, in his turn, had been followed up and brought back by the marshal.

One thing that went far toward making Mab and me feel re-assured was the fact that our fellow jurors were Irishmen, Scandinavians, or other honest farmers, who perhaps could spell, but certainly did not impress us deeply with the superiority of the masculine brain. Indeed, I think that but for the fact that we were modest-minded young women, we should have been inclined to take credit to ourselves for our higher intellectual attainments. Any way, we felt that all that was necessary was to be very dignified, and we should not detract from the credit of our sex.

I am afraid that those lawyers regarded us as an innovation gotten up for their diversion. They were, as I have said, deferential to the last degree; but O, some the questions they asked us! "Were we surely twenty-one?" — "Had we ever served on a jury before?" And in one case where some neighbors had resorted to weapons, — shovels, I believe they were — in the settlement of a difference, "If we were attacked by any one would we feel called upon to defend ourselves?" We thought we should, and



so were excused from Mr. H——'s case lest we should be prejudiced in favor of his client who had "defended himself."

Mr. H——'s partner was a married man, and not much given to gallantries, and in address to the jury was so careless as to say, "gentlemen of the jury." His partner saw at a glance that it wasn't policy to ignore a part of that able body, and so instructed his colleague in a stage whisper, and the "O, I beg pardon, *ladies* and gentlemen of the jury," brought down the house.

While we were kept in durance vile those same lawyers provided what they chose to call "sweets to the sweet," *viz*, chocolates and caramels, so I think they were forgiven for occasional mirth over the new departure.

In one case of local importance, a certain pig had strayed into a neighbor's garden. The pig was seized upon by the neighbor's dog, and from injuries received had died. Then neighbor one shot the dog. Neighbor number two brought action for damages to a most incredible amount "for the most valuable dog, sir, that ever was owned in this part of the country, sir." The case was continued from the local justice to the circuit court, fees mounted up, and lawyers were happy. The neighbors were deadly enemies. Little matters like civil service reform and other national small fry were forgotten in the local politics. Other neighbors took sides, and there were rumors of impending neighborhood disasters, when it was my privilege to aid in crushing out feud by deciding that the dog was or was not, — I can't for my life remember now which, — justified in assaulting the pig. I know it was insinuated at the time that our decision was as it was because the lawyer on that side was handsome. This was purely calumny. True, his eloquence was of the melting sort, tears were in his eyes, and I remember that he appealed to high heaven; but our convic-

tions were firm, and our decision in accordance with law and evidence.

I like to have faith in people, and endeavor not to indulge in carping criticism, but I cannot but remember how the sublime hung on the ragged edge of the ridiculous when Mr. L— of Seattle showed to the honorable Court and the ladies and gentlemen of the jury that his case was one that commanded the sympathy of all good people; that it was a case of the strong against the weak, of capital against labor, of might against right: in short, that grim tyranny in the guise of the Utsalady Transportation Company crushed to earth one honest and deserving Mr. Tompkins, by refusing to reimburse the aforesaid Mr. Tompkins for certain grain sacks lost by the aforesaid company.

If cases in court were not so strictly matters of evidence and not at all matters of sympathy, we might have almost sympathized with Mr. Tompkins.

While this case was in progress, it was amusing to notice how the townspeople hung upon the words of eloquence; every face wore a rapt expression, and not a muscle relaxed. Not that they didn't discriminate concerning the relative importance of things; but Mr. L— was so eloquent, and before flight of fancy, figure of speech, quotation from Scripture and elsewhere, stirring to the depths of a vigorous masculine mind, the subject may be quite a matter of indifference, or may be lost sight of altogether.

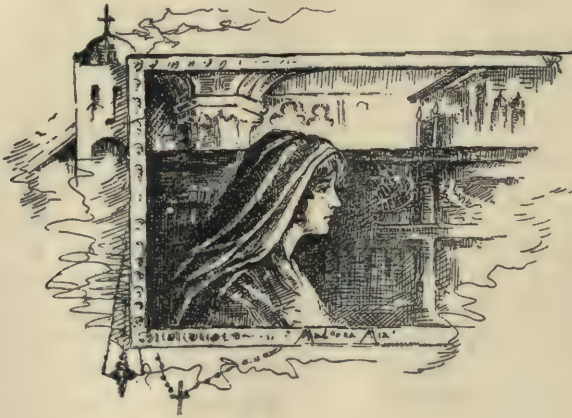
In one case counsel was obtained in the person of a local attorney, who asked for a stay of proceedings (I think it was a stay of proceedings) in a lengthy legal document. The opposing counsel (from Seattle) asked to examine the paper, and after a few minutes' scrutiny, requested of his honor the judge that the case be thrown out of court, — the document was valuable only as a work of antiquity, as it bore date of the year *eighteen*. The poor local attorney had omitted to fill out the date blank, 18—.

At the end of the court week we found ourselves possessed of twenty-one magnificent dollars, and much valuable experience; and then we were of such importance in our own eyes! Mab inscribed herself in my album as a United States Juror, with capitals and a flourish. We compared notes and found we didn't feel a whit less womanly, and we never had more courteous consideration. Perhaps we had afterward some added feel-

ing of our own dignity, and a sense of responsibility to the community.

With my newly acquired wealth (never earned twenty-one dollars so easily!) I purchased a gold pen destined to horrify my Eastern friends with accounts of my judicial experience. Mab made more romantic use of the wealth that was hers. It shortly after had to do with a certain trousseau.

*M. R.*



### AVE SANCTISSIMA.

*(Written to Music.)*

A WEARY heart and lone  
Is bent before thee now;  
A spirit unresting  
Seeks rest and longs for home.

Sad is the fading light  
Over the wastes of sea;  
Silent the growing night;  
No help save thee.

What song is that so shrill and clear,  
Sung in the winds on high,  
In silvery rifts of sky?  
O listen, O hear how near!

Or was it the wind  
Or a voice at sea?  
Or was—O was it  
The wind on the shore?

*Melville Upton.*





### BALLAD OF THE DEATH-STONE.

*(Founded on an Ancient Japanese Drama.)*

A WILD wolf-wind is howling  
O'er Nasu's moorland grim ;  
Low burn the fires of sunset,  
And all the world is dim.

Gray glooms the fateful death-stone  
Before the pilgrim's sight,—  
Is there no hand to stay him  
From darker doom than night ?  
. . . . .

A lingering sun-gleam changes  
His yellow scarf to gold ;  
Beneath, his heart is freezing  
With midnight's bitter cold,—

For lurid lights up-leaping,  
Around the death-stone roll,  
It thrills, it rends asunder,  
And warnings smite his soul,—

"Halt, thou, O priest of Buddha,  
The rosary of Fate  
Is stronger than thy praying,  
Halt, ere it be too late !

"A phantom lost and lonely,  
Frail as the vapor's breath,  
Would stay thee, holy pilgrim,  
From sudden doom of death.

"Named once the 'Jewel-Maiden,'  
In ancient palace halls,  
Mark how the fairest sinner  
To deepest darkness falls !

"For weird enchantments woven  
Around the Dragon throne,  
My soul must haunt forever,  
This poisoned prison-stone.

"Who touches it must perish,  
Though he be Buddha's priest." —  
"Nay, Buddha's Heart is Mercy,  
And thou shalt be released,"

Loud cries the holy friar ;  
And swift as wing his prayer —  
"O *namu, namu*, Buddha" —  
Is borne along the air.

"O *namu, namu*, Buddha !"  
Strange benedictions fall  
Like dews upon the death-stone,—  
A soul is free from thrall !

Around the phantom-maiden,  
The priestly robe is thrown ;  
The Bloom of fair Nirvâna<sup>1</sup>  
Shall guide her to its own,  
For in her ransomed spirit,  
The lotus-flower hath blown !

*Flora B. Harris.*

<sup>1</sup> While the blessed in Nirvana repose on the Lotus, poetic fancy sees, also, a lotus-flower in the heart of the devotee on earth.





## THREE PINES.

## XI.

GONE now was every illusion that had once possessed me. She had never loved me, — I had faded out of her mind not through any rivalry of others, but simply through the inability of my image to hold its place in her heart, — she could not even recognize my loyalty to her, but gave me credit for inconstancy and weakness of purpose equal to her own. And she had given the full treasure of her affection to one so base as not to deserve an atom of regard, and yet so powerful in his fascination over her as to hold her forever thenceforth in his keeping. No hope that whatever now might happen, her love for him could be driven from her heart, — no possibility that if it could ever die away, any older love could be rekindled. Upon the morrow and for the last time I would see her, — then would go my separate way and never look upon her face again. Meanwhile, as her friend of early days, there must still be work to do for her.

First and most important of all, I must see her husband. It seemed a terrible thing to do, but could not be avoided. Poor Howard Silsby lay dead in his tent, shot by Rush Brackley; and yet I must visit the murderer and talk to him calmly, unrepentantly, and without bitter utterance. I must learn for Clare's sake how at the last moment the man stood disposed toward her. If with the pall of death ready to drop upon him and no hope that it could remain suspended for even another day, Rush Brackley should feel his heart soften towards her, and should give birth to the slightest longing to see her again and ask forgiveness for all that had passed, then I must tell him that she was close at hand, and must bring them for the last time together

again. Whatever the present misery to her, whatever the lasting disgrace of his wicked ending, for her peace I must let them meet. If on the contrary, — and yet why speculate on what must of itself be determined within the coming hour?

So, with my face bent to the earth, I passed across the plain, darkened now except where studded along the border with camp-fires, around which groups of men sat and discussed the day's events, and in the sky no answering light except where deep down towards the west gleamed the pale half circle of the setting moon. For a few moments thus; and then a shadowy form rose from the gloom before me.

"Ha, Judge Towles, I was just going to look for you."

"Well, Bently?"

"I must see the prisoner. I have a few words that I must say to him."

"That can't be," the Judge answered. "It is all fixed for him. Don't you know that he is to be tried tomorrow at seven, and hanged immediately after? What good for any one to see him now?"

"Tried, — and perhaps no defense allowed, Judge? For that seems to be the method of it. Were he to ask for counsel, would he not be permitted to have it? Well, I come forward as counsel for him, and I must consult with him."

"All that's nonsense, Philip, and you know it. He shot your friend; and after that, you to be his counsel!"

"Yes, it is nonsense, of course. I, least of any one in the settlement, could have any desire to save him. I only mention it to show that there might be circumstances in which even the worst man should not be shut out from communication with others. And there is here such a case. I know who this man is. Howard and I were the only per-

sons here who knew ; to all others he has been merely the faro dealer. And for the sake of his distant family, I will not tell his name. Let all knowledge of him die tomorrow. But still I, knowing him, must see him, so that if he wishes he may through me send any last words for the few friends he has left. Is that too much to ask? Do you believe that I would plot to have him escape? Let his guards stand near and watch us, if you think best ; only let them keep far enough away not to overhear us."

"Come then with me," said the Judge ; and we proceeded at once to Rush Brackley's tent. It was now no scene of riotous excitement, nor was the great Chinese lantern any longer swinging outside to tempt the unwary. There was some show of a light inside dimly forcing its faint glimmer through the side of the tent ; it came from a single candle placed within, so that the prisoner might be constantly under watchful eyes. For the same reason, the flaps of the tent door had been fastened back to allow the guard to look in. At a little distance stood men who had been detailed to keep all prying, curious eyes away ; properly demanding that the doomed man should not unnecessarily be made a spectacle. In front and in the rear men slowly paced a few feet apart, their rifles poised ready upon their shoulders. These sentries of course lowered their weapons before the Judge and myself, letting us freely pass within the guarded limits, and to the one directly in front of the tent the Judge whispered a word or two. Then he motioned me to enter.

Doing so, I found the prisoner sitting before me upon a camp stool, so placed in front of the main upright of the tent that it could serve as a rude back to the seat. At one side was a pallet and blankets, where when the time came he could lie down and seek forgetfulness in sleep. At present, however, it was not late in the evening ; he was sitting up, though in a somewhat constrained attitude, his

hands being tied behind his back, and his ankles also bound together with a somewhat looser cord. By the dim candle light I could see that the man had lost nothing from his usual defiant mein. There was a little less of that olden forced affectation of good fellowship in his eyes, perhaps ; there was now no one upon whom to lavish it other than the unsympathetic guards, and it was not natural to suppose that under the circumstances he should care to assume a cheerfulness he could not feel. But there was the same captious sneering curve to his lip, evidently put on with a rigorous determination to allow no appearance of breaking down or of craven submission, and maintained as successfully as when in freedom he would let his gaze rove with faint sarcastic play over the faces of his victims. I felt at once that the man, however overborne, would keep up his resolution and stand firm and unyielding to the end.

"Well, Philip Bently," he said, "and so you have come to visit me? It is very kind, indeed. Most of my friends now choose to stand aloof. There was a time when they would more than fill the tent, and seemed to enjoy my society greatly. It is a little different now, somehow."

"You know my name, then?"

"I have known it from the beginning, — ever since I came up behind you and found you breathing forth love utterances over the portrait of a lady whom at one time even I thought very beautiful. You must own that it was a little startling in this wilderness to come across a person giving vent to passionate sighs over one's wife's picture. By good rights, I suppose that I ought to have been very angry, and have called you to account upon the spot. But I did not. I knew all about you at once, you see, and was not at all jealous."

"I did not know —"

"She told me all about you before we were married. Good pious soul, whose



tender conscience would not let her keep any secret from her husband! And so she told me about the young fellow who had gone abroad thinking that he had carried her heart with him, and whom for a week or two she actually believed she cared for in return. It was with some awkwardness and fear that she spoke, as dreading perhaps that after such a terrible avowal I would give back her promise to her; but you see, I did not. Fortunately she demanded no confidences in return. Perhaps women under such circumstances seldom do. I should have been a little puzzled, perhaps, to respond truthfully."

"Rush Brackley, it is about your wife that I would now talk to you, — but in a different spirit than that."

"How then? And what can you want from me relating to her? Is it that the old love has continued all this time, and that now since you find that my end has come, you would ask me for her? My will in your favor, — you as my residuary legatee to receive her hand from me, the only thing I have to leave? Why, take it, man; for all that I would object, you could have had her months ago, had you felt so disposed. When I put off the past life of respectability, I left all else behind, and never since have cared for any of its concomitants, herself included."

I felt myself blushing deeply as the prisoner spoke. For beneath the coarseness and unfeelingness of the words lay something of the suggestion that had so often in dreaming moments come to myself, struggle against it as I might. Not really believing half what he said, but simply uttering such words as he thought might have the deepest sting in them, and would most surely prove his own scorn for his wife and for all tender associations which should surround her, he had stumbled upon what two days before would have been the living truth. Now I almost blessed the vanished illusions that left me free to answer as I did.

"Clare Somers — your wife — has never at any time cared for me as you imply; she is not now nor ever can be anything else to me than a friend whom I would always cherish, and to whom I would now like to act a friend's part. It may be that before long I shall see her again. A month hence, and I shall return to the East. What, then, must I take back with me to tell her about you? You must well know that there can be no further hope for you here, and so before it is too late you should speak freely from your heart."

"Yes, I know that there is no hope left here for me. I shot your friend; I do not know why, therefore, you should wish to speak to me at all. If we were in any other land than this, perhaps it would be different with me. I might say that when one is riding along a public way, and eight armed men come plunging after him with weapons in their hands, and with their onset tumble him from his horse, he has a right to fire for his own protection. I might say, too, that when they had immediately afterwards proceeded to strip his person of all his available capital, on pretence of giving it to some one else whom they claimed he had defrauded to that amount, his defensive impulse would probably receive ample justification. I am not sure that under such a state of facts I could not in a regular court obtain my release. But let that pass; it can be of little service to dwell upon it here. I am in the hands of ruffians who are howling for my blood; and I know that they will have it. I realize that there is not the slightest hope for me; that my life is not worth a day's purchase. Well, what then?"

"I have said, what then? I may see your wife; in fact, it cannot be helped that I should see her before long. What must I then tell her about you? What message of love will you send her as your parting word?"

"Good Heavens, sir! Do you intend

to tell her anything about me? Is it your idea of comfort to her, that you should inform her that I was hanged by some fifty or more of my good fellow citizens—some three or four hundred more standing by and consenting—for killing a man? You must have a singular perception of the proper method of administering consolation to any one. And yet, after all, if it is your intention to bring perfect resignation to her, I do not know that you could take any better course than that. Surely she should then congratulate herself at having so easily become rid of me; and perhaps then you can turn to at the last, and efface her sorrow with your older love."

"Rush Brackley, I have already told her that she and I can never be anything to each other more than in the past. I speak now only for the purpose of doing what I can to bring peace to her. Surely, after your long desertion of her she must need it. A loving word or two from you in farewell would go far to make her future life less dark to her. I could take those words to her from you, and she need never know under what peculiar circumstances they were sent. Let me tell you that you greatly err if you think that it could be any comfort to her that in any way you had made your memory a disgrace to her. Trouble and neglect can be overcome or even forgotten, if at the last there is some attempt, however feeble, to make amends with loving messages. With almost all women it is the same,—such words would be remembered and cherished, bringing sunshine with them, long after the memories of cruelties have faded away."

"You speak very plainly and to the point, Philip Bently. Perhaps you are right. I do not pretend to understand the great mystery of woman's nature to its foundation. Perhaps, after all, you have made it a more complete and exhaustive study than I have been able to do. But now let me tell you this. I know a little, at least, of my own nature,

and I find that it is one that will not indulge in vain pretences. Clare may learn how I died and go on through life cursing my memory, or on the other hand she may imagine that I have uttered all kind of consoling words for her, and so may think of me with fondness. Why should I care which way it may be, as long as I have had no part in bringing it about? After me, the deluge. Tomorrow morning—as soon as possible after I am awake, I hope, for it would be tedious waiting—I shall be taken from here by your assembled friends, and after due travesty of the forms of law, be hanged. You too, will be by and see it done, I suppose. I know what I should do, if you had killed a friend of mine; even if, as in my case, you had meant no particular injury to him, having merely by way of diversion fired into the crowd. I think you will find that at the crisis I shall not falter; and for that purpose I must have my own consolations. It is a little too late for me to look for the sustaining powers of religion, I suppose you will admit. My consolation can only be that I have lived maintaining my character as it is, whether good or bad, and to the end indulging in no absurd pretences of feeling different than I have felt. Always have I spoken out my mind, getting at times into serious trouble for it, and now that there is less than a day for me to go, I will have it said, at least, that I was consistent to the end."

"And yet —"

"Don't interrupt me, please. You know a dying man has so little time to talk. Well, you now ask me, rather absurdly it seems to me, that I should leave behind me a few choice expressions of tender regret and sorrow, and for the purpose of my wife's edification and comfort. I might be glad to do so if I could, and enjoy the thought of her feasting upon them for the rest of her life. But it would not be in my line to make any such vain pretences, neither



would she credit them if I did. I trust that in the past I have gained some reputation with her for energy of purpose; I do not propose she should believe that at the last I had sunk into the idiocy of maudlin weakness."

"You loved her once, Rush Brackley, and so I think that now —"

"Yes, I suppose I loved her once, or at least I imagined that I did. Certainly she pleased my fancy, and I set out to win her, and I succeeded. But with me, unfortunately, the taste of one day is not that of the next. Perhaps I cooled off in my admiration a little sooner than usually happens,—perhaps it was not so ardent in the beginning as I had supposed. I don't know exactly when I first grew to dislike her. It came gradually I think, and partly from her own mean-spiritedness. I got tired of her meek little pious face, always with its air of quiet suffering if I spoke a cross word to her, and she never so much as returning a word back. That was what they call a true conjugal duty, perhaps. It may all be very well in its place, and so suit some people; but on the whole it was not calculated to advance her interest with me. I declare to you, Philip Bently, that if ever she had become so aroused as to fling herself at my throat and try to strangle me, or had thrown a hatchet at my head, I would have respected her more,—perhaps would even have loved her to the end. Of course she would have got the worst of it in any such encounter, but I would not have hurt her. But with the weariness of having her around always so quiet and speechless—well, when the collapse came and I had to run for it, to save myself from arrest, it was some comfort to me that I must leave her behind. I am speaking a little freely, am I not? You must pardon me. I have only a short time left for talking, you will remember. Tomorrow I shall be quiet enough. Then you can stand over me and have your say, and I shall not answer back."

"And since that is so, and you cannot rectify the omissions of this day —"

"Man alive! Must I speak more plainly yet? Must I go on and recapitulate all I have already said? I loved Clare at first, then wearied of her, then despised her for her lack of spirit, then hated her. What more would you have? Were I to send kind messages to her she would not believe them, and they would merely put the lie to all my life, which I flatter myself has been thoroughly consistent in wrong doing. Further, if instead of being across the continent she were here, within a mile of me, and could be sent for at a moment's notice, I would have nothing to do with her, except as the few remarks I would then use might be sufficient to drive her away again. Now is not that enough for you?"

"Fully enough," I said, and I turned to go. "I would have liked —"

"To do me some kindness, perhaps? Thanks! But the means for that are few. Flowers you cannot send, and I imagine there are no clergy here whose ministrations you can supply for my comfort and instruction. Still, there is a little something left undone,—your friends are not altogether attentive to my wants, you see. On that shelf yonder there are, or ought to be, a few cigars. They are still there? That is well; my guardians have not stripped me of everything. Give me one; the gentleman with the rifle will not object. Put it into my mouth, please; my hands are otherwise engaged. Now for a light,—the candle will do very well. Thanks again! And so—goodnight—and good-by."

Then I left him, but at the door of the tent turned round for a moment, perhaps even then hoping that the doomed man would relent and call me back for one last word of affection to Clare. But there was no relenting. He sat against the post, firm in attitude and unchanged in expression as when I had entered. Only if there was any altera-

tion at all, it was that by the faint glimmer of the cigar his small black eyes seemed to peer forward into space with a keener and more concentrated gaze, and from its position in the mouth his lips were drawn into a still more cynical sneer.

## XII.

"I HAVE done all I could," I muttered; and now gaining my tent, I relieved the patient guardian of poor Howard, and stretched myself out for sleep in front. When the first gray indications of dawn appeared, I sprang again to my feet. Perhaps with my troubled thoughts I had not slept at all; at the most it was an incomplete and uneasy slumber. Again finding another person to keep watch over the tent in my enforced absence, I saddled my horse, and rode across to the tent that had been given up to Clare and her father.

They were not yet out, though I could hear them stirring inside. At a little distance was the covered wagon, and a few feet further, where there had been the best promise of grass, the six oxen lay crouched in a fast sleep. The teamster, too, had not yet awakened, and it was with some little difficulty that I could get him upon his feet. The man, being still sleepy, was cross, and grumbled at that early arousing.

"And they say there is a man to be hung this morning. Why not wait a while and see it?"

"Because, my good fellow, it is not a thing for this young lady who is with you to see or even hear about. Take this," producing a half doubloon, "and stir about as quickly as you can. If you stay long enough in California, you will have an opportunity to attend enough amusements of this kind, I think."

Now at last fully awake and at heart a good-natured fellow, and stimulated doubtless in due proportion by the gold piece, the teamster flung himself around in very lively manner, and soon had the

oxen coupled and attached in front of the wagon. By this time the Doctor and Clare had appeared, and after such slight preparation in food as we could command, we started. It was much lighter now, for the sun was rising. Spite of all our energy, it had taken time to get everything in readiness, and to my fevered anxiety we were on the road not a moment too early. Looking back I could see that the miners were promptly emerging from their tents, and here and there gathering into groups, and it was plainly evident that the tragedy of the day was soon to be enacted.

It had been a long slant down the hill to the mine the evening before, — the valley lying low, and the main road to Stockton running along the edge of the cliff above. This slant had now to be retraced, and it was a slow and somewhat wearisome process. Our party arranged itself by happy chance just as I would have disposed it. The Doctor, so weary with long travel as not to care about putting himself in the way of conversation, let his horse fall behind, and the teamster naturally preferred to remain on foot for better government of his oxen, at least until the first difficulties of the road were over and the party fairly on its route. Clare of course sat in her usual place in front of the wagon; and I, riding at her left hand, could easily talk with her, even in a low tone.

For a while there was silence between us. Clare sat with her face bent down, and I could see that during the night she must have suffered. I had expected this; I had already told her enough to awaken her apprehensions of evil, and it was best that it should be so. Let her forbode the worst, and it would simply prepare her for what further I had to say. I would conceal half the truth, and in some garbled form tell her only that her husband was dead.

Even this would be hard to do, I thought, and perhaps would too deeply move her. But already her imagination



had traveled to that extreme; and so it came about that I found my task more easy than I had expected.

"You told me that you would let me know everything today," she whispered at length. "Perhaps you need not speak. I think I know it already. Rush is dead."

I lowered my face in assent. Glancing back upon the plain, now many feet below us, I saw that the crowd had already gathered, many hundred in number, around the three pine trees. That must have been selected as the place of doom. Ah, the profanation of it! And yet what pleasant association could there be ever hereafter to me about the three pines? They could no longer speak to me with hope or about anything except a mistaken, deluded past.

Then as I still glanced past Clare, I saw a small party of men emerging from the prisoner's tent. One man walked in the middle, his hands bound behind him. It was too distant to decipher faces, and I felt thankful that we had already gone so far away, feeling even then a little nervous fear lest Clare might chance to turn her head in that direction, and through some incomprehensible instinct recognize the captive. But she did not turn, and I, still gazing past her, saw the small party passing swiftly along the plain and toward the pines. Yes, it could be only a matter of a few minutes now. Rush Brackley was almost the same as already dead, and so it should be believed by her.

"It came upon me last night," she said, "that is, as a certain thing; for I think that without realizing it, I must dimly have known it before. Else how should it not have been a greater shock to me? I can recall that though I have known that he was in California, there has all the while been a dull perception with me that I was never to meet him again. Something would be sure to come between us, I felt. Even last evening, when I told you how I expected

soon to see him and how happy we should be there was a dull aching at my heart, warning me that I must not too easily deceive myself, since after all, that meeting might never be."

"And yet I did not tell you so, Clare. I only said that I had bad news for you. How then —"

"How did I know it? What other bad news could there be? You could not say anything evil about him. After what I explained last night, you could not join others in their prejudice against him; and I know that in California people are too intelligent and broad-souled not to read him right and give him due credit for all his merits. Yes, there could be no misfortune except his death. Ah, Philip, if I could only know better how it happened! If he could only have had some one by him to whom he could say that he forgave me for my coldness and want of sympathy!"

"Forgave you?" I cried with vehemence, then checked myself. It was scarcely worth while to go into that again. And then, as by a flash, came a sudden resolution to make her happy at any risk.

I had already made up my mind that I must conceal much; what should hinder that I should even add something? And so the half-formed, ill-arranged speculations of the night before took instant regularity as though crystallized into form.

"And what," I added, "if there had even been some one by that knew you both?"

She turned with a flush of eager hope. When the heart is pining for comfort, the slightest spark will sometimes kindle an answering flame.

"It must have been you, Philip, that was with him!"

"Three weeks ago," I said, "I was in one of the northern mines. You know that I am not a miner, but travel here and there to get incidents for the press, and so I am only a little while at any one

place. When I stopped there they told me about a stranger who lay in a neighboring tent, ill with a fever. I went to him, and found that it was your husband. I had never seen him, but he told me his name, and then I told him mine. He seemed to have heard about me, though he did not tell me how."

"I had told him about you, when we married. You know it was my duty to do so."

"Of course. Then, knowing my name, it gave him confidence in me, and for two days before he died, he spoke about you a great deal, — yes, he talked about you even in his sleep. He had a fever, I have said, but I cannot tell of what character. It was a small settlement, and there was no doctor within many miles. I think, though, that none was necessary, for it seemed to me a hopeless case, and I knew a little about medicine myself, and some few simple rules of treatment, which I followed. Sometimes he was delirious, and then he raved about you, thinking that you were with him and asking you to forgive him for what had been amiss. He spoke as though he might have been unkind to you, but that it was only because he was very much troubled in his business. The night he died he was perfectly collected. He told me how things had all gone wrong with him, and he thought through no fault of his own, but only through the designs of his enemies. He had had to leave you very suddenly, for fear of trouble, he said, and his chief regret was that he could not tell you or take you with him. He had been afraid for some time to write to you, for he knew that the mails were being watched for letters from him which might betray his hiding place. But once after many months he ventured to do so."

"Alas! And it never reached me!"

"No. I suppose he must have intrusted it to a friend, to be mailed at a different place, and the friend must have forgotten it. In that letter he told you

that he was coming to California, and asked you to meet him. He was getting partly out of his troubles, and here he could begin a new life, and repair the errors of the former one."

"Ah, how he must have waited for an answer to his letter! Never can I forgive myself that —"

"No, he expected no answer," I hastily interrupted. "Indeed he told you not to answer, for fear of some mischance or betrayal. And he had gone to the mines for a short time to get a little capital with which to begin business in San Francisco; but before becoming successful had been taken with the fever. And only an hour before he died, knowing then that it would soon be over, he drew this ring from his finger," and with that I took her diamond ring from my pocket, and put it into her hand. "He told me that when he left you he carried away many things of value that were necessary for him, else he could not have made good his escape. About all that he had spoken in his letter, concealing nothing and explaining everything. That among them was this ring, which he had taken, not to sell it, but because it was the only memento of you that he could have. He had worn it always, and kissed it every day for your sake, and in no manner of straits would ever have parted with it; and now that he was about to die, he wished me to return it to you, and say that his last thoughts were all for you."

"Ah, Rush! my own! So faithful to the end!" she cried, and her tears fell fast and hot above the ring, as she restored it to her finger, never again to take it off."

"Well, Clare, there is little more," I said. "I was with him at the end, and the next day we buried him in a pretty little grave along the river bank, the miners all helping."

"And is it—is it where I can visit it?"

"No, Clare. It was a small settlement



without a name, and far up among the hills. There will be no one there now at the place, for very little gold was found, and so all the miners were preparing to move from it. I doubt whether even I could find my way there again, and probably there is no longer any road to it. But it was all very beautiful,—that silver stream and the grand old trees drooping their heads over it.”

Ah, in what a maze of deceit I was becoming involved far beyond what I had anticipated, in this well-intentioned plan of mine to bring some comfort to her! But I determined that this portion of my story should, in part at least, be true. For her sake Rush Brackley should have Christian burial at my hands in some pleasant spot, and with a prayer or two.

And now I must make an excuse to leave her, lest the moment might come when, under her questioning, my inventive powers should at last prove insufficient. “Well, that is all, Clare. I must return to the mine now, for I have my duties there, and I must not seem to be deserting my friends, who may even now be looking for me. You are on the high road, and cannot longer need me. The way is straight before you to the larger mines, and from thence to Stockton.”

“And shall we not see you again?”

“Perhaps never again, Clare. When I go from here, it will be to sail at once for home. You will probably never again leave California, and who can say that any chance will ever bring me back to it?”

“Ah, Philip, my friend,—seeing you again or not, how can I ever forget your kindness? And you have made me almost happy. If I had been simply told that Rush was dead, and nothing more, it seems as though I must have gone mourning to my grave. But now that I know he thought so lovingly of me at the last, how can I refrain from letting the joy of it give me a little comfort and

resignation? Goodby, and I hope not forever, Philip,—my true and steadfast friend.”

“Goodby, dear Clare.”

It was true that I had given comfort to her, and almost happiness, indeed. As I pressed her hand in farewell, I could see that amidst her tears her face had brightened for the moment even into a restoration of the cheeriness of years ago. Then, without further words, I drew my rein and let the wagon pass by me.

For awhile I remained there motionless, gazing down into the valley. That broad valley, spread out at my feet in such rich loveliness! Beautiful in its mingling of hills and plain, of single oaks dotting the openings, and forests of giant pines climbing the slopes, of encompassing mountains white with snow, and stealing through all, like a silver thread, the pure, sparkling Stanislaus! Only one blot now amid it all,—the spot where in front of the three pines that dark crowd stood motionless, waiting to carry out God’s judgment upon crime.

For a few moments I gazed as if transfixed upon it. Then at last there came to the whole assemblage a sudden oscillation and uneasy swaying to and fro, as though struck by a tempest blast, and some began to retire to a little distance, and others pressed still closer together; but in the middle of all I could see that there was a narrow space left, with only three or four persons within it. And all at once from this space a dark form rose slowly in the air, and oscillating for a moment, then hung motionless from the lower bough of the largest of the pines. There was a hush and seeming paralysis in the crowd for a minute or two; and then it began more widely to disperse itself.

Then I too prepared to move away. Looking around, I saw that the road at my left was now nearly vacant; I could just detect the white wagon-top disappearing in the distance over the oak-studded slope, and even as I gazed, it

slowly crept down lower and lower, and in a moment was no longer to be seen.

For the instant I was tempted to spur my horse towards the slope and from its crest gain one more look. Yet to what

purpose now? The life-parting had been made,—no protracting of it could avail to alter fate or bring back any of my late illusions. And so drawing my rein to the right instead, I turned to descend into the valley and bury my dead.

*Leonard Kip.*

[THE END.]



### "ME AN' BABBY."

I do not know when I had thought of the child, until today I accidentally unrolled the long curl of hair I had cut from the little dead head. It must be twelve years ago, and yet the shining thing coils and clings to my fingers in a sentient way that makes me shiver.

They were a strange pair, this mother and child. I can recall every circumstance of that terrible night. John and I were living in San Fernando, where he was agent for the Company. This was then the terminus of their road, which was fast being extended northward. We were not there altogether more than one year; but what a year it was, all joy and sunshine! We were just married, and two happier hearts than ours did not beat in all California.

In those days San Fernando was hardly a town, as it consisted of little more than the depot, "Railroad Hotel," and saloon, the latter being the general social center of the crowds of men working on the new road. Aside from a few Spanish and Indian *rancherias* scattered throughout the valley and mountains, the country was uninhabited from the Camulos to Los Angeles.

Our three-roomed cottage was of the

roughest pattern, and furnished in the simplest manner; but to me it was luxurious in its appurtenances, for we shared it together, and I often declared to John that no scent of Eastern sandalwood was half as delightful as the resinous odor of its redwood walls, hinting of forest groves afar on mountain summits.

Having so few neighbors we were not troubled with frequent callers, and I found plenty of time to walk or ride over the vast blossoming plains, whose interminable gardens overlapped each other as far as eye could trace. Such brilliant fields of poppies—the gorgeous *copas de oro* of the Spaniards—and purple slopes of thistle blooms, with vivid borderings of scarlet pinks that steeped in fragrance the warm winds blowing in from the distant sea! And then the meadow larks! I never heard such birds before or since. In the early morning and far on toward noon they reveled in the glorious sunlight, pouring out a flood of joyous melody that shook the pointed caps from off the poppy buds, whose silken petals slowly unfolded a cup of gold half filled with dews that the hot sun drained with burning lips.

The change from spring to summer



here is almost instantaneous. In colder climes spring is a gay coquette, who, garmented in sunshine, advances to meet the ardent clasp of summer, and then at his nearer approach beats a hasty retreat, under a cover of pearly drops that cools his warmest smiles. One is assured of her final capitulation to such persistent wooing, but her moods are so graceful and varied that he is only charmed that she prolongs this twilight of courtship. Our tropical summers are always impetuous. They brook no delay. So those delicious spring days were all too short. Under the blistering footsteps of the newcomer my flower fields faded into dull shades of olive and brown. Each blade of grass now waved a silvery-seeded feather, and the sweet-scented clover tops shrank into ugly burrs that spread a russet mantle on the ground. From a myriad dry-lipped mouths of the earth an infinite variety of insect life swarmed to and fro, making a ceaseless murmur throughout the long, hot days. Over the parched plains innumerable lizards darted here and there, flashing a hundred dazzling tints from their beautiful coats. By his mound of freshly turned mold, the ubiquitous squirrel repeated his monotonous clicking call, beside his solemn comrade, the ground owl. Often I sprang in terror from the sharp rattle of a snake coiled among the heated rocks of some dry barranca; or turned hurriedly out of my path to allow the hairy legs of a huge tarantula to have undisputed right of way.

A much more agreeable companion was the horned toad, blinking his beady eyes in the glaring light. I rarely came across one without pausing to make mesmeric strokes with a stick across his spiked head, which invariably put him to sleep. For the time being he was as one dead, and no amount of rough handling could rouse him.

It must have been some time in the fall that old Nancy and Babby came to San Fernando. I know it was just be-

fore that fearful flood destroyed the track for miles between us and Los Angeles. I remember that the day had been an unusually sultry one, and that I was regretting the necessity of going to town, as the regular train went down at midnight. Sometimes I was forced to take these inconvenient trips to purchase clothing, for as yet no merchant had found sufficient inducement to open a store in this wild spot. John's office was but a few rods from our house, and on this particular day I was surprised by his returning a half hour earlier than usual. He had come to tell me that the engineer Sippy was going to run the engine down to town before dark, and was willing to allow me to go with him. This would bring me in Los Angeles in the early evening.

The thought of flying over the ground with no exertion on my part, the stagnant atmosphere dashed into breezes by our velocity through it, was an additional delight, so I gladly made ready for the trip, and arrived at the depot just in time. John helped me up to the fireman's seat in the cab, laughingly remarking, "Take a farewell look of this lovely sunset, for Sippy is going so fast that the telegraph poles will make a solid wall between you and it when he gets fairly under way."

The engineer smiled kindly. He was a favorite with all the hands, and was just the honest, upright nature to inspire confidence. I waved my handkerchief to John out of the little square window, and a moment later felt our engine quiver with the mighty pressure of the struggling giant within, and then with a snort it leaped over the track, instinct with growing power. I can never overcome the superstition that this man-made thing of might, with its polished surface and heart of fire, is a living creature,—a kind of behemoth, the fierce glare of whose single eye is terrible, whose "bones are as strong pieces of brass and like bars of iron."

Sippy gazed intently on the shining rails ahead, leaving his post only to replenish the fiery core of heat in the furnace. A short distance from San Fernando we crossed the Tejunga Wash, which presented for miles a desolate surface of sand, wind-blown into heaps, and dotted here and there with clumps of wild sage, wormwood, and that Mexican panacea for all disease, the yerba santa. I felt a wild exhilaration at this mad race down the sloping plain, now scorched into somber hues of gray and brown by the long, rainless summer. Behind the low hills that barred our view of the ocean, the sun sent up a blazing challenge to the night. To the north and west masses of clouds swung in from the sea, the pink of their edges fast deepening into crimson and gold. A radiant curtain spread from the western hills across the wide valley, its farthest fringes caught up by the topmost peaks of Santa Susanna's violet ridges on the north. All the tender voices of the night, the chirrup of bird in the brush or cricket in the grass, or the sharper cry of owl or hawk, were drowned in the loud pantings of our straining engine. We were going at a noble pace,—well described in Festus's ride with Lucifer:

"By Chaos! this is gallant sport  
A league at every breath!  
Methinks if ever I have to die  
I'll ride this rate to death!"

"What is that?" I exclaimed excitedly, as we shot by a tall figure walking beside the track.

"I think it's a woman carrying a child," said Sippy, respectfully; "and bless me if it isn't a queer place for them, with no company but coyotes!"

I tried to catch another glimpse of the lone traveler.

"It looked too tall for a woman," I answered doubtfully. "Besides it wore a man's hat and linen duster, I am sure. What could he be doing with so young a child, Sippy?"

"It beats me, ma'am. There ain't no

house for miles around these parts"; and nodding his head thoughtfully over the engine Sippy resumed his lookout ahead.

For a few moments longer my mind dwelt on the solitary figure we had already left far behind, and then the present claimed my undivided attention. We were rocking like a cradle on the uneven track. With lurch and bound we reeled forward, now flying over bridges that crossed the dizzy walls of some ancient water channel, and again tearing down the grade with frightful rapidity, our wild shrieks of warning scaring the herds of cattle scattered along our way. Back of us trailed a long black plume of smoke, and straight before ran the silver-edged ribbon of the track.

As we neared the end of the San Fernando valley the mountains draw closer together, forming a narrow neck between, through which flows the Los Angeles River, a slender thread of blue in a wide waste of white sand and heaps of whiter stones. We slackened speed as we rounded the butte that rises precipitately from the river bed, and I caught a breath of intoxicating odors from the starry blossoms that hung in wild profusion from the *zanja's* rim above us. We were now entering the suburbs of Los Angeles, and a bevy of half naked *muchachitos* stopped their play to stare open-mouthed at the lady sitting in the place usually occupied by the fireman.

When we reached the depot and Sippy had carefully helped me to alight, he glanced at his watch and said:

"We made it in just twenty-one minutes, ma'am."

"It was glorious, Sippy! I thank you for a rare treat," I replied heartily.

"Twenty-two miles in twenty-one minutes," I said to myself reflectively, while walking briskly up Commercial Street. "I wonder if that is *very* fast! I must ask John." And having disposed of this problem as I did all others in those days, I gave myself up to my shopping.



On the morrow at ten in the morning I returned to San Fernando. Of course John was waiting for me, and before we had spoken a half dozen words I caught sight of an uncouth figure sitting on the bench under the office window, whose appearance was not wholly unfamiliar to me.

It wore a man's linen duster and slouch hat, both of an antique pattern, and dirty and ragged to the last degree of usefulness. Under the latter the partly revealed features were irregular and coarse in outline; and as if disease were in league with nature to put the finishing touch to their ugliness, the rough, weather-worn skin was deeply pitted by small-pox. John's eyes followed mine:

"I have been waiting for you to tell me what to do with them. She seems a sober, well-meaning creature, and the little girl is a pretty thing, though sickly, I think."

The kind fellow spoke in an undertone that could not possibly reach the woman's ears. It *was* a woman then that we had passed the night before, though her masculine height and general unfemininity made it no easy matter for the casual observer to determine her sex. A faded calico skirt clung to her ungainly form, and a pair of monstrous feet were visible, to which her wretched shoes were fastened by bits of baling rope. Nor did the expressionless face, with its total absence of energy and thought, mitigate in the least degree the miserable squalor of her garments.

I turned with a shudder from the repulsive mother to discover the child, scarcely out of babyhood, sleeping by her side. From a thin covering of filthy rags two grimy, attenuated legs hung over the bench. A swarm of buzzing flies were running industriously up and down their fleshless lengths, which often disturbed the little sleeper, who moved her emaciated arms and moaned as if in distress. A wealth of tangled yellow

hair so covered the little face that I only discerned a delicate, pointed chin above a thin white throat.

Near her on the same seat Manuel, a Spanish boy of ten or twelve, was composedly hollowing out the half of a crimson-centered melon which he ate with gusto, stopping now and then to wipe his mouth and pocket-knife on a handkerchief of gorgeous coloring. John went off to attend to some business, and I signed to the boy to join me, which he did with alacrity, first casting the remains of his melon at some black-bristled hogs wallowing contentedly in the slum and ooze that ran from the hotel kitchen close by. Manuel was a willing lad, and often did odd errands for us. I wished to question him about the strangers.

With many shrugs and gestures the boy eagerly explained in his musical, drawling patois:

"The *muchachita* is *muy bonita*,—pretty, you say, but so weak as my *hermana* Tulita before she go to heaven. The old señora carry her all the way from Los Angeles. It was late when I found them here. The *muchachita* was like one dead, and I run to the hotel to fetch the good Mac. He wish them to go to his own bed, and he would give them meat and the hot *frijoles* and coffee that would give them new life; but no, the señora show him one two-bits, and say, 'That is not enough to pay for so much'; she would stay where she was and sleep on the floor, only would he bring a bit for Babby to eat?" Here Manuel broke off quickly, and casting a swift glance at the woman, continued in a lower voice, while he tapped his forehead significantly with his thin, hooked forefinger: "She must be *loco*, sure, to say no to such a *fiesta*! Then your señor come and tell Mac to bring blankets and mattress, and he make a soft bed for them, and give them hot things to eat from the kitchen. I give the poor *muchachita* one pomegranate from the

Mission garden. She smiled like an angel to see how full it was with red seeds, cool and sweet as honey in the rocks. When the señora would give her two bits to pay for all, Mac he look *muy augusto*, and put it back in her lap and say, 'No, no; it is the same to every one here. The rich señors of all these big lands give us to eat, so more will come and buy of them.' And she was glad and say, 'I will go no further!' And the little Babby, half asleep, say, too, 'I will go no furver!'" Here the boy broke into an irrepressible chuckle of appreciation of Mac's harmless deception.

Telling him that I should probably need his help at the house, I crossed over to the strangers, who had already become the objects of interest and comment among the men lounging around the station. Some of these were new hands engaged to grade the road, and were a graceless looking lot, suggestive of bolts and iron gratings. Speaking a few words to the woman, I hurried her away with me, she clumsily but tenderly carrying the still sleeping child.

She had traveled "off an' on," she said, for the past year, and had come all the way from Oregon. "Since my ole man died of fever up thar, an' all the children was dead an' gone but Babby, I couldn't bide thar no longer. She ain't very strong, Babby ain't, and I thought mebbe it 'ud do her good to be toted 'round a bit. We has got to shuck for oursel's anyhow, an' a better chil' doan't live nor Babby, so she won't hinder me much when I get wuk to do. I hearn tell thar ain't no women-folks hereabouts, an' thought I might get some wash to do now an' then, so we kin live decent like other folks. Babby orter hev fat'nin' wittles, for 'pears like she hain't more'n a shadder anyhow. I mus' wuk, for I can't stan' takin' from other folkses, nohow. I'd ruther starve!" — a sudden energy breaking up the monotone of her voice.

It was the first indication of will that

I had seen in the unfortunate creature, who though far along toward fifty seemed a very child in helplessness. While she was speaking her under jaw vacillated with painful regularity, as though ever uncertain of its orders from the weak brain. With her last ejaculation, however, there was a momentary rigidity of the chin, which resumed its trembling the instant the little girl, who hung limp as a rag over her shoulder, broke into a violent fit of coughing most pitiful to hear.

"I think I understand your feelings, Mrs. —" I hesitated, not knowing what to call her.

"Hodges, ma'am," she supplemented with a kind of apology in her tone, as though questioning her right to claim the dignity of an individual title. "Most folkses calls me Ole Nancy, though, for 'pears like it comes more nat'ral to them than the other." Here she carefully shifted the child to her left arm.

We had now reached the dear home nest, and I hastened to unlock the door and usher in my strange guests. Their dirt and rags made a wretched contrast to the bright, sprigged carpet and fresh green of the furniture.

The woman took the chair I offered her, and putting the little girl on her lap removed the tattered handkerchief from the matted hair, which she brushed away from the pretty, broad brow with her rough, seamy hand, saying coaxingly: "Thar, honey dear, ye's wide awake now, and can thank the kind lady and say how d'ye do, can't yer? She's most four, ma'am, an' can talk peart when she be n't tired; eh, Babby?"

The child gazed intently on my face with her large luminous eyes seeming to widen every moment. Something in their mysterious depths compelled a profound feeling of sadness, and yielding to an irresistible impulse I dropped on my knees beside the mother so as to bring my face on a level with those unchildlike eyes.



"Tell me your name, little one," I said gently, noting with astonishment her rare beauty, which ill health and neglect had not effaced. The sunken cheeks burned with a fever heat, and the tiny clawlike fingers that caressed mine were parched and dry. Her scarlet threads of lips parted in an angelic smile, while she made answer with a sweet gravity of voice infinitely touching, "I am Babby, and I loves you."

Dear little heart! I can vividly recall how abundantly she lavished on us all her richest treasure,—a love too great for the frail casket it adorned for a few brief hours. With a choking sensation in my throat I kissed her and hurried to the door to summon Manuel, who was singing "*Soy Esperando*" outside, bidding him bring me hot water from the hotel. While I busied myself in preparations for her bath, the child followed me with her wonderful eyes, seemingly absorbed in silent contemplation of my movements. When I spoke to her she smiled in that strange, sweet way she had, her head resting back against Old Nancy's breast.

By the time Manuel returned with two pails of steaming water I had formulated the outline of a plan for the disposal of the strangers, and took the initiative step without further delay.

"Manuel," I said decisively to the boy who was displaying all his teeth in a friendly smile to Babby, "saddle Prince and ride quickly to the Mission, and bring back Francisca with you to help me sew on clothes for our visitors. And Manuel," as the boy made a dart for the door, "ask the *madre* to send me some of your sister Tulita's things that we folded away between scented leaves after the funeral. She will not hesitate when you tell her that the Christ-child came into the world scarce nakeder than this poor little one has come to us." I had raised Babby in my arms and was loosening the flimsy rag that was her only covering.

Manuel waited not for urging. His intuitive nature was quick to grasp the situation, and with a sympathetic moisture of his eyes he gave a vehement nod of his blue-black curls, and ran from the house toward the barn, from whose open-mouthed door he soon galloped forth on my fleet-footed mustang.

The warm bath acted like an opiate on the weary nerves of the child, for after I had carefully brushed the beautiful golden hair into the smoothest of curls, she sank into a heavy slumber. Darkening the windows I stole out of the room, closing the door softly behind me.

The mother, meanwhile, had sat in stolid helplessness during the operation of bathing and combing. I began to realize that this was her normal condition, which accounted for the grime and filth I had found fairly imbedded in Babby's delicate skin.

How horrible it was! The two were so incongruous. The stalk rude almost to monstrosity, and the flower so full of grace and loveliness! To whom did the child owe her divine gift of beauty? From questionings of the mother I had no reason to suppose she was like either parent. The law of inheritance in this instance seemed singularly set aside.

Gathering up the wretched garment the child had worn I put it in the stove, and felt a certain satisfaction in seeing it quickly reduced to cleansing ashes. I longed to serve the woman's things the same way, but must be patient yet a while, for my clothes were several sizes too small for her, and even John's would be a close fit, I was sure, though I had always been proud of his manly proportions.

"Of course you have no other dress," I said, while I undid a parcel of dry goods I had brought home with me, and unrolled therefrom yards of calico I had purchased for winter comforters.

"I hain't got nothin' but this truck in my 'kerchief," drawing off a small bun-

dle she had hung on her arm. Her coarse-grained hands were clumsy and aimless in their efforts to untie the knot, but finally with the help of her teeth the ends loosened and she spread the contents before me: A spool of thread, a bit of faded ribbon, a rag doll, a much worn copy of Mother Goose's rhymes, a dirty nightcap and gingham apron, a yellow, broken-toothed comb, and lastly, in a delicately carved frame, a small but exquisite painting of the Madonna, that could only have been the work of some master hand.

"I see you are a Catholic," I said kindly, as I gazed fascinated on the picture.

The woman raised her colorless eyes in dull surprise.

"Hey? Catholic? No'm. I ware a Methody when I ware young, but some'ow I had so much sorrer an' sich like that 'pears like I be n't nothin' now."

Poor thing! I fear wiser heads than hers have found their religion too inelastic to cover the scars and bruises of grim, pursuing years.

"That picter, ma'am, come to me queer like, an' you may n't believe it, but it done me a power o' good. It ware arter Sam an' Jerry got drownded in the river, an' my ole man ware lyin' sick with the ager-chills, that I got so worrit like," passing the back of her hand across her forehead, as though the recollection dazed and stupefied her, "that I cud hear and see nothin' but the river rushin' an' rushin' day an' night; an' every minute I hed I kep' walkin' up an' down beside the water, peekin' in to see if I cud get a look at my poor boys thar. I cud n't get no comfort nowhar but alongside the river, till 'pears like one night Sam an' Jerry called 'Mammy! Mammy!' an' allus arter that I heerd em' callin' an' callin,' till my ole head got numb like, an' I set my min' that nothin' would do but I mus' go to 'em down to the river bottom. That night I fixed my ole man and tidied up the house a bit, an' stole out unbeknowns to any one, jest

as the sun had made the water look like blood. I dunno how fur I went along the bank afore I cud stan' that cry o' 'Mammy, Mammy,' no longer, so I clum out on a big rock that reached fur over the crawlin' river, and ware jest thinkin' 'This is the right spot to go to 'em,' when thar at my feet I seed sunthin' shinin' right up in my face, an' it ware that ar picter."

She paused for a full miuute, her mind struggling for words to express what followed. When she looked up to continue her story, there was a haunting fear in her eyes, and she nervously clutched hold of my dress.

"I dunno, ma'am, what it done to me, but 'pears like I cud n't jump in arter seein' it. My eyes kep' lookin' an' lookin' in hern," pointing to the Madonna, "till all at wunst my boys stopped thar cryin' fur me, an' as sure as yer live I never heard 'em agin. I tuk the picter home an' tole my ole man all about it, an' he said I mus' keep lookin' at it whenever my head felt queer like, an' so I did, though sometimes I ware afeared it ware not right to keep it, seein' I had only foun' it. All the folkses roun' said it mus' have belonged to a young man from the city who ware thar in the summer-time paintin' picters o' the river. I dunno, I'm sure, but it ware wonderful. Arter this I knew I ware goin' to hev another babby, an' kep' the pretty face in sight most allus, for fear my boys would begin thar callin' agin. When Babby come, 'pears like she ware the picter made alive; and arter that I sot more store by her than all the res'."

A sudden thought struck me. Taking the painting in my hand I went to the sleeping child, and looking critically from one to the other, I doubted not that I had found the secret of the little thing's utter unlikeness to her parents. The beautiful conception of the artist had in some mysterious manner stamped its image on the crude imagination of this mother, whose unreasoning impres-



sion had been faithfully transmitted to her unborn babe. The resemblance was almost perfect. There were the same full-lidded eyes with their well remembered look of fathomless serenity; the same thoughtful brow and chiseled nostrils, and the curved mouth with its expression of boundless pathos and tenderness; even the exquisite contour of the chin and neck against the golden floodings of her hair but followed the lines of the picture.

My discovery was confirmed by John's ejaculation as he here entered the room and glanced over my shoulder: "A little Madonna, as sure as life!"

A cruel fit of coughing here wrenched the poor child awake, and we were pierced to the heart to see the wasted frame struggling for mastery over the pitiless disease that had made such inroads on this dainty citadel. Now faint with exhaustion she lay panting in John's arms, for he had raised her tenderly.

"Thank God, it cannot last long,—a few days at the most!" he said in a whisper. I felt that his words were true, and in making our plans for the mother we kept this thought uppermost in our minds.

While we were talking Manuel returned with his sister, and her nimble fingers were soon busily engaged in cutting and stitching the new calico, while I dressed Babby in the neat garments sent me by the kind *madre*. The pretty blue-flowered muslin gave her endless delight, and she passed and repassed her little hands softly over its crisp folds.

"Ah, Jesus be praised! but she looks like the Holy Virgin at the Mission," cried Manuel excitedly, when I led her out before them. He had brought her a basket of luscious figs, and we saw with pleasure that she eagerly ate two or three of them. This made the boy joyous, and he piled still more of the purple fruit in her lap, while he told her stories or sang some merry song he had

learned of the *madre* on summer nights, when her children gathered about her in the quiet gardens of the Mission.

Old Nancy evinced a dull appreciation of her child's brighter looks, but I thought sadly that even the magic of mother love could hardly stir the sluggish pulses of her slow nature. Before dark Francis and I had finished enough garments to make it possible for her Nancy to lay aside her old things and don decent apparel. I prepared a bath for her first, and tried to persuade myself that she emerged therefrom sufficiently cleansed to warrant the change of clothing.

That night and the several following we spread a mattress for them on our sitting room floor, and in the meantime made all haste to fit up a one-roomed house that stood half way between the Mission and San Fernando. The building had been recently occupied, and was in good condition. With the assistance of our generous Spanish friends we had furnished the house comfortably, and one cloudy November morning it was ready for their occupancy.

Manuel, whose services proved invaluable, had gone on ahead to complete some special arrangements of his own, and when the rest of us arrived there was a bright fire of manzanita roots crackling and snapping sociably in the little stove, on which a tea-kettle danced to a rollicking tune, while the sympathetic steam rushed from its spout as though frantic to be first to welcome the wanderers home. A graceful Maltese kitten curved its back appreciatively against the rich fur of a mountain lion's skin which the boy had carefully adjusted to the snugest corner of the home-made lounge. Both the kitten and the skin were intended by him as special gifts to Babby.

As we neared the door he ran out to meet us, and carefully taking the child carried her triumphantly to her throne and placed her thereon, where she sat a

veritable little queen in a golden mantle of hair. We had never seen her look so lovely. Her face was radiant with the most beautifying of all emotions, love and gratitude. The kitten purred against her hands, and in a hundred charming motions betrayed its affectionate regard for its little mistress. As I recall the pretty picture they made, with that still kind of happiness irradiating the child, I thank God that she had at least one bright spot in her short, sad life.

From the first day she came we had watched her visibly failing. On each succeeding morning she was weaker than on the last. Her wasted limbs could no longer support her frail body, but her patient endurance and watchful love of others never for a moment deserted her, but rather increased with her malady. In this time of unexpected happiness the sweet face was so joyful and painless that even the mother's stolid features caught a faint reflection of the light shining from hers.

"Now, ma'am," she said, directing a grunt of satisfaction toward the new tubs and washboard standing in the corner, "yer mus' n't forget what I said about payin' fur all them fine things. I kin wash frustrate, and now that Babby is so peart, I allow to do all yer wash fur nothin' till the thing counts up even like so fur as money goes, as I cud never pay for yer lovin' kindness to me an' Babby. She's got better straight along ever since ye tuk her in," with a hopeful glance toward the child luxuriating among her treasures.

John and I exchanged glances. It was evident that she had not the slightest suspicion that the weak flame would soon go out, leaving her to grope in utter darkness, for her benighted soul seemed only able to grasp one thing,—her absorbing love for her child. We believed it best she should be interested in her work before the blow fell, and encouraged her desire to be above charity, knowing full well how like an angel

of mercy work is to a heart "swallowed up with overmuch sorrow." She had been restless under the obligations heaped upon her, and we could not fail to admire the stanch spirit of independence that seemed at variance with her apparent lack of thrift and energy. Her ponderous motions did not suggest executive ability in any direction, but she might develop an aptitude for washing that would astonish us.

Taking this hopeful view of the case, John and I left Manuel to help her in regulating things, while we walked down to the office, stopping frequently to observe the matchless coloring of mountain and plain under the rapid changes of light and shade in the atmosphere. The rolling foothills were saffron-dyed with sun shafts falling behind woolly clouds piled high up in a threatening sky. Banks of stagnant vapor stretched their sullen lengths one above the other along the sea border, making a dreary outlook in the west. The air was cool with invisible dew. A wind from the southeast drove troops of purple shadows up the mountain summits, and then winging its way over the plain, swept in its wake a flock of tumble-weeds that caused the mustang of a gay vaquero riding towards us to dash mad with fright across a barren stubble field.

"I am glad they are safely housed before it begins to rain," John remarked cheerfully, his mind reverting to our proteges; and I, too, thought it a fortunate circumstance.

That evening as we sat at supper Manuel arrived in haste to inform us that the Señora begged that I would come to the house as Babby was very much worse. Had the end come on this first night in their new home? I hurried on my things to go to her, John promising to join me after the train left at midnight.

We were met at the door by old Nancy, who looked more than usually helpless under her awakened anxiety. She



seemed at last to understand that her child was dangerously sick.

"'Pears like I cud n't stan' it nohow if she be tuk too. Me an' Babby is all alone in the worl',"—with a piteous trembling of her mouth and chin.

I went over to the lounge where the child lay in a kind of stupor, breathing with difficulty. The shrunken, pallid face was pressed against the lion's skin, while between her wee frozen feet the kitten had curled itself into a fluffy ball. I saw in a moment's glance that Babby's happy morning was but a harbinger of the eternal one whose dawn had already risen.

We did what we could to make her more comfortable, but alas! it was little enough, though our hearts were full to bursting. The poor mother moved to and fro with an expression of helplessness that was inexpressibly touching. At eleven Manuel said he would go home and ask the *madre's* permission to return and watch out the night with us. I could see that his affection for the beautiful child was a profound sentiment with him, and when he bent to kiss the white face, his tears fell unrestrainedly.

As I saw the lad's slim figure disappear in the gloom, I noticed that the night was dark and lowering. Not a star pricked the black pall overhead. A fierce wind tore over the plains as though chased by invisible hosts. Now coming closer it shrieked around the isolated house, shaking the weak foundations until they tottered, rattled the loosened mortar down the chimney's throat, and pausing for a moment as if to gather strength, renewed its onslaught with increasing fury. With a shiver of indefinable dread I resumed my place by the dying child. Under cheerful surroundings such a wind is dismal enough, but situated as I was then, I felt that it kept "slow time to horrors in the blood."

On the whitewashed wall the monstrous shadow of old Nancy lengthened and contracted in a menacing manner

with every turn she made; while to my fevered imagination the candle's rays appeared to center on Babby's ghostly, upturned face, where they flickered strangely up and down, now making a halo of her hair, now binding a golden band across the marble brow, and again sliding a roseate glow as of health over cheek and lips. One moment she was the pictured Madonna, the next our poor Babby making her last brave fight with death. The tawny lion's skin circling her seemed to bristle like a living thing in terror. Was it the wind stirring its folds or the impulse of some nameless force abroad this night? My nerves tingled as with an electric shock. I compelled myself to look less at the child and more at the mother, whose appearance was certainly practical enough to banish an army of hallucinations. She had rolled her sleeves up to her shoulders and opened the collar of her dress, exposing her brawny arms and neck. Her grizzled head was tied up in a night-cap of unprecedented pattern, which made a grotesque frame for her uncouth features. I wondered if she had ever been fresh and fair when she was young, and how it were possible for her to have outgrown the faintest suggestion of youth.

For some time neither of us spoke. The clock struck twelve, and I gave a sigh of relief. "John will be here soon," I thought with a sense of nearing help and comfort. There was no apparent change in the child's condition. Her quick breathing cut short the low moans that occasionally passed her lips.

Suddenly the silence was broken by coarse laughter and singing. Some men were coming up the path, slamming the gate behind them. I sprang to the door and slid the bolt, and a moment after secured the fastenings of the single window. Fortunately John had made both safe that morning.

"Hello!" shouted a drunken voice, while a heavy fist struck the door. "Let

us in, can't you? We've come to be neighborly."

I thought I recognized the voice as belonging to one of the new hands, whose every feature stamped his brutality. Two other voices joined his with oaths that made me sick with fear. Summoning all my strength I spoke close to the key-hole; "There is a little child here who is dying. Will you be kind enough not to disturb her or us by your noise and presence?"

A loud burst of laughter was my only answer. "I say, Bill, there's two of them! Take off your hat, man, to the agent's wife," and from the scuffle outside I judged that the speaker had knocked it off for him.

"Then I guess we'd better be scarce here. Come ahead!" his companion said with good-natured insistence.

"Not much!" ejaculated the first speaker. "Open the door, will you? or I'll split it open and your heads afterwards."

I glanced around the room in mortal terror. Yes, Manuel had left the axe at the wood pile just outside the door. They could easily carry out their threat. "May God help us!" I said, looking straight into old Nancy's eyes. She seemed fully to comprehend our danger, and her face was horrible in its expression of helpless fear. There were at least three ruffians, and only one thickness of board between us and them.

With a volley of oaths the leader again ordered us to open the door. We clung speechless to each other. A crash of the axe through the thin timbers aroused the failing senses of Babby. With a feeble cry of "Mammy! Mammy!" she raised herself upright and extended her arms toward her mother. A stream of blood forced its way through her lips, making a horrid trail down her white dress.

Forgetting everything else for the moment we both sprang to her side. We saw the beautiful eyes, love-lit to the

last, suddenly become blank; a tremor shook the tiny frame as it sank lifeless back on its pillow.

With a cry of fiercest anguish old Nancy threw up her arms in a gesture of supreme renunciation; and as the second blow on the door smote her ears, she leaped forward like some wild creature brought to bay. An instantaneous change came over her with the death of her child. She was the personification of active and enraged resistance.

An instant her eyes searched for some weapon of defense. There was nothing powerful enough for those gladiatorial arms to wield. With almost a shout of joy she espied an old-fashioned iron poker lying by the stove. Seizing it she ran to the door and stood ready for the first intruder.

Her attitude was sublime in its defiance. Every fiber of her gigantic frame thrilled with an undaunted courage. With a superb poise of her right arm she held the poker motionless over her head, her eyes fixed in a look of awful expectancy. Her face had a corpse-like rigidity, the dead white lips curling back from the gleaming teeth like those of an infuriated beast. The muscles on her arms and throat stood out in purple ridges.

A final blow of the axe, and breaking through the splintered timbers the foremost of the men pushed through the doorway.

Down fell the poker on his head with a force that stupefied him. Blindly catching hold of her with both hands he strained at her heavily, while his reeling head swayed from side to side. With a grand movement of her body she wrenched herself free of his grasp, and again the giant arm brought down the iron with a sickening blow that stretched him at her feet.

"If she don't let up, use the axe on her, Bill," yelled one of the other two. Both had followed close on the heels of their companion. The speaker grinned



at me horribly. "You are not so rough, I see," laying a rude hand on my shrinking shoulder.

Old Nancy bounded to my side. "How dare ye touch the like o' her, ye wretch!" she cried, but before her avenging poker could descend, a murderous blow from the axe behind made the brave creature stagger and then fall senseless to the floor.

"Now Christ have mercy!" — I felt the man's arms close me in a grip of steel. A frenzy of fear seized me and I shrieked aloud. A ringing shout answered above the roar of the wind. There was a quick tramp of horse's hoofs, then a zigzag flash blinded my eyes and a sharp report seemed to pierce my brain.

I thought that ages had intervened when I heard a far-away voice say, "She has only fainted," and something cooling like dew or rain dripped on my face. A whole cycle of years again passed, then a familiar voice flushed life and warmth through my benumbed veins. "Dear heart, you are all right now," and John's arm's enfolded me in a haven of rest and safety.

The fearful events of the last minutes or years—for I was still confused as to time—ran rapidly through my mind, and my first question was of the woman who had so nobly defended me. My husband motioned toward the bed. Mac and Manuel were bending over a long figure thereon. My horror-struck eyes questioned John's.

"The villains have given her a cruel blow on the base of the brain, and I hardly think she will recover."

"O John, I must go to her! I am quite strong now," and with his help I reached her side.

She was talking incoherently, her poor fingers plucking at the bed-clothes. Already the ashen hand of death was refining the rough, weather-beaten face.

"Where are the men?" I asked, with a shuddering glance toward the door.

John clasped my hand reassuringly,

while he explained that one of them had made his escape, and the other two they had securely tied with the new clothes-line poor Nancy had so proudly unrolled in the morning. "My bullet made a flesh wound in Bill Larkin's head that knocked out his senses just long enough for us to fix him easily. The other fellow is badly bruised and is still unconscious. I'll send them down with Mac and have them locked up in an empty car. A telegram to the Sheriff in Los Angeles will bring him up on tomorrow's train, when we shall get rid of them altogether. We owe a great deal to Manuel, my love. He returned from the Mission just as the men were talking outside the gate, and suspecting they meant mischief he rode like mad to town where he met me coming from the office. A few words from him and I had mounted his horse, and was dashing furiously up here, and arrived in time to answer your scream. Manuel and Mac made all speed to follow."

All this John told me in a low voice, while we hardly removed our eyes from the dying woman. Mac had left us to bring such help as we needed.

An hour passed with little change in her symptoms, when with a start she opened her eyes, and I saw with joy that she recognized me.

"You brave, brave woman," I said, kissing her tenderly through my tears. "What could I have done without you!" John's grateful words crowded on mine, while he pressed her hand in both of his.

The poor thing looked puzzled for a moment, and then as if remembering what had happened, smiled faintly as though she appreciated our loving thanks. She turned her eyes toward her dead child, and there was a twitching of her eyelids as though she would fain weep but could not. I put back the coarse threads of hair from her damp forehead. Her glance met mine, and her lips struggled with words she tried vainly to speak. I gave her a little wine

from a glass on the stand, and a moment after she said slowly but distinctly, "Please put my Babby here," signing to her breast. "Pears like I cud die easier 'side her," she added solemnly.

John hastened to do her bidding. The feeble arms closed round her lifeless child.

"You gave your life for me!" I cried in an agony of grateful love.

"It ware nothin', ma'am,"—quite cheerfully; and then the gray head sank softly to the golden one on her breast, and we heard her whisper, "Me an' Babby."

*Ninetta Eames.*



## MIDWINTER, EAST AND WEST.

### I.

THE earth is old in the chill December,  
 The sun shines dim like a fading ember,  
     In the ashes of gray clouds.  
 The hidden waves of the sleeping river  
 Beneath the fringe of their ice-pall shiver;  
     And snow-drifts are the shrouds  
 Of late flowers dead in the shielded hollow;  
 A blinding mist and the white flakes follow  
     In many a starry form.  
 The darkness falls and the night hears only  
 The shriek of the wind on the hillsides lonely,  
     And the echo of the storm.

### II.

The skies are heavy with dark clouds drifted,  
 An eddyng gust has loosened and lifted  
     The soil from the springing grain.  
 A stir of grass in the sleepy ranches,  
 A sob of wind in the swaying branches,  
     The glimmer and rustle of rain.  
 The light hare bounds from his leafy cover,  
 The brown quail fly with a flutter and hover  
     Of wings on the stream below.  
 A break of light on the hillsides hoary,  
 A glimpse of mountains, a sunlit glory  
     Of glimmering peaks of snow.

*Virna Woods.*



## CONFEDERATE MAKE-SHIFTS.

WHEN the late war in its progress crippled the commerce of the Confederacy, causing a great decrease of obtainable commodities, and raising their prices to enormous figures, the people of the South were put sorely to their wits to find substitutes for necessities that were now beyond their reach. One by one the Southern ports went into the hands of the enemy, lines of bayonets formed impassable barriers to trade, and thus hemmed in the Southerners were driven to the resources of their own section. These were extensive enough, it is true, as later developments have shown; but forced suddenly to employ them, and deprived of almost everything requisite to successful manufactures, the South was found in a pitiable condition.

Prior to the war the South had sent North for almost every manufactured article, from a horn button to a bolt of silk, and now that it was impossible to buy these articles anywhere, the people were on unknown seas without a compass, and they had to rely upon their ingenuity to carry them through. Even the plantation store-houses, that had hitherto always held a full year's provisions on the first of each January, were now impoverished, and the strictest economy was necessary in Confederate households to make both ends meet.

Finally the South was found without communication with the rest of the world, save through the ports of Charleston and Wilmington, and even here only by running the gauntlet of the blockade.

The ladies of fashion were now cut off from the rest of their kind, and were deprived of the pleasure and gratification so precious to the sex, that of exciting the admiration and envy of their friends by pretty costumes in the latest mode. No new hats, no new dresses;

the ladies were provoked. Sometimes a thoughtful brother sent home an old number of a ladies' magazine that had been picked up in a deserted camp, and with great relish was every line devoured that related to the changing fashions; from house to house it passed, fingered, consulted, and discussed, until it was well nigh worn out. But such stray periodicals served only to gratify feminine curiosity as to what others were wearing, and to heighten their desire for things they could not obtain. A fashion journal of that day gave a picture of the latest style of dress, and described it as a "robe of black taffeta, scalloped at the lower part, and trimmed with small white balls; belt ornamented with jet beads; under-jupe and sleeves of blue silk or cashmere." But our girls found themselves as far from a fashionable dress as ever, for they had no black taffeta or jet beads, nor could they get them, and silk and cashmere were fully as far out of reach. Even the trimmings called for were unobtainable, or to be had only at exorbitant prices; velvet and ribbons were wanted, but velvet and ribbons were very costly, and could rarely be afforded, and even then only to trim the best dress of the daughter or wife of some well-to-do planter.

Not only were the ladies deprived of the finer goods, but even the coarser fabrics, with which they were now compelled to clothe themselves, were the fruit of their own looms and of their own labor. The South had very few factories, but had it been otherwise the people were without money wherewith to buy.

Often the cotton that was made on a farm was ginned then and there, spun into thread, made into cloth, and this in turn into garments; and when it left

the soil that grew it, it was around the bodies of those that had planted, cultivated, spun, and woven it. The looms that had been previously employed only to manufacture the coarse clothes of the slaves were now busily plied for all. White and black, young and old, were now all clad in goods of home manufacture. But the people accepted the situation philosophically, and all went to work cheerfully; the high-minded matron set a good example for her daughters, and smiled as she toiled, while the soft white hands of the girls, that were used to embroidery and the piano, now worked at the loom, or plied the needle in more lowly pursuits than they had hitherto known.

Perhaps those who were first forced to appear in public in homespun goods were somewhat humiliated, while the more extensive wardrobes of others allowed them to wear seedy and faded garments of a finer texture, — sad reminders of a more prosperous time, — but this humiliation was short-lived, and when the wife of a lowly overseer clad herself with the same that the high-bred dame was forced to wear, the Southern girl everywhere was as happy in her neat checked cotton dress as she had been in silks and satins. It was surprising what tasty dresses they made of their checked homespun, and cleverness of contrivance and deftness of execution assisted quaintness and novelty in making them as effectual in destroying masculine hearts as ever. But there was a sad dearth of masculine hearts in the land, — they were all on the battle-field. Men who were not in uniforms likewise wore homespun goods, generally a dark red jeans; this served them for working suits, while Sunday suits were of the same stuff, but more carefully made, and nicely dyed black or dark brown. As with the dress of the opposite sex, care and cleverness afforded suits much more pleasing to the eye than would now be imagined possible from such crude ma-

terials and machinery, if the home-made looms and spinning wheels can be called machinery.

In homespun the young Confederate courted, in homespun the object of his affections received him, and in homespun they were married. I well remember the stir my brother created in our little town, when he paid eighty dollars in gold for a broadcloth coat in which he was to be married. It was in the fall of '65, and the inferior article for which he paid so dearly was such as might now be bought for little more than a tenth of what it then cost.

I have said there was no money in the country. Perhaps the statement needs a little explanation. There was almost no gold, but Confederate money was plenty; there was enough of this it is true, but it took so much money to buy a very few goods. It was often jokingly remarked that a man carried a wagon load of money to market, and brought back his purchases in a wheelbarrow. There was a plenty of cotton and tobacco raised, but there was no way in which to exchange it for articles of dress and food. Fortune and dark nights sometimes aided the blockade-runners in carrying cotton and tobacco to Nassau, and creeping stealthily back laden with such foreign commodities as were most sorely needed. But the supply thus brought into the country was meager in the extreme, and did not begin to equal the demand; for the cargoes were largely composed of medicine and munitions of war, and the other articles commanded such prices as only the richest could afford. During '64 and '65 a spool of sewing cotton brought twenty dollars, forty dollars in Confederate money was the price paid for a yard of calico, a card of rice buttons cost twenty dollars, a wool hat sixty, and other dry goods were proportionately dear. It required twelve hundred dollars to buy a barrel of ordinary flour. A small ham would relieve a man of a hundred



and fifty dollars: sugar was to be had at the low rate of seventy-five dollars a pound. It cost about twenty-five cents to pepper one's eggs, for pepper brought three hundred dollars a pound. Whisky was thirty dollars a drink, and the man that treated a party of friends had his pockets considerably lightened; while to buy a horse required almost as much money as the horse could pull. An ordinary horse often sold for ten thousand dollars.

Among the first things that our people found themselves in want of, were dyes for coloring their thread. These were all the more needed from the fact that on the patterns of their checks, and hence on the brightness and variety of the colors employed, greatly depended the beauty of the ladies' dresses, and even in the darkest days of war women never neglect to have their attire as attractive as possible. Wood and meadow were ransacked for plants that would impart a color. Roots, leaves, and barks were brought home, and all kinds of decoctions were made and experimented with. Black walnut furnished a rich brown, and various shades of intensity were obtained, according to the strength of the dye. Swamp maple gave a clear purple, and poke-berries a bright but not durable solferino. An inferior blue was obtained from wild indigo, and sumach berries afforded a dark red. A satisfactory black was rarely to be had, though this somber color was most needed in those dark days when war and death stalked through the land, transforming every home into a house of mourning. Elder-berries gave a tolerable black, but no experiment with bark, root, leaf, or berry gave a good substitute for logwood, and blockade runners were not long in profiting thereby.

At one time salt was as precious in many localities as gold, and like gold it was sought in the soil. The earthen floors of smoke-houses and the ground around kitchen doors or beneath the

kitchen windows and similar localities, where the needed mineral might have been secreted in ever so small a quantity, was dug up and given to the cattle, or treated with water to dissolve out the saline matter. The brine thus obtained was then evaporated and the salt deposited. Boxes and barrels that had contained salt pork or fish were treated in like manner, so great was the scarcity of this important mineral food. Speculators held it at extortionate prices, cattle were denied it altogether, and even the rich were extremely sparing in their use of it.

The government at Richmond came to the rescue, and by a rather high-handed measure saved the people from a salt famine. The salt works throughout the country were seized, and during the rest of the war it was to be had at nominal prices. Moreover, salt companies were formed, the labor of one slave being the price per share. One slave was detailed from each of twenty or thirty adjoining plantations, and placed under the control of a competent man, who took them to the coast and obtained salt from sea water.

For no substitute did the Southern people seek with greater assiduity than an equal for coffee, and in few of their makeshifts did they succeed so poorly.

They were a coffee-drinking people, and it was almost like depriving the opium-eater of his drug suddenly to put coffee out of the South. Everything was tried that could possibly suggest the appearance or flavor of the popular beverage, but nothing gave even transient satisfaction, and every attempt to forget coffee in the enjoyment of some other infusion but added to the tantalizing effects of the situation. Rye and wheat were roasted and ground, but they were miserable substitutes: parched meal gave a sad suggestion of coffee. Somebody hit upon the idea of chipping and drying sweet potatoes, and a more palatable drink was thus obtained; but

after all it was only a strong reminder of something better, and afforded none of that sweet satisfaction that we get from a cup of good coffee.

The rich looked back mournfully upon the times of their extravagance, and all could do nothing more than endeavor to be content with the vexing substitutes, or, as some did, brave the situation and be satisfied with milk and cold water. Some adopted the old North Carolina beverage, sassafras tea, declaring it to be "better than coffee anyhow," besides being decidedly more wholesome, and putting the drinkers of it beyond the dangers of physic and the horrors of doctors' bills. Then it was noised abroad that the discovery had just been made that cotton-seed made a drink which was the equal in flavor and as a stimulant to the finest Rio. A few were credulous enough to try the experiment. A trial was sufficient: parched rye and dried potato chips were resumed.

But even had coffee been abundant, there was still lacking the wherewith to render it faultless to the popular palate, for sugar was nearly as scarce as coffee. I remember distinctly how sparingly the loaf was nibbled in our family. When only two loaves of sugar remained upon the shelves of the little country grocery, my grandfather bought them for four hundred dollars, and when he brought them home wrapped in the deep-blue paper that always covered these glistening white cones, he set them upon the table with the remark: "This is the last sugar you will get until the war is over, at least; better use it sparingly."

It was used sparingly indeed; a lump in a cup of coffee would have been deemed the height of extravagance. A niggardly allowance was obtained only on the rarest and most extraordinary occasions; and even when necessary in cases of sickness or for medicine it was hesitatingly sacrificed. The report was once rife in the town that the "Yankees were coming," and my grandfather re-

moved a step in the stairway, and here deposited the loaf and a half that remained with about a half a pound of coffee. Replacing the step, he defied the Yankees to find the treasures. When the war was ended, there still remained two or three pounds of the last loaf. Two loaves of sugar had been made to last over two years.

Sugar was known as "short sweetening" in contradistinction to "long sweetening," by which name "sorghum" syrup was generally known. The introduction of sorghum cane—"Early Amber"—throughout the South and West had been attempted by the United States government before the war, but with little success, and all the encouragement that the Department of Agriculture could lend to the sorghum growing availed little in the South, though some of the Western farmers took more kindly to it. When the Federal ships passed into the Mississippi, dividing the Confederacy in twain, the supply of sugar and molasses from Louisiana was cut off, and the besieged people now turned to the despised sorghum as a common boon. Easy in its growth, exacting little from the soil, and requiring but little cultivation, it was not long in becoming an important part of every man's crop. It furnished them with much of their daily food, and with the slaves especially, the regular diet was sorghum syrup with bread for breakfast, meat for dinner, and at supper "long sweetening" again. Thus sorghum syrup took the place of meat in its absence as often did rice, and so monotonous became this new diet, that white and black thought if ever the "good old days" came back, they would never want to look upon sorghum or rice again.

The manufacture of the syrup was carried on on every farm by the most primitive methods and contrivances. Two upright wooden cylinders supported in a frame, and with a lever to one of



them by which the power could be applied formed the rude machine for extracting the juice from the cane. Some aged mule, kindly reserved for light work, plodded slowly around the circular path and turned the rollers; some sunburnt urchin or perhaps a buxom maid fed the cane, stripped of seeds and fodder, stalk by stalk, between the revolving cylinders. The juice ran into a bucket at the side, and the crushed cane, — the begass, — fell upon the ground opposite to the feeder. The juice was simply boiled and evaporated in large iron kettles, until it formed a syrup of the proper consistency, the maker meanwhile constantly watching it and skimming off the scum of impurities that rose to the surface. Sometimes clarifying was attempted with lye, soda, or lime. Efforts to make sugar from sorghum were abortive for the most part, and "long sweetening" had to be used exclusively. How tired the Southern people became of that flavor! It seemed to permeate everything. It was found in the cup of "coffee," it lingered around the cake, it lent its melliflence to the pies, and it tainted the preserves. It was everywhere, and the children, now never denied a candy-pulling, kept mothers and servants busy removing the sweet impressions of their sticky hands from the walls and the furniture.

With the scarcity of breadstuffs came the enactment of laws which forbade the manufacture of spirituous liquors from edible grains, under heavy penalties of fine and imprisonment, in addition to the confiscation of such liquors and the implements used in their distillation. Large quantities of brandy were made from apples, peaches, and blackberries, and with rum made from the juice of the sorghum cane, constituted almost the sole intoxicating beverages of the Confederacy. These brought high prices, and much fruit which might have been dried and turned to better account, was made into brandy. No fruit was wasted ;

grapes were made into wine and brandy, scuppernongs were likewise made into wine, and even muscadines and wild grapes were extensively gathered for the same purpose ; locusts and persimmons made a mild beer in season, and a rum was sometimes made from the latter by distillation. A liquor was even made from maypops.

Besides catering to the bacchanalian appetite, these fruits often furnished alcohol for medicinal purposes. Drugs and medicines were scarce during the war, and they were very expensive. Indeed, many lives were lost from a lack of proper medicines. Prohibited as contraband of war, they were never suffered to form part of the hundred pounds of baggage allowed each of the few persons granted permits to go South under a flag of truce ; and drugs, particularly quinine and opium, were standard articles of traffic with the smugglers who did their dangerous work along the borders. Poppy seeds were distributed by the Medical Department at Richmond, with appeals to the women of the South to aid in procuring the much-needed opium by the cultivation of the poppy plant. After the flower dropped its petals, the green capsules were to be pricked with a needle, and the gum which exuded to be collected and sent to the Medical Director. The directions were followed, so far as planting and cultivation were concerned, though the Department obtained very little opium from the venture.

In the scarcity and expensiveness of drugs, attention was turned to the medicinal properties of native herbs, barks, and roots. Between the demands for medicines and dye-stuffs, the woods fared badly. Leaves were stripped from the trees, herbs gathered, the earth torn up for roots, and trees deprived of their bark. For the proper plants and modes of preparation for certain diseases, physicians were consulted, medical books read, and advice sought from the old

"mammies," who possessed a store of knowledge on this score, — the accumulated result of accident, experiment, and tradition, which might perhaps have been traced back to the Indian.

A decoction from the roots of the poke (*Phytolacca decandra*) furnished a valuable alternative. The berries with whisky made a cure for rheumatism; while the juice of the leaves was recommended for itch, ringworm, etc. The small boy that was so unfortunate as to be threatened with croup, was heavily dosed with sage tea, or boneset tea, or an expectorant made from sweet gum and mullein, or bathed his feet in a hot wash prepared from mullein leaves and pine tops, and not infrequently he had to submit to all of these and such other remedies as the neighbors might suggest besides. The bark of the tag alder (*Alnus rubra*) made a tea for blood diseases: sage (*Salvia officinalis*) furnished an anthelmintic: blackberry root (*Rubus villosus*) an astringent: wintergreen (*Gaultheria procumbens*) and peppermint (*Mentha piperita*) carminatives. There were all kinds of bitters or tonics, commonest among which were red oak (*Quercus rubra*) bark and whisky, poplar (*Populus tremuloides*) bark and whisky, wild cherry (*Prunus Virginiana*) bark with same fluid, while either the leaf, bark, or kernel from the seed of the peach tree, added to whisky, formed good tonics. There was one village worthy in our little hamlet who, on being applied to for his opinion on this class of medicines, answered: "Well, the best bitters that I ever saw consisted of one gallon of good rye whisky with a peach leaf tied to the handle of the jug."

Powdered rhubarb (*Rheum palmatum*) mixed with alum and sugar was a remedy for coughs and consumption; cuts and wounds were healed with a salve of sweet gum and resin, or by filling them with soot or spider web; a poultice of vinegar and "dirt-dauber" nests relieved sprains, and "heartburn" or "sick stom-

ach" were cured by a drink made from the white ashes of hickory or maple. Sassafras was a panacea; asthmatic sufferers drank flaxseed tea; wild hoarhound was useful and efficient in cases of fever; and poultices were made of peach leaves, red oak bark, slippery elm (*Ulmus fulva*) and many other things. A handful of peach leaves in a pot of boiling clothes also served to bleach them.

Thus it was that the sick were doctored, and the simple remedies were tolerably successful, particularly in the earlier stages of disease; some of them were in practice when the war began, some were now revived that had been discarded, while necessity caused the invention or discovery of many others, some of which are still employed.

The question of lights was prominent among the problems that taxed the ingenuity of Confederate families, and of such difficult proportions was this matter and so meager the success with which it was grappled, that the South might have won the epithet of "The Dark Country." In the principal cities the gas-works were still in operation, — but such gas as they supplied! Poor in quality, and lacking in the power of illumination, it gave a fitful, sickly flame that seemed emblematic of the tottering Confederacy, when its people began to realize that it must succumb to the force of superior numbers. Often the attenuated flame flickered and went out, and left a city in darkness; the preacher pronounced a hasty benediction, and the congregation felt their way out of church; the few who could afford gas in their houses laid down their books or their work in disgust, and went to bed in the dark, or lit a tallow candle that was held in reserve for such emergencies. In the country and elsewhere where gas could not be obtained or afforded, tallow candles were employed.

Pine torches furnished lights for most country homes on ordinary occasions,



but, as may be readily imagined, made very poor light by which to work or read, the ruddy glow and dancing flame of the resinous wood was picturesque enough, but woful was the strain upon the student's eyes; and then how unpleasant in summer, and how the housekeeper bemoaned her dark and dingy walls which resulted from the smoky flame. Everything that could possibly be turned into tallow was finally converted into candles, which aided the torch in brightening the Confederate home. On state occasions these inferior home-made candles or the old-fashioned lard lamps were used; the latter gave a soft, clear light, but lard was too expensive to admit of their general use. Those who could not afford moulds made candles without them; the tallow was melted in some vessel, and the string that was to form the wick was dipped into the hot liquid and then removed until such as was taken up by the string had cooled; held at each end by the fingers, the tallow-coated string was again immersed in the vessel and again quickly removed to cool; this process continued until the growing candle was of a desirable diameter, after which it was trimmed, scraped, and given a more comely appearance.

But the "Confederate candle" was the "regulation" article of the day. It was made of wax and resin in about the proportion of two ounces of resin to a pound of wax, and the making of one was always a frolic for the younger members of the household. The wax and resin were melted together in a "skillet," or saucepan, and placed conveniently in the yard, over a shovelful of hot coals; the end of a string, from five to twenty-five feet long, was placed under the crotch of a forked stick, which served to keep the string immersed until the whole length had passed through the hot wax. This was repeated three or four times, when the "candle" was about the thickness of an ordinary lead pencil, round and smooth from having

been drawn through the hands while warm and pliable. The waxen rope was then wound upon the "Confederate candlestick,"—a wooden stand, having a strip of tin on the upper part; the free end was drawn through a hole in this piece of tin, and when the candle was in use was lighted, the long rope unwinding like a roll of yarn as it was gradually consumed. The light was weak, though steady, and answered very well for all ordinary purposes; it was perhaps little more than half a standard candle power.

The war was indeed a sad thing for those who were over-nice in regard to their shoes; in fact, the skill of everybody was more or less tested to provide even tolerable coverings for the feet; and great was the vexation of those ladies, the smallness and shapeliness of whose feet were acknowledged and admired, when they found that only coarse and heavy shoes were to be had. Ladies very frequently wore cloth gaiters, the uppers of their own make, and the soles the work of a shoemaker. Tanneries had plenty to do, and every shoemaker, from the most skillful to the meanest, found work. Beef commanded a good price, and young cattle were looked upon as growing investments, so that calf skins were scarce, and soft leather almost unknown, for the skins of beeves, hurriedly and improperly tanned, gave hard and unyielding leather. Occasionally reason succumbed to vanity, or some youthful bovine was kind enough to die a natural death; and then sallied forth a proud maiden in soft and neat-fitting shoes, but to be envied by the less fortunate of her sex.

You may be sure that these highly prized articles were well cared for; every step taken in them was of moment. They were the last part of the toilet of the owner when she was going out, and the first thing put aside on her return, for nobody knew when she would rejoice in another pair of similar shoes.

Goats and sheep never died of old age,

and there was a wholesale slaughter of every dog that could possibly be spared, as soon as it was known that from their hides could be manufactured leather of the softest and finest quality.

Remembering the *sabots* of the French peasantry, some one introduced shoes with wooden bottoms. Happy thought! — here was a great saving of leather. Wood was cheap and more durable than leather: a man could now make as much noise when he walked as a horse, — with one kick a man could kill a dog. Why had not somebody thought of wooden bottoms long ago?

The wood was cut or bent into proper shape for bottoms; the upper leather was secured by tacks, and thus a cheap and durable shoe was made; they were very widely used, and were not so uncomfortable as might be supposed. They had broad, low heels and were very well suited for out-door wear, and being almost water-proof rendered overshoes unnecessary; but in the house their clatter was something terrible, and their tramp, tramp upon the floor was enough to ruffle the temper of a Job. Many persons wore them no farther than the hall, putting them aside as soon as they entered the house, and replacing them with slippers or cloth shoes that sat in the hall, and were used only for house wear. If the wags of the present day are to be heeded, it would pay to re-introduce these well-ballasted shoes to aid the stern parent in assisting out of the house the unfavored suitors for his daughter's hand and fortune.

It was a very dull and unaccomplished girl who could not plait straw and make hats during the war, for the women had to make hats for themselves and for the men. It was often the employment of winter evenings, and as the hours passed and the pine knots burned, yard after yard of "rough and ready" — a pointed braid woven with four straws — was plaited by the nimble-fingered daughters of the Confederacy. Wheat straw being

most plentiful was most used; rye straw was longer, whiter, and better suited for plaiting, and it was frequently cultivated expressly for this purpose; the soft and light oat straw made a pleasant hat to wear, but it was short and coarse, and so dark that dyeing was usually necessary.

Children's hats were also made of the inner shuck of the Indian corn. A fabric whose warp was the hair of horses' tails, and whose filling was made from the flag leaf, a common swamp plant, came from the loom like a coarse cloth, and was made into bonnets and hats for ladies. Flowers, leaves, tassels, and like ornaments for trimming hats were also made of straw. Feathers were used for the same purpose, and largely for making fans.

The finest grades of Confederate writing paper were inferior to good manilla wrapping paper of today. The ink had a haggard and exhausted appearance, and was not as good as that made in the country from "ink balls," — balls that grow on red-oak trees. The juice of poke berries was used for red ink. Boxes could not be afforded for matches; blocks of soft wood about an inch and a half square, and the length of an ordinary match, were submitted to longitudinal sawings parallel to all sides; at one end a section of the block about a quarter of an inch thick was left uncut, thus forming a base which held the matches in place, and from which they were broken as needed.

Nothing suffered waste during these days of struggle; everything was saved, and sooner or later some use was found for it. A stray nail, a screw, a scrap of iron, a bit of wire, the merest trifle, was treasured up and ultimately utilized. Rags were worked into bed-quilts, rugs, and occasionally carpets; pieces of lead pipes were melted into bullets; gourds were cut into circular disks and covered with cloth for buttons; and coon skins were made into caps for winter. A lengthy volume might be written on the



economy and ingenuity that were practiced in Confederate homes ; they were obligatory virtues in those days, and it was only by their strict observance that the people were enabled to live.

It is needless to say that, even though it brought defeat, a cessation of hostil-

ities was welcomed by a people that had so long lived in the way that this article has briefly attempted to suggest, for they were anxious to enjoy once more plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and were quite satisfied with their knowledge of the hardships of war.

*Neal Wilson.*



## BELLEBOO.

### I.

A NEGRO mounted on a fine pacing mare proceeded up a weedy plantation road, urging his horse on a little testily. The road-disappeared in a clump of trees, firs and walnuts, through which appeared the chimneys of a house. As he reached the wood a pack of dogs met him, and a moment later, a young farmer.

"Dar wa' n't noffin' at de pos' office 'ceptin' dis heah, Marse Hal ; come from Injianny I reckon, an' dat raskil, de pos' mastah, he mek me pay twenty-fi' cents on hit. He say dat war due, en I say ef I was a free niggah I whup him."

He handed down a sealed envelope, addressed in a scratchy, almost illegible hand, and rode on around the curve of the avenue behind the low, broad house. The young man, as though possessed of unlimited time, sat down on a sunny rock, broke the seal, and for two hours studied out the contents, though they appeared to be but a few lines. Then, hiding his face in his hands, he sat still for a long time, indeed till the sun went down, and the dogs, long asleep about him, woke and moved towards the house. The tooting of a horn aroused him, and

a woman's clarion voice succeeding hastened his steps.

By the way of the side veranda of the house he entered a low, partially latticed passage, in which stood a supper table, and a voluble negro woman and little white girl. At the farther open end on a low step sat the negro who had brought the letter, and a bright-eyed little darkey.

"Hurry, Philly, I want ter talk ter Pete," said the young man, taking the head of the table. The negress settled into an ample chair at the foot, and the white girl, after pirouetting around Marse Hal's elbow, peeping at the letter, lolled languidly along the third side. The supper was brief and silent, and then Marse Hal went into the next room, a low ceiled one, where coon and deer skins, rawhide rockers, great black presses, and tables with twisted legs, kept company with a small book-case, small windows, and a great unmanteled fire-place. Here the dogs gathered round him, and Pete came in shortly in obedience to his master's call.

He was not more than fifty years old, under-sized, high-shouldered, and thick-chested, with a rather round, woolly head, and a face with a large preponder-

ance of animal characteristics, but intense, glowing eyes, that the blackness of his skin failed to tame. His manner was assured and easy, but deferential; his bare feet glided evenly and firmly on the polished floor, and without invitation he sat down near Marse Hal. An expression of shrewd prescience shut up his eyes and drew down the sharp tip of his beaked nose.

"Uncle Pete, thet thar letter you brung me was from Uncle Bill Emsininger, an' he 'lows he'll set me up in Injianny ef I'll make up my mind to go thar."

Hal handed the negro the letter; the latter examined its difficulties and gave it back, saying "Boy, I kain't read print, lettin' alone dat. W'at he say?"

"He kin git me three hundred acres er bottom an' swamp lan' part cleared, a cabin on hit, next to hisn on the Big Raccoon, now, right now. I reckon he's heerd 'bout the plantation. Ef I go I go free handed, no relations, dad burn 'em, a holdin' onter my prosperity, no mortgage, nothin' er that kin', nothin' ter rile me but what a human man kin stan' peaceable-like, an' I haint knowed thet kin' o' rilin' sence I war a boy sling-shootin' birds in the yard."

"I 'member dem times. But dat a long ways down dar. None er our folks gone, none er our folks' frien's. Ef dar's anybody dar, hit am folks wat we doan' know, an dey kain't amount ter mech."

"I don't keer fur thet. I'd like to go som'ers fur a spell whar they warn't so many folks, an ef they hain't many thar p'raps they'll 'low a man ter plough his co'n 'thout settin' on the fence co'ners, shoutin' 'bout his grandaddy."

"De main 'jection I has ter gwine am, dey is de mo'gage. Marse Hal, hit do seem like runnin' away."

"I kain't pay the intrust, lettin' alone the principal, Pete; the place is too run down. I hev tried."

"Ya'as. De truck in de truck patch ain' de truck I uster raise when dey

wa'nt no mo'gage. Hit 'pears like hit hev done loaned hitself out 'som'ers an kain't pay no intrust ter me nudder."

"Wall, I'm agoin' ter Injianny."

"Ya'as, Marse."

"An make a rich man. Hit kin be did; I heer'n my grandaddy talk 'bout the No'thwest."

"Wall, Marse, you is growed, you is twenty-t'ree, an' I hain't feared 'bout you gwine an' takin' up de plantation; but — de ambly — dey is heah in Kintucky."

"Pete, I hain't arrivin' at nothin' in this yere kentry, an' I hain't goin' ter 'rive at nothin'. I hain't got no opportunities. I got too mech fambly, too mech plantation, too mech fren's, too mech ev w'at a man got no use fur at the present time. Nobody 'roun' yere knows me, 'ceptin' I'm ole Somers' gran'chile, got a mo'gage, six niggahs, an' nothin' mo'. Thet's me ez I'm drawn in this yere country. You know an' I know, I'm mo' n thet. Hain't I seen fur years w'at orter been seen, wa' n't I itchin' ter do w'at orter been did? Ain't I bin layin' low cause tother folks war up hevin' their time? 'Tain't fambly in this yere case, Pete, hit's me, Hal Somers an' Poppling Somers."

"I 'gree wid ye, chile. I 'gree wid ye, but I aint ker'gis like you is. I 'se 'feard ev my own shadder. But, honey, you got a heap ev yer grandaddy 'bout you."

The young man stood up and scowled.

"Listen ter me, Marse," began the negro earnestly, "I doan' talk 'bout de onpleasant pints in defambly, 'case dere's too many pleasant pints, but you got yer grandaddy's sperit. He did n't keer fur fambly, an' he did fur lan an' money. 'Pears ter me dem's yo' principles, 'scuse me, 'ceptin' you is young, an' dey's pulpy, dey's green an' tender an' juicy, but 'scuse me, dey's dar. I ruther see you dead enny day, I ruther see all de plantation piled atop yer bones 'n see ye like him, 'case I brung ye up, an' I set on dat sperit, an' set on hit, an' mashed hit flat, an' I b'lieved hit war dead."



"I haint," cried the young man angrily, "I haint. I never were. Did'n't I jes' say I war goin' ter begin? I never begun yit. Did'n't I jes' say folks say I were grandaddy Somers's chile? Thar aint nothin' mo' to me yit an' I'm jes' achin' thar should be. I aint no corde-roy bridge ter be rid by sperits comin' ter see their dead plantations an' deader intrusts an' principles."

"Da's so, but 'member, Marse Hal, he war yer grandaddy."

The old man crooned the words softly, and his melodious voice had a flute-like ripple in it, far more magnetic than the warning words. Marse Hal resumed his chair, and there was silence in the room for a moment.

"No, Pete, I aint sich a man. I'm dead certain an' shore o' thet. I aint got them feelin's. But," with a quick sigh, "I'm mighty tired o' this place. I kaint think sometimes all day but of git-tin' away. It do seem when I'm plowin' ef I could plow a straight furrer ter the horizon I'd be the happiest man on thet horizon. I reckon I'll go. The niggahs an' the stock'll bring me money enough."

Another deep silence, and Pete shuffled and rose. "I reckon you don't want me no mo' ternight, Marse Hal."

"Yes I do. I want yer idee."

"I'se only afeard yo' fo'gits when you gits dar. Dar aint nobody hitchin' on de line den."

"Why, you an' Philly'll be thar."

"Injianny haint no place fur niggahs,"—with contempt.

Marse Hal looked blank, then turned pale, then looked blanker still. For the first time in his existence, perhaps, the thought had occurred to this young man that Pete was his slave. He had seen other negroes come and go—generally go—with indifference; but Pete was a fixture, the great mastiff in the yard, the good genius at the kitchen door, the oracle of the barnyard, the dumping place for all the tried, burdened spirits about the plantation. Uncle Pete a slave? Uncle Pete!

"Why, Uncle Pete!" he exclaimed impulsively, "I never thought o' thet afore. It's kinder paralyzed me,—comin' on hit so suddent. I'll gin ye yer papers, you, an' Philly, an' Silly."

"Shucks! W'at I want wid papers widout de mud ter chink a chimbley ef I had de sticks wat would buil' one and de ground ter perch it on?" Yet there was both an eagerness and an embarrassment in his manner.

"Thar's the ole bottom w'at Squire Stone say war haunted, and which he hev lef'; thar's a cabin in Mis' Peel's fiel' by the woods; thar's two cabins on the edge o' the big co'n fiel'."

"I doan' want no cabin nowhars."

Hal was silent as though listening to the echo of the negro's words.

"You come with me, Pete," said the young man, catching perhaps the tone he was listening for. "I'll gin ye all yer free papers."

"But I'se wuth money, me an' the ole woman," objected Pete.

"Jes' so,"—delicately humoring Pete,— "I reckon I know w'at yer wuth. Thet's the reason this fambly held onter ye all these mis'ble years."

A chuckle welled through Pete's throat, and rolled up to his elevated eyebrows. Then he grew serious and sad.

"Dat's anudder ting. Yo' needs de money, Marse Hal. Ise wuth mo'n all the res'er de niggers. Down to New O'leans,—"

"Jes' so," interrupted his master, "an' up in Injianny with yer free papers an' er mule an' er cabin, ye'd be wuth sich a gang o' niggahs ez I never see. Set down, Pete, and le's arrange."

Pete still objected, but with chuckles, until Hal peremptorily ordered him to sit down; and then they talked in a subdued tone, figured on scraps of paper, and when hard pressed, on the floor,—at least Hal did,—until near midnight, when Pete left for his cabin, which was occupied by his one child, the mother being generally too busy about the house to get down for more than a visit.

## II.

The Bellevue plantation was not very extensive, but had been a fine estate in its youth. It lay on high rolling ground in northeastern Kentucky near the Ohio, and ran in terraces from the pine, and laurel, and oak heights across tobacco fields to the black hemp alluvials of the river, a smooth, swift tributary of the Ohio. The plantation road wound across the terraces, and had been set with a double line of locusts and elms, which now in their maturity were fretted by weeds and brush; and the yard, darkly embowered in tree groups, was badly neglected. The low house, part stone and part log, was a substantial affair, but moss-grown from lying in the somber shadow of its great yard. The outhouses, tobacco sheds, and all the appurtenances of a plantation exhibited the gray mantle of aging neglect.

The place had been established shortly after the beginning of the century by Myrtlewood Somers, a lawyer of Virginia, who in common with nearly all Virginia had participated in the Kentucky "boom," and claimed more or less land throughout the east center of the province. For his time, immediately after the Revolution, Myrtlewood Somers had been well-to-do, owning fine tobacco lands and a large gang of negroes, acquired piecemeal in that unsavory business, money-lending and mortgage buying. He had been an unscrupulous, shrewd, aggressive man in a district whose men distinctively lacked those three qualities; and without altogether deserving the bad reputation that gathered behind him, Squire Somers came to be detested and feared.

Towards the close of the century he had lost a good deal of his Virginia property, and having unlimited faith in the new State and all the Northwest, he moved to Mason County, and though an old man, began vigorous work on his plantation. It was a toilsome under-

taking, beset with all imaginable drawbacks, and though Myrtlewood believed patience would see all his plans fulfilled, it was not to be his patience. He died, and left Bellevue in charge of his son, a physician, a graduate of a Virginia college, and a mature man. Another son inherited the remnant of the Virginia property. Unfortunately for Bellevue, the Doctor possessed nothing of his father's spirit. He was a gentleman, nothing more, given to riding some, shooting some, attending the county courts, eating and drinking,—a brave, chivalrous, simple, silent, sleepy man. He mortgaged Bellevue in order to build a house. The sum was small, but sufficient to doom the plantation.

As Hal was the eldest child, his grandfather had dandled him, crooned to him quaint hunting and tavern and plantation melodies and war songs, and had whispered him his plans about the plantation; so that Hal in his childhood could set beside his father's good-natured disposition to sleep, the old man's hopeful, youthful restlessness. Parental authority was far too stern for him to hint his objections, while a lad, to his father's methods of procedure, or rather non-procedure. So in silence, as he had said, he had seen his heritage eaten away, and waited the time when a sheriff should do for them what they had so often employed him to do for others.

He had grown up much as the dogs had. The colts had had more attention. Though his father was college-bred, and his grandfather a well read man, Hal was ranked by many of the young men around him in the matters of his rudimentary education. His father contended that in such things a boy should suit his own tastes.

"I'll teach him the points of a hoss, a cow, a niggah, what good tobacco is, an' what his morals ought to be. Aint that beginnin' enough fur any boy! I would hev thanked the Lord ef he had vouchsafed me no mo'. 'Spouse I send



him to Transylvany, — supposin' I had the money, — an' turn him out a lawyer, an' he has a capacity fur business, or medicine, or, somethin' else, then there's a mistake made, a big mistake, which Harry will stumble up agin so long's he lives. No, he can learn himself beyond the points I'm takin' him to."

In reality, Pete had carried him to this culminating point. Myrtlewood had taught Pete, as a matter of business, a very little addition, and rounded off his education with some lessons in reading. He had much confidence in the negro's strength of affection, and to it entrusted the Somers children, suspecting rightly how they would be neglected. It was Pete who had taught Hal to read and spell, — so bad an introduction to knowledge that on going to a Maysville private school when he was nearly grown, his wonderful pronunciation startled the class, won him a nickname, and made a standing joke for weeks after. For this schooling Hal had earned money about the plantation.

Thus, living among the negroes and the rough men of the neighborhood, hunting, horse-racing, card-playing, or idling, Hal attained his majority. The mortgage had by no means lightened in the meantime.

Shortly afterwards, the Doctor and his second son, Philip, were carried off by the scourge of the year, cholera. His mother had died just before, and thus suddenly Hal found himself a responsible, burdened man.

He had not been so idle that the slack management of the plantation had not galled him, haunting him constantly. He had brooded upon a hundred ways to relieve Bellevue; dwelt on them till he knew their every detail. It was his turn now.

He put in a heavy crop of corn and hemp, too heavy for his few hands to manage, too much for him to market successfully, with his poor opportunities for transportation. What was marketed

brought a good price, immediately absorbed by the mortgage, which was soon to fall due. The second year he fared not quite so well.

He despaired easily, the more so, since the burden he bore was not of his making, a thing that had piled up before his eyes for his undoing all the years he was powerless; and in addition he was moved by the hope that beckons all men from the scenes of their failures. There was ill luck abroad on the plantation, he sometimes said to Pete. A new crop meant the sale of his few remaining negroes; whereas in Indiana, he argued, he could begin with the country, take less land, and be among neighbors with whom his poverty would not be quite as objectionable as it was then in Kentucky; and the price of his negroes would be to quite an extent reserve capital.

These things he put before Pete, not rashly but vigorously; he was practical, his two years of responsibility seeming to have cleared away nearly all the trashiness of his nature. Pete was his main aid; he knew nothing of theoretical farming — that is, of what then existed; nothing of the improvements creeping into the southern counties. His system was entirely old; entirely Pete's. He would have highly resented advice from any one but the negro, and without his approval he was almost afraid to move.

### III.

THE next month was occupied with transferring the plantation, disposing of his negroes and stock, and setting Pete and his family free. Beside his boyish buoyancy Pete was sullenly calm. He gave the hemp fields their autumn dressing, and talked "craps" by the blue pot in the chimney corner as though there were no Land of Canaan across the Ohio.

But at night, before the October moon rose, when the canebrakes were noisy with their unseen life, the old man slipped from his cabin, across the blue

grass pastures to a dell in a low sweep of the woodland, where had stood a few years back a log church, which had been destroyed by fire. Kneeling in the shadow of its yet upright chimney, he poured forth his anxious heart in a torrent of words. Had it been a bright Sunday morning at "meetin'" he would have sawed out his prayer in a drawling wail befitting the honor of "leading." But here there was no affectation. The very canebrakes might have paused and listened to this surging music, well nigh as beautiful as their own. The crude thought rose in a natural sequence, sometimes grand, always poetic. He flung his sinewy arms abroad with a comprehensive sweep, taking in the canebrakes, the forests, the pastures, the hills, as his witnesses, or addressing them by gesture as though the spirits he invoked brooded among them. But it was all marred by the superstition of his race. Instinctively he was moved to pray amid grand surroundings; yet the rustling of the trees behind held something uncanny, and fear and trembling were ever the burden of his prayer.

Pete knew that much in Hal's character that was strong and enduring had been fostered by himself. He had guarded the boy from bad company, and delivered quaint moral lectures to him when they were alone hunting or trapping. He felt that he was still responsible; that brave words and warnings were yet needed now and then, and prayers constantly. He had understood Hal's character accurately, every shade that crossed his countenance. He wisely yielded the farm to him month by month, but the work of curbing Hal's wild temper seemed ever more difficult. His master was getting beyond him, going out of his sphere of thought and feeling, day by day growing into the likeness of Squire Somers. It was because of this he prayed. Indiana was a night of darkness. Even his promised freedom, in which he covertly gloried, was engulfed

in the general gloom of Marse Hal's future. Trusting to superstition, to luck, to God least of all, Pete prayed by the chimney night after night.

Philly was not so engrossed in her house duties but that she discovered this nightly absence of Pete, who was usually fond of an early bed-time. She possessed her soul with patience for some two weeks, but one night, coming to the cabin and finding him absent, she questioned Silly sharply as to where he was.

Getting only mumbled answers, she was silent a moment and then rose up. "I'm gwine arter him. I'se gwine ter foller him ef I goes clar ter de moon. Now, I doan' come back widout dat Pete. Yo' may see yer mammy no mo'. I'se 'stracted, I'se suercided wid de worry an' 'sponsibility uv dat niggah."

She bent with sorrowful majesty above Silly's trundle bed, and then quitted the cabin. Silly bounded up, stuffed herself into something made of linsey, perhaps her father's shirt, and crept behind her mother, who had seen on coming down to the quarters a figure striding through the pasture that looked much like Pete. She did not notice Silly for some time, but on seeing her, jerked off a long grape vine shoot and swept the air behind her, heaping maledictions on her small shadow, who discreetly hid in the brush.

"Yo' owdacious chile, go back. I'll skin ye 'live, bof o' ye, yo' an' yer mis'ble daddy. I's stewed, I's cooked in my marshil troubles, widout a ongrateful chile taggin' ter my heels. Yo' no 'count frowsy niggah, go back; de sperits git ye!"

"I wants ter keep daddy from doin' yer any hurt, mammy. I'll hide in de bresh, an' creep onter 'im when yer needs me."

She wiggled through the fence at hand, and made for the brush, while her mother, who was a splendid, big, laughing-eyed negress, drew her person with much labor over its high, shaky difficulties, muttering and swelling with wrath the



while. She lashed the air behind her with her switch so effectively that Silly, far behind in the tanglewood, almost died of fright in view of her isolation, and the terrors of tanglewood generally.

They found him presently; long before they could distinguish him in the gloom, they heard his melodious voice. Instantly Philly sank down and bowed her head to the ground, but Silly whispered, creeping up to her, "He cotch ye sure, mammy, and w'at he say den, an' he all de time praying fur ye? He git madder 'en a boomer." She pulled her mother up, and they retreated into the shadow of the woods.

"He am de bes'es' man in dis kentry, Silly, yo' daddy is," Aunt Philly muttered, as she re-assailed the fence, "yo' own daddy. Nex' Marse Hal, he haint no better. Dat am mos' like de holy man w'at Miss Popliny say she read 'bout some'rs, and w'at staid out in the desert. Dar aint no desert heah, I reckon, leas'-ways dey calls 'em bottom an' uplands in dese times, and I reckon dat was some time ago, 'fo' her granddaddy's time. I reckon de deserts am growed up by dis time; but he mos' a holy man. Doan' let on, honey, dat we come out dis way. Doan' open yer mouth, an' I won't say nuffin, 'case dat's unmannerly, an' hit am wrong to 'trude on folks w'at is 'gaged wid deir devotions an' convotions."

#### IV.

By the end of October Hal's many arrangements were brought to a successful finish, and Pete, now freed, was busied loading up the great wagon brought by the family from Virginia.

When this was finished quite late in the evening, Hal stood about a few minutes pre-occupied and silent. Finally he said, "Ye understan' now, Pete, all thet's ter be done. I gin ye directions 'nuff. I wants yer to go ahead. I'm goin' down ter Louisville, and ter see

the folks down to Grayson. Thar won't be nothin' ter do down ter the new place, 'less it mought be a little rail splittin', till 'bout April, I reckon, an' I'll be thar then ter take a han' in the log-rollin'. I want ter git some info'mation 'bout farmin' down ter Louisville."

He had mentioned this once before to Pete, though to his sister he had said nothing of the proposed visit. Vague suspicions and fears possessed the negro immediately.

"Dat am a big un'takin' fo' me."

"Never min' what it air," Hal answered testily. "Foller the road. Ye kin do thet, I reckon. Now git me my hoss."

Pete obeyed silently, and disappeared in the trees on the path to the barn, followed by a motley pack of playful curs. Pete was a good hunter, and much addicted to dogs.

Hal paced a short strip of path with quick, impatient rounds. He was at this time about twenty-three years old, a medium-sized but powerful fellow. He was dressed in jeans, high boots, a coon-skin cap, and long horseman's cloak. His face was smooth-shaven and well-featured, with the harmonious, compact breadth and depth so regularly seen in business men; a steady blue eye, reddened with some mental irritation now, a firm, well-made mouth, and a boyish, drawling voice. He was yet boyish enough to come out of his pre-occupation and irritation for a moment, and watch first the tangled ball of playing dogs in the far park, and then the flight of some migrating birds just over his head.

After mounting he gave some remaining directions, and rode out on the plantation road. The twinkle in Pete's eye vanished instantly. He shinned up a walnut on the edge of the yard, the height of whose lower limbs threw all the prospect into a birdseye relief,—a wild checker-work of hills, streams, cliffs, forests, and cloud shadows. From here he

watched Hal as long as he could follow his course through the undulating country. He was going straight toward Louisville.

He had stopped at the wagon to bid his sister Poppilina good-bye. Pete, coming down from his perch, met her.

She was about ten years old, a very thin, sallow child, whose copperas linsey dress by no means added to her attractions. Her hair was abundant, dark, and slightly waving, her eyes a most solemn, smileless gray. Her face expressed just then all the varying shades of imperiousness, and to say the truth they became her. They combined with her grandiloquent name, and made her worth a careful second glance.

She had the tiring drawl of her class, and in her excitement it was yet more emphasized. "Hal hev got secrets from me, an' you air a knowin' ter it. I aint a interferin' with Hal's man's rights, but I'm his sister, his nearest blood kin, an' it do seem ter me it air unproper fer him ter hev secrets. I'm older'n I war sence dad died, and I want ter know whar Hal's gone ter, an' the whyfores of it. Hal air jest a high falutin', kase he hev the opportunities."

"G'long, honey, w'at you know 'bout secrets? Marse Hal ain' got no secrets, 'less dey's tied up in de saddle bags, an' dar war n't any in 'em when I peeped inter 'em. He rode off up de kentry; I seed him. Dar war n't no secrets ridin' 'hind him on de pillion in yo' place. Leastways I neber seed 'em."

She pushed her hair back impatiently, and fixed sparkling eyes on him.

"Who you talkin' ter, sah? I won't 'low no sech nonsense where I'm talkin' business. I ast whar Hal hev gone."

"He telled me he war gwine ter Louisville, an' I seed him go up de county road."

"Visitin' the folks?"

"Dat w'at he say, Miss Poppliny."

"Thet's what I want ter know. I wa' n't astin' for fairy tales."

Then she sat down on a tree stump, and rocked back and forth with tearless sobs, and Pete discreetly left her alone.

She had a proud, restless temperament, abnormally developed by petting and by the example of her mother's spirit. That lady had dwelt much on the advantages of good blood and good family, had taken her visiting to the southern counties where her own family lived, well-to-do people, whose refinements and exclusiveness made a powerful impression upon Poppilina's mind. Already she bowed down to and worshiped her grandfather's character and memory, directly opposed in this, as in nearly everything else, to her brother. Her spirit surged and teemed with notions and prejudices far beyond her years. She had exerted all her strength to keep the family in Kentucky, had evolved a half dozen plans with that end in view; that failing, she had prayed that any disaster might befall them beyond the further bank of the Ohio,—any disaster that would avert this wicked betrayal of her native State and her grandfather's well-laid plans.

Rarely did any family leave Kentucky for Indiana without this feeling of leaving life behind them with their "folks."

Pete sat by the fire that night,—they had camped by the wagon,—overlooking his harness, his thoughts filled with Hal, when glancing up suddenly, he saw in a break lit brightly by stars and just beyond the wagon, the figure of a horseman. He knew it to be Hal. He started up as the figure disappeared, and hurried up the hill side. More by instinct than otherwise he followed a path leading to an open crown of the hill, and there, as he expected, he found his master dismounted and gazing over the country.

Far to the north were the bluffs jutting on the Ohio; below, the plantation and the wooded river; beyond, canebrakes, open levels, and forests; on the other side of the hill, plantations, judg-



ing by one or two faint lights, canebrakes, and forests. Hal was gazing intently in this direction, possibly towards the plantation of Dr. Gott, the new possessor of the Bellevue, an old but not a well-loved acquaintance.

With no preliminary, but trembling with fear, Pete strode into the opening. His master turned on him with an oath.

"I got ter come, Marse Hal, I got ter foller. I know 't aint my concerns, a po' plantation niggah like me, but I war hauled up—toted up—ter hol' yer, an' keep yer innercent han's from blood, an' ashes, an' deslerlation. I could n't help it, Marse Hal."

This humble, dog-like spirit had grown into Pete's conduct within the last two years. He had never exhibited it towards Hal's father. While it caused a feeling of contempt in the young man's affection for Pete, it always disarmed his anger. So he only strode about the open, muttering and lashing the brush with his whip. His nervous, unconcentrated anger encouraged Pete.

"W'at you come heah fo' ternight, honey," he said coaxingly. "I seed you ridin' off ter Louisville. Now you is heah."

Hal stopped and seemed pausing to study the dusky panorama rolling from the bottom of the hill-slope.

"W'at fur? Why look at hit! his'n an' mine, our plantations a overlappin' of one another. I come hyar many a time and seen hit so, jes' so misty an' oncertain an' quiet—peaceful 's if my heart warn't a boilin' and burstin', an' the place creepin' away from me a inch a day, an' him a settin' on his veranda nex' ter the well, a drawin' hit in; 's if thar warn't no bad feelin's; 's if *we* did n't count on the very lan' we owned an' worked. Seems 's if I could see hyar better than in the fiel's,—see things beside the fiel's, see him, an' his plans, an' his meannesses. An' I seen hit all, jes' as hit hev come, an' yit I hev waited like er o'nery nigger fur him ter draw hit all in. Jes' stood,—but

I'm done standin'; I'm movin' now. He uster say down ter the pos'office an' the Cote House, thet they was his twin plantations, an' he had ter hev a overseer on one of 'em—they war so mech. Thet war me—*me*—an overseer! I hev seen up hyar w'at war my duty. I never tole nobody, not you, 'cause you go gibberin' ter the Laud, telling him an' all the big years and little years ter meetin' w'at my business air."

Pete uttered no expostulation; perhaps he considered words useless. But he ran towards his master and clasped his arms about his waist.

The powerful young man shook him off easily. "Don't tech me. I want ter be stood off from. Go back to yer women. I don't want to be seen."

"Ax de Laud, Marse Hal, pray ter him ter come ober de hills ob yer transgressions, ober de mountings an' woods, an' forgib ye—I's prayin'!"

"Thet's all preachin', Pete. When a man's face air stingin' from blows, so ter say, an' his pride an' self feelin's an' respec's air bruised an' flattened out, thet ain't no time ter preach ter him. Other things air preachin' ter him, pow'ful things, an' thet's w'at's preachin' ter me,—my feelin's, my feelin's an' self-respec's, an' ef a man don't listen ter *them*, w'at air he got ter listen ter? I've seen men w'at listened, an' men w'at didn't, an' I'm jined ter the list'ners. Go back an' look arter w'at air lef' o' my fortin'—thet air your business, an' this air mine. W'at does a niggah know anyhow of feelin's an' respec's?"

Pete followed him, but Hal swung on to his horse, and crashed down a bowery path, breaking the branches; and a shower of withered leaves rattled down in his passage, sounding to Pete's strained ear as they clashed and heaped like the wakening warning of many serpents.

He fell on his knees in the open, muttering in terrified tones, and it was a long time before his voice deepened into his usual splendid prayer.

I. H. Ballard.

## A YEAR OF VERSE.—II.

THE versatile Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, a famous specialist in nervous diseases, author of two or three good novels, is, in addition to his other accomplishments, a poet. Doctor Holmes alone, we believe, outnumbers this list, being essayist as well; and it is quite possible to hold that Doctor Holmes's novels are not as good as Doctor Mitchell's. However, Doctor Mitchell's poetry is not nearly so good as Doctor Holmes's. It is very worthy verse, however, and does not detract from his reputation as physician or novelist. His former volume, "The Hill of Stones," while it could not be called anything but minor verse, was exceptionally good for its class; and the one published during the past year, *A Masque and Other Poems*,<sup>1</sup> deserves the same comment. To one who reads carefully (it does not catch attention) the thoughtful, intelligent verse, this will seem too mild praise. But the warmer praise that is due, is due rather to the mind behind the poetry than to the poetry. For the refined thought, the subtle intellect, the wide-awake perception first of the dramatic in human life, but also of the beautiful in nature,—all these mental qualities flowing easily into poetic expression,—the dozen poems in this thin volume have scarcely a line to be criticized. For the something lyrical and emotional that makes people keep and care for verses, there is less to be said. Nor is this a severe criticism to make, for verses of very poor quality indeed may live, to the annoyance of the fastidious, by virtue of this same lyric and emotional element, (even as the most sentimental music may,) when quiet and good work like Doctor Mitchell's is forgotten. It

is better that one's verse should betray to careful readers the hand of an intelligent, refined man, than that it should "take,"—should even be honestly cherished,—on lower planes of mind and feeling. And this impression of something admirable in the man behind the work is characteristically given in Doctor Mitchell's books, prose and verse.

Nor must the reader understand that his verse is wanting in simplicity; he is capable of a simple and good ballad manner, as in "The Christ of the Snows"; and the following,—the only poem of the book brief enough to be easily quoted,—is an example of his simplicity and directness in description:

*Rain in Camp.*

The camp-fire smoulders and will not burn,  
And a sulky smoke from the blackened logs  
Lazily swirls through the dank wood caves  
And the laden leaves with a quick relief  
Let fall their loads, as the pool beyond  
Leaps 'neath the thin gray lash of the rain,  
And is builded thick with silver bells.  
But I lie on my back in vague despair,  
Trying it over thrice and again,  
To see if my words will say the thing.  
But the sodden moss, and the wet black wood,  
And the shining curves of the dancing leaves,  
The drip and drop, and tumble and patter,  
The humming roar in the sturdy pines,  
Alas, shall there no man paint or tell.

Mrs. Frances L. Mace, long known as a pleasant versifier of legends, and a writer of lyrics and ballads in some of the best journals in the country, had already published one collection of her verses, under the title of "Legends and Lyrics." She has lately become a resident of California, and another volume, published during the past year, is called in reference to this fact, *Under Pine and Palm*.<sup>2</sup> It is divided into two parts

<sup>1</sup> *A Masque and Other Poems.* By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

<sup>2</sup> *Under Pine and Palm.* By Frances L. Mace. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.



called "Under the Pine Tree" and "Under the Palm Tree." The pine tree part is devoted to Indian legends, descriptive poems, and other lyrics of Maine. The legends are well told, clear and unpretentious and smooth, and the lyrics are also attractive in a simple and sincere feeling for nature and human relations. The palm tree part is not given up to locally descriptive verse, but probably includes all the poems written since the author came to California, as most of the subjects are general. Of those that are dedicate to California subjects, one is carried back into the previous division as a sort of farewell; and this is as fairly illustrative as any other that is short enough to quote.

*The Woods of Maine.*

To all the wide, wild woods of Maine  
The singing birds have come again;  
In thicket dense and skyward bough  
Their nests of love are builded now;  
And daybreak hears one blithesome strain  
From all the wide, wild woods of Maine.

In all the deep, green woods of Maine  
The myriad wild flowers wake again;  
On mossy knoll, by whispering rill,  
Their new life opens shy and still;  
Unseen, unknown, as spring days wane,  
They sweeten all the woods of Maine.

The fair and fragrant woods of Maine!  
To dwellers far on shore and plain  
The forest's breath of healing flows  
In every wandering wind that blows;  
And life throbs fresh in every vein,  
When bloom the boundless woods of Maine.

Now far from those sweet woods of Maine  
The song comes back, a sad refrain!  
These pines and palms that speak no word  
Of scenes that once my heart have stirred,  
This cypress shade, these ivy bowers,  
And long, unceasing march of flowers,

Are like an echo, faint and drear,  
Of music I have ceased to hear.  
Oh, while your choiring boughs you dress  
In spring or autumn loveliness,  
The green and gold you wear in vain  
For one who loved you, woods of Maine!

Edwin Arnold, varying a little from his Indian subjects, gives us a rendering

of Sa'di's "Book of Love," "Embodied in a Dialogue held in the Garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra," as the title-page has it; he calls the book *With Sa'di in the Garden*.<sup>8</sup> The dialogue is introduced by a long and lavish description of the Taj Mahal; then the Saheb, spending his last day at Agra, arranges with the Muslim Mirza Hassein to spend the night in the Taj by moonlight and read Sa'di's Book of Love, with lamps, fruit, and singing girls. Here the Englishman and the two girls alternately listen to the Mirza as he translates Sa'di and converse with him about the text, the girls joining in the talk with a feeling and intelligence foreign to our ideas of *nautchneess*, but drawn from the life, the author assures us. The translations from the Persian are distinguished by italics from the original verse. The text of Sa'di all turns on praises of the selflessness and patience of true love, finding its highest development in love of God.

A lover, with his loved one, sailed the sea,  
Voyaging home in tender company;  
There blew a wind of Death upon the waters;  
There broke a billow of calamity!

It swept them from the deck to dreadful breast  
Of the black ocean. To that pair distressed  
The mariners flung forth a plank of rescue;  
It reached them drowning on the tossing crest.

Too slender 'twas to help—if both should hold;  
They saw him round the plank her weak arms fold,  
"Gir! *Dast-i-yar-i-man!*" he uttered softly;  
"Clasp! hands dearer than life to me!" The cold

Bitter salt swallowed him. But those who brought  
His beauteous Maid, saved by that sweet deed  
wrought,

Spake, saying, "Never lived there truer lover!  
Majnun by such a marvel had been taught!"

And elsewhere again:

A new-wed bride, in tender discontent,  
To one gray-haired, made of her lord lament,  
Saying, "Thy son no praise from thee doth merit,  
So cold he is, so ill my hours are spent."

<sup>8</sup> With Sa'di in the Garden. By Sir Edwin Arnold. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Those who with us in the same village dwell,—  
I never mark their looks of heart-ache tell ;

Such close companions, man and woman, are they,  
That thou mightst say 'Two almonds in one shell !'

"But I have never seen mine all this while  
Gaze once upon my face with loving smile !"

The father, kindly-hearted, heard her speech ;  
The white-haired one knew her grief to beguile.

The answer which he gave was soft and sweet,  
Saying, "He is so comely, it were meet

To love and wait, enduring till he love thee :  
'T were pity from such path to turn thy feet,

"Since nowhere in the world could any be,  
So dear, so near, so framed for unity."

O Man ! wilt thou be petulant with God,  
Whose reed,—if he were petulant with thee, —

Blots out all writing of thy life? Obey !  
Be still, and wait for word which he will say !

The Lord's time is the servant's time ; and never  
Another Lord like Him shall come thy way !

Once my heart burned in pity for a slave,  
Who at the selling-place this utterance gave :

"Ah, Master ! better bondsmen thou mayst find,  
But I no better master e'er can have !"

The hearer and reader comment on  
this :

SAHEB. Yet none the less for that slave's faithful-  
ness,

His master sold him.

MIRZA. Yea ! and none the less  
That Love which did forgive and cling to Love  
Went with the slave, and made him happier days,  
Or stronger soul to bear the ill days. Sir,  
It is not needful Love should win its wish,  
But only needful that it work its work.  
Yon palms grew high striving toward the sun,  
They shall not reach him, but — uptending thus —  
Leaves, flowers, and fruit have come.

SAHEB. I see it is not willed that Love should  
gain,

Nor pay itself with pleasure, nor sit soft  
On this world's carpets, drinking wine of ease.  
But all in drawing closer to the "Friend,"  
(Your Sâfic word) — the Cup-bearer — forego  
Those passing pearls and corals of Life's chance,  
The plunder of the camel's broken chest,  
For glory of far greater joys, for bliss  
Of sacrifice, for ecstasy of death  
Which brings for the beloved, life.

Learned Mirza, so

Your Ishk comes, by its Persian road of palms,  
And nightingales, and roses, and soft verse,  
To that same Syrian Hill, whose slopes austere  
Heard our Lord Isa speak : "I say to you

Love ye your enemies ! Be in your love  
Perfect as is your Father Who is Love !

Take no thought for your life : the Kingdom first !  
God's Kingdom first ! God's righteousness ! and then  
Other things shall be added !" And it comes, —  
Your Sâfic Ishk, with "Cup" and "Cup-bearer,"  
Down all these garden paths to that green tree  
Whereunder sate my Buddha when he taught  
Ahinsa, and the Law of Love and Peace,  
The "Noble Truths" and high Nirvâna's word.

In the Sufi text the expression of the self-annihilation of love tends constantly toward the mystic and the ecstatic, while the comments bring it into keeping with Western minds. The singing girls tell out of their experience of life illustrative anecdotes of evil love and good love, and the Mirza tells a very attractive one of the honor and fidelity of love between the Shah Jahan and his queen, in whose honor the Taj Mahal was erected. Songs in the Persian manner, but original, are thickly interspersed. As a study of Persian thought, as the poet's own contribution of thought to an earnest and high-souled consideration of this most inexhaustible subject, the book is of a good deal of value ; and as the reader may see from our extracts the verse is not unworthy. But there is nothing in it equal as mere poetry to Arnold's previous work. The light, sententious Persian of Sa'di does not suit him as well as the majestic Sanskrit he has hitherto taken inspiration from.

The indexes of authors tell us that "Stuart Sterne" is Miss Gertrude Bloede ; but the pen name is still used on her title pages, and is therefore the proper one to use in speaking of her as an author. *Beyond the Shadow, and other Poems*<sup>1</sup> would proclaim itself frankly, in any event, as by a woman. It seems hard that in those vital human emotions upon whose quality turn such things as hope of immortality, or of the desirable in immortality, there should be essential differences in men's and wo-

<sup>1</sup>Beyond the Shadow, and other Poems. By Stuart Sterne. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.



men's point of view; but we fear a man could not have written "Beyond the Shadow." All these poems are fervent, womanly, restrained by an intelligent taste, and dealing with experiences and emotions of an exceptional order. Human love, always sad; religious trust that carries with it an undertone of being trust in spite of doubt, — and a few poems of pure thought; these are the substance of the little book. Not striking poems, nor perhaps likely to win many readers, but impressive and individual; poems that leave thoughts behind them. They seem very sincere and real, and strike a curiously harmonious chord in the reader's mind with the love mysticisms of Sa'di. We cannot illustrate this by quotation, for it appears plainly only as one reads the volume through, — the theme set by the long title poem, and recurring in hint and phrase through those that follow. The two we do quote may serve merely to show the quality of the verse, and to some extent the mood of the book.

*The Silent House.*

It was all over, and the house was still. —  
The hearse had rolled away, the friends were gone,  
Their vacant seats looked blank and desolate.  
The muffled mirror hung against the wall,  
The spot was empty where the bier had stood,  
Whereon he lay with mute and smiling lips.  
And naught remained of him who once had been  
The light of soul, the staff of life to me,  
Naught but the cross, that had been left behind,  
Of odorless white flowers, — so dead, so dead. —  
And nothing now remained but I alone,  
Alone to live the long, long, joyless days.  
And so with weary feet I climbed the stair,  
Up to the room where he was wont to sit.  
The silent books upon their long-rowed shelves,  
The fair white marbles in their quiet niche,  
Beside his pen a bunch of withered flowers,  
The ivy twining round the window frame,  
The noiseless floor where oft his feet had trod,  
The motes of dust that danced within the light, —  
All was so dead, so dead; — and nothing stirred  
Save at the pane an idly buzzing fly,  
And in his cage the blithe canary-bird,  
That hopped and pecked, and wondering looked at me.  
The golden flecks of sunset on the wall  
Moved high and higher till they touched his cage

With purple light, — the little bird burst forth  
In loud, rejoicing song, and I in tears. —

The morning sun was in the room, — I woke, —  
I knew it was a dream, — I knew my life  
Was heavier than the burden of my dream, —  
— I had not won, I had not loved nor lost.

*Sonnet.*

From out eternal silence do we come;  
Into eternal silence do we go;  
For was there not a time, and swift or slow,  
Must come again, when all this world's loud hum  
Was naught to us, and must again grow dumb  
Through all eternity? — Between two low,  
Dark, stony portals, with much empty show  
Of tinkling brass and sounding fife and drum,  
The endless caravan of life moves on;  
Or whence or whither, to what destiny,  
But He who dwells beyond the furthest dawn  
Knows, yet reveals not evermore, even He  
In silence wrapt, though deepest thunders roll,  
Save for his deathless message to our soul!

We had occasion a year or two since to notice a book of agreeable verse called "The Romance of the Unexpected." The author, David Skaats Foster, now publishes a revised and enlarged edition of this, with the title *Rebecca the Witch*,<sup>2</sup> from the leading poem. It is rare to find any one nowadays who can tell a good tale in verse, — sonnets, and songs, and "impressions," and "bits" are what we write, and write pretty well now, — and it is something of a distinction to Mr. Foster that he does it indisputably well. There is perhaps not so very much poetry about it, speaking in a serious sense; but there is enough ease and spirit to keep the narrative from seeming ever to fall below the dignity due to the metrical form, and the stories are pleasant reading. There are also some descriptive and meditative poems of not more than fair merit, and a few of what would be classed as society verse. One or two of these last had already become somewhat familiar as fugitive verse, — especially "The Death-bed of Mrs. O'Fla-

<sup>2</sup> *Rebecca the Witch, and other Tales in Metre.* By David Skaats Foster. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

herty" and "Madeline on Base-ball." The best of the tales are too long to quote entire, but perhaps it is fairer to quote one in a mutilated fashion, than to select one of the far less characteristic sonnets or brief meditations.

*Paquita.*

It was night and we were anchored  
Off the town of Fernandina ;  
Miles above, we saw the beacon  
Shine from old Ramiro's landing  
Like a star, across the water ;  
And up spoke the captain, saying :

" I have seen the fair Paquita,  
She who came, enthralled, and left us  
At St. Augustine last winter ;  
I have braved the fierce old Argus,  
Braved the anger of Ramiro,  
I have come, and seen, and conquered."

Then with tone and laugh derisive  
Answered straightway Randolph Gordon :  
" You are still an empty boaster.  
I myself have seen Paquita,  
And the month shall scarce have ended  
Ere I ask you to our wedding."

While they spoke I sat in silence,  
Though my heart was strangely tortured,  
For I too had known Paquita,  
When she came to St. Augustine,  
And her face rose up before me,  
Dark and sad, with eyes love-lighted,

As she looked when last we parted,  
When she promised to remember.  
" Theirs," thought I, " are idle vauntings ;  
I myself will seek Ramiro's,  
And Paquita, she shall tell me  
If 'twas all an idle fancy."

As I watched Ramiro's beacon,  
On my way across the water,  
All at once it paled and vanished.  
When I came on deck the captain  
Had departed none knew whither.  
'Twas a night of strange surprises.

Strange surprises, never ending,  
For at dawn 'twas found that Gordon,  
In some curious way, had vanished.  
That day passed, another followed,  
And at night there came two letters.—  
This is what the captain wrote me:

" Love has triumphed, Will ! *Paquita*  
*Fled last night with me to Charleston !*  
Old Ramiro would have killed her,  
So she said, if he had caught us.

Please inform the proud Castilian,  
And condole with Randolph Gordon."

Gordon wrote me from Savannah :  
" Will ! *Paquita's mine ! We came here*  
*On the boat which leaves at midnight.*  
How she loved me ! how she trembled  
Lest our flight should rouse Ramiro !  
I'm so sorry for the captain !"

Rage, despair, and doubt possessed me  
At these tidings, so conflicting.  
Were there really two Paquitas ?  
Was my love returned by neither ?  
With these tidings to Ramiro,  
With these letters straight I hastened.

Loud and long laughed Don Ramiro, —  
Laughed until his face grew purple ;  
In the doorway something rustled,  
And I looked and saw — Paquita ;  
Saw her standing like a statue,  
With a statue's rounded outlines.

Speech came back to Don Ramiro,  
Speech came back, though slow and broken :  
" With the captain fled Aurora ;  
Inez now is Madam Gordon ;  
Was it not the poor old father  
Got them ready for the journey ?

" They not know I have three daughters.  
Yes, Señor ! born all the same time.  
Is it twins ? No ? What you call them ?  
And Paquita's all that's left me.  
She, Señor, will make the best wife ;  
You can have her if you want her."

Verse of very respectable quality, too, is that of Miss Marietta Holley, — or " Josiah Allen's Wife," for the pseudonym is preserved on the title-page. These *Poems*<sup>1</sup> are printed in a handsome volume, with decorated cover, heavy pages, engraved frontispiece by W. Hamilton Gibson, and excellent photogravures from other artists, whose signatures are not given, but whose work is good. The poems are modest, earnest, and natural, with a little moralizing vein, a good deal of domesticity, and not over-much originality ; easy and pleasant in versification, with a fair sense of beauty throughout. The opening poem, with its delicate suggestion of apology, is as good a bit of verse as there is among

<sup>1</sup> Poems. By " Josiah Allen's Wife." (Marietta Holley.) Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.



them. It would have been better had the moral been left to the reader's intelligence by omission of the last stanza.

*What Makes the Summer?*

'Tis not the lark's clear tone  
Cleaving the morning air with a soaring cry,  
Nor the nightingale's dulcet melody all the balmy  
night —

Not these alone

Make the sweet sounds of summer ;

But the drone of beetle and bee, the murmurous  
hum of the fly,

And the chirp of the cricket hidden out of sight —

These help to make the summer.

Not roses redly blown,

Nor golden lilies, lighting the dusky meads.

Nor proud, imperial pansies, nor queen-cups quaint  
and rare —

Not these alone

Make the sweet sights of summer ;

But the countless forest leaves, the myriad wayside  
weeds

And slender grasses, springing up everywhere —

These help to make the summer.

One heaven bends above ;

The lowliest head oft times hath sweetest rest ;

O'er song-bird in the pine, and bee in the ivy low,

Is the same love, it is all God's summer ;

Well pleased is He if we patiently do our best.

So hum, little bee, and low green grasses grow,

You help to make the summer.

We have next two very ambitious enterprises in the way of new renderings : one a new translation<sup>1</sup> of Dante's *Divine Comedy* ; the other a new rendering<sup>2</sup> of *David's Psalms*.

The translation of Dante is a scholarly one, by a Dante enthusiast, who provides each chapter with careful notes, from which he compels himself to exclude so much he would like to say, that he proposes to accompany the translation with a critical commentary in another volume. For the translation itself, its special quality is that it is rhymed in stanzas, following closely the original ; the author believing " that the form is so

inseparable from the soul of the work as to compel the translator to accept all the risks involved in the effort to represent it." " The author is aware that he subjects himself, by this course, to severe criticism ; but since in translation, especially in the translation of a great national work, so much that is characteristic of the original is sure to be lost, it is hoped that one may be pardoned for putting himself under bonds, and denying himself the freedom which inevitably leads to the expression of too much of the translator's personality. Fidelity to the Italian poet has therefore been the *jus et norma* of the translator's dealing with the text."

It is not worth while to enter into a discussion of the soundness of this doctrine. To follow through so long a poem with anything like a close translation is a work to tax the greatest poet, and really good long translations are notably rare ; to follow in addition to the sense the structure of the original closely would inevitably result in mechanical and visibly forced verse, in anyone's hands. It does not fail to in Mr. Wilstach's. Still, considering the enormous difficulty of the undertaking, he has done remarkably well to put the hundred cantos into as respectable verse as he has ; and there is truth in his doctrine that something of the spirit of the original vanishes in the changing of a metre, — something that is restored by putting the translation into even inferior verse that corresponds in form. It is a good thing for Dante students to have this version to use, even if only as supplementing others. A few stanzas will show its character. It is very even throughout in the versification.

*Purgatorio*, xxx, 18-48.

And " Blessed art thou who comest," was their  
hail,

And as fair flowers they scattered they did sing :

" High-heaped in plenteous handfuls lilies bring !"

I have beheld ere now, when dawn would pale

The eastern hemisphere's tint of roseate sheen,

And all the opposite heaven one gem serene,

<sup>1</sup> The *Divine Comedy* of Dante, in English Verse. By John Augustine Wilstach. In two volumes. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.

<sup>2</sup> The *Psalms* in English verse. By Abraham Coles. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1888.

And the uprising sun beneath such powers  
Of vapory influence tempered that the eye  
For a long space its fiery shield could try :

E'en embosomed in a cloud of flowers,  
Which from those hands angelical upward played,  
And roseate all the car triumphal made,  
And showered a snow-white veil with olive bound,  
Appeared a Lady, green her mantle, name  
Could not describe her robe, unless 't were flame.  
And mine own spirit, which the past had found  
Often, within her presence, free from awe,  
And which could never from me trembling draw,  
And sight no knowledge giving me at this time,

Through hidden virtue which from her came  
forth,  
Of ancient love felt now the potent worth.  
As soon as on my vision smote sublime  
The heavenly influence that, ere boyhood's days  
Had fled, had thrilled me, and awoke my praise,  
Unto the leftward turned I, with that trust  
Wherewith a little child his mother seeks,  
When fear his steps controls and tear-stained  
cheeks,

To say to Virgil : " All my blood such gust  
Of feeling moves as doth man's bravery tame ;  
I feel the traces of the ancient flame."

The new rendering of the psalms is a painstaking piece of work, by a Doctor Coles (not D. D., but M. D.), who has already produced thirteen original versions of the *Dies Iræ*, a versified account of the " Life and Teachings of our Lord," and a good deal of metrical metaphysics. This versification of the psalms has been a work to occupy not unworthily his leisure, and though there is no especial merit in any one of the results, many of them might find place in hymn books without being worse than others already there. For instance :

God is great, and only great ;  
Be his praise proportionate !  
In the City of our God,  
In the place of his abode,  
In the Mount of Holiness,  
Magnify His name and bless !

Compass Zion, she is ours ;  
Walk about her ; count her towers ;  
Mark her bulwarks ; note ye well  
All her palaces, to tell  
To your sons her strength and pride ;  
God till death will be our Guide.

This, however, is scarcely excusable, especially as the author claims to follow the text closely :

Besotted pupil in that school,  
The darkened reason of a fool !—  
He, proud of his ancestral clod,  
Saith in his heart, " There is no God."

And this again :

Who shall inhabit, Lord, thy Tent?  
How nobly born ? Of what descent ?  
Who in thy Holy Mount abide,  
To what imperial race allied ?

Some good notes on the psalms, and a bibliography of former English metrical versions, are prefixed.

We should not close this chapter without mentioning some noteworthy new editions, and collections of former verse. *Fifty Years of English Song* is published in four volumes, and covers the Victorian period to date. The first volume contains selections from the poets who came over into the Victorian period from the early part of the century, — Wordsworth and Southey, and their contemporaries ; the next, the poets whose rank was taken in the first half of the period, — Tennyson and the Brownings of course pre-eminent ; the third, those whose fame belongs chiefly or entirely to the last half, as Arnold and Stevenson. Each of these volumes contains also some one special group, — as the Irish nationalist poets, the writers of society verse ; and the fourth volume is given up to the pre-Raphaelites, the ballad and song writers, and the religious poets. The classification is not as hard to follow out as one might suppose, for the groups are not arbitrarily made, and the poems then forced into one or another, but are founded on the divisions that a study of the period shows its poetry naturally falling into, and it

<sup>1</sup> *Fifty Years of English Song*. Edited and arranged by Henry F. Randolph. New York : Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Geo. C. McConnell.



will prove convenient to the reader. In fact, the collection is something of a student's, intended rather to give one who desires it a conspectus of the Victorian poets than to be a "treasury" of favorite poems for a household: the selections from each poet run very largely to illustrative extracts from his long poems; the minor and quite unheard of poets have their place,—to such an extent that the editor acknowledges obligation for the use of E. C. Stedman's Victorian library, evidently for access to volumes too obscure to be easily found outside a specialist's collection; brief, modest, and serviceable biographical and bibliographical notes, and an index of pseudonyms, as well as the ordinary indexes, are appended. It will be a very serviceable aid to teachers of literature in conducting the study of the period.

A very important work is the new, "definitive edition," as the publishers call it, of Whittier. It is called the "Riverside Edition," and is almost identical in binding and typography with the beautiful "Riverside Edition" of Browning, issued by the same firm a year ago. Like that, it has had the author's revision and arrangement; and like that, it is to one who desires clear and beautiful typography without decoration an almost ideal edition. The superiority of these books to the old "blue and gold" or "red-line" editions that used to be thought so fine, shows a most creditable advance in American book-making; the more welcome since it is not simply an advance in luxuriousness of make-up, such as is so evident in the splendid illustrated holiday books of the day, but tends, rather, to more simplicity, joined with a nice sense of the

possibilities of beauty in the plain elements of a book,—in the right choice of texture and tone in the paper, of form and spacing in type, of proportions in the page.

This edition of Whittier is to be in seven volumes, of which four are already issued. The arrangement is chronological, but with a cross-arrangement by subject. Thus, the first volume contains narrative and legendary poems, beginning with *The Vaudois Teacher*, dated 1830, and ending with a Danish legend, dated 1888. The second volume contains first, poems of nature, running from 1830 to 1886; then subjective and reminiscent poems; and then religious poems. The third volume has the anti-slavery poems and poems of labor; and the fourth, personal poems, occasional poems, and *The Tent on the Beach*.

This cross-classification is to us a very satisfactory arrangement; the chronological order in a poet's work is always of great biographical interest, and full of really important suggestions on the development of style, while the division into a few leading classes of subjects helps, instead of hindering, the reader's perception of growth and change. In the case of Whittier's poetry, too, there is a historic continuity in the poems on public subjects, desirable to preserve, and to preserve uninterrupted by the poems on other subjects. It seems always to be found difficult to make these classifications by subject very exact; narrative poems will be found under the head of religious, and religious under that of narrative; but in the present case the poet's own hand in the arrangement has given us ground for confidence that the element which was really the motive of the poem has decided its place. Each one is dated with the date at which it was written, as nearly as the writer's memory and the date of publication can fix it. The poems of early volumes that Mr. Whittier has omitted

<sup>1</sup> Whittier's Poetical Works, I. Narrative and Legendary Poems. II. Poems of Nature: Poems Subjective and Reminiscent: Religious Poems. III. Anti-slavery Poems: Poems of Labor. IV. Personal Poems: Occasional Poems: *The Tent on the Beach*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by S. Carson & Co.

from later editions, such as "Mogg Megone," he has consented to have restored in an appendix to the fourth volume for the sake of completeness, saying sweetly in an author's preface that he knows he must take the consequences of literary as well as of other sins. These date back as far as 1825. To each volume is prefixed a portrait of the poet: the first is an etching from a painting of 1836; the second an engraving from a most attractive painting of 1846, which gives the poet a personal beauty wanting in any other portrait we have seen; the third an engraving from a photograph of 1855, familiar in early editions of his works; and the fourth one from a photograph of 1885, not previously published, so far as we know. The indexes are good and thorough, and notes are appended to each volume. The lapse of years has made it possible for these to contain occasionally items of interest regarding the history of the poems themselves. Thus we are told that The Vaudois Teacher was translated into French quite early, without the name of the author, found its way to the Vaudois congregations, among whom it was adopted and had been popular for a quarter of a century, when a friend of the poet chanced to come across it there and made known to them the history and authorship of their anonymous favorite.

Another collection, in the same pleasing binding of plain olive, is *Early and Late Poems*,<sup>1</sup> of Alice and Phœbe Cary. It seems that the collection current as the "Poems of Alice and Phœbe Cary" never contained all the fugitive writings of the sisters, which they had taken no pains to preserve. A few of their later poems, in various periodicals, were thus omitted from it; and the whole of their first collection, which had been long out of print, besides other scattered poems of the period before their established

poetic reputation. That the sisters, as their literary training became more fastidious, knew very well what they were about in letting these earlier poems drop out of sight, one is impressed in turning over the leaves. The publishers' preface says that several of their most popular poems are among these omitted ones, and instances "Pictures of Memory." The mention of this sentimental jingle illustrates perfectly what we mean. We have read it over again twice in a vain effort to find *why* people should value such verses, yet with a perfectly clear perception that there is something in it that will "take" with very young girls, and with other naïvely sentimental people. The earlier taste of Alice Cary was evidently of a profoundly elegiac order, and an almost unbroken succession of Jessie Carrolls and Annie Clayvilles and Nelly Grays pine away and die in the pages given to narrative poems. Yet these elegies are always reasonably simple and sincere, and sometimes there is a good ballad among them. The arrangement of the poems, however, is not chronological, and we have an impression that the best ballad, "Pierre Ravenal" was not of early date.

There are nearly two hundred of Alice Cary's poems here, (only sixteen of her sister's,) and according to the publishers' notice these are only the best and most popular, selected from among those hitherto omitted from the published "Works" of the Carys. This is not so very great a number of poems in a lifetime, as poets go; but there is no prolific poet's fame, not even the greatest, that might not be the better if he had written somewhat less. The Cary sisters certainly had not a sufficient poetic endowment to spread out so thin. There may be some superstition in the belief that by writing less a poet will necessarily better the average quality of what he does write; yet if Alice Cary especially had cultivated a sterner fastidiousness, her poetic reputation would stand higher,

<sup>1</sup> *Early and Late Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary.*  
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For Sale  
in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



and her poems would be fewer and shorter. She often strikes a note exceedingly fine, as in the opening of the poem on "Lights of Genius."

These are the pillars, on whose tops  
The white stars rest like capitals,

and then the strength fades out in dilution. She was capable of a sustained fastidiousness of diction and undilute thought, and there are a number of poems in this collection that show it. This perhaps as quotably as any :

*Sorrow.*

All the long weary day  
When I my tune would play,  
He maketh sad stops in my sweetest reed ;  
And when the daylight ceases  
He breaketh up my sleep to little pieces,  
And thereupon doth feed.

Alway at my spare feast,  
Ere yet the meat I taste,  
He cometh, and beside my board doth sit,  
And giveth me such looks  
As though that he were drawing with sharp  
hooks

The marrow out of it.

I may no longer use  
Such colors as I choose —  
Scarlet or lively green to be my gowns,  
For still he letteth fall  
His salt and bitter tears on one and all,  
Fading my reds to browns.

The littlest room of all  
My house is not so small  
But there he maketh space and doth abide ;  
O friends, for pity's sake,  
Out of your love a secret chamber make,  
And therein let me hide.

For all the weary day,  
When I my tune would play,  
He maketh sad stops in my sweetest reed ;  
And when the daylight ceases,  
He breaketh up my sleep to little pieces,  
And thereupon doth feed.

The same publishers send out a beautiful little olive and white volume of *Romances, Lyrics, and Sonnets*<sup>1</sup> from

Mrs. Browning, a companion to a similar one from Browning issued last holiday season. They make a pretty pair, but the selections here are not as satisfactory as in the former volume. The truth is, a certain number of Browning's lyrics point themselves out for such selecting. Everybody must read them, and everybody must care for them ; and the line between these and the others, which are by no means easily read or cared for, is perfectly plain. Never was a poet more to the purpose of the anthologist. In selecting from Mrs. Browning, however, one falls into the usual difficulty of anthologists ; he is sure to leave out some of each reader's favorites, and put in some that each reader is quite indifferent to. Here, for instance, is a book of romances and lyrics of Mrs. Browning, with neither "Mother and Poet," nor "A Valediction" in it ; and one looks in vain for some of the most notable of the sonnets.

Mr. Henry Johnson publishes an edition<sup>2</sup> of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* for the use of students, in facsimile reprint from the first folio, with "footnotes giving every variant in spelling and punctuation occurring in the two quartos of 1600, according to the perfect copies of the original texts in the Boston collection, Boston Public Library." Facsimiles in photo-lithography of the first two editions have already been issued in London ; and the folio edition, reprinted at present, was the third publication of the play. The editor asks, "Why should not the study of Shakspeare, at least in universities, begin with putting into the student's hands all the textual facts ? . . . It seems too much to assume that the grounds on which a word or a phrase is generally rejected as not Shakspeare's are either so profound or so delicate as to be beyond the judgment

<sup>1</sup> *Romances, Lyrics, and Sonnets*, from the poetic works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Facsimile Reprint from the Folio of 1623. Edited by Henry Johnson. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1888. For Sale in San Francisco by S. Carson & Co.

of any student." If by a "university" student is meant the graduate special student, Mr. Johnson is manifestly right: he should certainly know on what grounds the Shakspeareans are telling him that Shakspeare did or did not write thus or so; he should understand the methods of minute verbal investigation, and even if he has no intention of making such himself should follow carefully at least one research of the sort, that the results of similar ones may be more intelligently received by him thereafter. And to do this, he should have just such apparatus for study as this reprint affords. Original copies of the first folio are not always easily to be seen by students, and we believe that even facsimiles of it are rare; nor is a single copy in the library of his university convenient for a student's use. But if Mr. Johnson designs his book for ordinary undergraduate work in our universities, by candidates for bachelors' degrees, we should answer his question by saying, "Only because a four years' course is not long enough to take up such studies without crowding out something more important." A good teacher might very advantageously give his class a few lect-

ures, a subject for theme work, or similar brief glance at the subject of methods of textual investigation in Shakspeare; but that would not call for the use in the classroom of such a book as the present one, serviceable though it would be as a reference book in the library, and on the teacher's desk. For such uses, and for private Shakspeare libraries, it justifies the great care that has been spent in its preparation. In addition to the laborious compilation of variants, it contains some useful notes.

And finally, one more new edition, a small and pretty one, of Moore's *Irish Melodies*<sup>1</sup>, in the series of "Knickerbocker Nuggets,"—a series that we have had occasion to mention several times before, praising the attractive little volumes in which it is presenting various classics, prose and verse. This volume of Moore is called "illustrated," but more properly speaking, decorated, with conventional outline forms in pale blue wreathing every page.

<sup>1</sup> *Irish Melodies and Songs*. By Thomas Moore. Knickerbocker Nuggets. New York: G. P. Putman's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

## RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

In this day of small things, it is to be expected that an increased number of biographies would be put upon the market. The tendency toward realism, so-called, in all departments of literary work has so affected the public standards that much that is of small practical value passes current simply because it is set forth with a photographic accuracy of detail which forbids question as to its truth.

The end proposed by the realist—the

solving of the problems of life by careful study of its realities—is both a laudable and an honest one. But the realist that side-tracks his purpose to examine everything that is true, simply because it is true, is liable to find himself behind time in arriving at definite and valuable conclusions.

Half knowledge, that danger of general education, seems to have taken a strong hold on the life of the civilized world. The small man, growing up among



smaller men, makes his little success, lifts his head for the moment above the heads of his local community, and then passes away. The smaller men, sufficiently educated to understand his success, but without the good taste or the good judgment to understand that outside of his community he would have no prominence over a hundred other men, invest him with a local reputation. And after a little while one of them—generally a loving son or devoted wife—writes a biography of the little great man and sends it broadcast over the land, in most pathetic ignorance of its relative importance.

Mr. Ruskin was not far wrong when he said that "modern education has devoted itself to the teaching of impudence." And equally to the point is his illustration: "Look at Mr. Robert Stephenson," we tell a boy, "and at Mr. James Watt and Mr. William Shakspeare! You know you are every bit as good as they; you have only to work as they did and you will infallibly arrive at the same eminence." And yet in that one possibility of its doing good by lifting some small mind out of itself and into the effort to besomething higher and better, lies the one excuse for much of the biography now published.

Two cases directly to the point are the lives of John B. Finch<sup>1</sup> and Reverend George C. Haddock.<sup>2</sup>

Both are books with a purpose. Neither have any literary value, but fill from three to four hundred pages with minute details concerning these men and their preceding generations, together with extracts from their speeches and published work. Both were good men and enthusiastic in temperance reform. Of the two, Mr. Haddock possessed by far the stronger personality. He was

essentially a "one-ideal" man. Of small education, he had a remarkable facility of speech, a keen and trenchant use of satire, and an earnestness of purpose that made him a formidable opponent when temperance questions were in debate.

Of Mr. Finch the only things of importance that can be said are that he was an earnest man, established a large number of Good Templar lodges throughout the middle West, and died of heart disease while on his road to establish another farther on. Mr. Haddock, however, has a better claim to immortality, in that among temperance people his tragic death has won for him the title of martyr. There is no doubt but he was murdered by roughs because of the temperance crusade he was leading. There is no doubt but the reform sought was a proper one, and further that what he did was done from a firm personal conviction of its necessity. But the fact remains that his methods were such that he brought his death needlessly upon himself. So long as he confined himself to principles there was no trouble nor cause for alarm. But it was not in the man to avoid particulars. Like Socrates he never hesitated to mortify mercilessly a man, if he thought it for that man's and the public's best good. Day after day he dissected the personal character of those who did not agree with him, until the popular feeling became such that, as in the case of Socrates, the community rose up and made an end of him. What was said by both of these reformers was undoubtedly true, but it is equally true that men cannot be brought to love the truth by being angered; and a fair review of either case leaves one with the feeling that it is a matter of wonder that the community so long bore with him. Probably the best use which these books will serve will be as convenient compendiums of arguments for lecturers in the temperance work.

Another of this same class is the *Bench*

<sup>1</sup> John B. Finch. *His Life and Work*. By Frances E. Finch and Frank J. Sibley. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of Reverend George C. Haddock*. By Frank C. Haddock. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1888.

*and Bar in California*,<sup>1</sup> a compendium of local biography, written in newspaper style, and giving in bright, anecdotal form the peculiarities and characteristics of local lawyers. As many of the men noticed are still alive, the notices follow the general rule in such cases, and are more eulogistic than critical. It will be a book to be kept on file in newspaper offices for handy reference in writing obituary notices of these men as they pass away. It is pleasant reading, however, and probably was not intended to be of permanent historical value.

It is a relief to turn from such as these to a group of five memoirs, which are at once valuable and interesting. Four of them deal with people whose brilliancy of intellect or successful achievement entitle them to universal consideration. The fifth,<sup>2</sup> though its subject was more obscure in the extent of his reputation, is fully justified in its existence by the attractive personality of the man himself. The life of Fleeming Jenkin reads more like a novel than a biography; that is, in reading it one feels the same quickening influence, the same stirring of the better feelings, the same impression of being put in touch with one's fellows in their sympathies and aspirations, that it is the special mission of the novel to impart. Few men in these later days have had his courage in living up to their ideals. A confirmed optimist, he had the strictest rules of conduct for himself, and never seems to have found out that he might have cut loose from them as he allowed others to do. His attitude towards life was pathetically brave, and while a poor man, young and with his battle to fight, he settled down to the contest with the dogged perseverance we denominate heroic, confident from the start that if he persevered there was no question as to the end. At first

an engineer, he turned his attention to electrical applications, — especially telegraphic cables — then attracting attention in the scientific world, and by sheer pluck and application lifted himself to reputation and a competency.

It was not this success, however, but the man himself that was remarkable. Even Mr. Ruskin would approve as an example a man who, when in his darkest days, separated from his family, sick, and in pecuniary trouble, could write to his wife on the occasion of her removing their sick child from town: "The country will give us, please God, health and strength. I will love and cherish you more than ever, you shall go where you wish, you shall receive whom you wish, — and as for money, you shall have that too. I cannot be mistaken. I have now measured myself with many men. I do not feel weak. I do not feel that I shall fail. In many things I have succeeded, and I will in this. And meanwhile the time of waiting, which, please God, shall not be so long, shall also not be so bitter. Well, well, I promise much, and do not know at this moment how you and the dear child are. If he is but better, courage, my girl, for I see light."

The same spirit speaks in the following reference to his work: "I do like this bloodless, painless combat with wood and iron, forcing the stubborn rascals to do my will, licking the clumsy cubs into an active shape, seeing the child of today's thought working tomorrow in full vigor at his appointed task."

No one ever got more real pleasure out of life than Fleeming Jenkin. He was almost childish in his openness to impression. "If I don't cry at a play," he says, "I want to have my money back." He was concerned about everything that was a part of life. His children found him more interested than themselves in all their childish plans and sports. To his wife, from their courtship till his death, he remained the same constant and devoted lover.

<sup>1</sup>Bench and Bar in California. By Oscar T. Shuck. San Francisco. The Occident Printing House. 1887-8.

<sup>2</sup>Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



It is so seldom that a memoir is written simply to commemorate that its hero was a man, that this book would be notable for that reason alone. But further than that, this man was so lovable and worthy of imitation, so good yet withal so strong, that when in the usual way it closes with his death, one feels that in reading of this man he has made and lost a friend.

The biography of Madame de Stael<sup>1</sup> has suffered in some respects because its author is a woman. The charm in the character of the professionally unfortunate French woman seems to be singularly incomprehensible to the feminine mind. Miss Duffy has presented with conscientious fidelity every detail of her life. The account is as succinct as an invoice. But of the whimsical femininity, the honest candor, the impressionable enthusiasm, the marvelous spontaneity in matters of the heart, which rendered Madame de Stael at once the delight and the despair of her male contemporaries, there is almost nothing. She was of most brilliant and remarkable intellect. But a man would have found the key note to her character by touching the romantic rather than the intellectual chords. From its own standpoint, however, it is well done. The literary workmanship is good, and enough of anecdote is sprinkled through to lighten up the pages and sustain the interest fairly to the end.

In characterizing the type of an American gentleman, small place would be found for comparison with Samuel Rodgers.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Howells, to be sure, in the elder Cory has drawn a type that approximates somewhat to this ideal, but fortunately or unfortunately the Corys are the exception rather than the rule in American society. Samuel Rodgers

was the typical gentleman of the last century. Only in its atmosphere of artificiality would he have existed at all. The man whose blood never stirred above normal heat on account of a woman, who could spend his whole time in writing and re-writing the same poem for seven years so as to give it the necessary polish in style before publication, the man who during the day prepared and committed to memory his conversation for the evening; even going so far as to arrange with others to lead up the talk so that he might deliver a *bon-mot* successfully, does not seem somehow to have a place in the active, stirring life of today. Yet there is a side to him that the American gentleman would do well to pattern after. The kindly gentleness of his manner, his universal courtesy toward all about him, his faculty of always doing the right thing in the right place, and of always being at his ease, are talents not as much honored as they ought to be in this newer civilization. Singularly enough he was not a man of leisure until late in life. Mr. Clayden has included copious extracts from his diaries, which are the most charming part of the book because of the pictures of manners and men which they contain.

There is much about any biography of Abraham Lincoln<sup>3</sup> that is extremely pathetic. "The eternal note of sadness" runs through it from beginning to end. In spite of the flashes of humor and the keen turns of satire that illuminate all that he said and did, the ruling impression connects him with the serious things of life. And this, too, aside from the consideration of his tragic death. The pathos of poverty and riches inseparably go with him. The more simple the way in which his life is told, the more strongly does this appear. In this book for chil-

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Stael. By Bella Duffy. (Famous Women Series.) Boston : Roberts Bros. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> The Early Life of Samuel Rodgers. By P. W. Clayden. Boston : Roberts Bros. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> Abraham Lincoln : A Biography for Young People. By Noah Brooks. New York and London : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

dren the directness with which one leading incident follows another, the suppression of all minor details, the conscientious analysis of motives that make the reasons for the actions plain to the most childish reader, all combine to bring out this quality in the strongest way. Children will be better for reading it, and further, they will like to read it.

The most important biography historically that has of late been issued is that of Mitchell, the astronomer and general.<sup>1</sup> The first half of the book deals with the establishment of the astronomical observatory at Cincinnati, and the herculean labors connected therewith. Where Mitchell's own notes are given, the account is terse, vigorous, and interesting. Where his biographer speaks the grade drops far below the level of good English, and there is a marked lack of judgment in the selection of important incidents in his life.

The last half of the book, however, is the important one. General Mitchell had command of the division which occupied East Tennessee and Kentucky during that dark period early in the war of the rebellion when the Northern generals were acquiring by bitter experience the theoretical knowledge of warfare

they should have had at the beginning. The jealousies and heartburnings of the different generals have been widely aired of late years, and in this book the son of General Mitchell attempts to establish that his father was an unappreciated and ill-used man. General Mitchell was undoubtedly an able officer. But he lacked the judicial calmness that alone could make him a great and reliable leader of men. He acted impulsively, and over and over sent in his resignation because he was not allowed to dictate the plan of campaign. Even his biographer admits that he disobeyed orders, and disregarding the most fundamental military rule,—invariable obedience to superiors,—attempted by communicating direct with Washington to gain his ends over the head of his superior officer. Aside from this impulsiveness he was a brave and useful soldier. He never was in command of a large force, but with the small army under his orders he did prompt and successful service, and was justly popular with the people of the country, who mourned his death as few other generals of his time were mourned. The historical data in the book, however, must be taken with due allowance for the fact that the writer was the son of the general, and wrote with the bias necessary to prove a particular point.

<sup>1</sup> Ormsby Macknight Mitchell, Astronomer and General. By F. A. Mitchel. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888.





## ETC.

THE past year has not been marked by conspicuous events in the world's history. The terrible changes in the reigning family in Germany, the break-down of the De Lesseps canal, the presidential election, and the entire exclusion of Chinese labor in this country, are perhaps the only ones that would go into an elementary history. They are all events affecting the course of civilization, whose full results will be unfolding from year to year. Less conspicuous, but perhaps of more importance in the country's history than the change in the national government, is the first step taken toward the adoption of ballot reform by the passage of an excellent law in Massachusetts. In the civil service reform, a great advance has been made by the extension of the law to railway postal clerks. This was one of the things that the reform association has been urging for some years as immediately needed. The extension of the civil service by gradual steps to all offices that could properly be brought under it, and the repeal of the four years' law, have long been the two things on the programme of the association for immediate effort. There seems no present prospect of repeal of the four years' law, nor any public sympathy or interest in the matter; but the disposition to protect the clerical service by the extension of the Pendleton law strengthens every year.

THE year has seen several important events educationally: most notably, two gifts of several million dollars each one for the education of the negro in the South, and the other for industrial education in Philadelphia. The opening of Columbia College to women, by the "annex" system, is another step of a good deal of importance; and is thrown the more into prominence by the distinguished records made by women in England and America at the commencement season preceding. A new women's college has been opened in Baltimore, more or less under the wing of Johns Hopkins University, but we do not hear of its endowments, and do not know whether it is destined to be much of an institution. On our own coast, the presidency of the State University has at last been filled with the promise and expectation of permanency, and to the general satisfaction of the friends of the University.

THERE seems some hope that the dissatisfaction in San Francisco over the late municipal election,—the very general distrust of its honesty,—really means business at last. The influential dailies are beginning to ask for a revision of our registration and ballot laws, and to inquire into the methods of

other States. If the people of the city care enough for the matter to inquire into the text of the law recently adopted in Massachusetts and vetoed in New York, and if a knot of good citizens of all parties will make an effort to have some such reform agitated here, there will be a possibility of accomplishing something to put an end to this periodic discontent and distrust. When the people generally distrust the honesty of the verdict of the ballot, and yet do not feel able or anxious to do anything about it, it does not take an alarmist to see paralysis impending to our institutions.

THE periodic popular crazes over some book or author that strike English and American society are amusing, yet we cannot but think them rather improving, too. It is easy to get indignant over the amount of fashion and pretence there always is in them; and indeed, we fancy they are rarely spontaneous, but oftener born of some few people's honest enthusiasm, and of the leisure and restlessness of many minds. Thus Mr. Gladstone gave "Robert Elsmere" its following, and Mr. Howells created the Tolstoi cult in this country; English critics were guilty of the Haggard vogue of last year. But they serve none the less the purpose of getting a great number of people to read books that are oftener good than bad, and then to read and hear discussions about them. Probably a fair proportion of the Athenians who flocked to applaud Æschylus's last play or admire Praxiteles's new statue, did so because it was the fashion.

### The Character of David C. Broderick.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OVERLAND:

The praise, as I think undeserved, given to David C. Broderick in Volume VI, recently published, of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's "History of California," suggests to me that I should place upon enduring and conveniently accessible record in the OVERLAND MONTHLY, for the use of future writers on our local history, some material facts not hitherto mentioned in print, and others known to me exclusively. While Mr. Latham, Mr. Gwin, Mr. Colton, and Mr. Soule were living, I did not mention them as authorities, because they did not wish to be involved in controversy; but now that motive for silence has disappeared, and the reason for publicity prevails.

In my "History of San Francisco," which appeared in 1878, I gave an account of the character and career of Mr. Broderick; and as my estimate of him differed much from that accepted at the time by many of my fellow citizens in San Francisco, and

as it might subject me to severe censure in case of any serious error, I carefully studied all the obtainable authorities, and weighed the evidence with deliberation. Having read the printed accounts of his life, and the speeches made by himself and his opponents in the campaign of 1859, I wrote out his story, describing him as one of the worst samples of a very bad class, — the American political boss, — as the man under whose control the city administration of San Francisco had reached a most disgracefully corrupt condition in the spring of 1856, and against whose dominion the labors of the Vigilance Committee of that year were directed with signal and admirable success. That Committee is entitled, in my opinion, to enduring gratitude in the memory of our citizens, because for more than ten years it protected our municipal government against Broderick, his followers, and their like.

In speaking thus of his followers, I do not mean to convey the idea that all to whom that title might be given with some show of reason were corrupt. It is a necessary result of our political system that however base a partisan leader may be, he will have friends among respectable people numerous in proportion to his power over the multitude. These friends do not feel themselves in any manner bound to investigate carefully his methods of management, or responsible for his known trickery. By establishing the spoils system, with its opportunities for almost boundless political fraud, the government has delivered honest men into the power of unscrupulous managers. The California enemies of slavery extension were glad to have the influential aid of Mr. Broderick in their contest against the chivalry wing of the Democratic party, and so long as he aided them in their ends were not disposed to say much against his record, or the sincerity of his hostility to slavery. After his death, for the purpose of securing the co-operation of his faction, many Republicans, some in all sincerity, praised him as a pure and ardent patriot.

Having written out Mr. Broderick's story, as I conceived it, I submitted it before publication to the best living witnesses of the main events. I read it, or most of it, to Milton S. Latham, William M. Gwin, and G. Penn Johnston, on the chivalry side, and among the personal or political friends of Mr. Broderick, to Frank Soulé, Samuel Purdy, B. B. Redding, and D. D. Colton. Each of these had direct knowledge of material facts, and no one contradicted any other on a material point. In accordance with their suggestions I made many changes, none of much importance, and my story as it now stands is the result; but as it is the duty of the historian to condemn great political offenses and offenders, I asked and accepted no dictation or advice upon that point. Mr. Soulé and Mr. Redding esteemed Mr. Broderick more highly than I did, but they did not deny any material averment; and when they protested against the severity of my censure I was not

influenced in the least, high as was the personal regard which I had for them.

It will be recollected that Mr. Broderick's greatest triumph was in the senatorial election of 1857, when two federal senators were to be elected, one for a long and one for a short term. The legislature was Democratic, and of the Democratic members, Broderick had within three of a majority, the others being divided between Gwin, Latham, and Weller. On the 8th of January the Democratic members held a senatorial caucus, and Mr. Broderick, by telling some of Mr. Latham's friends that he would like to have that gentleman as his colleague in the senate, induced four of them to vote for him.

Secure of his own election, the boss now arranged to control the choice of his colleague in the manner most profitable to himself. The caucus, acting under his orders, having adjourned for five days, he sent for Mr. Gwin, deceived him with a story about desiring to have him as a companion in the senate, and offered to secure his election on condition that he, Gwin, would not attempt to influence the federal appointments in California, and would give a written promise to that effect. The chivalry leader fell into the trap, accepted the conditions, and wrote two papers, one addressed to Mr. Broderick, and the other to the people of the State, declaring that on account of the ingratitude of those whom he had helped into office, he would have nothing more to do with the federal patronage in California. This was on the night of January 10th.

The next night he sent for Mr. Latham, and by a similar fiction tried to get from him a similar written promise, but Mr. Latham would not sign his name to such a paper; and as a consequence Mr. Gwin was nominated and elected. What was Mr. Broderick's purpose in trying to get a written promise from Mr. Latham? The latter told me that J. M. Estell told him that Broderick intended, if he had the papers signed by both his chief rivals, to publish them in caucus, denounce the writers as unworthy of public confidence, and take advantage of the consequent confusion to have J. W. McCorkle elected senator. In my history I mentioned this statement of Estell's without giving it full credence, but subsequently it was confirmed by G. McCorkle through Edward McGowan, in the *San Francisco Evening Post* of March 1st, 1879.

In his account of the interview between Broderick and Latham, in reference to the nomination for the short senatorial term, Mr. Bancroft (VI. 707) says:

"Latham indeed made a show of stipulating that three, or at least one, of the most important offices should be at his disposal. This was perhaps because he had promised in writing that Frank Tilford should have the collector's office in the event of his election, but finding Broderick quite serious about the patronage being left to him, he caused this writing to be abstracted from Tilford's desk, complaint of which



being made to Broderick, the latter made his treatment of Tilford, who was his friend, as friends go in the political arena, a reason for deciding against Latham."

For his assertion of Mr. Latham's "show of stipulating" and theft of the letter, Mr. Bancroft gives no authority, and the latter charge is evidently incorrect, because there was only one interview between Broderick and Latham, and the matter was then decided. Latham had no time to send a thief to Tilford's desk, nor did Broderick have time to learn that a paper had been stolen. If Latham had abstracted the paper, his only motive would have been to put himself into such a position that he could again go to Broderick and give the written promise demanded at a second meeting; but nobody pretends that there was such a second meeting, or any arrangement for one. Besides, although Mr. Tilford had lost a paper, he publicly exonerated Mr. Latham from all blame, and nobody else is mentioned as having any direct knowledge of the affair.

Mr. Bancroft says that in 1859 there was an agreement or understanding among the chivalry men that some one of them should kill Mr. Broderick in a duel, a statement not supported by reference to any authority, and contrary to all the probabilities. The chivalry were triumphant, and it is the defeated who want such panacea to their wounded feelings. Besides, as a matter of policy nothing could be more dangerous to them than that they should drive a prominent political opponent into deadly fight. On the other hand it was the kind of a story that would in the nature of the case be invented after the fatal event by the friends of the victim. If people told nothing save the truth, or what they had good reason for believing to be the truth, the number of statements published by political newspapers would be much less than it is.

In the political campaign of 1859, Mr. Broderick was more violent in his language, more insulting in his manner, and more explicit and liberal in his charges of dishonesty, than any other leading public speaker. In the hearing of persons not his friends, he denounced Judge D. S. Terry as dishonest, and when challenged by D. W. Perley, Terry's friend, refused to fight because the challenger was not his equal in political position, and besides, he would not fight before the election. Such a letter written with the knowledge that it would be seen by others besides the recipient was intended to invite a challenge from Mr. Gwin,—his only equal in official position. He explained this purpose to Frank Soulé; he said he "wanted to kill old Gwin." Those were Mr. Broderick's words, as I obtained them from Mr. Soulé. He approved them before and after they were printed. When Broderick was trying to provoke a challenge from Gwin, and was publicly insulting Terry, and was speaking most abusively in public of Latham and various other prominent political ene-

mies, was it necessary to imagine that he was the innocent victim of a plot among the chivalry men to drive him into a duel?

Of Mr. Perley he spoke as "a little wretch," (Bancroft, VI, 725). He accused Latham of theft, (*ibid*, 707); Gwin according to him dripped "with corruption," (*ibid*, 730) and had "sold his followers" for the senatorship. Besides, Mr. Broderick spent much time in practice with a dueling pistol, and had become an excellent shot—at a target. Is this the conduct of an innocent man being driven into a position where he would be murdered? To me it looks like senseless fury inviting just punishment.

Mr. Bancroft says that Mr. Broderick was an "honest" man (VI, 734), a "burning, aspiring soul" (*ibid*, 735), "the purest man" in California (*ibid*, 733) and of "personal incorruptibility" (*ibid*, 734). While giving such high praise to the moral and emotional nature of the Tammany hero, he directly or indirectly admits every material charge made against him. He admits that Mr. Broderick's attempt to force the senatorial election a year before the proper time was "tricky" and "unfair,"—very mild adjectives for an offense so serious. He admits that Mr. Broderick sold the short senatorial term by a most disgraceful bargain; he admits that he tried to sell it a second time to Mr. Latham; he admits that after selling the senatorship, Mr. Broderick declared publicly that there was no bargain; he admits that Mr. Broderick said he wanted "to kill old Gwin." He does not deny that Mr. Broderick was the municipal boss, the overthrow of whose power was the most important benefit and chief glory of the Vigilance Committee of 1856; and that the prominence of that assertion in many public documents makes it the duty of every historian of California directly to admit or deny it.

It is worthy of note that of the prominent associates of Mr. Broderick in the Tammany faction of the California Democracy, not one of those who survived has undertaken to record and laud his political career. Among these men, Eugene Casserly, Royal T. Sprague, and B. B. Redding went to their graves in silence; John S. Hager, Loring Pickering, and Joseph W. McCorkle still live and preserve silence, as they have a right to do. Besides Mr. Bancroft, I remember only one writer for the press who has seriously undertaken to defend Mr. Broderick's memory with an appeal to historical evidence, and he is Edward McGowan. The main point in his argument, as given in the San Francisco *Evening Post* of March 3, 1879, is that "all is fair . . . in politics." A defense of character more damaging to the man defended has never come within my observation.

While thus expressing my dissent from Mr. Bancroft on one point, I take the opportunity to express my high estimate of the value of his history for reference. In my opinion it will outlive everything else

that has so far been written about California. He has collected such a multitude of details, his citations as to certain periods are so full, and as to many events he is so accurate, that no matter how unattractive he may be to the general reader, centuries will elapse before writers on the history of our State can afford to overlook Mr. Bancroft.

*John S. Hittell.*

### The Reverend John Craig.

My wife lay dying. And I, who had called on the Most High from beside so many death beds, could pray no longer.

I married her in no carnal desire, but because I thought I and she together could serve God better than she and I apart. There was no beauty in her face, other than the soft light of kindness and health of soul. But all the children in the village loved her, and after she became my wife I know I did more good than I had done before.

Then there came a child of our own, to love and to rear in the fear of God. But it was taken away, — and in that hour of our common sorrow I learned to love Mary so that she became more beautiful to me than the flowers. And still we did our work together in the village, I among the men and women, she among the children.

Then she fell ill. I fought death fiercely, and prayed to God unceasingly. But she grew weaker always, and at last my wife lay dying.

All my prayers and my nursing, all the tears of people who loved her, could not cool her hot head, — could not even make death easy to her.

I went into the empty church, where the cool light of the early morning shone through an opened blind, and the notes danced in a shaft of sunbeams over the table where the Bible lay. I threw the book on the floor, and standing on it I cried, "O Satan, I turn to thee, for God has failed me. I have much to offer thee, — the record of a long service of the unjust God, — a mind trained in turning men to God. Give me Mary's life, and I will devote my soul to thee. Only spare her, give her health, and let her still serve the God she loves, and whom henceforth I hate, and I will be thy servant forever."

I left the Bible lying there, open at the Twenty-third Psalm and torn by my heel, and went to Mary's room again.

"Hush," said her sister, "she is asleep, — the doctor says it will save her life. Give thanks to God, — he has been very good."

When she was quite well again, I told the people of the church that I was in need of rest, and they gave me four months in which to recover my strength. I had a brother, a missionary in the Fijis, and we thought it best to spend our vacation in going to visit him. We took passage in the bark *Seamew*, from San Francisco.

On the tenth night out from port I heard a great noise of tearing and crashing, and then a heavy shock threw us from our berths. I helped Mary up to the deck, and saw the mate standing there, cutting tobacco. It was bright moonlight.

"Well, Parson, you brought us parson's luck," said the mate. "The rest is off in a boat with her bows stove in, but I'd as lief drown here. The Dutch fool that run us down is a mile away by now, and showed no side-lights, cuss him."

He lit his pipe, and turned away to watch the water creeping up the sides of the vessel, — almost up to the deck now.

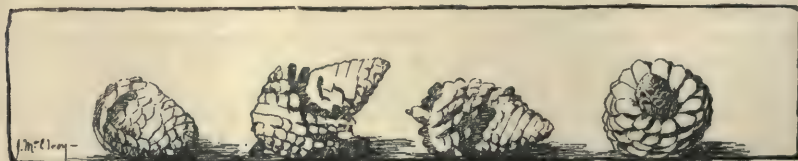
"Mary," I said, "we have not long to live. Kiss me."

She put her arms round my neck and said, "John, I must tell you something before the end comes. You used to say I loved you more with mother-love than anything else. But lately, since I have been ill, everything is changed with me. I love you now in a way that would have seemed wicked to me a year ago, — and, John, I am afraid I am not going to heaven. Something has gone wrong with me; I tell lies, and I think mean thoughts, and I have only pretended to say my prayers since I got well. I don't care, — as long as you love me, — I think it's because I worship you so that I have lost God. Don't turn from me, — I know I am not good enough to die by your side, darling, but I love you, — I love you."

The bark gave a sudden lurch by the bows, and we were in the sea. I saw Mary's face for a moment, but before I could swim to her she sank.

A boat from the German vessel picked me up. I am back in the village again, preaching and praying. And the mark of my heel is still on the Twenty-third Psalm.

*H. R. Haxton.*





## BOOK REVIEWS.

**Turner's Germanic Constitutions.**

THE knowledge concerning the constitution of the early German kingdom that is accessible to the reader who knows little German and less French is very limited. Hitherto he has depended almost exclusively on Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire." But Bryce looks at the development of the Germanic constitution from the Roman side of the Rhine; he stands in Rome, and views the Germans largely from the Roman point of view. The contribution<sup>1</sup> of Dr. Turner to our knowledge of this subject is therefore a valuable one. He gives us a connected and concise account of the institutions of the Germanic Empire from the time when the earliest German tribes began to appear upon the Rhenish boundaries of the Western Empire to the final dissolution of that anomalous and unique institution, the Holy Roman Empire, in the early days of the present century. For this purpose he divides the history into eight periods,—the primitive period, or period of tribal development, the Merovingian and Carolingian periods, the First and Second Feudal periods, and the periods of the Reformation, of Disintegration, and of Dissolution. The last two present little that is distinct in principle, the last marking the period of the culmination of the forces which were at work in the preceding one.

During the primitive period he shows the Germans divided into numerous barbarous tribes, devoted to war and the chase, and governing themselves by a system of primitive communism in which the king and military leader were chosen by election, and legislative and judicial power were exercised by the council of nobles and freemen. The second period was marked by the advance of the Franks to a foremost position among the Germans, and by the corresponding prominence of the kingly power. A new element had also come into the population, marking the beginning of the Roman influence, which later became so important in directing the constitutional development. The conversion of the tribes to Christianity brought with it the Christian clergy, and the superior respect which they immediately commanded is evidenced by the fact that in the social scale they ranked with the nobles and above the freemen. The supreme legislative and judicial power was assumed by the king, and the general assemblies of the people dropped into disuse. Local assemblies continued to be held, but their activity

was judicial rather than legislative. This period was further marked by the establishment of four court offices, destined at a later day to play an important rôle in the Empire, though their position was as yet honorary rather than active. These were the Steward, Butler, Marshal, and Chamberlain, enjoyed by the dukes of the Franks, Bavarians, Saxons, and Swabians, the four principal nations of the kingdom. The Carolingian period is dominated by the influence of Charlemagne, and marked by a great advance in the development of political institutions. The legislative and executive power was still exercised by the king, but the convening of two legislative assemblies yearly, though with simply advisory powers, marked an advance in the position of the nobility. The development of the system of immunities, by which the judicial power of the king was curtailed and passed over in part to the local nobility and ecclesiastics, was also a feature of this period, and was another evidence of the increasing power of the nobles.

The feudal period, extending from the dissolution of the Frank kingdom in 887 to the election of Charles V. in 1519, was divided into two periods by the Great Interregnum, 1257–1273, the first marking the supremacy of the kingly power, though limited and circumscribed by that of the princes, and the second the ascendancy of the electoral princes. The rule of hereditary succession, limited only by the failure of the direct line, governed in the selection of the king during the early feudal period, though this selection was ratified by the electoral princes. From the election of Rudolph in 1273, which marks the beginning of the second feudal period, the monarchy continued purely elective, though the House of Hapsburg, through its preponderating influence in the electoral college, succeeded in controlling the election through a long period, extending almost without break to the final dissolution of the Empire. The royal authority was greatest during the second century of the early feudal period, and gradually decreased during the remaining two centuries, owing to the neglect of Germany in the effort to maintain the imperial power in Italy. During the period of the Reformation, the kingly power continued to decrease until the Peace of Westphalia took away its last vestiges.

Such is the story which Dr. Turner presents compactly and clearly. The analysis of the subject is admirable: each chapter presents a clear exposition of the various departments of the government, and the organization of the social classes at that particular period. But there is a lack of synthesis; the

<sup>1</sup>A Sketch of the Germanic Constitution from Early Times to the Dissolution of the Empire. By Samuel Epes Turner. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

chapters are not well joined together; the distinguishing features of each period are not sufficiently emphasized; and the development of the various institutions of government is not shown in a sufficiently connected manner. Another omission is the inexcusable one of an index, which is almost a necessity even in a book so compact and so systematic in arrangement. But these defects are light compared with the good points which render the book interesting and instructive to the general reader, as well as to those who are more directly interested in the subject.

#### Mediaeval France.

The Story of Mediaeval France<sup>1</sup> is admirably told by Gustave Masson. The narrative begins with the accession of Hugh Capet, the formative period extending from the final division of the empire of Charlemagne in 887 to 987 being passed over because the social forces of the kingdom were at that time in too chaotic a state for the study of this period to be profitable. The narrative naturally ends with the accession of Francis I, for the important events of his reign belong exclusively to modern history.

Within these limits the development of French history, political, social, and literary, is told with clearness and directness, and with a just appreciation of the relative importance of the events. The division of the narrative into chapters is based upon movements rather than reigns, thus presenting a more correct view of the development of the nation. In the portions devoted to the earlier literary productions, there is perhaps too much of the appearance of a catalogue of chroniclers, and the relative value of their chronicles is too much dwelt upon for a work of the limited scope of the volumes of this series, and this defect continues, though in a less degree, throughout the literary history. On the other hand the social and political histories are interestingly told, and a just proportion is maintained throughout.

#### Holiday Books.

IN addition to the holiday books noticed last month, we may perhaps note here one or two since received, which, while not prepared altogether for the gift season, have evidently been brought out at this particular time with reference to it. One of these is a beautiful volume,<sup>2</sup> — bound in scarlet and white, and enclosed in scarlet cloth covers, and adorned with one hundred illustrations, — in which Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, professor of Archaeology of the University of Rome, and director of ex-

cavations for the Italian government and the municipality of Rome, studies ancient Rome in the light of the archaeological discoveries of the present decade. The pictures are many of them heliotypes, zincographs, and other process cuts. The life of ancient Rome, — sanitary conditions, public resorts, the house of the vestals, public libraries, palaces, police and fire departments, and so on, — is reconstructed by Professor Lanciani, in a way profoundly interesting to any one who cares at all for archaeological research. He tells us that few people who have not seen Rome since 1870 have any idea of what has been going on in the way of making a modern city there; during the years 1882–85, “82 miles of new streets have been opened, paved, drained, and built; new quarters have sprung up, which cover an area of 1,158 acres; 3,094 houses have been built or enlarged, with an addition of 95,260 rooms; 135 million lire (27 million dollars) have been spent in works of public utility and general improvement; and the population, which fourteen years ago numbered 244,000 souls, exceeds now the considerable figure of 379,000.” He adds that “since it is impossible to turn up in Rome a handful of earth without coming upon some unexpected find, it is easy to understand what an amount of discoveries must have been made by turning up two hundred and seventy million cubic feet of that land of promise.” He enumerates some of the discoveries; and goes on to say that the light thrown in this four years on the archaeology of Rome is greater than in a century before. “We have discovered a new archaeological stratum, totally unknown before, — the stratum of prehistoric or traditional antiquities; we have discovered a necropolis older than the walls of Servius Tullius, containing more than 5,000 archaic specimens . . . ; we have brought to light more than 5,000 feet of the great *agger*, or embankment, of Servius, and ascertained the site of fourteen gates”; and so on, he enumerates the splendid results. He admits that Rome has not been thus renovated and made habitable for the nineteenth century without some destruction of the remains of antiquity; but says that if it is to continue a living city instead of being annihilated in the interest of the past, this is inevitable.

The book tempts us to go on with quotations beyond the limits of our time and space; and we must leave it with the remark that to very many a book of this sort is certainly a far more interesting and pleasing gift than the merely artistic books belonging to the season.

*Flowers and Fruit from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe*,<sup>2</sup> is also a book for any time of the year, but of a class especially sought at the gift season, and appropriate as souvenirs. It is one of a fa-

<sup>1</sup> The Story of Mediaeval France. By Gustave Masson. Stories of the Nations Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons; New York. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> Flowers and Fruit from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Edited by Abbie Fairfield, Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



miliar type of collections of extracts from the writings of some favorite author; prettily printed and bound, in a small, serviceable fashion; provided with marginal titles, according to a comfortable old fashion lately returned; arranged in chapters, such as "The Inner Life," "Woman," "Children," "Education," "New England Life";—an interesting little volume, containing much shrewd wisdom, much wit and pleasant good sense, and recalling agreeably books that have had an important influence on our literature.

### Children's Books.

THE great increase in children's books about this time of year intimates, of course, that books to them are almost entirely matters of gift-giving. They are not free to go and purchase at all times of year, and their little libraries are chiefly made up of the books given them from time to time. To many intelligent children, especially those who live in retired homes of moderate means, a book is the one present coveted above all others; and long may it be before they all grow blasé over the abundance and luxury of the books provided for them nowadays, as some of them have already grown.

Nothing more permanently delightful of its sort can be offered them than Edward Lear's nonsense books. A twenty-sixth edition of *The Book of Nonsense*,<sup>1</sup> "with all the original pictures and verses," is now before us. No one can look at the extraordinary picture on the title page of the author handing out his book to the children with his explanation of his own purpose as follows,

There was an old Derry down Derry who loved to  
see little folks merry;

So he made them a book, and with laughter  
they shook,

At the fun of that Derry down Derry,  
without a smile. The familiar

old man with a beard, who said, "It  
is just as I feared!—

Two owls and a hen, four larks and a wren,  
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

and the interesting

young lady whose bonnet came untied  
when the birds sat upon it;

But she said, "I don't care! all the birds in the  
air

Are welcome to sit on my bonnet!"

and most famous of all, the

old man who said, "How shall I flee  
from that horrible cow?

I will sit on this stile, and continue to smile,  
Which may soften the heart of that cow,"

<sup>1</sup>The Book of Nonsense. By Edward Lear. London and New York. Frederick Warne & Company. For sale in San Francisco by Pierson & Robertson.

are here, with a hundred-odd of their kin. The artistic crudity and ineffectiveness of the faces and figures, joined to the superhuman effectiveness of their expressions is something fine. One must remember in looking at a book like this that a slight blunting of our amusement has been brought about through the imitations now so abundant in children's magazines and books, and try to take himself back to the time these rhymes and drawings were first made.

*Queer People with Paws and Claws*<sup>2</sup> is by Palmer Cox, author of "The Brownies," and contains some thirty droll rhymed tales of various impossible doings of cats, and mice, and dogs, and foxes, illustrated with Mr. Cox's droll drawings. Some of these have already been in print: others are new. There is a quaintly amusing expression of face and form in all these pictures, as there was in the famous brownies. To us it grows a trifle monotonous, having a good deal of repetition; but children do not mind that much, and Mr. Cox's animals, like his brownies, are always immense favorites with them.

*What the Wind told to the Tree-tops*<sup>3</sup> is a book of tales, a good deal in the German style, and evidently written under German inspiration. The trees beg the wind to tell them stories, complaining that rooted as they are they cannot know what is going on; and the wind, good-naturedly reflecting that it must be stupid never to be able to roam about at all, complies. The December wind, the January wind, the February wind, and so on in turn for twelve months, tell each a tale in prose or rhyme. The December wind begins and the November wind ends; thus the two opening stories are Christmas stories. The others are of every possible variety, grave and gay, but with always more or less of a moral. The narrative element in them is sometimes of the slightest. They are prettily told and well illustrated and make up a good gift-book.

Three books for quite little readers,—children of eight or ten, we should say,—published in uniform style, as the "Little Jacket Series," are Christopher Cranch's *The Last of the Huggermuggers*<sup>4</sup> and *Kobbeltozo*,<sup>5</sup> and John Ruskin's *The King of the Golden River*.<sup>6</sup> Mr. Cranch's stories were first published thirty-odd years ago, but if it were not for the quaint old-fashioned pictures it would be difficult to detect their age. Not but that there is a certain old-fash-

<sup>2</sup> *Queer People with Paws and Claws*. By Palmer Cox. Philadelphia: Hubbard Brothers.

<sup>3</sup> *What the Wind told to the Tree-tops*. By Alice Williams Brotherton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>4</sup> *The Last of the Huggermuggers*. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>5</sup> *Kobbeltozo*. *Ibid*.

<sup>6</sup> *The King of the Golden River: or The Black Brothers. A Legend of Stiria*. By John Ruskin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

ioned tone in the language, but many a writer of today carefully cultivates that same tone in writing simple tales, and is wise to do so. The two stories deserve to be revived; the giants of the one and the dwarfs of the other are well worth the acquaintance of another generation of children. All the effort that has been expended in the past ten or fifteen years on children's literature has not produced much better work of the sort. Mr. Ruskin's story is really rather less original, and though a very good rendering or imitation (we do not know which) of a legend of kindness and good-will, it is perhaps more interesting for the sake of its authorship than for itself. It is a sort of free version or variant of one of the most popular folk-story themes, but if it has foundation in any genuine legend of the Styrian Alps, it has been very much modernized. The original publishers' note is retained in this American edition; it explains that this "Fairy Tale" was written solely to amuse a child, with no thought of print, and only after many years, "with the passive assent of the author," brought out. The illustrations by Richard Doyle add to the attractiveness of the little book.

*Little Miss Weezy's Brother*<sup>1</sup> also is for quite young children. It is a continuation of "Little Miss Weezy," published some years ago. Like that, it is very closely on the lines of the "Prudy" books,—sometimes seeming the merest imitation of them. But the children are too lifelike to be merely imitations; they have certainly been copied from life, and that closely. The "Weezy" books will never become classics, like *Sophie May's*; but they have good things in them, and are far better than most ventures in this region of child-life and ways.

Coming to stories for somewhat older children, we have a beautiful new edition, prettily illustrated and bound in sage-green and white cloth, of Mrs. Wiggins's engaging little tale, *The Birds' Christmas Carol*,<sup>2</sup> already reviewed here upon its first publication; and two stories by J. T. Trowbridge, *A Start in Life*<sup>3</sup> and *Biding His Time*.<sup>4</sup> These stories of Mr. Trowbridge's have already been in print in some of the children's papers. They are necessarily good, being his; but neither one is his best. In *A Start in Life* there seems to us a sort of weariness and want of spirit for telling a story. There is a certain sameness about it, unlike this attractive writer's best books. *Biding His Time* has more of the quality of liveliness without sensation, novel and yet perfectly natural positions, that we expect of Mr. Trowbridge.

<sup>1</sup>Little Miss Weezy's Brother. By Penn Shirley. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup>The Birds' Christmas Carol. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup>A Start in Life. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>4</sup>Biding His Time. *Ibid.*

*The Chezzles*<sup>5</sup> and *The Youngest Miss Lorton*<sup>6</sup> are for boys and girls in their teens. The children in *The Chezzles* are little things, but the structure is rather too elaborate and the story too long for children of the same age to follow. It is good and readable, not without a good deal of novelty in plot and incident; above the average, as a child's story. One thing we should like to enter a protest against: the idea that it is necessary to introduce such hopeless spelling into children's letters. Carefully taught children can generally spell about as many words as they are likely to venture on writing. Their spelling keeps pace with their reading, and up to a certain point they spell correctly, and they know when they come to a word they do not know how to spell, and either avoid it or call for help. Miss Perry's girls' stories in *The Youngest Miss Lorton* are apparently collected together from the strays of a good many years: for one at least we recognize as having been published long ago. They range from quite a finished little narrative of several chapters to the slightest sketch in narrative form, and they vary a good deal in quality. The completer they are as stories, the better. The title story, "The Youngest Miss Lorton," is admirable in some of the finer points of manner. The conversations catch the way in which people really do talk, and the attitude of members of an amiable but critical family toward each other is expressed in a way that is really deserving of note. In other places recurs the same nice perception and veracity, seemingly altogether spontaneous and even unconscious; it is not present in all the stories, however. Miss Perry is very happy as a writer for young girls. She shows an occasional quite penetrating but always sympathetic shrewdness in dealing with them.

In speaking of stories for younger children, we passed over *Three Greek Children*,<sup>7</sup> because, while the doings of Gorgo, Rhodium, and Hipponax are told in the shape of a story, the whole purport of the book is historical. The author is professor of Latin in University College, London, and has already written a great many historical books for children: among them two volumes of the "Stories of the Nations." The book is betrayed as English in origin only by its translation of minas and sesterces into pounds instead of dollars. It is the history of a couple of years in the life of the three children, during which they go from Athens to their country house at Marathon, where they see the customs of the country folk, festivals, and funerals, and sports,

<sup>5</sup>The Chezzles. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>6</sup>The Youngest Miss Lorton, and other Stories. By Nora Perry. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1880.

<sup>7</sup>Three Greek Children. A Story of Home in Old Time. By Alfred J. Church. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



visit the battle-field, and hear about the battle ; take an excursion to Salamis ; are sent for a couple of years to Sparta, to take refuge from some family troubles, and there see the customs of the Spartans ; return by way of Corinth, and see something of the Isthmian games. Of course, these Greek children were put in the rôle of on-lookers, but of actors in Greek customs, as far as the home life is concerned ; and the sense of this the author keeps very nicely. The book reads almost as simply as an account of the doings and seeings of three modern children ; and the Hellenic furniture of their world is introduced in a matter of course way, without the appearance of instruction. Stories from Greek history and poetry are told the children by their parents and nurse ; but nothing is forced or pedantic. It is an exceptionally good child's book.

As to *Tales of King Arthur*,<sup>1</sup> we are not so certain. While fully agreeing with the compiler that the Arthuriad contains quite as much that is good for children as any heroic legends do, we question if they will either like them as well or get as much good out of them in renderings that follow so closely the old chroniclers. Even older people do not like to have the idealized modern versions of Tennyson displaced from their minds by the ruder standards of behavior of an earlier time. Not that the themes of Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristram and Ysolt, are allowed to offend ; with excellent judgment, these are brought down to outlines not unsuitable for children's reading. But there are savageries, duels where Arthur's knights stand plainly for the wrong, miraculous retribution following perfectly innocent and well-meant action, and the like moral confusions. Then again, the relations of time and place, and the successions of events, become dreadfully confused by following the chronicles so closely. Children are bewildered and exasperated to be told in one place that Lancelot was sent by Arthur to bring his bride, and in another to read about his birth at a later date ; and the account of the jousts in which Palamedes, Lancelot, and Tristram took part is difficult for even an older reader to straighten out. One who wishes to tell things for children should first master all confusions and difficulties himself, and give the little readers the results with very little of the processes. To those who are old enough to make allowance for the defects of the chronicle, but not quite old enough to be with advantage set loose in Sir Thomas Mallory's pages at first hand, these versions may prove very well adapted. We have not compared them with Mallory ; but we judge that they are simply selections from his pages, revised only by omissions, and by such modernizing of his language as was absolutely necessary. Some

chapters are from the Mabinogion. The book is clearly and well printed, and illustrated with a few good process plates.

Of *Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers*,<sup>2</sup> we are disposed to speak with very strong praise. It is not very well adapted for children's reading by themselves, but admirably for reading aloud to children, which is what the author intended it for. The preface is therefore to parents and teachers. This preface begins with a quotation of the grotesque idea of God that John Fiske says he held at the age of five ; goes on to comment on the curious ideas on abstract or distant things that are apt to take shape in children's brains, and the persistence of these, underlying and coloring the more correct conceptions of later years ; notes the fact that, especially in religious matters, parents now hesitate to teach their children just as they were taught, yet have no formulated ideas as to what to substitute ; and says that the author has looked in vain to find any book meeting their need. She criticises, with great justice and good sense, the practice of leaving the religious instruction of children to the jumbled methods of the Sunday School, and the discretion of some half-trained girl or dull and worthy man, simply because they are of excellent motive and spirit ; when the same parents would be very careful not to trust the child's French or music to any one whose accent or fingering was not well guaranteed. The truth of all this must be patent to every one who notices parents and children with any interest ; it must have happened to every such person that is at all familiar with books to have been appealed to by mothers with inquiries for just such a book as this. It is written with unusual insight into children's minds, and in a good spirit, — a spirit that encourages thoughtfulness and aspiration in them. To our mind, it is a book that Sunday School teachers and parents should certainly have. The strictly orthodox must be warned that they will not like it, but it is possible for the more liberal portion of every orthodox denomination to use it with satisfaction. In some forty chapters the author gives children first some idea of the nature and process of creation, from the evolutionist's point of view ; then of the development of civilization ; then of the idea of God as the world-soul ; then, — and this makes up the bulk of the book, — of the successive histories of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures read in the light of such conceptions. Of course this is a difficult thing to do well ; the summary of the world's events has to be wisely made not to be dry and bald beyond endurance, or confused and out of perspective. The ability to be simple enough in language to reach children's understanding and yet not to lower one's thought to them is something as rare as genius. We believe

<sup>1</sup> *Tales of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*. By Margaret Vere Farrington. With illustrations by Alfred Fredericks and others. New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers*. By Lucia T. Ames. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

that almost all teachers of children underrate their capacity to understand large thought, and overrate their comprehension of the vehicles of thought. The mistake of the past generation was not in setting children too severe intellectual work, but in addressing them in too lofty language; the present, in correcting that fault, is going to the other extreme, and babying their minds until it becomes not unusual to find young people of fourteen or fifteen who feel unable to read anything but a story book, and an easy one at that. Again, limited and inferior knowledge is usually considered enough to address children from. This writer has kept herself informed as to Biblical criticism and historic and scientific investigation, not, we judge, in popular rehashes and sectarian arguments, but from standard authorities, before trying to tell children about these things. To use her own illustration again, careful people do not believe a piano teacher can be too perfect an expert to train the first movements of the little fingers, and there are not very many now who think almost any girl knows enough of the piano to "start" a child; but they are not as wise about the mind as the fingers. It is so rare to find a person or a book conspicuously right-minded on this matter, that we have been tempted into dwelling longer on *Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers* than our space really warrants.

#### Briefer Notice.

Editors will be inclined to speak favorably of Eleanor Kirk's book, *Information for Authors*,<sup>1</sup> be-

<sup>1</sup> Information for Authors. By Eleanor Kirk. Published by the author: Brooklyn. 1888.

cause it is well adapted to remove from the minds of young writers many unfounded notions that are apt to find lodgment there; for instance, that there is a close corporation of writers inclined to monopolize the loaves and fishes to the exclusion of young aspirants. The young writer suspects on receiving his "not available," that his Ms. has not been read, or if read, then with the green eye of jealousy; whereas the fact is that a young writer with something new to say and ability to say it is welcomed to the sanctum with open arms. Metaphorically, that is, for of course the editor prefers to receive Ms. by mail rather than from the trembling hand of the literary novice. The book gives good practical advice on many points that are often overlooked, and will help young writers; though it does not conceal the fact strongly apparent to every editor that the literary market is overstocked in almost every department, so that only high quality can command acceptance and pay.

Professor Thom's book of *Shakespeare and Chaucer Examinations*<sup>2</sup> shows to what proficiency exceptionally bright girls can be brought in a critical knowledge of masterpieces. These examinations are very difficult, and the answers given, while showing the result of cram very evidently, are none the less written in a manner that shows much original thought. The questions and answers of actual examinations make up the larger part of the book, but there are notes on class room study of Shakespeare that teachers will find valuable.

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare and Chaucer Examinations. By William Taylor Thom. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1888.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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## HYDRAULIC MINING, ILLUSTRATED.—III.

THERE are an immense number of deposits of auriferous gravel so situated that the ordinary hydraulic methods are of no avail. The gravel must be brought to the surface, must be lifted to a higher level, or the mine cannot be worked. For such cases various gravel elevators are used.

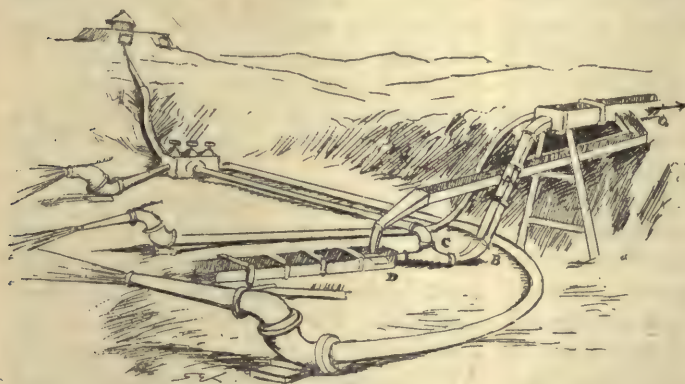


PLATE 51.

The plate represents the Cranston Hydraulic Gravel elevator. It is claimed that this machine is simple in construction, that it sluices water and gravel up hill, works mines that have no dump, open cuts or drainage, and works any kind of gravel that will run in a flume. It can be made of any capacity, works

with irregular heads, and will handle any head of water used in hydraulic mining. Where a hydraulic pressure of 100, 200, or 300 feet can be had, a mine may be worked to advantage from 20 to 25 feet deep. It has an appliance for continually returning the elevating water back again to the mine for washing the gravel into the machine. It has been successfully used in California, Oregon, and Idaho.

With a sufficient head or pressure of water passing through pipes practically in the nature and form of an inverted syphon, such a velocity may be imparted to the water in the shorter leg that any material however heavy, even a cannon

ball, if of less size than the pipe, will be carried with the water and discharged at the outlet. To accomplish work under these conditions a close flume *A*, is constructed on an inclination upward, with a horizontal ground section made of cast iron, into which is introduced a hydraulic nozzle *C*, pointing in the direc-

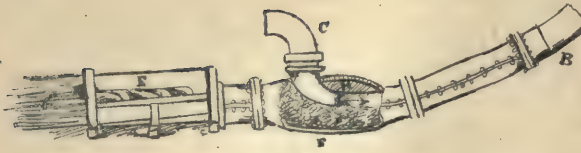


PLATE 52.

tion the water and gravel are required to go.

This ground section has an open end back of the nozzle, at *D*, into which the gravel is washed from the mine. At the lower end of the machine at *E*, is placed a grating, (or grizzly,) that throws off stones too large to pass through the machine. It is evident that the gravel and water, when once introduced into the machine at *F*, must be carried along at high speed and discharged into the open flume *G* on the top of the bank.

The ground section, plate 52, is made of cast iron and in two pieces, an upper and lower half, the latter being made of chilled iron  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick. A block of wood *H*, is secured in the upper half just above where the nozzle discharges. This block is made of any desired thickness according to the amount of water used. The smaller the nozzle the thicker the wood. When the largest nozzle is used the block is removed.

An important series of mining problems are those connected with the management of the "tailings." When the mines have not the necessary fall to the outlet for the introduction of undercurrents, side dumps, or drop-offs, on long lines of sluices, the tailings or material which eventually escapes are more or less rich. As a hundred cubic yards of tailings is the concentration of a much larger amount of the original gravel, and as more or less of gold, quicksilver, and amalgam must accompany and deposit with the tailings, a cubic yard of tailings may represent a considerably greater value than a yard of the material from which it results.

This being the case, tailing claims and the mode of working them are a part,

and as a general proposition the end, of the hydraulic system of mining.

In many instances the profits of working the tailings are greater than the workings of the mines. The reason of this

is that there is a more perfect disintegration of the gold-bearing gravel, by the time it reaches the tailings. These deposits or tailings may be held as a property, separate and distinct from the mines from which they originated, or they may be a part of the same system.

The quantity of gravel and other material that a given quantity of water will wash and remove, of course, varies with circumstances and conditions. These conditions may be named as follows: 1. The quality of the earth in the banks, whether it be soft or hard; 2, The quantity of water used; 3, The grade of the flumes.

1. According to Mr. Hamilton Smith's observations at the works of the North Bloomfield gravel mining company, the top dirt, which is comparatively soft, requires 15 cubic feet of water to wash and remove one cubic foot of gravel. But in a total movement of nearly 13,000,000 tons of gravel, the average of water used to the material moved was about 20 feet of the former to one of the latter.

2. The greater the quantity of water used, the greater is the *proportionate* quantity of material it will move. Thus 2,000 inches of water will wash more than twice the quantity of earth that 1,000 would if used in the same flume. With increased quantities of water there are decreased proportional resistances, and consequently increased velocities of water in the flume.

3. The greater the grade of the flume, the greater is the velocity of its contents. Miners differ as to the advisability of using light or heavy grades. The generally received notion among them is, that the larger the quantity of gravel mined, the greater will be the yield of



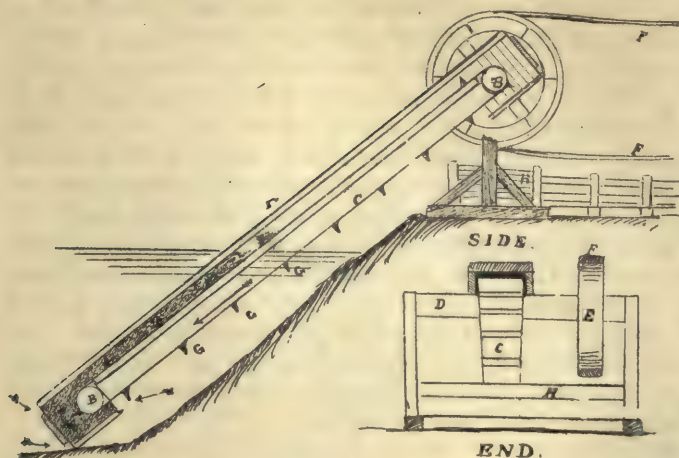


PLATE 53.

gold. But while this proposition may be true so far as the aggregate yield of gold is concerned, still, in an economic point of view, it is generally admitted that the yield of gold per cubic yard of material is more with a lesser than with a greater velocity of water in the flume, the greater or less velocity, of course, being within reasonable limits.

It is generally admitted among hydraulic miners that from twenty to thirty per cent of the gold contained in the gravel is lost by passing away with the great mass of debris. This may be partially recovered by working over the tailings in the cañons and rivers below the mines, and the tail sluices. Some of the devices for such workings are the subject of illustration in this article.

A common method of working river tailings is to construct a dam across the portion of the river or cañon where there is the most water. The water thus impounded is made to turn an under or over shot wheel, which raises, by means of a Chinese pump (see plate 53) sufficient water to a sufficient height to supply a flume of any desired length and capacity into which the tailings are shoveled.

A is a box of any required length, with inside dimensions, of say 3" x 12", at each end of which is a pulley B, over

which runs an endless canvas belt C.

Upon this belt, and fastened securely to it, are pieces of hard wood (G),  $1\frac{1}{2}" \times 2\frac{3}{4}" \times 11\frac{3}{4}"$  long, as shown in plate 54.

These pieces are fastened on the canvas belt, two feet apart. The pulley, B, is mounted on a shaft D, which is revolved by a large pulley, E, which connects by a driving belt, F, with a water-

wheel, or any other power selected. The lower end of the box, A, being placed in the water, and the belt being made to pass upward and through the box, the water is carried through by means of the elevating blocks G, and discharged into the tank H, out of which it is drawn into a flume, into the continuation of which the tailings are shoveled. The processes of the precipitation and amalgamation of gold thereafter are the same as in the original workings.

Sometimes pockets of gold are found on the bottom of the rivers, containing

SECTION OF CANVAS BELT.  
PLATE 54.

thousands of dollars. This kind of work is done principally by Chinamen, and no definite information can be obtained from them as to the amount of their earnings.

One reason assigned for the tailings or debris carrying so much gold is that the original material, in passing through the flume, does not become so thoroughly disintegrated as it does after being exposed in the cañons and rivers to the combined influence of water and air for months and perhaps for years. It is

due to this cause that miners sometimes find it profitable to wash the same tailings over and over at intervals of five years or more.

The most interesting of operations to the hydraulic miner is that of "cleaning up" his flume. An average "run" or continued washing will be about twenty full days of work more or less. It is supposed that a longer run results in a waste of amalgam, which becomes hardened and solid, and is apt to pass away with the debris. Besides, after twenty or twenty-five days of continued washing, the blocks, riffles, and flumes have become worn and want repairing, or perhaps need to be extended.

All the gravel that passes through the main sluice enters either at its main head or the head of its branches. The heads may be distant from the bank fifty to two hundred and fifty feet. The streams from the pipes cut under the bottom of the banks, and great masses of earth drop from their faces, sometimes rushing forward in such quantities and with such force as to completely fill the space between the banks and the heads of the flumes, and in some instances to completely bury the latter.

During the run the movement of gravel and water from the bank towards the head of the flume will, if the bottom be not too hard, have worn a well defined channel, through which the gravel passes in order to enter the heads of the flume. Should the bottom be too hard to admit of the formation of such channels by the action of the water and gravel, one or more channels are made by blasting. These channels are named by miners ground sluices. In the latter case the channel is cut in the directions that the flumes are intended to be extended toward the banks, as the latter recede, or become too distant for the effective operation of the water from the nozzles.

When the time for cleaning up arrives, the streams of water are directed wholly

to washing into the flumes the material that has already fallen from the banks, and no more is thrown down intentionally until after the clean-up is finished. This leaves a certain area of the bed rock bare. As considerable gold may and does remain upon the bare surface of the bed rock, the streams of water are then directed to washing off this surface. All goes into the ground sluices; thence it is washed into the flumes. Should boulders be encountered on the bed rock they are turned over or set aside, in order that the places where they rested may be washed.

Thus, presumably, all the gold that might have lodged upon the bed rock or in the ground sluices has been washed into the flumes. Should any gold remain in the ground sluices it will not be lost, for when the flumes are lengthened, all the material found in the ground sluices is carefully cleared out by hand and cast into the flumes, where it will form a part of the result of the next clean-up. Very frequently nuggets of considerable size are found in the ground sluices. When no more gravel is admitted to the flume, the action of the water in gradually diminishing quantities is directed toward cleaning it of any gravel, stones, or boulders that may remain. The paving or blocks are then pried out and carefully rinsed and scrubbed; they are then laid aside, to be used again if not too much worn. In the latter case, if wooden blocks, they are burned to ashes, and the ashes thrown into the flumes. Thus, should any gold cling to the blocks or hide in crevices, it is not lost.

At this period the quantity of water admitted to the flume is so far diminished that not more than  $\frac{1}{2}$ " in depth runs over the bottom of the flume. As the blocks are removed, the amalgam that has formed between them drops to the floor of the flume, and the clear water passing over it leaves the result of the clean-up in the form of irregularly shaped, flattened patches, or masses, of



a semi-plastic consistency, and a bright, silvery appearance. This is gold amalgam, a cubic inch of which may contain hundreds of thousands of separate particles.

When these patches are developed they are scooped into a sheet iron bucket. As the major portion of the quicksilver with which the flume has been charged still remains, its downward course is

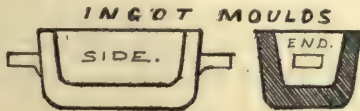


PLATE 55.

checked by temporary obstructions, and it is scooped into sheet iron buckets to be used over again.

The continuance of the process of cleaning up is the same as already described. When the flumes are of great length, they are sometimes paved with irregularly shaped stones, with the exception of a few hundred feet of the upper end, where square wooden blocks are frequently used. The greater part of the amalgam, perhaps ninety or more per cent, is found within one thousand or one thousand five hundred feet of the head of the flume. This stone pavement is usually allowed to remain for a number of runs, for it frequently happens that the amalgam received from it does not repay the cost of taking up and replacing the stones every time.

Last of all, the floor of the flume is carefully swept, everything is carried down to the last temporary obstruction, everything of value, —quicksilver, amalgam, and free gold, if it can be secured, —is taken up; the stones or blocks are replaced, and the work of washing is recommenced.

While the work of cleaning up is going on, it is usual to take advantage of the opportunity, while the water is off, to extend the flume and water pipes nearer to the banks of the mine.

The amalgam is squeezed or wrung by hand in buckskin or ducking made for the purpose. This separates nearly all the free quicksilver, and leaves the amalgam nearly dry, in compact balls of perhaps three inches diameter. These balls are then placed in an iron retort, as shown in plate 56. The quicksilver is volatilized by heat, then condensed and laid aside to be used again. The gold remaining in the retort is then smelted and cast into ingots or bars, carefully cleaned, and is ready for shipment.

The ingot moulds in which these bars are cast are simply troughs made of cast iron. They are made with a slight taper inside, so that the ingot will readily fall out. The inside is finished smooth with round corners.

Nothing is done toward refining the gold at the mines. As an average approximation, about one-third the weight of dry amalgam is gold of varying fineness, rarely assaying lower than 900 fine, and from that up to 950 fine, or in some instances higher.

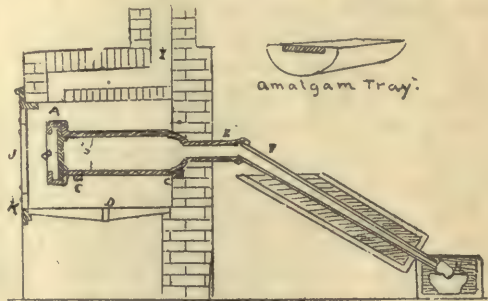


PLATE 56.

The retorts, as shown in plate 56, are commonly made twelve inches in diameter inside, with a hood *A* at the mouth having lugs to catch the clamp which fastens the door *B*.

The whole retort is set on cast iron beams *C*, in an arch with the fire-grate *D* under it. The neck of the retort, *E*, passes through the back wall and connects with the condenser, *F*. The condensed quicksilver filters through a bag

*H* fastened in the end of the pipe, and is received into a tray *I*. Trays for holding the amalgam in the retort are made as shown in the plate.

The bottoms are made circular, so as to conform to the shape of the retort.

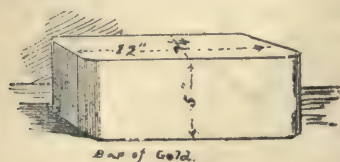


PLATE 57.

Plate 57 illustrates a bar of gold ready for shipment, the result of a single clean-up in Yuba County in 1872. Its dimensions were about  $12'' \times 7\frac{1}{4}'' \times 5\frac{1}{2}''$ , and it was valued at \$80,000.

In running long bed-rock tunnels, shafts are sunk from the surface to the tunnel level at various points along the line of the same. These shafts are made and the tunnels are run by the aid of power drills, such as Burleigh, Ingersoll, and Diamond, compressed air being used as the power. This air is supplied by hydraulic machinery at the surface.

A very excellent water wheel is used for this purpose known as the "Duplex Hurdy Gurdy," of which plate 58 is an illustration. This wheel is said to possess more power for a given percentage of water than any of like character yet invented. They are in use at many mines in this State. One of these wheels 8 feet in diameter, with 100 miners' inches of water, under a 200 feet head, it is claimed, will furnish forty-eight horse-power when making 170 revolutions. *A* is the wheel, *B* the driving pulley, *C* the inlet pipe, *D* the outlet or nozzle, and *E* the shut-off valve.

The water under great pressure leaves the nozzle at *D* under a high velocity, and striking into the bucket on the outer edge of wheel *A* revolves it continuously with great rapidity. Power is conveyed off the pulley *B* to the cylinder of com-

pression. This is a cheap and simple method of supplying power to the drilling or any other machinery.

Although not directly applicable in hydraulic mining proper, the following described machines are intended as auxiliary to it, and are arranged for reclaiming the gold that may escape the ordinary hydraulic process, and may find its way into the streams below their tailing dumps.

This gold is found deposited in the beds of the rivers and streams for long distances below the outlets to the hydraulic mines.

Many of the bars of these rivers in early days yielded golden returns to the miners who were able to work them. This was done by wing-damming the streams, thereby turning the river away from the bars, and then sluicing the material off down to bed-rock. This mode of working required extensive and expensive work, which sometimes took the entire season to accomplish, in many instances only to be swept away by the river during the winter freshets.

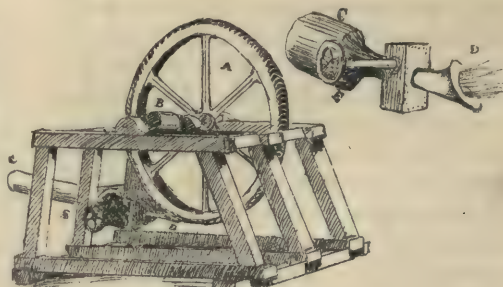


PLATE 58.

The Newton Hydraulic Mining Dredge as shown in plate 59 is designed for this sort of mining.

It is claimed that this dredge will elevate 5,000 cubic yards of material per day from eighteen feet under water to eight feet above the surface, and deliver it two hundred and fifty feet from where it is raised.

*A* is suction pipe lowered to working position, *B, B* are vacuum cylinders. *D*



is discharge pipe leading to sluice boxes on shore, or to gold-saving apparatus on the boat; *EE* steam and water pipe. *F* is swivel or turn-table on which discharge pipe revolves. *I* is three hydraulic nozzles worked by pump to break up and dislodge the bottom.

The principles employed in the "Newton Hydraulic Dredge" are a combination of the well known forces of hydrostatic pressure, the formation of a vacuum by steam pressure, and a sudden condensation by means of cold water injected into the vacuum cylinders *B, B*, and the disintegrating force of jets of water discharged against the material to be dredged by pipes *I, I, I*, at a velocity of two hundred and fifty feet per second.

The suction pipe *A*, to which these disintegrating or digging pipes *I, I, I*, are attached, is lowered through a well in the boat containing the machinery, until its lower end rests upon or is near to the material to be elevated. A vacuum is then formed by driving the air from the vacuum cylinders *B, B*, by introducing steam from the boilers, and at the precise moment when the air is thus expelled, the steam is condensed by the sudden injection of cold water. The vacuum thus formed raises the material from under the pipe *A*, whether it be stones, sand, gravel, or clay. When the material has ascended through the pipes to the point where equilibrium is restored, it is prevented from falling back by the closing of the valves, when the action of a ten-ton Blake duplex force pump ejects it through the discharge pipe to any point, or into the sluice boxes on the boat or on the shore, as desired. There being two vacuum cylinders, *B*,

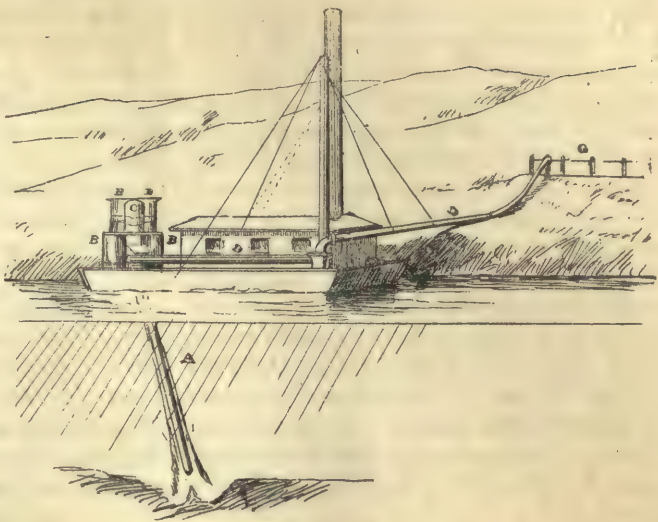


PLATE 59.

*B*, working alternately, governed by drum *C*, a steady discharge is effected.

The suction pipe *A* is constructed upon the telescopic principle. It may be lowered vertically, rotated against the material to be raised, or deflected to any angle. The penetrating force of the stream of water ejected from the disintegrating jets *I, I, I*, at the velocity of two hundred and fifty feet per second, must be very great, and, as directed, cause by the rebound of water a motion towards the mouth of the suction pipe of everything with which it comes into contact. Stones of any size that will pass through the 18-inch discharge pipe *D* can be as readily mined as the smallest pebble.

It is believed that valuable deposits of gold lie hidden in the gravel and tailings deposited in the beds of many California rivers, and that this dredger will take up and disintegrate such deposits down to bed-rock.

A form of gold still more difficult to save than any spoken of remains to be considered. Scientific and other close observers have discovered that a large portion of the gold in the earth consists of infinitesimal particles or scales invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by microscopic aid. These minute

particles are so numerous, as to be of great value in the aggregate. It is believed by many that the "flower gold" amounts in actual value to more than the coarser particles susceptible of being saved by the hydraulic process generally in use. As it is liable to float or remain in suspension in the water in its agitation and its swift passage through the sluices, its specific gravity not being sufficient for the saving of it by that method, it escapes the hydraulic miner.

In the days of the Argonauts, the "flush times" of California, the miner discarded any digging that would not produce its ounce per day to the man. The coarse gold only was sought for.

Hence it becomes desirable that some process may be discovered and applied to save this fine gold.

Science, aided by mechanism, now bids fair to accomplish this object, and place it within the reach of man to gather in the untold wealth so minutely diffused throughout the soil. Good progress has been made in the art of mining since the times of '49. By the aid of machinery great results have been attained, and yet more must be accomplished. Hereafter mining will receive a great impetus from the new appliances introduced for economizing and saving gold. Mineral deposits that could not be worked with a profit a few years back, are today

worked successfully, and the time seems near at hand when ground now neglected will be profitably worked, and that which has been worked once and perhaps twice will be worked again.

One of the machines built for reclaiming gold that escapes the hydraulic system, as well as the hand method, is known as "Duhem's Gold and Water-Saving Machine," and

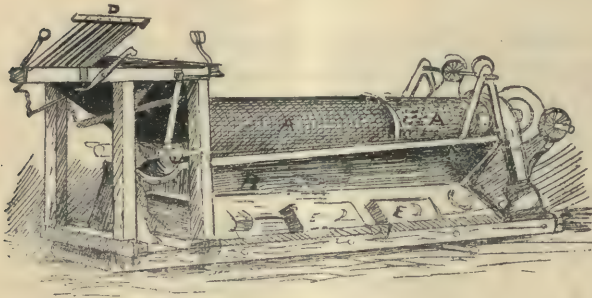


PLATE 60.

Later much ground was worked with profitable results, and at the present time the Chinaman works ground long abandoned and ignored by the white miner, and by patience, frugality, and industry accumulates what to him are large returns.

When a miner is panning auriferous earths, he looks in his pan for the "color," namely, particles of gold perceptible to the naked eye. It is the aggregation of these particles that gives value to the ground. With the aid of a microscope of a thousand diameters, countless particles of gold so minute as to be invisible to the eye may be detected in a single pan of earth. A drop of muddy water passing through some of the sluices, placed under the microscope, will reveal numerous golden particles.

is illustrated in plate 60.

This machine is directly applicable for working gravel inaccessible to water by ordinary ditches, as it requires but a small amount of water compared to the ordinary sluicing system. It is used also for working mines that have not the necessary dump for sluicing. It claims to save the coarse gold or nuggets, as well as the finest or flour gold. It can be mounted on wheels, and combines a series of sizing cylinders, as shown by *A*, partially submerged in a tank of water, sizing or separating the coarser material, and, by an automatic shaker or pan operated by a cover saving the heavy or nugget gold. The finer materials pass over a series of valleys located under the cylinders *A*, lined with silvered plates, which are intended



to catch the finer gold in the shape of amalgam. The machine may be operated by steam or water power. It can be moved from place to place when required, the same as a grain thresher in a wheat field.

*D* is a grizzly on to which the material to be washed is dumped, and by lever *H*



PLATE 61.

the same is lifted to an angle of 45 degrees, allowing the boulders to pass off, and the finer material to pass into the machine. *E* are hand holes for cleaning or renewing the silver plates. *F* is a water pipe leading from the pump which forces the water up, and with it the material over the silver plates, as shown in plate 61. *G* are the valleys into which the material drops while passing through the sizing cylinder *A*. *A* are the silver plated surfaces for catching the fine gold. *B* are the jets of water that force the material from one valley into the next, and over the silver plates.

It is claimed that one of these machines, requiring a six-horse power engine, will work 150 yards of material per day, and save at least 95 per cent of all the gold that may have been in the material before passing through it.

In considering the cost of conducting water, as in all other calculations connected with mining, no general rule can be established to determine the requirements of any particular case, and the cost of conducting in ordinary mining ditches can only be estimated within approximate extremes. In ditches of considerable length and capacity, and well constructed, a minimum approximate cost might be 25 cents per 1,000,000 cubic feet of water per mile of ditch; while in other ditches of less capacity, and perhaps not substantially built, the cost would be double, or more than

that amount. An annual cost of 30 cents per 1,000,000 cubic feet of water per mile in a well constructed 3,000-inch ditch in a mountainous region, including attendance, repairs, and maintenance, would be a close approximation to the average actual cost, year in and year out.

That hydraulic mining is of great financial importance cannot be contradicted. The year 1877, with its light and limited amount of rain and snow-fall, produced through hydraulic mining alone in California from the principal mines over \$6,600,000, which may be credited to the following counties:

Nevada County.....	\$1,828,952.53
Placer County.....	1,100,000.00
El Dorado County.....	120,250.00
Amador, Calaveras, and Tuolumne Counties.....	1,150,000.00
Stanislaus County.....	110,000.00
Sierra and Plumas Counties.....	650,000.00
Yuba County.....	510,000.00
Butte County.....	490,000.00
Shasta, Trinity, and Siskiyou Counties.....	650,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$6,609,702.53

Independent of the financial importance of the hydraulic mining interests to California, the effect of tailings in the main rivers and drainage channels of the State has been an important subject of legislation. The conflict of the agricultural and economic interests with the hydraulic interests, on the ground of impaired navigation; attributed to the mining debris, was long an exciting question in our politics, and led to strong restrictions being embodied in new laws for controlling the debris.

The aggregate loss in quicksilver of several mines for a period of several years, where a record was kept, resulted in the following exhibit:

3,931,367 cubic yards of material were mined by 2,784,450 miners' inches of water, with a loss in quicksilver of 4,351 pounds, or one pound of quicksilver to 900 cubic yards of gravel mined, equal to

one pound of quicksilver to 640 miners' inches of water.

The loss in gold in hydraulic mining, as a general proposition, cannot be arrived at. In a few instances, where the tailings to a limited amount were carefully saved and carefully worked, the result found a loss from first workings of not to exceed two per cent. What was lost through the second workings, through fine or flour gold, was not determined. As regards the saving of this kind of gold, the reduction of grades (at the expense of working capacity) and the introduction of graduated undercurrents are the only methods at present in command of hydraulic miners for diminishing any loss in this way; and thus it must remain until new devices have remedied this defect. The North Bloomfield Company lost one pound of quicksilver per 815 cubic feet of material, or one pound per 208 miners' inches of water. The difference in loss as regards water is owing to the heavier grades of the former, requiring less water to move the same amount of material.

With this paper my notes upon the practical side of hydraulic mining close. I have made no attempt to discuss the relations of the miners and the farmers. Since these notes were gathered, legislation has led to the closing of many of

the hydraulic mines situated on rivers liable to overflow the agricultural lowlands. The gold-bearing gravel beds of Trinity and Siskiyou have been affected but little by this action, owing to the character of the rivers; but several of the mines alluded to in this article have ceased working, and some of the mining ditches have been abandoned.

But, as I have said, it is not my intention at present to discuss the problem involved in what is known as the "mining debris question." I have only given the public some practical notes upon the methods of the hydraulic miner. These can still be seen in practice during the greater part of the year in many counties of California. In some cases the debris is impounded, or held in strong settling dams; in others it is allowed to fill up deep gulches from which there is no danger of its escape. Still other mines are now worked by drifting alone, and the handling of such immense masses of gravel is thus obviated. But "drifting" is only applicable to a small proportion of gold-bearing deposits. The legal and ethical problems involved in the subject of the rights and privileges of the miners are far too extensive for discussion here. They deserve, however, the most careful consideration of every citizen.

*Irving M. Scott.*



Miners Cabin, in the Sierra



## IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

At first glance I knew him for the one I had for days been trying to spy out, this conviction having for companion the conceit that the railroad map I had recently been puzzling over must assuredly have had his face for model, so much alike were each criss-crossed with lines. But then if, as I hoped, each wrinkle was the hiding place of some backwoods adventure, my enforced idleness would be shorn of its tedium, and made to yield me great store of enjoyment; for after the manner of battered pioneers, we should lose sight of our infirmities through the interchange of old-time reminiscences, a harmless occupation, though very fascinating withal, at least to us.

For you are to understand that the doctor's decision had been issued, from which no appeal was thought of, and wife and I were established for the summer in a "perfect gem of a cottage" near the favorite seaside resort of the City of the Angels, where I was to thrive on sea-breeze tonics until such time as my daily stroll on the beach could be accomplished without the aid of crutches.

I discovered him sitting alone on a rustic bench near an isolated cottage, and approached and addressed him with the full measure of cordiality I am in the habit of extending to all whom I meet in my country travel. His mode of reply at first caused me to imagine he was subject to absent-minded spells, but his sad condition was the next moment made apparent, for a little girl hearing our voices came running up, and saying Grandpa was not well, she took his hand and led him unresistingly away.

A lady now appeared at the door of the cottage, to whom I introduced myself and apologized for my intrusion,

intending then to resume my walk; but the marked cordiality of her manner, when she knew I was an old-timer, induced me to accept her urgent invitation to enter and talk further of those wondrous "early days." How strangely time escapes from me on these occasions! Five minutes I thought had been the full extent of my call; my watch proved it a half hour; though I by no means accounted it as wasted time, for had I not obtained congenial employment?

Mrs. Ransom had recounted such leading facts in her father's history as she cared to communicate to a stranger, and when I left her there was a hopeful tone to her voice and a happy light in her eye which I felt sure had not been there for many years; for I, spurred on by sudden impulse, had suggested the wisdom of endeavoring to lure and lead back her father's scattered thoughts from out the maze in which they had long been wandering, by means of conversations on mining topics, and by the introduction to his notice of mining incidents, rendered as true to nature as circumstances would admit; and this pleasant task I had gladly undertaken, and would strive unremittingly to bring to successful issue.

My wife listened silently that evening to the story I told her of the noble sacrifice of her life this previously unknown neighbor of ours was making, in thus taking upon herself the full burden of her father's sad affliction; but long before I had ceased speaking, my ever true and helpful helpmate had drawn her chair up to mine, and was gently holding my hand in hers; a silent, well understood token that I was not to go about this work alone.

It was therefore no surprise to me

when on the following morning I found her at my side as I was about starting on my daily round, and heard her saying, "I thought I would walk with you to-day"; nor when we neared the widow's cottage to have her desert me and hasten on alone. She quite lost sight at this time of the need of cards or formal introduction, but grasped Mrs. Ransom's hand, and found wide-open entrance way to her heart by saying, "My husband told me; and now, my dear, will you not also accept me as a helper?"

Whereupon those two unconventional women clung to each other and talked, sobbed, and finally cried outright together, much as would life-long friends who had just been reunited, and had been storing up their emotions for this identical occasion.

On my first set interview with my patient, a perplexing, eluding suspicion came creeping in upon me that he was not the absolute stranger I had imagined him to be, this feeling gaining strength when I had evidence that he was being similarly influenced; for whereas he had always before rejected overtures from chance acquaintances, he was now more willing and pleased to relinquish little Katie's hand, so long his one refuge of perfect safety, to take my arm and wander off alone with me. And yet he had not found time to spare me other than an occasional brief, hurried glance: for alas! his eyes were ever employed on a most gruesome service; this terrible belief having for years been his constant companion,—at his feet, directly in front of him, was an open grave, over which by divine appointment he must stand vigilant guard. It kept its exact distance from him with unvarying regularity, ever receding as he advanced, and ever waiting for him as he paused; and in its depths, in plain view, was exposed the murdered form of his once near neighbor and friend, Abraham Lincoln.

I confess I was far from realizing the almost hopeless nature of my self-im-

posed task until I had become fully committed to it; and then varied impulses under the leadership of pride caused me to continue my work with undiminished zeal. I was not possessed of courage sufficient to sound a retreat, or even to signal a halt, and hence kept on my course, every spare moment of my time being devoted to the attainment of what was now the one great object of my life. Each day I recounted to him some stirring incidents I had knowledge of, giving them such lively seasoning as fancy suggested; and at times I received some encouragement from the belief that his long dormant curiosity was really being aroused. But my first positive assurance that I was on the right track, as also one of the most startling surprises of my life, came one day when I was introducing object lesson number one to my aged pupil.

Instead of facing the ocean as usual, I on this occasion led him to a retired nook in a ravine near by, and seated him at the edge of a pool of clear water that came from the hills. He could not avoid noticing a miner's gold-pan heaped with gravel at his side, and cast upon it several searching glances. Talking to him in the customary strain I summoned to my aid what old-time skill I could command, and commenced washing the gravel, aware his eyes were now upon me as they had never been before, but not venturing to meet his gaze, fearful of breaking the spell I was weaving about him. Soon several specks of gold dust became visible in the bottom of the pan, when, uttering an irrepressible cry, he arose hastily, and bending over me tremblingly watched the concluding process, which left nestling there by itself about half an ounce of placer gold, showing every bit as attractive, even to me, as it did the day I first looked upon it.

As all California miners can testify,—and no doubt the rule obtains in other mining regions,—the dust from different localities in the same mining districts



often varies in value a dollar or more per ounce; and local buyers can tell at a glance and with unerring certainty what particular gulch the dust was taken from, observant miners often becoming equally expert. "From Sunken Reservoir Gulch," says a miner, while emptying from his buckskin purse ten or twenty ounces of the precious metal for which he wishes to obtain coin. The forefinger of the banker wanders lightly through the gold for a second, thus rolling over some telltale speck, when, with a peculiar smile upon his face, he calmly replies, putting the emphasis where it talks: "We are paying eighteen for *that*: *this* came from Norwegian, and is worth seventeen and a quarter. Is the price satisfactory?" And the muttered response, "All right; take it," is full confession of a swindler having just been badly tripped.

The most I had expected from my simple experiment was that it would so prepare the way for its successors that the light of awakening memory might by safe degrees overcome in some measure the utter darkness through which my silent companion had for years been groping; but what now ensued quite overcame me with nervous fright, for I felt rather than saw the pan taken hastily away, and heard an unfamiliar voice, which yet seemed far from unknown to me, saying excitedly, "French Camp gold, as I live! But I never could find the lode it came from, though I know very near where it crosses the ridge."

Had these words reached me from out the sky's blue depths, they could scarcely have startled me more; for one day, some twenty-five years previous, I had strayed off to a place called French Camp, and following up my idea that the miners there were working but an offshoot of the true channel, I succeeded in a few hours in striking the richest deposit of pay dirt ever found in the county; and this very dust was the proceeds of the first pan of gravel ever taken

from those subsequently famous diggings.

The picture of those wondrous times which my strategem had conjured into being in my companion's brain proved as evanescent, however, as the lightning's flash: one moment a glow of intelligence came leaping into the face; the next, it had entirely vanished, and only the old vacant look remained. Gone were those park-like hills and their majestic oaks, in whose shade he had dreamed over and over the one delightful day-dream,—home, rest, content,—the uncouthly furnished log cabin in whose solitude he had reared many beautiful castles,—the long-tom with its punctured rawhide that was to yield him up the golden foundations for all those castles,—the rocker at whose side he had knelt day after day, his hands busied with separating the gold from the dross, but with thoughts only for those dear, waiting faces thousands of miles away: all had passed away as completely and weirdly as pass

"The cloud-shadows on a star-lit stream,  
Or a soft strain of music when the winds  
Are slumbering on the billow."

I have since realized how strong the fear was upon me for days thereafter, that through close association with him I had become infected with some touch of his malady. I was enacting the scene over and over, striving to convince myself it had all been real, and then to brush aside the seeming mystery which clung to it. I tried hard to believe his apparent recognition of the gold proved nothing: it was a mere coincidence,—a happy chance guess,—as "French Camps," alike with "Chinese Camps," abound in the mines, while my imagined recognition of his voice would of course be but a natural sequence to my confused surprise. I derived great comfort from the fact that my adventure had been a profound secret, and resolved it should so continue. The experiment, however, should be repeated at an early

day, but in a different form and in the presence of several witnesses.

On one occasion I managed with the assistance of a blinding snow-storm to become lost in the mountains, and being thinly clad, provisionless, and minus my match-box, had rather a dreary outlook before me for the night; but presently a whiff of smoke came my way, and the next instant I was scurrying gleefully towards its source, for there I knew was safety, and thus came upon a camping party, who gave me true frontier welcome. Remembering quite well what joyous exhilaration of spirits I then experienced, and aware that this old mountaineer whom I had taken in hand had done much camping out, I decided to spring this scene unexpectedly upon him, looking for pleasant results therefrom.

It was fairly well reproduced, for I had spared no painstaking to that end. The pitch pine, which was filling the air with its unforgettable aroma, had reached me from a distant point through the express office, and Sam, our man of all work, was so dressed as to make a very presentable show miner. He was to be busied at the precise moment Katie led her grandfather into view in revolving a slap-jack in the air, this being according to the legend the almost constant occupation of miners when in camp; while I, my eyes smarting as of old, for camp-fire smoke always follows the cook, stand which side of the flames he may, would be concentrating all the powers of my wavering mind upon two objects,—to rescue the coffee pot from the dangerous angle it perversely assumes at such times, and to extinguish the flames ever leaping over the edge of the pan eager for a fiery encounter with the bacon hissing within.

I had planned wisely in one particular at least, for some recollections of his early life had certainly been summoned to the front by the pungent odor which the flames were freeing, it having in-

stantly released his gaze from its constant occupation; and he came to a sudden pause while taking in the scene with evident enjoyment and surprise; then started briskly towards me, shading his eyes with his hand in a peculiar manner the while. Of course it must have been this act, combined with his general appearance at the moment, which caused that long forgotten name to leap unconsciously to my lips; though the time had been when Eugene Mason made one in my circle of intimate friends; and no one regretted more sincerely than did I to read of his death, a notice of which had been published in the papers of San Francisco at the time. But the sound of that name when it escaped me thrilled me strangely, even the ring of my own voice startling me as I called out in long unused backwoods tones:

"You've struck it again, Eugene! You're just in the nick of time; come join us!"

How like an elusive dream abounding in wondrous and intensely interesting transformation scenes, hence exasperating beyond expression in that all efforts to recall it except in merest outline continue failures, has ever since been to me what then immediately occurred; some one had gleefully called my name; the eyes of Eugene Mason, twinkling with pleasure, had been peering into mine; his well-remembered voice had laughingly accused me of long continued effort to hide away from him; women's mingling voices had seemed part of my reply; just passing from view I had seen Katie leading her grandfather, his bowed head and slow, cautious movements revealing the nature of his thoughts, while on the ground at my feet were Mrs. Ransom and my wife, quite overcome with hysterical amaze, grief, and despair.

We had often commented on the fact that Mrs. Ransom had not once mentioned her father's name in our hearing; and believing some unpleasant episode in his history had induced this reticence,



(though it proved to have been but a mere chance omission,) we were well content to respect her silence. But now that she knew he and I had once traversed an exciting portion of our life's journey side by side, it was an evident relief to her to share with us the full particulars of his sad condition, which I will now rehearse as briefly as the continuity of my story will allow.

This was the day-dream she was indulging in as they came steaming in through the Golden Gate; for her trip to California was her wedding journey as well, and had been carefully planned as a grand surprise to her father. He alone in his mountain hut would be busied in preparing his evening meal; a light tap would be sounded upon the door, a long neglected showing of ceremony at which he would greatly marvel; and the next moment he would be confronting her leaning upon her husband's arm; then they two would take the helm entirely in their keeping; his hermit life should at once cease and forever, for he was to accompany them back to civilization and comfort, their guest from that time onward.

This was the rude awakening that came to her, and in the self-same hour that they landed: to know that he had for weeks been lingering at death's door, in the hospital a few blocks distant, and that the order had just been issued for his transfer at an early day to the asylum for the insane. Rescuing him from this fate, they carried out their original intention of making their home in Southern California, where Mrs. Ransom became a widow some three years previous to the time we met in the manner related.

She kindly gave me access to her father's papers, and permission to make public some extracts from the last few pages of his diary, which I now gladly do; for he had a large audience on one of the nights of which he writes, some members of which I trust will see these lines, and instantly recognize an old, loved

acquaintance beneath the purposely thin disguise I have thrown around him. They will be greatly interested and pleased by reading what follows later on concerning him.

FROM EUGENE MASON'S DIARY.

O GOD! That fearful cry! Must I ever be tortured with its echo as I have since constantly been? But I will deaden its sound as fully as may be, for the record, if made at all, must be made now while darkness, like a funeral pall, envelops the camp.

When positive I was being shadowed, I so planned that others should not be benefited at my expense by the discoveries I made; and my mysterious disappearance, as it was termed, remained a mystery, while I went on my secret search unmolested and in peace, meeting no human being in the weeks which followed, though the echo of my hammer upon the rocks and my pick in the earth sounded in vain, until when, within some fifteen miles of camp, on my way back disheartened, I there came upon indications which whispered to me unmistakably of great treasure near at hand; so, taking due precautions against surprise, I went to work with a will.

But soon my hiding place had been invaded, though thankful indeed was I that my visitor was only Indian Jim, whom I had once befriended; for the red man is little apt to forget favors rendered by us,—having so few to remember. I would not even have to purchase his silence with a bribe, he being partly civilized. He was nearly starved; and when his hunger was fully satisfied, and he was about starting on his way, I said to him only that I wished to remain concealed from my friends for the present, confident that would suffice.

And yet soon after midnight, and while I slept, he was once again standing near me. Aye, he had done well, In-

dian though he is, to accomplish the feat, for I am a light sleeper. He also knew perfectly what risk he was taking, for mountaineers generally shoot before investigating when awakened by a stealthy tread near by their camp. But Jim was on an errand of peace, as he construed it, and was aiming to do me a kindness; the words he was about to poison the pure night air with having been constantly repeated by him, that there should be no mistake, as he ran swiftly through the darkness, up hill and down, evading snow-water streams, plunging through dense forests, on as straight as the arrow flies, toward the spot where he had left me encamped.

He had heard fire and church bells tolling, had seen the streets thronged with people as he had never before seen them, and that each face was blanched with horror; but, quite incomprehensible sight, he had noticed the tears coursing down the cheeks of rough, brawny men, though savage curses were dropping from their lips, and their hands were menacingly clenched; and some raved fiercely of the arch fiend of cowardly murder having been banished for his very vileness from Satan's realm, and turned loose upon earth, and that henceforth Revenge should be the nation's war cry.

When, in addition to all this, he chanced to hear my name mentioned, and some one else, repeating it, exclaim, "O, if only he were alive and with us, we'd soon know all," this poor child of the forest imagined that possibly the moment had arrived when he might requite a service. But he would be cautious, not compromising me in any way; I had given him of my best, and taking him by the hand had called him my friend, and asked him to keep my secret; but without giving the faintest clue, he might at least carry this exciting news to me, and thus be doing me some mysterious kindness. So stepping up to the group he electrified them by saying:

"You want him? Tell Jim. Me find him."

Confident I had long since perished in the mountains, they for a time accounted his speech but senseless vaporings, but were at last won over to confiding their message to him through his earnest, guarded repetition of, "Me know. Tell Jim." And the faithful creature then turned from them and started at full speed upon his errand.

Out from the intense darkness of that starless night rang his cry clear and distinct, sounding to me, thus rudely awakened, like the tortured wail of a lost soul. "Me friend, Jim; all say, you come; Lincoln shot! Lincoln dead!"

I knew his voice perfectly, and it required but an instant for his words to take on their full meaning in my brain; they also promptly took up positions there as sentinels, and to no thoughts but revengeful ones has the password been confided; caring only for my rifle, I called out sharply to him the one word, "Back!" though I remember nothing whatever of our return to camp.

Suddenly I heard bells tolling; I was plunging straight through groups of men, and was aware they were staring strangely at me as they stepped hurriedly aside to let me pass; at last I heard some one saying, "It's the old operator or his ghost," and then I knew I was just entering the telegraph office with the entire crowd closely following me, every head uncovered.

The young man at the desk, nervous and confused, gladly gave place to me, saying as he did so, "There's a bad ground somewhere; I've not been able to raise any one since that first dispatch came." But upon opening the key I at once knew his mistake; human hearts and hands had been paralyzed by the fiendish enormity of the crime; the electric current was all right, so calling an office several hundred miles away, the response came instantly; my friend there recognizing my voice,—my hand-



voice,—and in a few minutes he had told me all then known of the tragedy, the first news having prophetically anticipated the final result.

While interpreting his message aloud, my words took on for me an ashes to ashes, dust to dust moan, the click of the instrument sounding like clods falling upon a coffin; so intense the silence otherwise, I for a time imagined myself quite alone; but my vision suddenly cleared, and as if by magic a perfect sea of faces sprang up before me, not only filling the room but extending far away out into the street, though over all still brooded that horrible, dead silence. Was I really facing a spectral army of slain Union soldiers, summoned back to earth on a campaign of revenge by the echo of that murderous pistol shot? No, these were human faces, I answered myself, for every eye was aflame with consuming rage and horror; we were living mourners clustered about our martyr's open grave, and by some mysterious happening it had devolved upon me to preach his funeral sermon.

As I turned to leave, the bells, which had ceased their clamor that no word of mine might be lost, again took up their cry of heartrending woe. Toll on, ye bells, unceasingly; your brothers throughout all Christianized lands are answering your cry.

Crape, crape everywhere; the lightning tells us the earth is buried beneath its folds. I noticed that even the fandango building was covered with it, but I pushed the door open in no uncertain mood when I heard dance music sounding within, determined that at least should instantly cease, at whatever cost; and yet it did not.

Two women were circling round the room, their audience seated quietly, taking no part; the poor creatures, whose feet had for months been keeping step to music that starvation might thus be warded off, had come arrayed in black in deference to the universal sorrow.

Looking more closely I recognized one of them, and knew the dress she had on had become to her a sacred relic; for in that dress she had followed to its grave her innocent child, who had taken her heart with it when it was called home. I saw that in the woman's face which convinced me she heard no single note of the violin music sounding; she heard naught but the prattle of her little one, her darling, safe, safe, safe! Then the dance music seemed to have changed by imperceptible degrees to a funeral dirge; the darkened room had become a tomb; so stepping noiselessly I passed on my way. Only a keen stroke of business on her part, you may be tempted to say, but you would never speak those words had you looked into her eyes as she danced.

Though why not business, even at a time like this?—for I found a bright, honest-faced lad successfully transmuting intangible grief into good coins of the realm. "A Lincoln badge?" "Assuredly," I reply, "and fasten it here as near my heart as may be. Our land is uniformed with them today." While he was silently obeying, I saw standing a few steps off a something outwardly fashioned like a man, whom I had more than once heard attach vile epithets to the name of our murdered chieftain. The boy also sees him, and even dares chaff him a trifle by asking him to purchase of his wares, I drawing near to note his reply.

"Yes, yes, of course I want one," the creature gasped out tremblingly. "It was a cruel deed. No, not there! outside, my coat, please, where it will show. 'Twas a cowardly thing to do. My change? No, no; keep it all and thank you. It was a brutal, wicked murder!"

And then I realized the craven was begging for his life, and I withheld my hand. For a moment the lad was quite at sea, but soon the explanation flashed upon him; pleasantly calling to his chum they exchanged a few whispered words,

then away they both flew eagerly on a still hunt for strange game; for Copperheads coveted those little mourning emblems, using them as safety badges, and would pay for them like princes.

THE camp-fire episode was not without immediate results of an encouraging nature, for Mr. Mason now made complete transfer of allegiance from his grandchild to myself, and it was evident he was continually striving to grasp the mystery of my identity. I was able to keep this desire alive by now connecting all my conversation with incidents he had taken part in, and I accounted it a grand beginning when he came to offer replies, vague though they were, to certain searching questions of mine. He would occasionally volunteer a remark, which hinted strongly of some unusual commotion taking place in his memory's long stagnant depths; and I would then lose sight of the irksome nature of my task and redouble my exertions. And thus my time was passed for months, until we again took possession of our inland home, and I resumed my place in the world as a worker.

Not that the pleasant acquaintance between our families now came to an end; for through the medium of interchange of family visits Mr. Mason and I met at short intervals, and with ever increasing pleasure on both sides. On these occasions he would perfectly personify my shadow, accompanying me everywhere, and I came to look upon his actions as a mute, touching appeal to me not to desert him. Holding in pleasant remembrance those early day friendships between us, there was not the least danger of my disregarding his evident desire.

I had crowded many idle moments with conjectures as to the manner in which the light of reason would most likely return to him, supposing it should ever really make full return. Would it come with the suddenness and brilliancy of a sunburst, its very brightness a source

of infinite danger? Or would his mind emerge by almost imperceptible degrees from the depressing darkness through which he was groping, as creeps in the dawn upon the domains of night? His only violent outbursts had occurred when some recent disturbance of the earth's surface near by attracted his attention; without doubt he at those times believed a desecration had just been attempted of the sacred spot he was standing constant guard over; hence we all exercised strictest vigilance in keeping such disturbing sights from his view. But the ordering of events was not in our hands; through unimagined sources was his deliverance to reach him.

They were with us on their regular winter visit, — as we in deference to custom termed it, — the day was perfect; the wildwood choirs furnished unstinted music; millions of orange blossoms were loading the air with perfume, and were being continually showered down upon us by each caressing breeze, treating us to an imitation snow-storm, so charmingly dainty and perfect in every way as to be worthy of the combined efforts of all fairydom to that end; while yon range of mountains with their beautiful white crowns stood sentinel-like, guarding the verdure-decked valley nestling at their feet from lightest touch of winter's chilling breath; and now and again the murmur of the "Peaceful Sea" was wafted to us, thus pleasantly reminding me that it held my discarded crutches as security for safe return to its shores of this silent, white-haired man at my side, whom I had enticed hither.

First there came a short, sharp whirr of wings; my cheek was fanned by some object darting swiftly by; a slight disturbance of the dense foliage just over my head occurred, and then again silence. The next moment a low whistle sounding there told me our visitor was a mocking bird, who had doubtless supposed we were but inanimate features of the landscape; and knowing the habits



of its kind, I felt quite sure it had chosen this retreat for purpose of private rehearsal of some recently conned lesson, or it might be for a little quiet practice at some inimitably quaint and charming woodland fantasia.

It proved mere pastime for our entertainer to put to shame its most gifted teachers at the very first attempt, for, finding its voice in perfect tune, it quickly turned loose upon us a wondrous flood of melody, wave crowding upon and overtopping wave in a wild, tumultuous rush, causing my attention to be momentarily divorced from my surroundings, and leaving me unmindful of what influence, if any, this serenade might be having on my companion.

I was quickly recalled to myself, however, by his rising hastily and nervously grasping my arm, while urging me to hurry, his eyes intent upon our matchless singer, who had been startled into flight; while a look of mingling wonder and pleasure was illumining his face, causing the hope to spring up within me that the exquisite roundelay had been the needed rod whose touch was to liberate the living waters of intelligence from their long-sealed fountain, it having possibly summoned to the front some sweet, refreshing memory of a boyhood happening; even as some of us old gray-bearded travelers are on occasion overtaken and cheered by the undying echoes of a long since sainted mother's evening hymn.

To know that his attention had been attracted skyward though for ever so short a time, denoted a complete break in the deadening monotony of his thoughts; and I would strive to keep them as long as possible in this new channel, even though it involved me in engaging with him in pursuit of a free wild bird. So away we went, hurrying side by side down the lane, I pointing out the direction it had taken with an apparent earnestness that might well have branded me as the one who most

needed looking after; while the ladies, who had been watching us from the cottage veranda, lost no time in following, though unable to conjecture the cause of our mysterious actions.

Then quickly ensued a scene which filled me with direst forebodings of trouble near at hand; for we reached the road just in season to intercept a procession of little children who were walking single file on their way to bury with due solemnity a pet bird, over whose demise its owner, a little blue-eyed lass, was still grieving in a way that caused sympathetic moisture to glisten in the eyes of her companions. Mr. Mason had come to sudden pause by the side of the toy wagon holding the pasteboard coffin, and was gazing tearfully upon its contents. Most likely he believed he was again looking upon his little friend, who had a moment before enchanted him with its matchless song; for with bowed head he now took his place as one of the mourners. The children, who knew him quite well, thoroughly puzzled as well as pleased by this accession to their ranks, silently resumed their march, while we followed after in a dazed, helpless condition, not seeing any way to avert the surely impending outburst.

We were soon clustered about the little grave, already prepared, but saw no signs on Mr. Mason's face of the coming of that look of horror we had good reasons for dreading. Very gently he took up that tiny, rainbow-tinted bunch of feathers, and laid it in its allotted resting-place, his serious manner throughout investing the child-like act with a touching significance; he then closed his eyes as if in silent prayer, and opened them a moment later upon a world replete with light and beauty, but of whose existence even he retained no slightest recollection.

His twenty years and more of faithful guard duty, entered upon by him when first he was cast by contrary winds, a well nigh hopeless wreck, upon the dis-

mal shores of phantom land, had come to sudden end; down from his shoulders had rolled the already loosened burden, which during all this time had kept this true soul crushed to earth; and in that miniature grave, fashioned so lovingly by infantile hands, and having for companion the mourned-for silenced songster, who through some mysterious influence had unfettered his thoughts, it had found eternal sepulture.

With head erect, his eyes intent upon us, he yet for a time seemed to consider us but the mere accessories of a puzzling dream. Soon long forgotten promptings hastened to his aid, for while instinctively raising his hat, he was saying in a thoroughly bewildered way, "Ladies, your pardon. I fear I am an intruder."

Startlingly Mrs. Ransom's cry of "Father!" now rang out, and it was a revelation to me to know that a single word could be so uttered as to compass to the full the story of her weary years of constant care and watching, with their attendant hopes and fears, their strivings, and their bitter disappointments.

Mr. Mason heard, but had eyes only for his grandchild, whom he lost no time in clasping in his arms, bestowing upon her many endearing names. His mistake did not surprise me in the least, for Mrs. Ransom's likeness, taken a quarter of a century previous, had been successfully palmed off on me as one just taken of Katie. Her great reward came, however, within the hour, and time for many days thereafter flew by on thought's fleetest pinions; for her father's hand was fondly pressing hers, and she was busied in answering his endless questionings concerning the great world's work, which had been accomplished while he slept.

His mind, though proving in great measure restored in all particulars save one, was yet far from strong, and we deemed it unwise to leave him much to

himself, fearing a relapse; his thoughts were in constant need of a figurative hand to grasp, for they oft stumbled sadly in their travels over long forgotten trails; but the mere touch of that helping hand seemed sufficient to make the rough places smooth to him, and he would keep confidently on his way when thus accompanied, very happy and boy-like in his rejoicings over his newly found freedom.

The one subject his mind was unable to cope with was that of the death of Lincoln. He would listen patiently to the facts, but would violently denounce our statements as rank absurdities. Now that his own life had become a reality to him, the yawning chasm so long confronting him had been leveled over, and he denied the existence of that disfiguring scar upon our nation's life.

"Why is it you cannot see how stupidly you blunder?" he one day retorted excitedly. "You tell me our flag floats unchallenged over every portion of our re-united land; that the Blue and the Gray marched side by side as a joint guard of honor to Grant, Lincoln's trusted lieutenant, through the streets of San Francisco, the populace fairly crazed with joy thereat; and again of the Blue and the Gray still side by side and hand in hand, their tears commingling, following his remains to the tomb. How can Lincoln be dead and these things happening? As well say to me God is not present with us while I hold here in my hand this little flower, in whose opening heart I plainly see his living, reassuring smile."

His reflections on this disturbing topic all taking this bent, the wisdom of yielding the point to him became very apparent, and we therefore eliminated with care from both our readings and conversation the slightest reference thereto, and soon had the satisfaction of knowing that the one threatening cloud was gradually dissolving away and fast fading from view, and that his mind's horizon



was daily becoming clearer and more secure. So the weeks and the months glided pleasantly by to us all, for the shadow no longer compassed him.

I think not one of us quite realized what was occurring, the change came about so gently. His daily walks were first shortened, then without comment, discontinued; his easy chair was deserted for the lounge, and that in turn for the bed; and still he seemed in perfect health, certainly as bright and happy as ever, only disinclined for the least exertion; and we gathered about him daily, conversing in light mood of the pleasant excursions planned by us, what time our heated term, which then prevailed, had run its course.

"Did you hear what he said then?" he questioned me with unusual animation one afternoon, when I was sitting by his bedside. He had just awakened from a quiet sleep, and careful to humor his every mood, I replied evasively that my thoughts must have been off on a distant raid, as I had heard no one.

"I am sorry you were not listening," he continued, "for he made all things clear, and proved me in the right. It was Jim, — Indian Jim: surely you remember him. Though he has changed wonderfully for the better in every way

since last I saw him. He had on a hunter's new buckskin suit, and was riding a gayly caparisoned and beautiful white horse. Jim was in quest of me, I instantly knew, for on catching glimpse of me through yon open window he came galloping up at full speed, swinging his hat in glad recognition; and drawing rein just there, he called out gayly:

"The Great Spirit bid me return and correct my mistake, for I told you wrong. Abraham Lincoln is not dead, but lives, and will continue to live, making the earth better and brighter by his unseen presence until Time's dominion over things terrestrial terminates. He has ever proved himself to be humanity's unselfish, far-seeing advocate and fearless champion, and very proudly has she placed upon his brow her loveliest wreath of heaven-blessed immortelles."

Once again had the words of his Indian friend taken up positions in his brain as sentinels, but this time only the most joyous of exultant thoughts were whispering the password; and the smile of triumph lingering on his face was a pleasant sight to look upon, although I knew full well that smile was slowly changing from flesh and blood to marble.

*W. S. Hutchinson.*



## BALLOT REFORM.

IN this city, two years ago, a well-known Democratic leader was accused of the unconcealed and audacious bribery of voters on the open street by the polls, and the evidence was sufficient to satisfy a large part of the public as to the existence of the evil. At the last election, in the same notorious precinct, voters were seen to vote under the direction of the henchmen of this "boss," and then, still under their guidance, to enter a room not far from the polls. The effect of the increased activity of the citizens,—as shown in the rewards offered by the Public Defense Committee for the arrest and conviction of any person guilty of any crime against the ballot in this city,—was to compel the bribing to be done in secret. The prevalence of the same kind of corruption in the other States is established by the most adequate testimony. An officer of the national committee of one of the great parties wrote to the local committee in Indiana as follows:

"Divide the floaters into blocks of five, and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of these five, and see that none get away, and that all vote our ticket. . . . Your committee will certainly receive from Chairman Houston the assistance necessary to hold our floaters and doubtful voters."

Which party he represented is immaterial; the significant fact is that the purchase of voters should be spoken of in this open and matter-of-fact manner, in an official communication from the most important organization of the party.

Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, a member of the Union League Club of New York, and high in the party councils, says in the *Mail and Express* of November 22:

"Of the money so liberally contributed by Republicans in this city for elec-

tion expenses, three very large sums were paid out which brought in only about 1,350 votes. The Coogan Labor vote cast for Harrison and Miller amounted to 1,200; the James O'Brien Protection Democracy vote, 50; the John J. O'Brien vote, beyond what is the normal vote in the Eighth District, to 100 votes. . . . As to the Coogan movement, it promised 29,000 more votes for Harrison and Miller than it delivered. . . . The James O'Brien movement promised 10,000 more votes than it delivered. The John J. O'Brien movement kept its word pretty well for Harrison, miserably for Miller, and not at all for Erhardt."

In Delaware the purchase of votes has been developed into a more perfect system. "The corruption fund having been raised, a treasurer is appointed. With the fund in his possession, the treasurer sits in some quiet office or back room near the polls. The active party workers constitute themselves committees to attend to the purchase of votes. . . . After the voter is approached, his price obtained, the bargain completed, and the ballot deposited, the purchaser conducts his purchased elector to the treasurer of the fund, who pays him the price agreed upon. The treasurer, as a voucher of his accounts and as a directory for the party in future contests, keeps an accurate list of the purchased voters, the persons by whom they were bought, and the amount of money paid in each case."

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been quoted from authoritative sources to show that the purchase of votes at the last election was openly and brazenly carried on by both parties.

It scarcely needs to be pointed out



that a continuance of this state of affairs will sap the vitality of our institutions. Democratic government can survive political corruption less readily than can a monarchy.

But how are we to remedy the evil? We have already adopted laws to punish the bribery of voters, but it is impossible to enforce them, because the transaction can easily be so secret as to prevent legal evidence being obtained. The only method of effective attack is to make it not worth the politicians' while to buy votes, and this can only be accomplished by securing the absolute secrecy of the ballot. To place it beyond the power of the purchaser to know how the voter has voted, renders the transaction too uncertain to be any longer profitable. The only advantage that a vote by ballot has over a *viva voce* vote is its secrecy, but under our existing laws the ballot is imperfectly secret.

Californians have always felt proud of the fact that their election law was as perfect as that of any State in the Union; that it offered safeguards against corruption which were unequalled by most of the States, excelled by none. But last year California lost this foremost position, not because of any deterioration in her own law, but because of improvements of the laws of other States. The provision that the contents of a ballot shall not be exposed within one hundred feet of the polls was one of the best provisions then in force in this country, but it did not prevent the purchaser giving a ballot to his chattel outside of the limit, and then accompanying him to the window to see him deposit the identical ballot. But last year one of the periodic reform waves passed over the country, and swept the cause of election reform onward.

James Russell Lowell, in a recent address, dwells upon the fact that the hardships to which our forefathers were exposed bred in them a habit of accommodation, which led them to tolerate

abuses, social and political, even while they condemned them, and this habit we have inherited. The habit of letting well enough alone is more than a fear of adopting untried schemes; it extends to a constitutional antipathy to change. He points out the grave danger to our institutions that may result from this apathy. But the danger is minimized by the periodic outbursts of reform enthusiasm that at times lead the people to rise and correct those abuses that are no longer endurable. It was such a rising that led to last year's movement for ballot reform.

During the sessions of 1887 the legislatures of Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kentucky considered measures for the reformation of the methods of voting.<sup>1</sup> Such a widespread movement, embracing the East and the West, is significant of the serious nature of the abuses that it was sought to rectify. Another fact, even more significant than the first, is that the reformation in each case was attempted on substantially the same lines. It is true that in the Eastern States the same influences were at work, and the bills were to a greater or less extent copied from each other. But the measures proposed in the Western States differed considerably from each other, and from those proposed in the Eastern States, while all agreed substantially in principle.

The scheme that was proposed in each case was a modification of what is known as the "Australian system." The idea of voting by ballot is almost as old as civilization itself, but the use of the bal-

<sup>1</sup>The movement continues this year. Already New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Maine have bills under consideration. South Carolina, Delaware, and Arkansas, among the Southern States, have taken it up, and Missouri, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana are to be added to the advocates of the system among the Western States. In this city, on one evening during last month, three separate organizations, acting independently of each other, discussed election reform, and two of them advocated the adoption of the Australian system in this State.

lot in modern political elections is justly claimed as an American institution. The ballot was employed in the colonies, and the adoption of the system in nearly all of the States dates from the time of their admission to the Union. It had been in use in this country for more than seventy years when Australia adopted it in 1856, with certain changes which increased its secrecy and considerably reduced the opportunities for corruption. It is this improved method of voting that has received the name of the Australian System. The same system has been in successful operation in England for sixteen years, and in Canada for fourteen years. The system can best be described by explaining the provisions of the Massachusetts law, which goes into operation this year. This law adapts the system to the requirements of our political methods, and at the same time takes the most complete advantage of the beneficial features of the Australian system.

Under the Massachusetts law, which applies to all national, State, and municipal elections throughout the State, the ballots are all printed at public expense, the expense for printing ballots for general elections being paid by the State government; for municipal elections by the cities. On the ballot the names of the various candidates for each office are printed under the designation of the office in alphabetical order, preceded by the name of the party or political organization by which the candidate is nominated, and succeeded by the residence, giving the street and number of the candidate. After the list of candidates for each office there is a blank space to write the names of additional candidates. In the case of electors for president and vice president, the names of the electors are arranged in groups, according to the party designation, because they are almost invariably voted for in groups. The ballot also contains such explanatory marks as, "Vote for one," "Vote for three," etc.

When printed, the ballots are folded in the manner in which they are to be placed in the ballot box, and on the back of each is printed, in such manner that it will be on the outside when the ballot is folded, "Official ballot for ——" followed by the designation of the voting precinct for which the ballot is prepared, the date of the election, and a facsimile of the signature of the secretary of the commonwealth in general elections, or the city clerk in municipal elections.

The ballots are prepared under the direction of the secretary of the commonwealth in general elections, and sent by him in sealed packages, each containing the proper number of ballots for a given precinct, and on the outside of the package is marked the precinct at which the ballots are to be used. To prevent miscarriage of the ballots, two sets are forwarded to a clerk, one sent forty-eight hours, and the second twenty-four hours before the election. The first set is sent by the clerk to the proper precinct before the polls open, and there the seals are publicly broken by the election officers, and the ballots given in charge of two ballot clerks. The second set is retained by the clerk until it may be called for, which will be in case of the loss or destruction of the first set.

The number of ballots for each precinct is determined in the following manner: The registrar of voters certifies to the secretary of the commonwealth in general elections, and to the city clerk in municipal elections, the number of qualified voters in each precinct, and each set of ballots for that precinct is then prepared, containing one hundred ballots for every fifty qualified voters, or fraction of fifty, in the precinct.

At each election precinct, a number of compartments are arranged, there being not less than one compartment for every seventy-five qualified voters, and in no case less than ten compartments at any city precinct, or three in any town precinct. These compart-



ments are each provided with a shelf and lead pencil for marking ballots, and are so arranged that no person can see the voter while he is marking his ballot. Around these compartments, and enclosing also the polling place, is a rail, so arranged that, while the compartments and ballot box are in plain view, no person outside the rail can approach within six feet of the compartments or of the polling place. Not more than four persons in excess of those in the compartments and the election officers are allowed inside the rail at one time, and a person is only admitted for the purpose of voting; and, having once voted, may not again enter the enclosure.

The method of voting is as follows: A person desiring to vote gives his name and residence to the ballot clerk, who announces the same in a clear and distinct voice. The ballot clerk having charge of the check list, if he finds the name there, announces it, and checks it off. A ballot is then given to the voter, and he enters the enclosed space, and proceeds to prepare his ballot in one of the unoccupied compartments, by marking a cross (x) after the name of the candidate for whom he wishes to vote. Refolding the ballot before leaving the compartment, he goes to the window, and votes in the usual manner. In case a ballot is spoiled, the voter may obtain another by returning the spoiled ballot to the ballot clerk, who cancels it, and returns it in a sealed envelope with the other spoiled ones to the city clerk after the election. A voter who is blind or physically disabled may have his ballot marked by an election officer, who, however, is sworn to secrecy as to the contents.

Such are the general provisions of the law in regard to balloting. In addition, there are certain provisions for the assistance of voters. Printed instructions to voters, explaining how to obtain ballots, how to fill them out, and how to obtain new ones, in case of spoiling the

first, are posted conspicuously in each precinct, and specimen ballots, printed on tinted paper, (the regular ballots being white), and showing how the marking is to be done, are also posted up.

Kentucky and Wisconsin adopted similar laws at the same time, which have already gone into operation; a law was also passed by the New York legislature, and defeated only by the governor's veto.

The Kentucky law, which applies at present only to the city of Louisville, contains some provisions that differ from that which we have been considering. The ballots are printed with stubs, something after the style of a bank check book, and bound in books, each book containing a number of ballots equal to the number of voters in the precinct, with a reasonable number in addition to supply the place of those that may be spoiled. The stubs are numbered consecutively, and upon each stub the name and residence of the voter to whom the corresponding ballot is given are written, but no distinguishing mark is placed on the ballot, as is the case under the English Ballot Act. The ballot is divided by a heavy black line into two columns, and these columns are again subdivided by horizontal lines into divisions for the various officers. The first column is used for votes for candidates from the city at large; the second column for ward candidates. The ballot clerk writes his own name on the back of each ballot that he gives out, in place of the printed endorsement of the Massachusetts law, and the voter encloses his ballot in an envelope before voting.

The Wisconsin law is only a partial application of the system, and does not extend to the preparation of the ballots, but only to the method of voting. Each election precinct is provided with two adjoining rooms, one of which is called the ticket room, the other the voting room. Before the polls are opened, representatives of any party may deliver to the election officers a sufficient number

of tickets, which are then placed on a table in the ticket room. Voters are admitted to the ticket room one at a time, and after having prepared their tickets pass into the voting room, and vote in the usual manner. As the New York law differed but little from that of Massachusetts, and as a new bill has been prepared to meet the objections of the Governor, it need not be dwelt upon here.

None of the laws in other States have incorporated the New York provision of separate ballot boxes, which tends to simplicity in the preparation of the ballot, and rapidity and correctness in the counting. This law provides for nine ballot boxes, to be marked successively: "President," "State," "Congress," "Senator," "Assembly," "Aldermen," "Justices," "City and County," and "Judiciary." Each voter receives nine tickets, each of which is endorsed on the back, showing for which ballot box it is intended. The subdivisions here are perhaps excessive, but the principle might be advantageously applied.

The methods of preparing the tickets and voting have been dwelt upon, but the system also includes a scheme for nominations, which promises to put an end to the abuses of the primary system, and thereby strike an effective blow at the bosses. The Massachusetts law provides that political conventions may nominate candidates for the various offices, as at present, a certificate of nomination being signed and sworn to by the president and secretary of the convention, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Commonwealth. But in addition to this, independent candidates may be nominated by petitions signed by at least 1000 qualified voters, when the candidate is to be voted for by the entire State, or by one voter for every hundred voting at the last election, where the office is a local one. In case of an independent nomination, the petition must be submitted to the registrar of voters, who

certifies to the number of qualified voters on the list. These petitions are filed with the Secretary of the Commonwealth when the nominee is a candidate for a State office, and with the City Clerk in case of a nomination for a municipal office.

The Kentucky law provides for nominations in the same manner, ten voters being required to endorse a candidate for a ward office, and fifty for an office voted for by the city at large. In addition to this, the candidate must deposit with the treasurer five dollars in case of a ward nomination, and twenty dollars in case of a city nomination. This partly covers the expenses of printing ballots, and at the same time tends to restrict the unnecessary multiplication of candidates. To prevent mistakes, a facsimile of the ballot for each precinct is posted in a conspicuous place in the precinct six days before the election, and is also printed in two papers of general circulation.

This system, it will be noticed, does not reach the question of frauds in counting the vote. That is a separate problem, and several remedies have been suggested for the evils that undoubtedly exist. But the present purpose does not include a consideration of these remedies. The Australian system attacks corruption in two directions: It renders the purchase of votes unprofitable, and it reduces the expenses of election to candidates. The first effect results from the absolute secrecy that is secured. No other system that has been proposed prevents the purchaser of a vote knowing whether the voter has carried out his contract. The "100-foot" law is only imperfectly successful; it is possible for the purchaser to know absolutely whether the voter has changed his ballot between the 100-foot limit and the polling place. Under the proposed system no person but the voter can know how he voted, and the "worker" is not likely to be satisfied with the unsupport-



ed statement of a man who would sell his vote. Honor among thieves is not equal to such a strain.

The second result — the decreased expense to the candidate — is what first attracted practical attention to the system in this country, and set in motion the reform movement. Mr. Ivins, who, as Comptroller of the City of New York, had been in a position to know the facts, read a series of papers on the subject before the Commonwealth Club of that city. From these papers it appears that the expense of running an independent candidate for mayor in 1882 amounted to \$63,000. This was declared to be a low estimate, because the disbursements were controlled by an economical and experienced committee of business men. The assessment for a "regular" nomination for mayor in that city is stated to be \$25,000 to \$30,000; for a judgeship, \$10,000 to \$20,000. Tammany's total assessment on candidates in 1875 was stated by a member of its Finance Committee of that year to be \$162,000.

Of course, the system of assessments has been developed more completely in New York than it has elsewhere, but in this city the assessments are unnecessarily high. These assessments are collected under the plea of paying the legitimate expenses of the campaign. These expenses are for the printing and distribution of tickets, for hiring halls, for speakers, "headquarters," clerical assistance, and for ticket peddlers and "workers" on election day. The non-partisan committee, which had control of a municipal ticket at the last election in this city, was economically and ably managed. Its disbursements for these legitimate expenses amounted to \$3,800. Of this amount, \$3,130 was for the printing, distribution, and peddling of tickets, leaving only \$670 for other expenses. The regular parties probably paid much more for this branch of the work. For instance, the non-partisans paid only \$730 for ticket peddlers;

the regular parties each had at least two peddlers at each polling place, which would amount to about \$1,800. The expenses of printing and distributing before the election would have been about the same for the old parties as for the non-partisans, but it is not out of the way to put their expenses for this work at \$5,000 apiece. The expense of printing and peddling tickets at the last election in this city, therefore, could not have been less than \$15,000, counting the various side-show tickets. It is the disbursement of this sum of which the proposed law would relieve candidates. The expense to the State would of course be far less, because only one set of ballots would be printed, saving in both paper and printing; the tickets would be printed in newspapers, instead of being sent to the voters, and the expense of ticket peddlers at the polls would be done away with.

In addition to this, the occupation of the political "worker" would be at an end. A candidate might, if he chose, engage workers to advocate his claims, but this would be a personal disbursement, and not one for which he would be assessed by an irresponsible committee. True, there are other legitimate party expenses to be paid by the party committees, but the essential point is that this system reduces to a minimum the amount of money to be disbursed by a committee that renders no accounts and gives no explanation as to whether the money was used for good purposes or bad. The San Francisco "*Alta*" of January 13th, in speaking of the bribery of voters says: "Party committees have largely come to be secret conspiracies against the virtue of the voter and the purity of the ballot. After all the chicanery of debate has been exploited to deceive the citizen, the foundation that falsehood has laid is built upon by bribery, and party organization becomes the means of taking a census of the corruptible vote, and assessing from office-

holders or office-seekers the money that shall buy it."

Another advantage of the new system, which is by no means unimportant, is the encouragement it gives to intelligent and independent voting. No person but an extreme partisan would claim that a ticket should be voted straight. The political parties are divided upon national questions, and these do not enter into State politics. Even less should political considerations affect municipal politics. In voting for candidates for city offices, the personality of the candidate should be the basis of selection, and the same rule applies to an almost equal degree as regards the State offices. Where a person votes a party ticket, the tendency is for him to deposit it in the ballot box without any changes. If he does not know anything about the different candidates he votes for the nominee of his own party. And there is nothing to encourage him to inquire into the qualifications of candidates. Even when he disapproves of his party candidate and erases his name, he may not have the name of the opponent, or he may be too indolent to write it down, — a case, I regret to say, of not very rare occurrence. But the new system places all the candidates for an office before the voter, and he has but to indicate his preference by a cross. He will thus be encouraged to compare the merits of candidates, and to vote more intelligently, and therefore more independently.

Let us now apply the principles of this system to this State, and see how it would practically affect the voters and the elections. The most useful adoption of the separate ballot box system here would result from a division of the offices into four classes, — national, State, municipal, and judiciary and educational, — the ballots for each class being printed on paper tinted differently from the others. In the first class would be the presidential electors, arranged in groups,

and the congressional candidates arranged alphabetically.

In the second class would be the officers voted for by the State at large — except Justices of the Supreme Court — and county officers, except in those cases where the governments of the city and county are consolidated, when the candidates for county offices would appear on the municipal ticket. The municipal ticket would include city officers, and the judiciary and educational ticket would include candidates for the bench and for the board of education. A municipal ticket for the city and county of San Francisco at the last election would have begun as follows, the successful candidates being marked for each office as they would be marked by the voter. Mistakes would be avoided by also marking out the names of the candidates that are not to be voted for.

#### CITY AND COUNTY

FOR

1 MAYOR.....	Pro.	C. HENDERSON.
	Ind.	C. C. O'DONNELL.
	Dem. x	E. B. POND.
	Rep.	CHAS. R. STORY.
2 AUDITOR.....	Pro.	D. G. McDONALD.
	Rep.	HENRY B. RUSS.
	Dem. x	F. F. STROTHER.
3 TREASURER....	Rep.	AUGUST HELBING.
	Pro.	W. N. MESERVE.
	Dem. x	CHRISTIAN REIS.
4 COUNTY CLERK	Rep. x	W. A. DAVIES.
	Pro.	A. G. SHEAHAN.
	Dem.	A. J. SPOTTS.
5 SHERIFF.....	Pro.	W. W. DODGE.
	Dem.	JAMES R. KELLY.
	Rep. x	C. S. LAUMEISTER.

The objections to this system can be considered most conveniently by examining the message that Governor Hill sent to the New York Legislature, when he returned to them the ballot reform bill without his signature. Certain of these objections are to matters of detail that are peculiar to the New York bill, and do not affect the principle of reform in any way. These objections may be ignored, because they do not come with-



in the scope of our present inquiry. The other objections are stated as briefly as possible, and for this reason the language of the message has been departed from, but at the same time great care has been taken to retain the spirit of each objection, and to state it fairly. For another reason, which will be obvious, the arrangement of the original message has been departed from, and the objections have been grouped together more with reference to their nature.

The first objection is that the bill is unconstitutional. The New York Constitution provides that every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years shall be entitled to vote. The contention is that the bill hinders and impedes citizens in this right, and in support of this the following points are urged. (1) The law discriminates between candidates, by placing the names of those that are regularly nominated on the ballot, and leaving off those that are not. (2) An elector should be allowed ample opportunity to canvass the merits of candidates, and to that end should be duly informed who are candidates. (3) The elector is restricted in his choice of candidates to the names printed on the ballot.

The first point may be answered by pointing out the fact that any candidate with a respectable following—one thousand voters in the entire State was the highest number required—can be regularly nominated, and if not so nominated he may advertise himself as a candidate, and ask voters to write his name upon their ballots, which they are given the right to do. This power to write additional names on the ballot answers the third point under this objection. Moreover, the governor himself objects, later on, that nomination is made too easy by the bill, and that there would be too many candidates at each election. One of these two objections must be groundless; there cannot be both too few and too many candidates. I am inclined to think that the second is the

valid one, and that the Kentucky law is better, providing as it does for a limited assessment of candidates—\$5 to \$20—to cover the expense of printing.

As to the second point under this objection, there is nothing to prevent the continuance of the present practice of the publication of tickets by the different parties. A provision for official publication does not prohibit private publication as practiced at present. An objection that the ballots are not printed in time to allow the voters to closely scrutinize the candidates, has been met by the new bill proposed this year.

The next set of objections is that which looks to the recognition of only two leading parties. (1) The names of candidates are to be published in two papers representing the parties polling the largest vote and the next largest vote at the preceding election; hence, the members of smaller parties cannot find a list of candidates in their official organ, and (2) The ballot clerks are chosen from the two leading parties, and therefore other parties have no representation. In answer to the first objection, there is nothing to prevent any paper from publishing the list of candidates, and it will certainly do so if its readers desire to see the list. The law simply provides for publication in the most effective manner. The second objection applies equally to the existing law in New York and in this State, and the provision has never been known to work any injury. The second objection is also answered in the next paragraph.

The next set of objections apply to the ballot clerks, and have more weight. (1) The ballot clerks have control of the ballots, and as they are "partisans," they will endeavor "to nullify the recorded will of the people as expressed at the polls." (2) In case of a spoiled ballot, it is in the discretion of the ballot clerks whether or not they will give a new one. If they think the ballot has been purposely spoiled they may refuse.

(3) Where the ballot is not endorsed by the initials of both ballot clerks, it must be rejected in the canvass of the vote, and thus an elector, through merely excusable carelessness on his part, and intentional omission on the part of the ballot clerk, may be deprived of his vote. The first objection is purely captious. The ballot clerks are "partisans," but they represent two opposing parties, and their activity is less than under the present system, being confined to giving out ballots, and checking the names of those who have received ballots. They cannot exercise any influence at all in favor of any party or any candidate. The second objection applies only to the New York bill, and the provision has been modified in the new bill to meet the Governor's objection, and does not appear in the others until the voter has destroyed several ballots. The object of the provision is, of course, to prevent a few persons using up a sufficient number of ballots to deprive others of the right to vote. This could not be accomplished under the Massachusetts law, because there at least two ballots are provided for each voter. But under the Kentucky law, where there are but a limited number of ballots in excess of one for each voter, the supply of ballots might readily be used up.

The third objection requires longer consideration. The New York bill provides for the endorsing of the ballots by the two ballot clerks. A careless voter might receive a ballot not so marked, and attempt to vote it. But the inspector is charged with the duty of permitting no ballot to be put in the ballot box without being properly endorsed, and thus the omission would be discovered and rectified. It is only by carelessness on the part of the voter, and collusion by the two ballot clerks and the inspector, that an unendorsed ballot could be put into the box.

This provision goes to the very heart of the system, and is essential to its success. Its object is to prevent a method

of defeating the law, that was discovered in Australia. A political rounder went to the polls early, got his ballot, entered the compartment, and there folded up a blank piece of paper, which he deposited in the ballot box. His regular ballot he retained, and this was used as the basis of a day's work in buying voters. A purchased voter was given this ballot already marked, and with it in his pocket went to the polls and obtained a blank ballot. Voting the prepared ballot, he returned the blank ballot to his purchaser as a proof that he had "delivered the goods," and this blank ballot was prepared for the next voter. The system was thus effective chiefly in furnishing a certificate to the bribed voter to prove the fact that he had carried out his contract. The endorsement of the ballot with the official stamp absolutely prevents this form of abuse.

The next objection is plausible, but scarcely weighty. The provision in regard to voting by illiterate, blind, or physically disabled persons, permitted them to have their ballots prepared by an election clerk under the supervision of another. The clerks were sworn to fill out the ballots properly, according to the directions of the voter, and not to divulge the contents of the ballot afterwards. This provision was necessarily compulsory on blind and physically disabled persons, but illiterates might, if they so desired, bring a marked copy of the ballot, as printed in the newspapers, with them, and fill out the official ballot according to the marks on the newspaper slip. But blind and physically disabled persons could not resort to this expedient; and to cover their case the new bill provides that if the voter declares under oath that he is blind or physically disabled, he may take another person into the compartment with him, and that other person may mark the ballot for him. This, of course, is a breaking down of the principle to this extent, but the class of voters to whom



it applies is a small one, and any false swearing would be detected easily.

The next objection is that the printing of tickets by the State would not prevent the assessment of candidates, because there are other legitimate expenses to be met. This is true. A candidate of a party will still be expected to contribute to the expenses of the campaign. But a candidate who is not able or willing to pay the heavy assessment now demanded, will still be able to stand for any office, and the numerous side shows which are now organized for the purpose of endorsing candidates for a pecuniary consideration will be prevented from carrying on their present system of blackmail. The question first asked in regard to candidates for many offices is not, are they capable of performing the duties, but can they pay the assessment? This state of things would not continue under the new law. Furthermore, as has been shown, fully three fourths of the legitimate expenses are for printing and distributing ballots, and the new system would thus divide the assessment, that could be levied legitimately, by four.

It has long been admitted that any reform of our present political methods must reach the system of nominations. Primaries and clubs are dominated by the bosses, and respectable citizens feel a disinclination to mix with the class of politicians who manipulate them. This disinclination is increased by the feeling of helplessness, when they consider the organization and unprincipled methods of the bosses. During the last election an effort was made by the respectable element to effect the organization of

one of the local Democratic clubs. On the night when officers were to be elected, they had a clear majority of the membership, but before balloting began a party of ward strikers quietly entered the room, and when the voting began these outsiders crowded around the table. When the respectable element got within reach of the ballot box, they found that their names had already been voted, and a body of officers subservient to the boss had been elected. They made the fatal mistake of not securing the temporary secretary.

The proposed law, which provides for the nomination of independent candidates, and places them upon a footing with the regular nominees, would render such contests unnecessary, and, by weakening the effect of a nomination by conventions organized in this manner, would strike a blow at the system of bossism from which it could not recover.

The last objection is that time-honored, moss-covered objection that the system is untried in this country. Suppose the American colonies had objected that a Declaration of Independence had never before been tried in this country, or had rejected the Constitution on the ground that it had been untried! Fortunately, the system is no longer untried in this country. It has been practically applied in Louisville and throughout Wisconsin at the last election, and the testimony is universally favorable as to the simplicity and effectiveness of the new system. California has now an opportunity to regain her place in the foremost rank of the States, by adopting this improvement in her election laws. Will she do it?

*F. I. Vassault.*



## THE PATH TO THE SEA.

ACROSS the russet pastures to the sea  
Our pathway led. In buoyant sunlit air  
The blue waves tossed, roughed by the north wind's glee,  
And leaped in foam where the black reef lay bare.

From wind-swept pasture-ridges, rugged, high,  
We turned aside, and kept the easier track  
Around a ledge, pale brown with grasses dry,  
And gray with lichens on its rocky back :

When lo ! the grass was green—the ground was wet  
With springs that trickled from the cloven ledge ;  
The fragrant meadow orchid there had set  
Its snowy spikes among the rustling sedge.

Beyond, the pathway threaded out and in  
Through a young spreading growth of fir and spruce,  
Wherein the wind sang softly, and wherein  
The sweet sun-extracts from the resinous juice

Filled all the air. The treetops pricked the blue ;  
On either side the branches shut us in.  
Where was the sea ? The bird that upward flew  
Was not the white-winged gull, which o'er the din

Of the loud breakers wheeled and flashed, but brown  
And small ; his hurried gay cadenza, flung  
In a glad rush from boughs above us, down,  
Was of green fields and sun-warmed valleys sung,—

Of his shy partner, and his meadow-nest —  
Not of the broad horizon of the sea,—  
Small vistas,—little pleasures,—evening rest,—  
Not of immensity—eternity.

*Mary Leland Adams.*



## A DAY IN CHEROLON CAÑON.

IN the great northeastern plateau of Arizona—one of the most interesting of the wonderlands of America—many of the streams, particularly those that have their origin in the snows of the San Francisco and Sierra Blanco mountains, and run northward to the Little Colorado River, flow, almost from source to mouth, through “box” cañons.

Gigantic are those box cañons. In places a hundred or more yards in width; narrowing at other points to but a few feet; winding, jagged, and tortuous, with walls absolutely perpendicular, and of a depth appalling. And one of the greatest, most grandly picturesque, of those deep water-ways is the cañon of Cherolon Fork of the Little Colorado.

One evening in the fall of 1884, in company with a small party of antelope hunters, with whom I had been riding that day over the high plain through which Cherolon breaks, I camped upon the summit of the eastern cliff of that stupendous gorge. Resting there upon the night-curtained vast expanse, with no lights but the twinkling stars and our glowing pipes, I listened to the following narrative from one of the party, John Benton.

IN the summer of '72, with three others,—Dick Edson, James Harmon, and his brother Ray,—I came out into this country prospecting.

Edson and I had been friends for years, having been mining partners in Montana. The Harmon brothers we met in old Albuquerque, over in New Mexico, where we “outfitted.”

Filled with the idea that the cañons of the Colorado River, and of some of the streams flowing into it, were great cuts made by nature for the prospector, disclosing many rich mineral-bearing veins,

we determined to explore them, if possible.

As one of the necessary preparations for such an exploration, before starting we discarded the ordinary bed from our wagon, and put in place of it a square-ended, flat-bottom boat, solidly built, as wide as would go in between the standards, and about fifteen feet long. And, boys, in that box of a thing we had one day a ride down this cañon that I shall always remember.

It was on the 4th of August we first came upon Cherolon, which up to that time we had never even heard of. We struck it about ten miles below here, a short way from the foot of the mesa that rises above the valley of the Little Colorado. The stream comes out of the box cañon at that point, and from there to its junction with the Colorado, two miles below, is wide, with low sand banks,—ordinary enough.

We decided to explore the cañon, and that evening launched our boat.

A short time after sunrise the next morning we started. The day, even at that early hour, was extremely hot,—no breath of breeze to move the slightest twig of the greasewood bushes along the banks, or ripple the surface of the stream. The summer rains, which ordinarily begin a month earlier, had not yet begun; consequently the amount of water coming into the cañon above was not sufficient to make a perceptible current down there in the great depths.

We found our boat rather an unwieldy thing. As Ray said, “the small end of it was the biggest.” But with Edson at the oars, and James Harmon steering, we soon entered in through the gateway of the gorge, passing in a moment from the light and heat of the sun’s direct rays into the dark, depressing shadows of the

towering cliffs, and the chill of the damp air hanging there.

The cañon deepened rapidly as we rowed on, and ere long the rugged walls seemed to touch the sky, and more than perpendicular,—converging,—they appeared; and so narrow looked the winding line of blue at the top that surely one could step from side to side.

'T was a weird and dreary place, and the home of birds of the night. Frightened by us, numbers of great bats started from under overhanging ledges, and wheeled on silent wings around our heads. From their homes high up in the crags, two huge owls started out, and went flapping their broad vans through the dark, damp air, lighting upon some point a hundred yards ahead, to move on again as we approached,—seeming ghoulish guides leading us into peril.

In places, the cañon bends so sharply that half a hundred yards in front of us and half a hundred yards behind, squarely across from side to side, that narrow way looked closed against us, and we felt shut in,—forever imprisoned.

For many feet above our heads, the walls were worn by the rushing floods smooth as glass to the touch, and were green, slimy, and dripping. For hundreds of yards no point or projection, nothing that one could have held to for a moment had the boat gone down.

The water was very deep. Once, when Edson ceased rowing, I sounded with two picket ropes tied together,—a good hundred feet, the two. Foot after foot, coil after coil, went down, until I held the end just above the surface, and still no bottom. Then more overpoweringly than ever before swept over me that feeling, half of terror and half of awe, that comes to man when in the presence of such exalted works of nature. Floating in that frail boat on those waters deep beyond our means of sounding them; in the dark shadows of those high-reaching, beetling cliffs; in the deathlike, per-

fect silence, I felt dwarfed,—my soul contracting,—helpless.

The others were equally impressed, I know, for we remained there some minutes without speaking. But when Edson started us on again, James Harmon said:

"Boys, you see of course that this rock is sandstone to the water's edge. It is useless to look for minerals here. I suggest that we go back."

His voice sounded unnatural, and Edson and I thought him afraid. In the two months that we had known Harmon we had often noticed and commented upon his great caution, his unwillingness to take any chances of danger that were not absolutely necessary, and we were both of the opinion that he was lacking in courage. We insisted upon going on, and Edson made a remark expressing our opinion of our helmsman. He replied only by striking skillful, powerful strokes with his steering oar, helping propel the boat forward.

Rounding a sharp bend some hundreds of yards above where I had attempted the sounding, we came to a place where the walls of the gorge were much broken,—cleft and riven in all directions by gaping seams and crevices. Huge masses had fallen, nearly blocking up the way. One enormous stone extended twenty or more feet above the surface of the water, and was so wide that it left us barely room to go around. There, and for some distance above, we almost held our breaths, and dreaded to have our boat, even ever so lightly, come in contact with the rocks; for towering far above us were gigantic, loosened fragments,—stones from which might be carved sphinxes great as the famous one in the land of the Nile, pillars of Karnak, obelisks of Thutmes,—balancing upon their inadequate bases so insecurely that we felt a gust of wind, a touch, might bring them crashing down. And there, lodged upon the points and tangled in the clefts, full sixty feet



above, were weeds, and grasses, and drift-wood, showing the tremendous height of the floods that at times rush through the gorge.

About a mile above that point we came to the head of the deep water. The cañon was wider there,—forty yards, I think. Over the eastern precipice a tributary water-course, then dry, had brought in large quantities of sand, forming, a short distance below, a bar several square yards in extent. We got out upon this bar.

In high spirits, then, to feel ground once more under us, we jumped about and sent our shouts and songs echoing up and down the gorge. With our hammers we picked our names upon the wall. We thought ourselves the first visitors to register there, and there is an altogether unreasonable, yet very great, pleasure in thinking one's self the first to look upon a wonderful scene.

Having rested a short time, we left our boat and continued our exploration on foot.

For some distance we found the bottom a succession of small sand bars, separated by spaces of shallow water, and then a perpendicular fall of four or five feet. There we saw that the running water made but a small stream, three yards in width, perhaps, and a few inches deep. Beyond, numerous low falls and slight ripples, where the water laughed merrily, and long stretches where it glided noiselessly over smooth stone, velvety with the moss upon it.

We went forward rapidly, and surely the footsteps of man have fallen upon the stone walks of few grander avenues. As below, so there, the walls in places come very near together,—less than twenty feet at one point, I think,—and are perpendicular, hundreds of feet in height, smooth, and unbroken. But about a mile above where we left our boat the cañon widens abruptly to fully a hundred yards, and the rock is much softer.

There the hoary architect, old Time, directing his never-tiring workmen, the pouring waters and the wind-driven sands, has carved and builded wondrously: foundations and walls, porticos and balconies, columns, capitals and cornices, turrets, spires, and domes, palaces, cathedrals, and fortresses, in every style of architecture the world has known; some upon a scale so slight and delicate that they cannot long endure; others grand and vast, and seemingly builded for all time.

The vandal forces of Nature—the earthquake shocks and the rending frosts—have been there, too. The mass of debris reaches half way up the western cliff. And over it an intricate, tangled network of wild vines,—vines that to me always seem to take pleasure in hiding from view, by covering with a robe of life and beauty, the ruined and fallen of the works of man and of nature.

Some distance beyond the place I have just described Edson said:

“Lads, we have no cause to feel any way grand on account of being the *first* to explore this place. Evidently others have been here. Look up there!” pointing to the cliff on our left.

Truly we were not the first. Centuries deep in the unknown past—probably long before the Northmen first saw this continent—hundreds had been there, and left records of their visits. Spread over a great extent of the smooth surface of the eastern wall are picture writings, similar to those found in hundreds of other places in this region. They are the work of those wonderful pre-historic people, the fragments of whose pottery mingle as plentifully as pebbles with the soil, and the ruins of whose stone dwellings crown almost every prominent hill, and are to be found along the banks of every stream, and by the side of almost every spring in northern Arizona and parts of the adjoining Territories.

The pictures are about thirty feet

above the bottom of the cañon, and the artists when at work had stood upon a projecting ledge that forms a rude balcony along there for many yards. We found the way up, examined the inscriptions, and longed to make out something of their meaning.

Those records tell, perhaps, of seasons when sufficient rain fell, and of seasons of drouth; of time of plenty, and of time of famine; of years of peace, and of years of war with the wandering hunters of the East; of the building of certain villages, and of the destruction of others; of successful hunts, no doubt, for numerous are the representations of big-horns, antelope, and deer; of great war chiefs, and of men wise in council; of births, and marriages, and deaths; in short, something of the history of a once numerous people who have gone from earth. O, if we could read!

There was little probability that the "ancients" reached that place in the manner that we did, so we began searching for their way in. Quite a distance up the gorge, at the mouth of a branch cañon, we found it,—a flight of rude natural stairs. Some of the steps are so high that small stones have been piled up to enable the climber to get from one to the next.

We, with much trembling, made our way to the top, and found ourselves at one edge of a vast field—several square miles—of bare sandstone, eroded into all imaginable shapes, and traversed by countless gullies and cañons.

That field of stone is the cause of the great height of the floods in Cherolon. In the summer seasons here, when it rains it pours, and every drop of water falling upon that bare rock goes to the gorge below as certainly and almost as quickly as the water falling upon the roof of a house runs to the spouts at the eaves.

Going down again to the cañon, we made our way back to the boat, reaching it about eleven o'clock. Taking off our

light clothing, we plunged into the water and sported in it for a time, then partly dressing ate our lunch.

The blaze of the August sun came down the western wall, dwelt in full fury around and upon us for a time, then went creeping, crawling, up the eastern side. There was still no perceptible current of air, and it was intensely hot.

"We can go back to camp in an hour," said Ray Harmon, "Let us wait until about four o'clock to start. It is perfectly sweltering now."

We were all willing, so filling our pipes, we stretched ourselves upon the sand, smoked and conversed for a time, but soon grew drowsy, and finally slept.

I must have been sleeping, I think, for two hours, when I was awakened by a blow upon my arm, so sharp and stinging that it brought me bounding to my feet.

A whirlwind was crossing the gorge, dropping part of its burden of sand and pebbles below. The small stones cut the water with a quick, sharp thud, showing the great height from which they fell. One of them had fallen upon me.

At first I thought I had slept until evening, so great was the gloom, but almost instantly I realized that there was something ghastly in it that was not of night. Looking above in terror, through the jagged opening I saw the most terribly tumultuous, storm-lashed sky that I have ever looked upon. Masses of granite gray, masses of ebony, banks of brilliant purple, banks of glowing crimson, tongues and eyes of yellow flame,—writhing, twisting, piling, falling, mixing, wildly driving northward.

In an instant the colors swept from view. For a moment an even pall above of impenetrable black; then, shooting out under it, flashes of wavering light, like the glow from a great conflagration. Down the cañon came puffs of cold air, and I heard the mutterings of the storm. I thought to waken my friends, but ere



I could turn, rending in twain the awful sky, came a broad, forked, zigzag flash of the lightning; so scorchingly burning that I thought my eyeballs seared; and roaring, bellowing, booming, crashing, a thunder peal that seemed to cause those giant walls to their deepest laid foundation stone to start and quake.

With simultaneous bounds the boys were on their feet, and stood with blanched faces and wildly staring eyes, trying to comprehend.

Down came the rain. Great, scattered, splashing drops at first; then rattling, dashing, streaming; then almost a solid body. And horribly shrieking and howling, through the gorge swept the wind, driving the falling deluge before it with almost resistless fury.

The tributary that had built the bar on which we stood started, for a moment slowly, clinging to the wall; then bending out, the half of an arch, almost instantly gaining breadth and depth, pouring a cataract.

Then above the bellowing of the thunder, above the howling of the wind, and the rattle of the rain, from up the cañon came another sound, a deep, heavy rumbling. We understood it at once,—the flood.

In that awful moment was shown how differently will great and sudden peril affect men. Ray Harmon stood motionless, speechless, benumbed with terror. Edson dashed across the rapidly narrowing limits of the little bar, from end to end, from side to side; then falling on his knees, tossed high his hands, and shouted, "My God! my God! we are lost! we are lost!"

In agony, by the lightning's light I swept to the limit of my vision the wall to the right, the wall to the left. Smooth, slippery, perpendicular, — no hope of climbing there. Then, incapable of action, my knees knocking under me, staggering, I was possessed by despair.

But it was only for a moment. I looked at James Harmon, — saw the

straightening of the form, the raising of the head, the firm compressing of the lips, and the general look of self-command that marked the coming to him of a full understanding of the surrounding danger, and of courage to do, to death, the best that could be done. Instantly I felt him the leader, and at once came to me something of the faith, and trust, and added security, that the soldier, marching to the field of strife, must have, if he knows his commander is calm, wise, and of approved courage.

Deep and sonorous, even in that wild carnival of storm, each word distinct, came his command:

"To the boat! To the boat! It is our only chance!"

Springing at his words, we grasped the boat, then two-thirds filled, and with the strength of desperation raised it and dashed the water out. Righting it, we leaped in, I in front, Edson and Ray in the center, and James Harmon last, in the stern. Quickly gaining his paddle, he held us against the current, already considerable from the stream pouring over the cañon's side, and shouted:

"Benton, sit in the bow, and keep us off the rocks! Down in the bottom, boys! Sit down! And bail with your hats! Bail for your lives!"

Even as he ceased, around the sharp, narrow curve a hundred yards above came the first great roller. Madly dashing against the obstructing wall, it sent high up the rocks a foaming mass that fell back upon the wave behind. Then frothing, boiling, seething, a breast of good five feet, and behind, wave after wave, mounting high, higher, it came tumbling, flinging irresistibly on.

Sweeping into the wider place, the wave spread out and lost full half its height, but struck our boat with a mighty force, that threw it high, then sent it forward with a dizzying motion, and almost foundered it with the water that broke over the stern. But working only as men who are fighting for life can

work, Ray and Edson kept us from going down.

Harmon and I, comprehending his idea, battled our utmost to decrease our speed. But twenty more skillful oarsmen could not have held a boat against that mad rush, and soon we struck, in a curve, with a shock that nearly stove in the bow, and sent Harmon reeling over on his brother. We had, however, in a measure, accomplished our object, and were in the somewhat smoother water behind the first great, breaking waves.

Harmon quickly regained his feet. Shouting and making me understand that we must keep the boat off the walls or be lost, he faced the bow and strove to keep us in the center of the flood. No longer making effort against the current, we sped on our dreadful course down the narrow, sinuous gorge.

Our heads bare to the pitiless pelting of the rain; ears nearly bursting with the commingling crash of sounds; gasping for breath in the suck of the wind; plunging one moment into cavernous gloom; swathed the next in the brilliantly burning electric light, on, on! An instant gliding, sliding, speeding; then rocking, pitching, bounding, — on, on!

And standing above us through all the wrack, his splendid head erect, the muscles of his uncovered chest and arms strung to a terrible tension, guiding with inimitable skill our craft, now to the right, from a hissing jet, now to the left, from the plunge of a stream that came over the wall, was James Harmon, the man I had thought a coward. Exerting himself to the limit of strength, yet mentally calm; seeing every danger, — our master, our pilot, our hope.

With a sickening sweep we rounded a great bend, and in the then incessant blaze of the lightning, only four hundred yards away down the rock-bound shoot, we saw the waters piling in foaming confusion over and around the fallen rock.

Again despair as came to me the

recollection of how that great rock obstructed the channel.

One-quarter way down the awful stretch, — and more madly mounted the waters. Half way there, — and wilder, wilder, the break of the waves. Surely there was the end. My nerveless fingers, unclasping, dropped my oar, and it whirled away. Both the boys stopped bailing, and Edson half rose to his feet. But in the stern, the only one of us then under the sway of reason, still guiding the boat, standing erect, to die a man, was James Harmon.

At that instant, just on one side of the place where we expected death, from the right hand wall a few feet above the surface of the flood, I saw great stones push out, drop down, and disappear. Then, reaching up, up to the highest limit of the cliff, a gigantic shaft, glowing in the electric flashes with a baleful light, dropped down a short distance, staggered, and leaned outward. Wider, wider, the opening cleft, yawning black between the flame-painted masses. Slowly at first moved the top of the huge column, — slowly, as though waiting for us to be fairly underneath. Then faster, instantly faster, till with a horrid swoop it rushed through its great arc, struck the opposite wall, doubled back upon itself, and plunged, a broken, crumbling ruin to the waters below, not fifty yards before us. And with a volcano-like up-bursting the foaming flood shot high.

So enormous the rock fallen that, dammed for an instant, even that mad current flowed back. But in a moment, swelling higher, far beyond any wave that had gone before, and with redoubled fury, it sped on, and upon the summit of that mighty upheaval we were borne over all obstructions without great harm, only dragging across some sharp, projecting corner that raked our boat from bow to stern with a grating, tearing sound.

Faint hope once more, and our pilot shouted:



"Courage! courage! bail! bail! and we will get through!"

But hardly had he spoken when in spite of every effort we struck the wall with such violence that the master went down again and lost his oar. Edson, just in the act of stooping to resume his labors, was hurled overboard.

With the last things that dwell in memory will be the look that he, clutching a narrow ledge, turned on us as we left him behind. Only a moment he held,—the ruthless waters pulled him down. Then he tried to reach the boat. Now on the surface, now buried, now on the surface again, then driven against the rocks. Then following, following us at the mercy of the flood; now almost within reach of an outstretched hand, then yards behind; one instant an arm, then a leg, then half its length shot into the air; rolling, pitching, drifting, his bleeding, stunned form.

James Harmon thrust the end of the third and last oar within my hands, and made me understand his wishes. Then rising to his feet he waited for Edson to come once more to the surface. The lightning seemed to me a halo round him, and at no other time have I beheld the soul, the God within a man, shine through the earth of form as brightly as it shone that moment in Harmon. An instant he stood, then plunged far out and caught the senseless form of his friend.

Stimulated to almost superhuman strength by his splendid example, I managed to keep the boat directly below him, and stay its speed sufficiently for him to regain it. Directing Ray, with greatest skill they got Edson into the boat. Then Harmon cautiously clambered in: and down upon his knees, and urging his brother to redoubled exertions, the hero bailed, bailed. And it was none too soon. Our boat was leaking badly, and with the pour of the rain and the water that at times splashed over the sides, we were nearly sinking.

Then on, on! and hope! Only a half mile more!

But we were then in a very crooked part of the cañon, and as I thrust out my oar to keep us from a point, the blade went deep into a crevice, stuck, and was wrenched from my hands.

Without power longer to guide in any measure our motion; drifting, plunging, rocking; now sideways upon the crest of a wave; now in the trough, the waters dashing in; then whirling, whirling,—first one end and then the other, in spite of bruised and mangled hands put forth to prevent, dashing against the walls; bailing, bailing, wildly bailing; on! on!

Four hundred yards more, and free from those high, confining walls we should be saved. But rounding the last sharp bend, there before us, half way down that last straight stretch, bursting upon us with a sullen roar all its own, a tremendous cataract poured over the western wall,—a stream so great that it filled one half the width of the gorge, and appalling was the wrangle of the meeting waters for mastery.

The lightning-lighted arch between the torrent and the wall behind looked narrow, narrow. Could we go through there? The bend we had just come around shot our boat to that side. A moment more. Our velocity seemed greater than ever before.

The end of the boat in which James Harmon was kneeling was then ahead. I saw him once more put forth his bleeding hands to break the shock, and braced myself, and clutched the sides. As nothing the strength of one man's arms. We struck just above the fall with a force that shivered the end plank.

At once the end in which I held swung out and around. For an indescribably short space of time, the horrid fanning of the down-shooting waters past my face; then, with the sensation of the boat up-ending over me, I was driven down.

Down! down! a crushing weight upon

my chest, — a cracking, snapping, mashing of my skull it seemed ; globes, and tongues, and writhing chains of fire before my eyes ; the clanging of madly beaten irons in my ears. Then breast and head were swelling, bursting out ; a glare of green, and fiendish laugh of waters. Then, the struggle over, the soothing sense of languorous repose, an all-pervading flush of roseate light and harmony ; a tired child once more, on my soft cot at home. From the far eastern verge of heaven the round, red moon flooded the world with beauty. My fair young mother, seated near me, with gentlest, deftest fingers touched her strung guitar, and breathed a lullaby. Then darkness, — sleep.

Ray Harmon told me afterward that the boat was not dragged down by the cataract ; that, as it was but slightly caught, the tremendous force of the main flood wrested it away, and sent it on, but sinking ; that at the command of James they leaped out ; and that the light-seasoned wood, although a wreck, would still bear up the weight of Edson, and partly uphold them.

And he told me how, when they were yet fifty yards above the mouth of the

cañon, when those boiling waters, which could not long keep anything down, cast me to the surface, that bruised, bleeding, half drowned, but unconquerable man had without a sign of hesitation once more left the boat and seized me, and after a terrible struggle, had at last reached the bank below the gorge.

The wreck of the boat swept out upon the sands in the first bend below. There they saved Edson.

Never yielding, stimulating by word and example his almost exhausted brother, working after work, especially for Edson, seemed hopeless, he, who so sadly needed care himself, cared for us and brought us back to consciousness.

Many times in my dreams have I lived again the terrors of that day in Cherolon ; and often when I ride alone over this vast, silent plain I think of it, and shudder. Ever at such times, when as I shake off the horror comes back the sense of health and strength and the intellectual joys of life, my soul honors and reverences that high spirit, — James Harmon, — whose judgment, self-command, and all-enduring courage kept us from death.

*Charles R. Moffet.*

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## A WINTER DAY ON THE MARSH.

FAR off across the dismal marsh  
 I see a snow-white wall,  
 Where angry waves are piling high  
 And bleak winds loudly call ;  
 While round about me pipe the reeds,  
 Which stand so brown and tall.

Above, the flying ducks and geese  
 Seem dots against the sky,  
 Apast dwarf willows slowly creeps  
 The muddy river by ;  
 A gray mist hides the distant hills  
 And hark ! how seagulls cry.

*Franklin Herby.*



## LOST ON THE UPPER NACIEMIENTO.

FIFTEEN years ago I was living in San Luis Obispo County near the coast. I knew the people well, — the rapidly disappearing Spanish element, the Italian fishermen, the Swiss dairymen, the Missourian cattle-raisers of the hill region, the quicksilver prospectors, and the mountain hunters who ranged the wild region northwards toward the Monterey coast. I had climbed Morro Rock, — the great mass of granite, 683 feet high, that guards the entrance to Morro Bay. I thought, in fact, that I knew the whole county from end to end, and had exhausted its varied experiences. But I was mistaken.

One morning I saddled up a wild brown horse, which I had bought from a large band, and rode northward from the old Summit region near the San Josephine mine. I meant to go through the hills to the old stage road at the crossings of the Nacimiento. But I was careless at best and the trail was terribly confused by crossing cattle and sheep tracks, and by noon I had lost my way entirely, had wandered in a north-westerly direction, and had become involved in the thick forest and stifling undergrowth of the precipitous mountain region along the headwaters of the Nacimiento River, the boundary line between Monterey and San Luis Obispo counties.

I do not know of a more wild and lonely region in all California than that in which I found myself. At least it was so at that time, some fifteen years ago. Nominally it was a cattle range, but practically speaking, one might spend a week there without meeting anything except birds, squirrels, lynxes, and an occasional deer.

The fog from the Pacific drifted in in great waves, and obscured hill and

ravine. For a week, indeed, this fog hung over the Coast Range, and as settlers afterwards told me, old ranchers were lost within a mile of their own homes, and wandered about for hours, until the sight of some familiar landmark enabled them to discover their location. Under such circumstances a young man of the cities, unused to mountaineering, was even further bewildered. I managed to lose my bearings so completely, that instead of going north I was facing west, and towards the wildest ravines of the upper Nacimiento.

The day darkened down into dusk; the land was a wild and foodless waste, in which there was no sight or sound that was cheerful or encouraging in any degree; no cattle lowing, no tinkle of a sheep bell or bark of a dog, or even the whistle of a quail. The fog dripped heavily from the trees, and my clothes were damp and cold. I uncoiled the long stake rope, and let my horse feed on the dry grass of a hill-slope, and drink at a spring in the bottom of the gulch. Then, with the end of the stake rope tied fast to a bush at my feet, I lay down on the lee side of a boulder, and went supperless to bed.

During the night I heard the coyotes about me, and once the slow, lumbering tread of a grizzly passing up the dry bed of the stream, where no cattle ever walked; but morning came, and I found everything as before, — gray fog, brown hills, and loneliness.

I saddled my horse, and rode slowly on, as a man shipwrecked would sail, — he cares not whither, so only he be ever moving. I think that for half a day I understood, as never before, the feelings of a shipwrecked wanderer. For I was lost in the mountains.

At noon I rode into a narrow black

ravine and found signs of occupancy there. A small footpath was trodden in the tall, dry, wild oats. It led from a spring set low in the bank, and, turning past a rock, ascended to the head of the gulch. I rode into the bottom of the ravine, and saw that the spring was boarded up, and a cup hung on a branch near. Fortunately I felt no desire to drink; indeed, my anxiety to find some settler and regain my bearings overwhelmed all lesser thoughts.

The ascent of the path was easy, though narrow and rocky. I spurred my mustang, and he set his shoulders against the bank. This carried me past the trees by the spring, and I was able to see that there was a small flat space of ground at the head of the gulch, with a rude log cabin built against a moss-covered rock. Smoke came from the chimney; there was some one there. I gave my horse his head, and set him again to the bank. As we climbed I directed his course straight toward the cabin.

Fifty yards farther, an enormous white oak half blocked the road. On its bole was a board nailed, and on that board, painted in rude, wavering letters half a foot long, was the sentence:

*"For God's sake, come no nearer."*

I paused, drew rein, threw my horse back, facing the writing. I did not understand it then. But I do now.

The breeze swept down across the hills, and brought a strange sickening odor from the cabin that startled me into wondering whether any one lay dying of a fever there. An almost overmastering feeling of terror smote me for an instant, as that sickly, ghastly breath came from the cabin. I know now what that odor was, but then I did not know. I read the sentence once more, and rode on past it toward the ruined cabin.

It would have been a beautiful spot for a poet or mystic, if only that overhanging dread were gone. Looking back I saw with delighted eye that the few

rods of ascent had opened up a wide vista of distance,—blue hills, from which the dense fog was now lifting, rocks, pines, and a vast mountain panorama. The level acre of ground was very fertile; wild fruits, vines, and flowers bordered it with glorious entanglements; two deep ravines held it between them; behind, the barrier of a mountain peak sheltered it,—it was a site among a thousand.

Riding on with gentle pace, I passed a rod of garden fenced in with closely wattled brush, and watered through hollow logs by water from a spring behind the cabin. Then I passed a pile of rude quail-traps. The hermit-dweller here, whoever he was, had food in abundance evidently, and by now I was at the half-open door of the dingy den.

Suddenly something projected from within the cabin and caught the edge of the door, pulling it inwards. It was not a hand; there was nothing human about it except a vague suggestion that it might have once been a hand. I saw it plainly, with the sunlight flashing upon it,—a horrible, distorted, inhuman thing,—a claw that the midnight ghoul of a graveyard might envy. I heard the hoarse rattle and dull breathing of the creature inside, and the odors of the charnel house came with tenfold violence from the awful place. Again that hoarse, pitiful rattle; then words in good English, words such as these:

"You must go away. It is death to stay here. My disease will kill you. Every breath is your poison."

"Can I help you?"

"Nothing can help me. I am a leper. Leave me, and send no one here."

I asked the way.

"Climb that mountain," he cried. "Go at once." His words had the ring of an almost superhuman agony.

For hours after the words, "I am a leper," rang in my ears. I kept finding new meanings in that awful cry from the harsh voice of the outcast. Who was



he? Whom had he loved, and what tragedy lay behind it all? Was this the end of some old family of princes and conquerors, proud and luxurious, dying at the roots, poisoned at last with Oriental vices? Was this the strange, unaccountable disaster of a single life, the wreck of a hopeful and genius-guided voyage on life's sea?

The mystery deepened as I rode. I saw the knotty hand projected, heard the voice crying "Unclean, unclean," as the outcasts of Palestine were wont to cry, as they went forth to the desert.

A mile from the cabin a bit of white fluttered in the grass. I dismounted and examined it. It proved to be a fragment of a woman's letter, the paper of the costliest, the handwriting elegant and cultured, but the words mostly illegible. Perhaps it had belonged to that poor, crouching leper, but that is for the hereafter to reveal.

An hour before dark I had ridden to the top of the pine ridge. The fog had entirely disappeared. Looking back, I saw far below the break in the rocks, and the small, cup-like depression where the leper's cabin stood. Westward, unmistakably clear and glorious, lay the vast, shining Pacific, twenty miles distant, and all the space between was purple and brown, white of quartz, and darkest green of fir trees and pine. Not a breath anywhere; not a sound afloat. Peace rested on the lonely wilderness. But while I stood there, looking and wondering, the living death moved beside that silent place, and crawled to his vegetables, and set his traps, and waited his release.

I set my face northward. Far below me shone the Naciemiento River, broad and swift. There was no road, or even foot-trail, and the northern sides of the mountains were one mass of scrub-oak and chaparral. There was only one way, —to force a passage along the bottom of the nearest ravine, and take the chances.

I rolled the heaviest rocks I could stir down the ravine and somewhat cleared

the way. Then I uncoiled my long riata, and going ahead fastened it to a tree down the ravine. Returning I coaxed, pushed, and bullied my horse into sliding down. This operation sufficiently repeated brought me at last to the river, and following the bank, I was soon in a settlement.

Five years passed away, and I had heard nothing of the leper of the upper Naciemiento. Then a San Luis Obispo newspaper mentioned the fact that a cabin had been found in the mountains and in it lay the skeleton of a man. Some refugee from justice, it was conjectured, had made his home there, and had died from accident, suicide, or disease. A year later I met one of the herders for a large cattle owner in the region, and asked him about the country.

"Filling up fast," he said. "All sheep and cattle ranges from the Salinas to the ocean. Not half so wild as it was ten years ago."

"How about that cabin?" I asked.

"Well, sir, I was the boy that found it. First we found a boarded-up spring with a sign board of some sort near by, but all the writing faded out. Then came a place where there had been a garden, but deer and bear and rabbits an' sich had used that about up. There was some cabbages run wild, that we cooked for greens that night.

"There was little narrow paths running about the flat that looked like as if a cripple had hitched himself around. In fact, there was a queer feeling about the whole place, but I can't exactly describe it.

"Then the cabin was very old and worthless as a shelter, except the fireplace end. There had been a big fire there and lots of things burned. The ashes showed marks of letters and books and clothes and truck of every kind that had been burned there. We raked them all over, and found buttons and a pocket-knife, and bits of a few photographs. That was all.

"The rest of the boys wanted to tear up the floor and dig for money, but I laughed them out of the notion. The fellow was some crazy fool, and that's the whole story."

Some to whom I have told this matter have asked me to write it down, thinking that there may be some person or persons living who are deeply interested. So I have told it.

*Stoner Brooke.*

## BELLEBOO.

### IV.

EARLY in November Uncle Pete's party arrived on the Big Raccoon. Nearly the entire journey had been made in company with other immigrants, Pete not deeming it safe, on account of his color, to travel alone. As it was, he experienced some little annoyance from the despised "po' white trash."

Jutting on the bluff of the Big Raccoon rose the very substantial house of Mr. Emsminger, — substantial for it was not only chinked and ceiled within with poplar, but weather-boarded without. It was a tavern on the county road, though it contained but two rooms, two immense rooms, connected by a passage now stored for the winter with most of the farm implements. There were beds everywhere about the house, big feather beds, and low trundle beds, strings of pumpkins, peppers, hanks of tow and flax; and in the rear room, beside the little mother, were six girls, the eldest nearly always spinning off the year's crop of flax on the little spinning wheel. Clearly the Emsmingers were rich.

The house readily absorbed Pete's family, and towards evening the Emsminger boys came dropping in, headed by their father; immense men in tow shirts, with dazzling skins and broad, German features; simple, rough, stupid men. The girls had the same wonderful complexions and unfortunate features, with the exception of the eldest, Caroline, and she was absent.

Poppilina glanced over the group of eleven children, her second cousins, and shrank within herself. Mr. Emsminger sitting by the fire, smoking, after watching her for some time inquired abruptly, "Hev ye seed Ca'line?"

"No," she drawled timidly; "she hev gone out."

"She knows *ever*' thin'," he continued confidentially, overlooking entirely the other eleven.

"I hearn tell on Ca'line," she said.

"You hearn tell on her mo' yit. She knows *ever*' thin'."

The Emsmingers were from Tennessee, early settlers of Indiana, and owners of a large tract of unfenced, uncleared land. They cultivated just enough to support the family. The boys, though nearly all grown, clung close to home, leaving it for no longer time than a prolonged coon hunt or a grand wedding might require.

People in Indiana then commonly wore linsey woolsey and tow, the difference between classes lying in the way it was worn. Standing in the midst of her kinsfolks, her small retinue of servants behind her, the thin figure of Poppilina became sylph-like, and her dark countenance wore the lineaments of aristocracy. She felt this difference. Consciousness of it tinged all her manners.

"The folks down ter Kentucky won't know us no mo' now," she said sorrowfully to Aunt Philly; "now thet we've come ter the Emsmingers an' ate with 'em. We need n't go back to Kintuck



sence we've got down to bein' Injianny folks. I'm so 'shamed I could jes' die."

The next morning she and Pete went over the new place. It margined on the creek; a spot of it was cleared, and then the forests swooped down on it and lost it in their depths. On a low bluff above a small spring stood a cabin, and further on an unchinked barn. There were wild plum trees about the spring, and paw-paws near the house. Pete marked off his new pasture and what fields ought to be cleared in the spring, sounding the trees, examining the clods in the fields, as though expecting to find his master had been cheated.

"We'll call hit Belleboo, honey," he remarked to Poppilina, "fo' de sake ob de moral an' de 'fleckshun w'at it brings on de pas' an' hits 'speriences." And as "Belleboo" it was known throughout the district.

## V.

PETE soon housed his convoy in the rough cabin. The self-stimulated energy that had maintained him these weeks dwindled and disappeared. Its long life was remarkable. Unguided and unguarded he shifted from rail-splitting to tree-cutting, to sledding, to house-chinking, to planning, to doing nothing. In vain his wife remonstrated.

"I's restin', Philly, fo' gearin' up agin, an' a pusson kain't do nuffin' in de winter."

"A creepin' Jesus kaint, an' you is dat, W'at Marse Hal say w'en he come an' fin' dat bootiful walnut not ready fo' de fencin'? I would n't 'mancerpate no mis'ble creepin' niggah w'at moseyed roun' me. I kin tell you dat."

Pete had no answer ready. Not knowing the great burden weighting down his whole moral being, how could she interpret the heaviness of his soul as anything but laziness?

He was at the corn-crib one evening about the first of April, getting a meas-

ure of corn for a forgotten cow, when the dogs at the house began yelping, and were answered by the deeper baying of his master's hounds just without. Before he could reach the trap door he saw Hal dismount from his horse and come towards him.

He looked haggard and exhausted, and without speaking, threw himself down in the doorway and burst into tears. Pete paused a moment, curious changes flitting across his face, — then went back to the corn.

When he had filled his hickory-split basket he came to the door and said briskly, "Gitten outen de way, Marse, I gittin' co'n fo' de dun heifer. I's too ole ter be trested 'bout a plantation. I dun clean furgit dat creetur, an' her a mooin' ter me dis half hour."

He pushed his master aside, and calling the horse proceeded to the barn, followed by Hal, much as in long gone times the young Marse had followed him about with a sore and indignant spirit, because of some unpleasantness at the "big house."

Hal dropped down again in the barn door, burying his face in his hands, and Pete leisurely fed the neglected heifer, talking to her and drowning out Hal's deep sobs until they grew quieter. Then Pete came and sat down beside him in the doorway.

"Well, Marse Hal, dis plantation am a-callin' an' a-callin' fur its marse. De mooin' ob de cattle say dey monst'ous tired er dat ole niggah w'at fo'gits 'bout de co'n. Dat young cow, I see en her eye, she hook me ef she knowed how 't war done."

For answer, Hal laid his head on the negro's knee and hid his face.

"Dar, dar, honey," whispered Pete, caressing his crisp hair, "I knowed ye war jes' tuckered out. Ye jes' natchally got ter hev Unc' Pete's knee. De road am hard frum de ribber up hyar. Hain't I been long hit? Ye 'min's me ternight ob de leetle boy w'at uster come ter my

cabin frum de big house when dey whopped 'im. Dey wan't no place like Unc' Pete's knee."

He smoothed the cords out of the young man's hot forehead, rocking gently the while, and muttering a placid Methodist hymn.

"I don't want ter hear no hymns, Pete," said Hal wearily, after a long pause. It was quite dark; the dogs were whining with impatience and hunger, while refusing to go to the house without their master, and the horse whinnied and wheeled and bit the fence with yet greater fretfulness.

"I went ter see the folks down ter Grayson an' Louisville, ez I said I would. I seen him down by his dryin' house, an' says I, 'Gott,' says I, 'I been er wantin' ter whip yer fur 'bout three year, an' I reckon this air 'bout ez good a time ez any, seein' ez I ain't goin' ter pay in-trust, and wanter leave Kintuck fa'r an' squar."

"'This is yer time,' says he, 'hit's 'bout the plantation, I reckon.' Thet man never hel' back on th' swingle tree, Pete.

"'It air,' says I, an' then I fired an' ran. They wa'n't nobody knowed I war thar. They 'lowed I war up on th' Ohier."

"O, Marse Hal, Marse Hal, de Lord say p'intedly —"

"It orter been did afore?" Hal questioned eagerly, not noting the unfortunate sequence of words. "Yes, so it orter. I 'low thet, an' kain't make no sorter excuse 'bout hit, an' I hain't exertin' my intellec' ter so do, 'cause I done hit now. I kin go ter work now. I recollect w'at grandad uster say 'bout this hyar kentry, an' keepin' thet in min', an' Bellevoo, an' th' mo'gage, I kin go ter work right. I hain't no doubts now; — leas' ways," after a pause, "no doubts 'ceptin' w'at a man kin sleep on. He never said nothin' arterwards. I kinder waited, but he did n't speak. 'T war in the night, an' the dryin' shed stood

near th' edgè o' th' hickory grove. P'raps yer recollect'."

"Yaas, Marse."

"They wa'n't nothin' else ter do, Pete. I reckoned everythin' up, an' them war my conclusions. It did n't 'pear ter me like there was anybody on the face o' th' yeth 'ceptin' Gott an' me, when ye lef' Bellevoo. Maw uster say it war wrong ter shoot a man, an' I thought maw hed c'rect principles, but women air fearin' an' timorous, Pete, an' allers a-hidin' in th' brush like warmints."

"Da's so."

"Then she war wrong?"

"I war jes' 'scribin' ter de principle ob deir hidin' in de bresh. Dat am so. I know dat myself, but —" then he paused.

"She war right?" queried Hal.

Pete had acknowledged to the Lord once a day at least, since October, that he classed man-killing among the more heinous offenses. He did now. Yet he battled with his conscience and his sense of duty. He had heard the eagerness and anxiety in Hal's tone, and he was ever regardful of his duty to soothe and bolster his "boy's" despondent moods.

"Hit hinges, I jedge, on de man an' de fac's w'at he loads de gun wid. De missis war a monst'ous knowin' woman, but she hev ter hev a jedgment ob de fac's."

"O, Unc' Pete, thar ain't no jedgment on my side. It air all on his'n."

The mournful cry of his master wrung Pete's heart, and he wiped the tears from his eyes, and snuffed a little in response. Presently he said, "You neber hearn 'bout dat man sence, Marse Hal?"

"No, I been travelin'." I mought 'ev missed him. But I war a good shot al-lays. What hev ye done on th' plantation?"

The talk then turned on business matters; the horse was cared for, and they went to the cabin, where presently a gorgeous supper in the way of welcome was set before Hal.



He had, of course, brought presents for all the family, and the result of much mental harassment on his part was a couple of dolls for the children, store dolls even in Kentucky then being matters of great luxury.

Poppilina had counted on nothing less than a silk apron or cape from the folks in Grayson. Upon getting the doll, dumb with wrath, she immediately carried it to the plum tree grove, and pounded it into the earth, despite all Silly's generous pleadings to be allowed to adopt it.

"No, it haint a orphan, hit aint nothin' but a sto' doll. He'd better brung me some clo'es. He air a tyrant settin' on my privileges, an' a knot-maulin' my sperit 'cause he am growed up. Don't ye dare, Silly Somers, ter tech the yeth what kiver thet doll, an' ef ye don't ye kin hev my 'pretty pieces' fur yourn. Now go 'long, an' don't tell Aunt Milly, fur she dig it up, sho'."

## VI.

IMMEDIATELY after the interment Silly stole to the Emsmingers to show her sour-faced property, and announce that Hal "was comed."

Caroline, the eldest of the Emsminger girls, for her own good reasons, made her appearance at the Belleboo cabin about the third evening. Hal was setting glass in the windows, hitherto supplied with greased paper, and kept moodily at his work, paying no attention to her, but Pete hustled her into the house, where she deposited a basket of cake.

She was about twenty, slender and not tall, with the perfect complexion of the family, her mother's good features, much like Hal's, a calm, yet bright and earnest blue eye, and wonderfully curly red hair creeping around her white neck and little ears. She was the only Emsminger who laid any claims to physical beauty or mental ability.

Her father had roughly petted her by

getting her horses, dresses and bonnets, and by endeavoring to send her to a grammar school. Her mother had opposed this; she must know no more than the others, and what good would grammar schooling do them all? All the older children had spent about two winters at school, principally in Crawfordsville. Here Caroline had learned a refined manner and a few graceful little arts, which, in her sense of her own crudeness, she had imitated so closely as to appear at times painfully artificial.

The more exclusive families, all from Kentucky, while friendly, never permitted themselves any social intimacy with the Emsmingers, thus confining Caroline to rare church going and the never-ending spinning, weaving, dyeing, and making of the great household. She never knew she was discontented till it was certain the Somerses were coming. She had hoped much of Hal, with some awe, perhaps, for it was supposed he was quite a fine gentleman; she had more than once stood abashed before his sister. But she hoped that since they were cousins, he would like and appreciate her. The excitement caused by her father's negotiations for the farm had kept the matter active in her mind for six months, till, in fact, she had run completely away from Mr. Somers the planter to Hal her cousin.

As she rode back home that April evening, she cried undisguisedly. She was spirited enough, but far too ignorant and timid to feel or show anger. She related to her mother the whole incident of Hal's discourtesy and finished with "'Co'se, I reckon they hev their opinions 'bout us, 'cause we're from Tennessee, but cousins is cousins anywhere, accordin' to my notion. I won't trouble him any more."

Hal had, in fact, none of his sister's aristocratic sentiment. He had not neglected Caroline because she was his Tennessee cousin. He was moody, and wrapped up in himself from all around

him. He had, however, noted her sufficiently to turn when she left, and watch her till she disappeared in the woods.

During the spring and summer, after a great log-rolling, he worked very hard on the farm, winding Pete by his example to a pitch of energy that astounded the old man himself. In his boyhood he had been particularly jovial, but he was now as unapproachable. He permitted only the barest acquaintance with the farmers: even the Emsmings rarely saw him. When he went to the nearest village or to Crawfordsville, he had no time for cards, horse races, raffles, and so on, and he consequently became rapidly unpopular. Nothing outside his fine fences seemed to concern him, and the work he found to do within them seemed never finished.

But he did not work intelligently, with a view to improvement and profit. He was fencing much of the summer, and on Sunday generally "grubbed bresh" in the fence corners. Pete expostulated with him in vain.

"Sentiments of religion haint nothin' ter do with bresh, an' I hev. I allays itched when I was ter meetin', anyway. Sunday air an unlikely day. A man sets nussin' himself, and hevin' thoughts. 'Sides thet, Pete, we don't want a mo'-gage. Thar's the fambly comin' on. Popp'liny,—you know how all-fired per-tickler she air 'bout herself, an' her lan' and relations. I've got ter hev a fine piece o' lan' fur the man she marries. 'Tain't my intentions to leave her pore, an' men settin' roun' git pore."

He did not instance his father, but probably he had him in his mind.

He attended none of the religious meetings now becoming quite frequent in the neighborhood at one log cabin and another; but Pete always did. He rode a stately black mule Hal had given him, with Philly on the pillion and Silly stowed somewhere, and was accompanied by Popp'liny on her special property, a

heavy, jog-trotting mare. She always rode some ten feet before, Pete respectfully maintaining the distance.

During the moist, gorgeous spring, Sunday was Pete's main hunting day. The squirrels, young and fat, filled all the great elms in the upland forest beyond the house; and about dawn, taking his two best dogs, "the yaller and the spot," he sallied forth bare-footed, wading through the dewy grasses into the open woods. It was always cool to chilliness, and the sun reached into its depths very slowly. The rills of water, fretting along among the tree boles, were icy cold to his numbed feet, and the wood, but for the squirrel groups, solemnly silent. He always bagged a feast of the little feasters, and got back in time to don his hunting shirt,—an article of red flannel belted at the waist and reaching to his heels in two lank, scarlet tails, which had done him duty many years on all particular and special occasions.

## VII.

LATE in the fall a wandering school-master made his appearance in the neighborhood, and offered at low rates to teach the children. Assessments were levied on all the farmers, Hal among them, and the school was opened on the Raccoon bottom about a mile and a half from Belleboo. There were something over twenty pupils at the beginning, including Popp'liny and Caroline Emsminger.

The household generally at the old Bellevue had taught Popp'liny to read stumbingly. Beyond this accomplishment she was totally untrained. Her mother had been a dreamy, unpractical woman, and nobody else considered whether Popp'liny had an intelligence or not.

On the first day she came home from school on the run, her cheeks aflame and her eyes fiery with excitement. She



rushed down to the fields where the men were gathering in the corn.

"Land o' mercy," cried Hal, always resigned to her gusts and tempests, "what's in yer year now?"

"I won't go no mo'—you an' Unc' Pete un'stan—I won't go to any dees-  
tric' school."

"Law, honey," ejaculated Pete, "did you done git back 'live. I neber 'spected dat, sho's deff I did n't."

And Hal, placating in his slow way, between tossings of corn replied that he'd talk it out at supper, when she had her breath.

But she was prepared to do the talking at supper; she actually chattered. She would n't go to school, nor would she say why she would not. That was her mind, and she wished folks to respect it.

But she had a plan. "You learn me, Hal; you know a heap. I don't want spellers an' sich, I want story papers an' daddy's books. You must, you must; what'd mammy say, an' special granddaddy Myrtlewood, ef they knowed the common young 'uns roun' hyar knowed mo'n me, and hit all your doin's? Uncle Pete says I'm ter be a lady, an' Pete orter know, 'cause he's seen mammy's folks. I hain't seen none like mammy yit, an' I know Ca'line she feels sorter humble when I'm roun' sometimes."

This raised a general laugh, amidst which she reiterated, "You must, you must; you'd seen it long ago ef you was what I knowed yer to be onct, but ye keep a ingrowin', a doublin' up in yer-self, till I reckon you'll be a sp'ere 'fore long."

Hal had been laughing, but at this he grew serious. He stared at his sister in mere astonishment. Then there was consciousness and something like fear in his looks. He glanced away at the blank log walls; perhaps the deeds of the year grew pictured thereon, for his countenance changed, grew tense, then weak and dull, till his eyes came back

to his sister's face. It was expressive of pinching intellectual want, vagueness, dullness, and discontent, but lightened now by hope.

Popp'liny talked so little that her real mind was difficult to reach. She had just said she did n't want to be behind the district children. Yet Hal in his sudden revelation saw all the train of logical and illogical sentiments that were included in and concluded that uttered desire. It was not long since he had said Popp'liny was his main care, and he thought he had been working to that end; yet here was the child running up like a great, jointed, gray, weak weed. What did she need? Were not all her material wants well met? What more did she want?

Something like fear possessed Hal. She was a large responsibility. He remembered with bitterness his bringing up,—what was lacking here, what neglected there,—yet his sister was running a perhaps still wilder course now. His conscience was irritated and keenly sensitive. The farm, and imaginary troubles hanging over it, haunted him. He must keep ever moving to avert those troubles. Here was a new one, grimmer even than the rest, grown big before he saw it.

"Wall," he said apologetically, "Philly'll learn ye weavin' an' spinnin' an' sich."

"An' she may so do," she responded dryly. "I ain't married yet, an' them things ain't needful."

"Well, what d' ye want?" he queried. "The Lawd knows ef I kin git hit ye kin hev hit, but I'll swan I don't un'stan' what ye mean."

"O nothin' but daddy's books and a story paper. I reckon I'm old enough fur dad's books."

She dropped down on the hearth and hid her face, in her unsociable way. Hal could only stroke her hair and caress her wrists.

But the matter did not pass out of his

mind. His similitude to a "sp'ere" struck him with tremendous force. For many days after it filled his mind. He began to see now how little he had really done in those nine months besides "grubbin' bresh." Now it seemed to him he had been in a dream. All events dated back to a time before — before — All took their hue with their apparent birth. He began to see the unintelligence with which he had toiled. It bewildered him.

He was hurried to an extreme in another direction. The farm was important, but Popp'liny was more so. She now became the fever in his blood. She must have the books she wanted, the opportunities.

This was a somewhat easier matter than the farm; or rather its beginnings were. He had only to teach her to read and to write. He did not go much further than this. That was enough for her to do at the present, and it was soothing to him to unfold a plan so simple. Could he find a reading book to her taste, gaudy enough in coloring to hold her mental eye, she would be satisfied. Thus having pleased her, and taught her as much as the schoolmaster would have taught her, he would have done his duty.

His father's books appertained to medicine, surgery, herbs, and the like. He disliked them himself, and so threw them aside. There was an exceedingly black-lettered Pollock's "Course of Time" that was a degree or two worse; at least, he had never appreciated it. Lastly, there was his mother's library, — a single, coverless volume of Scott, "The Lady of the Lake." Neither had he cared for this particularly, but it was all there was. This and the Bible must do her till he had money to buy books.

The many needs of the farm had drained all the capital he dared spare. There was but one other way to raise money or its equivalent immediately, and that was by coon-hunting. The pelts

brought half a dollar apiece, and a few weeks' hunting would quite supply him with material for barter. The coons were terribly destructive in the district. Half the nights in the year the Emsminger boys were out hunting them.

Pete and Hal planned a course of coon hunts for the winter. Every favorable night they quit the cabin with their paraphernalia of flint-lock muskets and cur dogs, and generally returned with a pelt, scratches, and bruises, sometimes a ducking in the swamps; but the low rafters of the barn looked good with their dangling gray skins.

Early in the spring he went to Indianapolis with his booty. It was a small package he brought back to his eager sister, a small package to represent so many nights of hard labor. Popp'liny was disappointed with its outward appearance.

There was an elementary speller, an elementary arithmetic, writing paper, and a gay gilt quill pen, which Popp'liny sewed in silk and hid among her pretty show things, her "pretty pieces," lace mits, and lace pantalets.

Two hours in the evening he gave to Popp'liny's education. All the family gathered round the hearth. Popp'liny's zeal flagged again and again. She developed an active hatred for "arithmetick an' writin'." There is no telling what vengeance she might have visited on her books but for Hal.

"No foolin', now," said he peremptorily. "Ef I dedercate my time to this kind of thing, you've got ter too. This air a contrack, an' ye must act up to yer side of the bargain. This is business."

It was generally a "sum" on hand when Popp'liny had to be reminded of her contract. Hal would prove especially cross, racking his puzzled brains over its complexities. The family, standing in awe of sums, would crowd around sympathetically to help. Pete wisely scratched his head and missed the solution, which was left to Hal to find by a



painful process of finger counting, helped out by such indisputable arithmetical truths as "five and five make ten."

Popp'liny would have been quite a remarkable child if she had loved her sums under such circumstances, yet more remarkable if she had made any noticeable progress through her book. She did neither of these things. She draped her book in a deep band of blackberry root juice, and if any person in the neighborhood earned her wrathful dislike, that person was sure to be likened to an arithmetic, or to be endowed with some arithmetical qualities.

But with Popp'liny's reading it was different. She read nearly all day, and at night till Hal forcibly covered the fire. Such single-hearted devotion to Scott's poem rapidly made her proficient in her style of reading, — a style not too often heard now, it is to be hoped; a high-keyed, pauseless monotone, double shot with peculiarly unfamiliar words. Her audience — Popp'liny liked appreciation and always wanted an audience — was decidedly cold at first.

At length she began, as she learned canto by canto by heart, to throw intelligent expression into her monotone, and her circle of hearers immediately warmed. The flowing rhythm of the song — that is, what remained when it reached the audience — charmed Uncle Pete and Aunt Philly. The woman's turban swayed, and her velvety eyes sparkled with delight in the rhythmic cadences. Perhaps the tapping of Pete's foot on the floor influenced the turban.

Hal was mightily pleased with the cattle and the forestry. He said he would n't have supposed his mother would have bought a book just for what it had to say about the main points of a foreign country, "sich ez cattle, fur example," but there, it took more than a life-time to find out just what there was in one's mother.

Silly's acute little ears drank in all the flowery "sass" of Fitz James and Rod-

erick Dhu, and any momentary pause was filled in by her accurate repetition of every speech, accompanied by appropriate gesture. She did make a queer mess of the big words, and threw in little improvisations of her own in the "hog and hominy" dialect and kindred spirit that set all the cabin laughing.

Never was the poem so scandalously outraged, nor yet so highly appreciated. It was read, and read, and re-read till they all knew it by heart. It was dramatized first by Silly and then by all the family but Hal, who refused to descend any lower than to occasionally permit himself to be regarded as a puppet. There were not so many pleasures in the "swamps" that one soon palled, particularly a successful home-made "circus," and this one filled the breast of Belleboo with pleasure for months.

Popp'liny's "readin's" did not brace up her unpractical temperament. They made food for dreams, and musings, and poems of her own. When summer came, leaving Aunt Philly spinning and weaving, she and Silly almost lived in the woods. The second year the men had cleared a good portion of the woodland of the farm: there was a great triangular pasture set in blue grass, the black fields, and beyond the creek bluffs and never-ending forests.

The view was limited and depressing. To the east and south were the upland forests of great poplars and walnuts, with their tempting prizes of yellow-cupped blooms and nuts, oaks, elms, the locust thorn; and in the spring the Indian turnip, with its creamy reproduction of the calla lily, forests of may-apples, and earliest of all, the lady-thumbs. The maple sugar trees were here, with Hal's sugar troughs still lying about them.

On the west lay a birch flat, limitless for what the neighborhood knew about it. It was not a pleasant place, flat, the black earth hidden deep in drifts of dead leaves, which had a disagreeable habit,

that was yet always startling, of rustling and swirling even at the twisting of a twig. The trees stood shoulder to shoulder literally: there was no sky to be seen, and the low vistas were always gloomily dusk. There were wild hogs there: bears even were authenticated: nobody went into it unarmed,—certainly not the Belleboo weeds. Popp'liny's nerves were sufficiently strong to stroll on its edges, but she liked best the swamp, which ran miles away to the north.

The Crawfordsville corduroy road extended across it, and long before the children entered the swamp, they could hear the *klump, klump, klump*, of some springless wagon on its painful journey to the county seat. A thread of a black current wandered among the hickories and beeches. There were Virginia creepers, azaleas, ferns, mosses, flags, roses. In the more open, sunny stretches of the stream there were tangles and skeins of water moccasins among the scant driftwood. No 'less awful, if less terrible, were acres of phosphorescent stumps. Here and there, too, there was a pitiful little clearing, a miserable hut, and a band of wild-haired children hunting crab apples and hickory nuts. The darksome nature of the swamp pleased Popp'liny. Silly, busied about modestly retired nuts and berries, wandered away, singing and making all the swamp her companion, but Popp'liny liked to cuddle down in a sunny spot, and dream.

Hal kept his sister in mind. Though he held her close to her mental toil, he did not propose to permit her any newfangled notions,—any departures from the ways he had seen good women go in Kentucky. Beyond this and providing her sufficient to eat, Hal's ideas were lamentably hazy; in fact, he had none. He came to revolve around the great physical fact that she would be good-looking enough to get married; and perhaps as the years went on he revolved the faster, and in narrowing circles.

Meanwhile she grew, quite thin and quite dirty, thinking in idleness and idling in thought. There was one pleasant change in Popp'liny. Had she remained in high-land Kentucky on old Bellevue, she might yet be imperious and volcanic; but the damp, languid swamp lands gave to the character of all the swamper a mild, grave, patient temperament, indolent, yet elastic. Hers took on a velvety nature.

## VIII.

CAROLINE EMSMINGER was reasonably prudent, but she had n't the tact of a finer civilization. Going to church she always passed Belleboo, and was frequently joined by Popp'liny and her train. On one of these occasions, as they rode up the slope over which the road proceeded, she glanced down over the farm, (she did not do it often,) and then sighed sorrowfully.

"Popp'liny, I used to reckon ye'd hev a mighty fine place. The folks out hyar all said so, but the cabin is old an' black, an' the roof's a-saggin', an' the po'ch ain't as good as Hammon's. Hal has forgotten an orchard, an' a well, an' a yard. Thar ain't no gates, neither, an' no sheep. The place seems so pore when I'm ridin' by. Ef he'd come from Tennessee, now," she continued, with a touch of sarcasm, "I would n't 'a' wondered. I did n't reckon on Hal a conin' an' settin' down. I don't like settin' down men, though law knows we ain't nothin' else in our family; but I'm frank to say I reckoned on Cousin Hal leadin' all the men roun' hyar."

Popp'liny was displeased with all this frank confession; however, it was honest. It was not the archly innocent, smooth tone she would have instantly quarreled with. Ca'line had succeeded her teacher in the district; she was teacher now, and this lent weight to all she said. It was Sunday, too, and she bided in peace.



But she told Hal all about it before she was off her horse at home, again.

"Did Ca'line say all thet?"

"She did."

"I did n't reckon Ca'line war a cur'us woman. I hed an opinion er Ca'line."

He turned scarlet as he spoke, but Popp'liny answered thoughtfully:

"I dunno; 'pears like she war a thinkin' a long time. She did n't look mech at th' plantation, but off up the road, 's if she did n't need ter look; an' Ca'line don't say hateful things. I did n't say no smart sass back to her, nuther."

"You'd orter. Cousins kin keep their distance. I ain't buildin' Bellevoo fur thet young woman. What kin a man do," he continued, huskily, turning to Pete, who was leading the horses away, "a-workin' every day, an' Sunday, an' thinkin' at night? Air thet settin'? Thar ain't no man in the swamps works harder 'n me. I hain't teched kyards sence I left Kintuck; thet's more 'n her dad kin say."

His dinner seemed to choke him, and leaving it unfinished, he went out, down towards the pasture.

A few minutes later Pete departed in another direction, waiting, however, till the momentary absence of Aunt Philly enabled him to snatch his fine beaver from the "chest."

He took the short cut to the Emsminger house. But he was a long time getting there; more than an hour. He stopped on the creek, but not to pray; no, Pete sat down and thought. It was n't unusual for him to think, but his meditations generally took the form of prayer, those communings by which he supposed his Maker could be induced to do the thinking, the rewards of which he would enjoy. He spread his scarlet tails out on a stone slab, and thought.

Two years had made something of a change in Pete. The prayerful, fearful,

cowardly dependent had become an experienced and independent "free person," possessed of some personal property, and the promise of a log cabin on the creek and a "patch," as his heritage from the estate. There were brass buttons on his hunting shirt as big and bright as those on Marse Hal's blue broadcloth coat. He wore a beaver hat, and carried a portly hickory cane. His carriage had never been mean; it was now a trifle pompous,— "high stepping."

The Somers were just as much his unceasing care. He watched Hal's every smile and frown just as closely; the boy's troubles lay as heavily on his heart; his shoulders were as broad and strong for the farm labor.

Neversince that night in the barn doorway had he prayed for Hal individually; never had he mentioned the boy's undisciplined spirit, and the crimes that might be if it were left unguarded. The past in Kentucky he deliberately made dead. He had essayed to pray on this subject, but he remembered his constructive falsehood the night of Hal's return; it was impossible to say anything. His conscience had preyed upon his ease many months. But no vengeance overtook him. There were no signs of evil portent in the sky or the woods; not even a tree had been felled by lightning. His fears lulled finally. Now, had he tried to pray on this subject, he would have had no words; it was too late. As to how he had thought,—that was a different thing. Not a day passed but it was punctuated by memories of the hickory wood and the drying shed that stood on its edge.

So the subject he turned over while sitting on the flat stone was a familiar one, but all flooded with new light, which was reflected in his eyes, perhaps, for they were so glassy and brilliant as to be impenetrable.

*I. H. Ballard.*

## AMONG THE SIERRAS.

THOSE living east of the Rocky Mountains know of California as a land of a sunny western slope, the home of the orange and the vine; of vast fields of grain; of flowers and mild climate, and fine scenery, with a background of gold-bearing mountains. But of the high-Sierra California little seems to be known, although this region is no unimportant part of the resources of our State.

A series of valleys, so high that the clouds seem to stoop to touch the white mountain tops that surround them, and the finger-like foliage of the pines to be lifted to touch the sky above. With such an altitude, the mercury shows as variable a climate as that of New England. It falls as low as 20 degrees below zero in some of the unusually severe weather of winter, and rises to 100 at noon of a few midsummer days. For months we have to be ready to do battle with the elements. And when at last there is a balmier breath in the air, giving promise of a more genial season, we know that winter will reach out and overlap the spring, and that many a biting wind and heavy frost will be sandwiched in with the sunny days of bud and bloom.

When the few fruit trees are in their white and pink clouds of blossoms, we have learned to value the flowers for their immediate beauty, rather than as a promise of fruitage to come. And when the budding lilacs carry us back to the shrub-shaded homes of our childhood, we feel no positive certainty that the frost will allow us to see the buds carry out their promise of fragrant purple plumes. In late June, too, or the early days of July, we are sure of a last visit from the frost; often to the despoiling of our grain fields.

But the law of compensation works here as elsewhere. Probably we shall find things have been more evenly divided than we thought, when we look back on life from beyond. It is worth some inconvenience from our surroundings to breathe this pure mountain air. So healthful is it for many people that it seems well nigh to confer immortality. To the laborer, weary with a day in the harvest field, the breezes from the snowy summits of the mountains, which are almost a part of the mid-summer afternoons, are refreshing beyond expression. And no matter how exhausting the day may be, we have the certainty of comfortable nights for sleeping; not the long hours of fatiguing heat of an Eastern midsummer, but enjoyable repose tucked under a pair of double blankets.

To any one who cares for flowers, the region is fascinating. Near Quincy, the county seat of Plumas County, grows the *Darlingtonia*, a flower as rare as beautiful. On many of the mountains grows the snow plant, well named by botanists *Sarcodes sanguinea*, for it stands like a cone of flesh dipped in the heart-blood of the May.

First in the early spring comes a little blossom of the buttercup family, — pale gold, instead of the deep buttercup yellow, as if it had not found much warmth or color in the departing snow-drifts in whose footsteps it has followed. After it comes a train of flowers, each in its season: the mountain heartsease, with the early April days; the blue larkspur, and fragrant lupine, and sweet William of our childhood, in May; with the first days of June comes the California poppy, so bright that it seems to have the heart of the sunshine imprisoned in it, growing everywhere, fringing the mountains, bordering the meadows, flooding the



plains, and covering our yards with a carpet of gold.

The lily family are numerous here. On the bare hillsides grows a small white variety, which at first glance one might think a poor, common little flower, but wonderfully delicate and pretty for the hard, barren soil from which it springs. Higher on the mountains grows a superb white lily; and in some moist places is to be found a tiger lily so rich in color that it makes one think of the gorgeous Syrian lilies, like to which even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed.

All over the hard, dry soil of the mountain sides (soil so dry that one wonders, remembering how deeply it lay buried under last winter's snow drifts) are an innumerable host of wee blossoms. On the wet tule land, bordering the streams with a fringe of gold, or with their pretty blue faces often lying on the turbid surface of the water, grow other multitudes. Lavish, various, delicate, they are poured out everywhere during the brief summer,—flowers often so new and curious in their formation as to baffle an ordinary text-book knowledge of classification, and leave their lover without a name to call them by.

Rarely may be seen sunsets so fine as among the high Sierras,—clouds of wonderfully gorgeous crimson and gold and purple, and the most ineffable effects of light; the sky all aflame with brightness, touching up the mountain tops, which seem self-radiant in the illumination. And then later on the most delicate coloring, soft and quiet as one's dream of fairy-land, setting into a purple haze, resting like a benediction over the valleys.

The mirage of our high altitude is very fine. The houses of neighbors a few miles distant are

“Brought near by the hazy kindness,  
That dwells in our meager air,”

and stand up like old palaces or castles.

Our “neighbors,” by the way, in this remote region are according to the defin-

ition set in the parable of the good Samaritan,—those that deal kindly with us, though often living at a distance.

The filmy coverings of frost-work with which our mountain world is dressed some winter mornings baffles all description. Sometimes after the storm has held high carnival for many days, the mountains are wrapped in beautiful folds of mist, like loose flung mantles completely enveloping them, except that their heads tower above snow-crowned, but keeping their evergreen crests of pine,—an impressive spectacle, as the great summits look down across the enfolding mists to the abodes of men.

To pass for the first time over the mountain roads that connect the different valleys, is to add a new experience to life,—one that must needs stand apart from other events in memory forever after. Such marvels of scenery, such depths of solitude, such going up, up, up, as if the clouds were to be the stopping-place, such hasty descents down the long grades, that unless the horses be quiet and true we feel we are in peril of being hurled over the mountain sides, away into the depths below.

One may travel miles over these lonely roads without meeting a vehicle. Sometimes at one of the sharp turns he may come suddenly upon a heavy freight team, with from ten to sixteen horses or mules drawing two or three immense wagons, with a capacity varying from ten to sixteen tons; stretching their great length over the mountain roads, turning the sharp curves, climbing wearily up the long grades. When the ascent is steep they often are unable to take more than one wagon up at a time, and have to go back for another. Sometimes they do not make more than five miles in one day, and at best their progress is slow. For all that, they carry in the freighting season an immense amount of freight into the mines.

To one who takes an interest in dumb animals, the cleverness shown by the

horses in these big teams is noteworthy. The whole number are driven by a single line attached to the near lead horse, and to every movement of this line he responds with wonderful sagacity. The near wheel horse is provided with a saddle for the driver. Sometimes in making the sharp turns it is necessary for several of the horses in the swing (those pulling between the lead and wheel horses) to step over the fifth chain, which separates each horse from the one with which he works abreast. It is remarkable how quickly the poor dumb creatures respond to a word of their master, and perform this manœuvre, and pull both on the same side of the chain. It is rather strange that so few accidents occur on these mountain roads, considering the immense quantity of freight that is hauled over them, and the continuous stream of travel to the mining centers.

Occasionally one may meet a drove of sheep, driven from some of the dry valleys below to spend the summer on the inviting pastures of our mountain ranges. The poor, frightened creatures huddle together, crowding back, and up on the hillside above, loosening many small rocks and sending them rolling down, to the disquieting of the horses and the detriment of the roads, looking at us with wild eyes, wondering no doubt, what new danger has come to them in this strange land, making quick, frightened springs, while their drivers strive to quiet them, and the little shepherd dog takes in the whole situation with the eye of a general, and moves quietly among them, touching up one and another, until the whole terror-stricken flock are passed, and the traveler is glad to let his uneasy horses resume their gait.

One or more of these wise, alert shepherd dogs is with every band of sheep, each doing the work of several men, often footsore and weary, but possessing a patience that is almost sublime.

You may travel many miles in these mountains without passing human habitation. Occasionally you will come to the cabin of a miner. It may be a man who a few years ago was worth half a million, and having lost all is trying, with true California pluck, to "make another raise." Or the poor little apology for a home may be that of a man with a score or more of years of failure behind him, still seeking a fortune with the brave spirit of perseverance which seems to be fostered by our bright mountain air. Or after miles of travel in these mountain woods you may come suddenly upon a beautiful farm, with comfortable buildings, and improvements equal to those of an Eastern home. Sometimes a few acres of nearly level land lying by a stream of water will lure some man to try to make a home deep in the mountain solitude, far removed from any other habitation, where an errand to the nearest neighbors will consume many hours, and his wife will be alone in the lonely cabin. You may sometimes see in these desolate places women, upon every line of whose faces is written education and delicate nurture, which all the hard years of adversity in their lives in the far West have not been sufficient to obliterate.

The scenery along these mountainous roads is fine beyond words to describe. They are much of the way cut into the side of the mountain, which rises almost perpendicularly above them hundreds of feet, till the trees seem mingling with the blue of the mid-sky. On the other side of the road runs a mountain stream. As they leave the valleys and re-enter the mountains, these streams run slowly, as if loth to quit their quiet life, where they had turned the ponderous mill wheels, and watered the cattle on a hundred farms, set the life juices flowing in the blades of young grain, and cooed along among hosts of birds and flowers. But they gain impetuosity as they move down their rocky way, and part hither and thither, making room for great bowl-



ders that lie in their way. Again they are gathered in sluice boxes for the washing of the soil from the gold. The roar of their waters as they plunge down stairs of stone makes wild music as it mingles with the wind in the pines. Swollen by other streams, they broaden into rivers, and finally leaving this tumultuous mountain life behind them, wind like ribbons over the rich lowlands west of the Sierras. They are one of the most beautiful elements in that fair picture, which is "like a story that cannot be written or told,—all beautiful."

*Mary Street Arms.*

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### IN ALTA SIERRA.

ONCE more, O hills sublime,  
For blest surcease of cares  
And sweet inspiring airs,  
Your peaceful heights I climb.

Here from the haunts of men,—  
Out from the rutted lives  
And marts where baseness thrives,  
I walk unthralled again.

My lordly pines once more  
Breathe welcome, all and each,  
And loving arms out-reach  
To him long known of yore.

Again, prone at your feet,  
I list the airy choirs  
Sing in your vernal spires  
Old anthems grand and sweet.

And O, my spirit thrills  
With far-off sound that comes  
Like roll of muffled drums  
From out the chasmed hills.

From cañon deeps profound,  
From gulch and river bar,  
The roar comes faint and far  
Of waters seaward bound.

That sound hath brought again  
Through Time's encroaching haze  
The past, supernal days,  
When life was young, and when

With men strong-limbed and bold  
I ranged this strange, new land  
To win with venturous hand  
The ages' garnered gold;—

What time the camp-fires gleamed  
On bar and mountain slope,  
And all with mighty hope  
Of boundless treasures dreamed.

O, peerless days no more!  
O, mountains throned eternal!  
O, forests vast and vernal!  
Where are the men of yore?—

"*Gone!*" roars the yellow river,  
"*Gone!*" sigh the hills sublime.  
And "*Gone,*" the forests chime  
With solemn voice, "*forever!*"

Here, drowsing in the copse,  
I watch the dainty quail  
Trip shyly o'er the trail  
With timid starts and stops;

Behold the startled hare  
Rise in the chaparral,—  
A great-eyed sentinel  
Demanding, "Who goes there?"

And search with baffled sight  
The azure gulfs of sky,  
Whence comes the guttural cry  
Of cranes in northward flight,—

That to the pilot bird,  
Now singly make response,  
Now fanfare all at once,  
As if his note had stirred

Some common memory then,—  
Perchance of pleasures shared  
When last they met and paired  
By Borean lake and fen.



As higher yet I climb—  
Lo, mighty hills are knolls,  
And all the land unrolls  
In billowy leagues sublime;

The forests halt and fail,  
Save where, beyond the lines,  
Some daring picket pines  
Creep upward to assail

The citadels of frost;  
And now a hush profound  
Engulfs all separate sound,  
And life and earth seem lost.

In solitude alone,  
In silence most intense,  
Breaks on the soul and sense  
That mighty monotone,

Beyond all power of word,—  
The deep, eternal bass  
Of nature through all space,—  
The voice of cosmos heard.

I stand in mute amaze,  
And reverent eyes upturn  
To icy peaks that burn  
Beneath the solar blaze

As with celestial fires;  
That stand like gods in scorn  
Of all things baser born,  
And all earth-born desires.

O peaks majestic!  
Speak from your glorious heights,—  
Inspire to nobler flights  
Souls prone to fail and fall,

Until they soar like you  
From all the moils below,—  
Pure as your driven snow,  
In heaven's unsullied blue!

## MRS. GROSVENOR.

FAR back in the dim ages, at a time when the lines between the different branches of society were not as strongly marked as they are at present, I am sure that some of my ancestors must have been of gypsy origin. Perhaps a fair-haired Saxon, incited by the beauty of a gypsy girl, wooed and won her for his bride; or it may be that some blonde maiden, struck with the dashing gallantry of a merry Zingara, resolved for his sake to renounce the pleasures of civilized life, and spend her days in roaming and her nights in a tent.

Be that as it may, however, of one thing I am convinced, that mingled with the good old Saxon blood that flows in my veins there must be at least a drop of Bohemian origin that has not altogether lost its power, though filtered through so many generations; for in no other way can I account for the roving disposition that has led me to leave those who are nearest and dearest to me for the pleasure of roaming around the world. There are few places visited by travelers that I have not seen. And thus it came about that one day, a number of years ago, I found myself sitting in the room of a hotel in San Francisco, wondering where I should go next; for much as I had liked the city at first, I had been there then a month, a sufficient period to make me feel that if I prolonged my stay I should hate the sight of its dust-brown hilly streets, and even the beauty of the bay might begin to pall upon me.

As I was in this mood, my eye was suddenly attracted by an advertisement in the paper that I was idly holding in my hand:

WANTED.—A companion for a lady living in Monterey. Must be well educated and a good musician. Address for three days, Charles Grosvenor,

then followed the name of the hotel where he was staying.

What prompted me to answer that advertisement I shall never know. Certainly, if an hour before any one had told me that I should ever apply for a position as companion, I should have laughed at the idea; yet as soon as I had finished reading it, I took my pencil, and wrote as follows:

"Miss Crane would like to see Mr. Grosvenor with reference to his advertisement in last night's —."

You see I showed no undue desire for the position,—indeed, I was not sure that I should accept it if it were offered to me; but I dispatched my note, and then went out, and spent the afternoon in visiting the Chinese stores.

When I returned to my room at dinner time, I found under the door a card on which was engraved "Charles Grosvenor," and underneath was written, "Will call upon Miss Crane at eight o'clock this evening."

Promptly at that hour he appeared,—a very tall, very handsome man, so handsome that I resolved that if his wife were his equal in appearance I would accept the situation,—for although I am as plain as possible myself, it is a real trial to me to live with homely people. But I soon found that I must decide the matter without seeing Mrs. Grosvenor; for her husband said that she was in Monterey.

"She has no friends there and is very lonely," he said, "and I wish to find a lady, who will be an agreeable companion for her. She is young, and entirely unused to the quiet life she is now leading, and needs some one who can share her pursuits and be with her constantly."

"I am afraid I am too old," I said demurely; "I have just passed my thirty-



fifth birthday";—expecting that of course he would make some polite disclaimer.

But that apparently was not his way. He looked at me steadily, as if he were considering the point, and then said gravely, "No, I think your age will be no objection."

I could scarcely keep from laughing at his severely business-like tone. Evidently he was more accustomed to dealing with men than with women. But happily, vanity is not one of my besetting sins, so that I was not troubled except by the difficulty I had in controlling my countenance into a proper, companion-like expression during the remainder of the interview.

At the end of it, I was finally engaged as companion to the unknown Mrs. Grosvenor at a salary of a thousand dollars a year, provided that my references should prove satisfactory. Against this I protested, saying that unless my duties were very arduous, it was entirely too large; but Mr. Grosvenor listened to my remarks with ill-concealed impatience, and when I had ended said:

"I am altogether the best judge of that. If you accept the position, you will receive one thousand dollars in quarterly installments, or in any other way that will be most convenient for you."

I ventured no further remonstrance, but after he had gone a vague fear crossed my mind that perhaps his wife was insane, or she must be very disagreeable at least, or he would never have offered such a salary. In fact, I was besieged by all sorts of horrible doubts, and began to think that I had been rash and imprudent to accept the situation.

I knew that my family would look upon my whim as an evidence that I was losing my senses; but they were all good people, who were content to spend their days in the place where they were born, and had long ago given me up as incorrigible; and although they constantly remonstrated with me upon the folly of my ways, yet they knew, and I

knew, that their remonstrances would be of slight avail.

If I had had more than two days in which to think the matter over, Mr. Grosvenor would have returned to Monterey without me; and as it was, when I met him at the San José depot, I was half tempted even then to say I would not go with him. But the sight of him tranquilized me; and he was so perfect a gentleman that I could not help trusting him.

All through the journey he was mindful of my comfort, and attentive to see that I had everything I could possibly want; and yet he never once unbent from that stately, frigid demeanor. That is to say, he never unbent towards me; but I had evidence that that was not his natural manner on the evening that we spent in San Juan.

I had gone to my room early, and was seated at the open window, enjoying the cool evening breeze, when my attention was arrested by voices on the piazza below, and one of them I recognized as Mr. Grosvenor's. He had evidently found an acquaintance, and I judged one whom he had not seen for a long time, for they had many reminiscences to bring up. But what surprised me was the style of his conversation, for a more witty, fluent, altogether charming talker I never heard. I sat listening to them without a thought of there being any harm in my doing so, till suddenly the gentleman said:

"Here we have been talking all this time, and you have not said a word about your wife. I heard that she was very handsome. Mrs. Crocker told me that in Paris every one raved over her beauty."

"Yes, she is considered very beautiful."

Mr. Grosvenor's tone had changed so perceptibly that even at that distance I could not help noticing it.

All through my journey, the idea had been gaining strength in my mind that there was something strange about Mrs.

**Grosvenor.** Her husband never spoke of her, and when ~~once or~~ twice I asked some question in reference to ~~her~~, he replied to me in a way that was almost curt. As I had listened to him that evening, the thought had occurred to me that it was strange that a woman with such a remarkably agreeable husband should wish any other companion; and yet if for any reason he adopted towards her the manner which he had assumed toward me, she certainly must be sorely in need of one.

I never was more tempted to do anything than I was to stay at the window and hear the rest of the conversation; for I hoped that perhaps something would be said that would give me a clue to the mystery. But I reluctantly left my seat, and began to prepare for retiring; although far into the night I could not sleep, but lay awake thinking of Mrs. Grosvenor, and wondering what kind of a reception I should have at the end of my journey.

It was noon the following day when we reached Monterey. The sun was shining brightly, sending its warm beams into every nook and cranny of the old adobe buildings; but the streets were almost deserted, and as we drove through them we scarcely met a person, while the curtains at the windows of nearly all the houses were tightly drawn, as though the inhabitants had resolved to shut out all sights and sounds. We rode on until we had reached the outskirts of the town, and there stopped at a large house, whose windows opened directly on the street, though at the side I caught a glimpse of a garden. But before I had time for anything more than a hasty glance around, a servant opened the door, and we entered a hall which was large and lofty, and seemed very dark and cool in contrast with the blazing sunshine without.

Mr. Grosvenor led the way across into a room, where he left me, saying, "I will go and tell Mrs. Grosvenor that you are here, as she is not expecting you."

So then I was an unannounced arrival to the lady of the house! Not a very flattering prospect for a pleasant reception. But it was too late to recede from the situation, though I must confess my spirits fell to zero. But when I was left alone, and had begun an inspection of the room, they revived, for it was a treat to my beauty-loving eyes, and I thought that the mistress of such an apartment could not be very terrible to encounter.

There was matting on the floor, and the couches and chairs were all bamboo, wrought into graceful shapes; but what specially attracted my attention was the profusion of roses. They were everywhere; a great bowl of them stood on the table in the middle of the room, and there were vases of them wherever there was an available spot. The windows were draped with rose-colored hangings, which cast a lovely subdued light, so that as I lifted one of the curtains the bright sunshine at first almost blinded me. But when I could see distinctly I gave an involuntary exclamation of delight. The windows were long, and opened directly on the ground, and I stepped through into the loveliest garden I ever saw; and yet when I came to look into the details of it, I found there was not a flower in it except roses. But such roses! They clambered over high trellises and swung themselves backwards and forwards as if in a very exuberance of delight. Little dwarf roses seemed to nestle at the feet of their more lofty sisters, while the ground was covered with petals of every hue.

I was standing entranced and heard no footsteps, so I started when Mr. Grosvenor spoke my name. I began to apologize for having wandered from the place where he had left me, but he interrupted me, saying:

"I find that Mrs. Grosvenor has gone to ride; but I daresay she will be at home soon, and in the meantime you can go to your room."

I should have preferred staying in the



garden, but ~~evidently~~ he was a man who ~~was~~ used to having his own way ; so rather wondering at my own meekness I followed the servant upstairs.

My room was large, and so luxuriously furnished that I thought if Mrs. Grosvenor had been at home she might have objected to its being assigned to her companion. But I had seen enough of Mr. Grosvenor to know that he must be the master of the house, so I felt tolerably sure of retaining my pleasant quarters, and began to unpack my trunk, and dispose of my belongings in the various wardrobes and closets,—laughing to see what a small portion of them was filled when all my possessions were arranged ; for I had led such a roving life that I had learned to do without a great deal usually deemed indispensable to a feminine wardrobe.

I had finished my task, and changed my traveling dress for one of cooler texture, and was standing by the window enjoying the lovely view of the garden,—for my room was directly over the one I had been in down stairs,—when I heard a knock at the door. Supposing it was the servant come to announce the return of Mrs. Grosvenor, I merely said, “Come in.” But when the door was opened, there stood before me such a lovely creature that for a moment I could do nothing but look at her.

I had read of people falling in love at first sight and I am now a firm believer in the theory, for at that very instant I lost my heart to the beautiful woman before me. Girl, perhaps, would have been a more appropriate term, for she scarcely looked twenty years old. She was a perfect type of Spanish beauty, tall and slender, with jet black hair, and great lustrous eyes, which seemed to regard me half fearfully as she came towards me, holding up her riding-habit in one hand, and in the other a great bunch of wild roses.

By that time I had recovered my senses sufficiently to speak.

“I beg your pardon, Mrs. Grosvenor,” I began ; but she broke in upon me in the sweetest of voices, with a foreign accent that seemed to make every word musical.

“It is I who should beg yours. I did not know that you were coming, or I should certainly have been at home to receive you.”

Clearly this lovely girl was strongly under the subjection of her imperious husband, but if my coming were disagreeable to her, she disguised the fact most gracefully. I waited to see if she had anything else to say, but she stood and deliberately looked at me for a moment, and then to my surprise, she flung the roses down on the floor, and putting both arms around me, kissed me.

Such treatment was so different from what I had imagined proper for a companion that I did not know how to respond to her demonstration ; but I was spared the trouble of replying, for she exclaimed :

“I know I shall love you, and I am so glad ! When my husband told me that he had brought home a companion for me, I was so angry that I could have cried, for I felt sure you would be a disagreeable old thing whom I should hate ; but I know you are just as nice as you can be, and we shall have such lovely times together. Where did you come from ?”

“San Francisco ; but I have only been there a month.”

“Where were you before that ?” she asked as a child might have done.

“Almost everywhere. I have scarcely lived a longer time in any one place for the last ten years, except in Paris.”

“O, you have been there ! Is it not delightful ? We spent last winter there, and I never had such a good time in all my life ; but then my husband”—here she stopped abruptly, and her manner changed from that of a child to one more befitting a dignified woman.

“Here I am forgetting to tell you that

lunch is ready, and I am sure you must be hungry and in need of rest."

"I am not very tired," I answered, "but I am hungry"; and if I had not had the excellent appetite which never fails me, I could not have helped enjoying the dainty luncheon at which we were presently seated. The dishes were the prettiest things imaginable, displaying the same fancy for roses, for each one had a spray, or a wreath, or a single flower, all different, and all equally lovely.

Mr. Grosvenor did not prove an especially charming table companion. He never spoke except when it was absolutely necessary, and excused himself as soon as he had finished, although his wife and I lingered some time longer.

After lunch, she took me over the house, which was as strange to me as a description in a fairy tale. It was fairly gorgeous in its furnishings. Crimson, and emerald, and scarlet, and gold, flashed upon us at every turn. There were curtains of velvet and satin, and quaint old hangings of brocade, stiff enough to stand alone. I was wearied with the wealth of color and richness, and was glad when at last my guide pushed open a door leading into a room adjoining mine, and said:

"This is the last, but by no means the least,—my own private room, of which I give you the perfect freedom. My bedroom opens from it, and here I spend most of my time, except when I am riding. Are you fond of horseback riding?"

"Yes," I answered, too busy in looking around to pay much heed to what she was saying.

"I am so glad, for there are lovely rides around here, and I have ridden so much alone that it will be delightful to have some one to show them to for the first time," and then noticing my glance around, she added: "You must think this a strange looking room, but it is my own special domain, so I have here all the things that are dearest to me."

"It looks as if it might belong to a fairy princess."

"I brought everything in it from home."

"Where was your home?"

"In Valparaiso." And then she began to call my attention to one article after another.

I have a perfect passion for old things, and there were enough antiques in that room to have driven a modern collector wild with envy. There were cabinets filled with rare and curious jewels,—eardrops that had belonged to her great grandmother, and strings of garnets that had been in the family longer than any one could remember. There were boxes of stones that had never been set, and chains and bracelets wrought in the most fantastic shapes.

"My mother was the last member of her family," Mrs. Grosvenor said, "and she came into possession of all the heirlooms, and I brought them with me. As a family, we have always had a passion for collecting old things, and my father was a sea-captain, and in his voyages he picked up all sorts of curiosities. This room has rather the air of a museum, but I could not bear to put any more of the things in trunks; as it is, I have half a dozen full. I will show them to you some day, but now there are quantities of other things I want to talk to you about. You cannot imagine how different all my life seems to me now that you have come. I have been so lonely that it has seemed sometimes as if I should die."

Here she suddenly stopped and looked at me in a startled way, as if she had said something wrong, and then abruptly changed the subject.

Two women brought together as we were, and shut up entirely to our own society, must either have hated each other to an intense degree, or loved with an equal fervor. Happily we chose the latter course; Mrs. Grosvenor because she would have welcomed any one who



had come to brighten her life, and I because to have lived in the house with her without loving her would have been an utter impossibility; that is, it would have been for me. For her husband it was evidently an easy matter.

My duties were not arduous. In the morning we took a horseback ride, and then came home, and practiced and studied. In the afternoon Lita, as she made me call her, slept; but I could not do that without having the ghosts of all my Puritan grandmothers rise up to condemn me for such a waste of time, so I took that opportunity to write letters or do anything else that was not included in a companion's duties. Late in the afternoon we went out riding again, and in the evening we generally read aloud.

It sounds like a monotonous life, but in reality it was a very pleasant one. We never exchanged a word with any one outside of the house except when it was necessary to go to a store; and that was not often, for most of our wants had to be supplied from San Francisco. Mr. Grosvenor was at home very little. He owned several ranches, and would be gone sometimes a week at a time, staying at one or the other of them, and he made frequent trips to San Francisco.

But whether he was away or at home made little difference to us. He breakfasted early, and did not come home to lunch, so we never saw him except at dinner time. His rooms were in a wing of the house, and into those no one ever went but himself and the servant who had the care of them. Lita never spoke of him when he was absent, and never spoke to him when he was present. Occasionally at dinner he would talk to me, but he never sought to break the silence that seemed perpetual between him and his wife.

With all my speculation, I could not reach anything that seemed to be a satisfactory explanation of this strange state of things. I was sure that Lita loved

her husband, and I thought from various indications that he had once loved her; but at the end of three months I knew no more than on the first day that I entered the house of what had raised the barrier between them.

One evening about the end of that time, we were sitting alone; Mr. Grosvenor had been away for several days. Lita was restless, and walked about from room to room, unable seemingly to stay in one place for any length of time. I had had a headache, and had not gone to ride with her that afternoon; but feeling better, I had come down stairs, and was reading. After a little she came and stood at the back of my chair.

"Miss Crane," she said, "is your head better?"

"It is almost well," I answered.

"Do you think a little walk would hurt you?"

"No, but where should we go at this time of night?"

"I have an engagement," she said, "and to tell you the truth, I am afraid to go alone."

I hesitated a moment before replying. What possible engagement could she have, when she had not a friend in the town? Was I not responsible for her in her husband's absence?

She came round from behind my chair and stood in front of me, and her tone was no longer pleading; indeed, there seemed a new dignity about her that I had never seen before. "I will not urge you to go," she said earnestly, "for I suppose by going you would countenance me, and it would be hardly fair to ask you to do that when you do not know why I go, for I can only tell you this: that I am doing what I believe to be my duty, and if you go with me, I shall consider it the greatest kindness you could possibly show me."

My hesitation vanished. Looking at the pretty young thing standing before me, I knew that she spoke the truth, and that whatever might be the purport

of her mysterious errand there was nothing wrong about it.

A little before nine o'clock we went through the garden, closely veiled and wrapped in long, loose cloaks. The hush of the night brooded softly over the old place, and the peaceful quiet seemed to mock my anxious fears. We walked rapidly through the streets until we reached the old courthouse, which stands like a sentinel on the edge of the town.

It was a bright moonlight night, and we could see every object as distinctly as though it had been day. Above us was the road, winding up past the remains of Fremont's fort, and so on, skirting the shore until it lost itself in dense pine woods. Below us was the ocean, and its roar drowned all lesser sounds, so that I did not hear any footsteps in the road until from out of his hiding-place in the shadow of an old building a figure approached us, and gave a low whistle.

At that sound Lita dropped my arm, and went towards him, and they climbed down the bank together. I followed at a short distance behind, until they had reached the beach, where I sat down on a log, while they paced up and down for what seemed an endless time to me, though in reality, it was not more than fifteen minutes.

At last she drew something from her pocket, which she gave to him, and with an eager gesture he bent down and kissed her. Then he slunk back into the shadow again, while she rejoined me. She took my arm, and I felt that she was trembling so that she could scarcely walk, but we did not either of us speak all the way home.

We went in as we had come, by the garden gate, and when it had fairly closed upon us, I gave a deep sigh of relief, thankful that the evening's work was over. We stole across the garden, and in by the window, which we had left open. But as we entered the room, Lita gave a low cry, and I must confess

that I felt rather appalled at sight of Mr. Grosvenor. For whatever confidence I had in Lita, and whatever reasons I had for placing faith in my own instincts, I could hardly expect him to share my feelings, and our nocturnal ramble certainly had a peculiar aspect; while I knew, quite as well as he, that a staid, middle-aged companion was not expected to connive at any such proceeding.

"I reached home just as you were going out," he said, in that tone of terrible calm that is so much worse than a passionate one in an angry man, "and took the liberty of following you, thinking that you might need my escort, as it was rather late for two ladies to be out alone. What I saw did not surprise me, at least as far as Mrs. Grosvenor is concerned; but, Miss Crane, I must say that I am much displeased at your part in this evening's proceedings. I have been well satisfied with you since you have been here, and had hoped that your influence might be a means of good to Mrs. Grosvenor; and as your conduct has hitherto been so exemplary, I will give you the benefit of the doubt, and conclude that you were ignorantly involved. But understand that there is to be no repetition of this in future. Perhaps you would have been more on your guard if I had told you that my wife had given me reason to distrust her; but you will understand my reticence."

I had not dared to look at Lita while he was talking, and I did not turn towards her now as she spoke, but I should not have recognized her voice. It had a hard, metallic ring, very different from its usual sweet tones, as she said:

"Do not, I beg of you, let consideration for my feelings interfere with anything you may wish to say to Miss Crane. Perhaps, as she has heard so much, it would be better to give her a little more definite explanation."

"It is not necessary to trouble other people with our unhappiness," he said, but in a more kindly tone than I had



ever heard him use towards her; and then he left the room, and we went up stairs.

Usually, the door leading from my room into Lita's was left open, but that night she closed it, and said good-night in a way that made me feel that I must not force myself upon her. And the next morning, although she looked pale, and I knew by her heavy eyes that she had not slept any more than I, yet no allusion was made to the evening before.

It may be imagined, however, that I thought of it none the less. Mr. Grosvenor's manner to me was the same that it had always been. He had evidently kept his promise, and allowed himself to feel no resentment, and yet he certainly had had cause to disapprove of my conduct. I was old enough and had sufficient sense to know that no man would want his wife to do what Lita had done that evening; and yet I had not only abetted her by accompanying her, but I had furthermore the inward conviction that if she ever asked me to do the same thing again, I should do it in the same unquestioning way.

Though we never spoke of that evening, I could not get it out of my mind. We never rode that I did not think of it, and stray shadows among the pine trees would make me imagine figures were lurking there. I could not bear to have her out of my sight. I felt as if some unseen danger were menacing her, and was never easy when she went out alone.

The only time that she ever had occasion to do this was on Sundays, and I fell into the habit of going to mass with her. It was rather a penance for me; there was nothing attractive about the church except its age, and that was not noticeable in the interior, for so zealously had it been restored that the only striking thing about it was the glare from its newly white-washed walls. But one Sunday morning as I sat there contemplating the poor little tawdry decorations of the altar, a thought struck me.

Could I not seek counsel of the priest in this matter that was weighing so heavily on my mind?

I had met him, for he came to the house occasionally to get money from Lita for some poor families in whom he had interested her. Doubtless he knew more about her history than I. But he might not know how we were tormented, and if he did know it, could he do anything to help us?

It was at least worth a trial; and indeed, I was beginning to feel that I must tell some one, for my care of Lita was not sufficient. Several times in my walks I had caught sight of a man who was, I felt sure, the one whom she had met that evening, and I wanted some one to share my responsibility.

I had not long to wait for my opportunity. On the next afternoon, as I was taking a solitary ramble, I met the priest. As he courteously greeted me, I said:

"May I detain you a moment? I have something to say to you."

He looked at me keenly. "My time is ever at the disposal of those who need me, but as you are not of my flock, I should hardly have expected you to come under that head."

"I want to talk to you, however, about some one who is under your care," I said. "That is, your spiritual care, and I wish to place her under your temporal care also."

"She has a husband," he said thoughtfully, as turning he fell into step by my side. "Is not his care sufficient?"

"It ought to be," I said, "but it is not, and I am so troubled about her"; and then I told him all that I knew.

Though I watched him closely, I was unable to tell how much he had known before. His grave, kind face was impenetrable, and whatever feeling might stir his heart, — and though he was a priest, he was yet a man, — no sign of it was reflected on his countenance. He heard me through, and walked on in silence for several moments. At last he said:

"I am grateful for the confidence you have placed in me, Miss Crane, and I will try to show you that it is not misplaced. Much of your story I have suspected, and am very glad to know the truth of it. I know who the man is, and I think I can use persuasive power enough to send him away. If I succeed I will let you know, so that your mind may be at rest."

Then he bade me goodbye, and I went home much relieved. Three days later I received a scrap of paper on which was written without beginning or signature:

"My mission is successfully accomplished."

So with my mind at ease, I could devote myself entirely to Lita, who needed all my care. For from the evening when Mr. Grosvenor had encountered us, a change had come over her, — though I did not notice it at first, and it was only in looking back afterwards that I could see how from that date she seemed to lose all hope of a reconciliation with her husband. My woman's instinct had taught me long before that she loved him, and up to that time I do not think that she had believed that they could live on in this way forever. She had borne it from day to day, feeling that each one might end their estrangement, and her unhappiness had had a glimmer of hope in it. But from that night she gave up all idea of a happy ending to their trouble.

As I have said, it was only in looking back that I could see how from that night the alteration began. It was a number of weeks before I realized how fast she was changing, but then I suddenly wakened to the consciousness that she was very different both in mind and body from what she had been when I went to her. She no longer took any interest in what she was doing. When I read to her, she only half listened; when I proposed practising, she raised some objection; and although at first I could generally persuade her to do as I

wished, yet gradually it was done with such an effort that I ceased to urge it.

Our life had been monotonous before; — now it was sameness without a break. The changes out of doors were the only thing that marked the passing of the time. For the summer had given place to winter, that perfect time of the year in California. The first rains fell, and at the welcome sound the earth dropped her dusty brown, and decked herself in robes of green, pale at first, but growing brighter and fresher every day. Between the rains were days of sunshine when it was a pleasure to live. To breathe the fresh air on such a day was happiness, and when I could leave Lita, I used to walk away from the town on the beach, or else up on the hills where the salt sea air seemed to refresh my very soul. There were no fashionable intruders about the old town then; now people have found out the place, and half the charm of it is gone.

Rainy or sunny, the days were alike to Lita. And yet there were changes, though they were so slight as to be almost imperceptible. First it was the horse-back ride in the morning that was given up. She complained that it tired her, and she fell into the habit of breakfasting in her own room, — the days, she said, were so long when she rose early. Then one after another of our daily pursuits was abandoned, but we never once alluded to any reason for this. We spoke as if it was the most natural thing in the world for any one to lie down all day, and invented good excuses why the reading, and the riding, and the practising should cease for a time; but I think we were neither of us really deceived.

I wondered whether Mr. Grosvenor noticed the change in his wife. I believed not, for it was so gradual that only one who was with her all the time could see how steadily and surely it was advancing, and when he was at home, she exerted herself to appear as usual. She always came to the dinner table no



matter how great the effort might be, and as he seldom saw her at any other time I fancied he detected nothing of that which filled me with so much anxiety.

At last, one day when Lita had been unusually languid, not feeling equal to the exertion of sitting up at all, I could no longer keep up the deception, and I spoke out of my great anxiety. I found her, as I had expected, perfectly indifferent to the state of her health. She said that she thought it likely she was going to die, and that she hoped she should, for she certainly had no cause for wishing to live. Poor thing, how my heart ached for her! It was all so true, and yet I could not let her slip away without doing anything for her, and on my own responsibility I sent for the doctor.

He came and examined her, and said that there was no disease that he could discover; but after that, as he visited her regularly, he told me that the vital powers seemed all to be giving way, and that unless some change for the better took place soon, she could not recover. I knew that she was dying of a broken heart, and that the only help that could come to her would be from her husband; and that she was not likely to receive.

So the days passed by, seeming to move only too quickly in spite of their monotony, for with each one I saw that Lita grew worse, until at last it was Christmas eve.

It was a wild night; the wind howled and shrieked around the house, and the rain fell in torrents. Mr. Grosvenor was away, and as Lita seemed to feel unequal to any exertion, we had had our dinner up stairs. Contrary to our usual custom, we sat up late talking, for she said the wind made her nervous, and she could not sleep.

Either the weather or her nervousness had infected me, and as I sat by the fire trying to talk cheerfully, I felt as if in

some way the crisis of her fate was coming upon her. I looked at her anxiously. Could it be that only death had power to make her happy? Was she to pass away without one word of love from her husband? On this Christmas eve, when all hearts should be full of peace on earth and good will to men, where was he? Could she have done anything for which she had not already been sufficiently punished.

My mind was so filled with these thoughts that when at midnight the bell rang loudly, I was not startled. I ran down stairs, really believing that I should find Mr. Grosvenor there, come to bring forgiveness and happiness to his wife.

As I opened the door, a gust of wind and rain blew into my face, so I could only make out the figure of a man. The voice was not Mr. Grosvenor's, but the priest's. In my disappointment I spoke sharply as he stepped into the hall.

"What do you want?"

"I have come for Mrs. Grosvenor to go and see her brother, who is dying. He is at the house of John Fox, and you can give her this," he added, pulling a ring off his finger.

"Let me see it," said Lita, behind me. She had heard our voices and come down stairs. She looked at it silently, and then said:

"Yes, that is my brother's."

"He was thrown from his horse this afternoon," the priest went on, "and injured so that he cannot live but a little while. There is no use, however, in your starting until it is light. My ride in was terrible, and I do not think a carriage could go over the road safely, for it is washed away in several places. I have a sick man whom I must go and see, but as soon as it is light I will come back and go with you. Your brother is out in Carmel Valley, on a ranch of Mr. Grosvenor's."

So he went out again into the terrible storm, and we returned to Lita's room to wait for the morning. I was in an agony

of apprehension for her, but she seemed perfectly calm, indeed, less nervous than usual. She lay down obediently, and I drew the lounge in front of the fire, and sat down by her, telling her to go to sleep.

"I cannot do that," she said, "and I want to tell you about the trouble with my husband, for it was all caused by my brother, and now it can do no harm to talk of it.

"After we were married, Mr. Grosvenor's business kept him for two or three months in Valparaiso, and a week after our wedding my mother died suddenly. She had been married twice. I was the only child of the second, and this brother of the first marriage.

"My mother was not fond of my father, but her first husband she had loved passionately, fiercely, as Spanish women can love, and when he died she had seemed to transfer that affection, with the mother love added, to Juan. He was a weak, self-willed boy, and never being governed, grew up to be a wicked man. When it was too late my mother saw his faults, but she still devoted herself to him, and no matter what he did, he knew that she would forgive him. I never can remember when he was not the greatest trial of my life; and when I was married he was in prison for some crime he had committed.

"I had promised my mother that I would never tell my husband that I had a brother, a promise I had made gladly, I was so ashamed of him. But soon after my mother's death he was released, and then my trouble began. He came to the house and seemed so penitent, and made so many promises of reformation if I would only give him money to get away with, that I yielded. But instead of doing as he had promised, he gambled it away in one night, and then came to me again, and so it went on all the time we were there. My husband knew that I had disposed of large sums of money in some way, and naturally thought it

wrong in me not to confide in him; and then he saw me once or twice with Juan, so that his suspicions were aroused, though we exchanged no words on the subject.

"I was so glad when we went to Europe, for I thought there I should be free. For three months in Paris I was very happy, but then Juan appeared, and it was not long before my husband found out that the same man was there of whom he had been suspicious in Valparaiso; and at last, when one evening he came home late and found him with me we had a dreadful scene, and from that time to this we have lived as you have seen us since you have been here."

"And you have never told him the truth?"

"No," she said. "I could not break my promise to my mother."

"Do you think it was right to keep such a promise?"

"I do not know. I only know that I could not break it. But oh, you cannot imagine what my life has been! It was lonely enough before you came, but what did I care for that? I could be happy in a wilderness with my husband if he loved me, for I love him so that I would gladly lie down and die if I could win a word of love from him. Lately I have felt that I should die without that, but tonight a wild hope has sprung up in my heart. With Juan dead I can tell everything.

I soothed her excitement as much as possible, and told her that she must save her strength for what was before her, and then we were silent for a long time until finally I saw that she was asleep. I could not close my eyes. Her story had effectually banished sleep, and I was glad when the morning light began to steal faintly into the room, and the ringing of the bell announced the return of the priest.

I woke Lita with many misgivings, but she seemed better than she had for weeks, and when she had taken the cof-



fee I had ready for her, we wrapped ourselves up warmly, and went down to the carriage.

Our progress was slow, owing to the state of the roads, and it was two hours before we reached the ranch. I watched Lita anxiously, but she did not seem in the least tired, and I realized more than I had ever done before how much our minds have to do with our bodies, for from that morning she improved steadily until she was perfectly well again.

When we reached the house, the priest took Lita upstairs to her brother, and I waited below. The house was bare and plain, but there was a great open fire in the room where I was sitting. I drew my chair as close to it as possible, for the morning was raw and cold, although the storm was over.

I had sat there an hour when the door opened and Mr. Grosvenor came in. I was in a state of mind when nothing would have surprised me, but he stood still, when he saw me, in amazement.

"I suppose you are surprised to see me here," I said. "Mrs. Grosvenor and I came an hour ago, and she is now upstairs with her brother, who is dying."

"Her brother?" he repeated, looking dazed.

"Yes," I said, "her brother, who has been the cause of so much unhappiness." Then as he still looked as though he did not comprehend, I repeated as clearly as I could the story that Lita had told me.

As I went on a look came into his face that I had never seen before, and I knew then that the man whom I had known was very different from the man whom Lita loved.

Just as I had finished, she came in; there were tears in her eyes, but her voice had a ring of joy in it.

"It is all over," she said. "I cannot pretend to mourn for my brother, but he seemed very penitent, and we can trust him to wiser hands than ours."

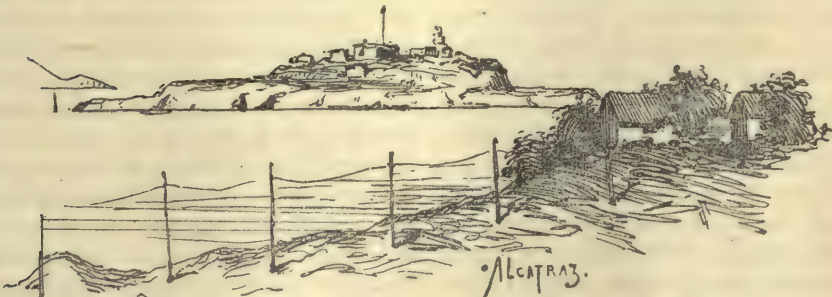
At that moment she first saw her husband. A bright flush stole over her face, but she stood still, though he advanced towards her.

"Has Miss Crane told you? Do you know all? Can you forgive me?"

He held out his arms to her, and said with a wealth of tenderness in his tone, "O, my darling, it is I who need forgiveness for my cruel, unjust suspicions."

And then, knowing that my duties as companion were ended, I went out and shut the door.

*Flora M. Wright.*



## THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

THE Forty-ninth Congress enacted a law which provided for the appointment of a commission to consist of five members, to be entitled the "Interstate Commerce Commission," with power to regulate indirectly the rates on freight passing from one State to another; or, as the title implies and the construction given to it, the regulation of interstate commerce. All railroad companies whose lines extended beyond the borders of the State in which they were organized, were made subject to the powers conferred upon the Commission.

The original bill contained a provision in the fourth section forbidding any interstate railroad company or its through connections from charging more for a shorter than for a longer distance. It is popularly known as the "long and short haul clause." As originally introduced this provision was inflexible, and admitted of no conditions that would justify any deviation in its execution. Senator Cullom of Illinois, whose experience during the excitement growing out of the granger and elevator trials of 1872 led him to think that perhaps there might arise circumstances that would justify a deviation from the strict letter of the fourth section, offered what is known as the "Cullom amendment" to the "Reagan Interstate Commerce Bill," lodging a discretionary power with the Commission to suspend the long and short haul clause if in its judgment the public interest would be subserved thereby.

Before the "Reagan-Cullom Bill" took effect the South-western Traffic Association, whose lines come largely into competition with the cheapest of all transportation, navigable water, realizing the disastrous effect on these lines the enforcement of the long and short haul clause would have, petitioned the Commission for its suspension under

the discretionary power of the Cullom amendment. Other companies followed suit, until all or nearly all interstate lines were exempted partially from the operation of the obnoxious provision.

While the earnings of many of the lines have been reduced to some extent, yet no combined opposition to a proper enforcement of the law has been made on the part of the lines affected. The question whether the good results anticipated by the friends of the Commission have been realized, may be an open one. Yet those who have carefully studied the economic character of transportation, and have been close observers of the various attempts at State regulation, by legislation or by delegated power to State commissions, and their results, may be pardoned if they are skeptical regarding the good that has grown out of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The same principles govern in regulating carriers' rates, whether they be confined to one State or more; and if government regulation by inflexible rules has been found inexpedient in a State, it will prove ineffectual when extended by Congress to interstate commerce.

In this State we have a board of railroad commissioners created by the organic law, invested, at least nominally, with a power so far reaching as to be destructive of transportation property over which it claims to have control. Along with the power to establish all carriers' rates, is the judicial discretion to determine the justice of the rates established. It can exercise the functions under the law of a general freight agent, and then in its judicial character can determine the reasonableness of its own rates, having jurisdiction to the same extent as Courts of Record. The non-exercise of these despotic powers by the



commissioners gives to the office a right to exist.

It has thus far in its official life worked as an educator of the people as to the relation that ought to be maintained between the producer and the carrier with considerable success. Since the creation of the first commission in this State, it may be stated as a well authenticated fact, that the relations of shippers and carriers have become more friendly, as these relations are better understood.

Whether this result has been brought about by the creation of a railroad commission or from causes beyond the control of said commission, any one is at liberty to infer. Certain it is that a better understanding and more reciprocal relations exist than existed a few years ago between production and transportation. These relations are constantly growing better, not by enforced compliance with the powers imposed by the constitution upon the governing authority, but rather by the operation of commercial forces, which are not the result of political agitation or legislation. As a political factor, the transportation question has lost its force; as a commercial factor, it never will. Commercial ties are more enduring than political association. Hence, commercial men look upon the great railroad systems as allies in the expansion and development of the resources of the country, and not as public enemies.

It is the commercial community that has been aroused by the creation by Congress of the Interstate Commerce Commission, endowed with power to disturb commercial values. It is true, the moderate exercise of the power conferred upon it thus far has not disturbed commercial values to any great extent, because of a judicious exercise of those powers. Some fears, however, have been recently aroused in commercial circles as to what the effect will be if the enlarged power over classification asked for by the Commission is granted by

Congress, and inflexibly enforced. This apprehension is caused by the publication of an extract from a letter of the Chairman of the Commission to Chairmen Blanchard and Midgeley, of the Traffic Associations, as follows:

"I hope the managers will not overlook the necessity for continuing their efforts in the direction of a uniform classification of freight. Such classification must be brought about before the lapse of any great length of time, and if not agreed upon by the managers themselves, is certain to be compelled by law; and you will understand much better than the general public how vastly injurious it must be to railroad interests and to the public at large, to have this done suddenly and under forced action. It ought to be approached gradually, deliberately, and in a spirit of concession, as the concessions must necessarily be great, — in many instances to some extent damaging, — but however great the injuries may be, they cannot possibly equal those which would follow from a forced unification."

In a letter to Chairman Midgeley, of the Southwestern Railway Freight Association, Judge Cooley says:

"I trust the railroad managers are fully impressed with the necessity of coming to some agreement in the matter of classification. You have doubtless observed what was done in the House of Representatives a few days ago, on that subject. I cannot suppose that the action of the House will be concurred in by the Senate, but that a uniform classification will be required by law before any great delay, I have no doubt. The proper authority to make it is that of the railroads themselves, and they ought to act in view of the necessity which will soon be upon them."

The foregoing quotations from the letters of the Commissioner to the traffic managers indicate most clearly the purpose of the Commissioners. This is a frank admission by the Interstate Commerce Commission that the concessions demanded by it must necessarily be great, and in many instances "damaging," yet they cannot possibly equal those which may be inflicted upon the people if Congress confers the power it will ask for, and which, if granted, the railroads will be compelled to submit to. Had the Interstate Commerce Commission asked for power to inflict punishment upon the American roads terminating on the Pacific, for the temerity of

their builders in constructing lines of railroad across deserts, over and through mountain ranges, where conditions are wholly different from those surrounding the trunk lines east of the Missouri River, its demands would not have been couched in language widely different from that used in the extracts quoted.

Had the Commission considered the question of the physical characteristics alone between the two sections of the country over which it claims jurisdiction, it might well have hesitated in making the demand it did make of Messrs. Blanchard and Midgeley, who represent the traffic associations. But when all the conditions, which are as different as day and night, are considered, its demands seem the more unreasonable. One of the conditions precedent to having transportation facilities is, that persons and property transported shall pay reasonable charges for such transportation. This opens the question of what is reasonable to the persons and property carried, and at the same time just to the carrier. Treating the subject for illustration as applicable to freight alone, (and the same reasoning will apply to a limited extent to persons,) there are certain conditions as factors, over which no legislature or legislative commission has any control. These conditions are value of property and distance carried, amount of space occupied, and physical characteristics of the country over which the service is rendered.

The various articles of property transported vary in value as the numbers increase. From New York to Buffalo the resources for traffic are as the population to the square mile. Thence to the Pacific Coast the local traffic available decreases in regular order as the population decreases. As the fixed charges for operating railroads must be derived mainly from the local traffic, nothing would seem to be plainer than that the regulation of these charges should be on a basis to realize the necessary amount; and that the basis of charges varies just

as the conditions for obtaining traffic vary. Hence, classification of freight on an *ad valorem* basis is resorted to as one means of meeting the absolute necessities of the roads. The products of thinly settled portions of the country through which the roads run are of small market value, being the products of the land, which must be moved at the smallest possible rate in order that the producers may be able to pay for something that will bear a high rate of transportation, which the consumer will not feel.

Recognition of the physical fact that there are natural inequalities prevailing along the lines of the overland railroads, which neither Congress nor the Commission had any hand in creating, and which cannot be overcome by inflexible statutes, proves conclusively that these differing conditions must constitute the prime factor in adjusting classification and rates so as to develop business.

It is plain that these sparsely settled and non-producing portions of the route should not be placed on the same basis as to classification as the portions of the route whose traffic resources are in some instances as one hundred to one. Nor would it be fair to raise the classification of the latter to the plane of that of the former; that would be unjust to the shippers of the more favored section. Hence the only just method is to recognize the difference in conditions of the different sections of the lines. Equal and uniform classification of freight implies equality and uniformity of conditions for traffic. No basis of classification can be just that ignores this fact.

Hence the method of classification proposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission means a lessening of the income of the Pacific roads, because the traffic resources are inferior, and their physical characteristics less favorable than those of their eastern connections.

Another factor that should cause the Commission to hesitate in asking to be empowered to impose restrictions upon the Pacific railroads is, that all Pacific



coast business is done in competition with the ocean, which is the cheapest of all transportation. The through rate on nearly ninety per cent of Pacific Coast freight traffic is in competition with steam and sail vessels. These rates are far less than the water rates prior to the completion of the overland roads. The railroads must accept the rates fixed by the water route, or not secure the traffic at all. Still another factor that has great influence in rates to Pacific Coast points: the Canadian Pacific railroad, running wholly on British territory, is a competitor for large amounts of overland traffic. It also engages in interstate traffic on equal terms with American roads. This line was built entirely by government aid, and the cost to its builders was several millions less than nothing. In other words, a free gift of the Canadian government equaled \$100,000,000, which is more than the road cost.

In this connection it may be asked why the Interstate Commission does not ask Congress to authorize it to compel the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company to adopt a classification uniform with that it proposes to enforce on American lines terminating on the Pacific, as well as the long and short haul clause of Section 4 of the Interstate Commerce Act. It engages in interstate commerce, and in connection with its heavily subsidized steamship lines, is diverting a large traffic from American lines, with no restrictions as to rates or classification, or long and short haul provisions. If American carriers engaged in interstate carrying must be restricted in their charges and classification, there is no justice in permitting a foreign carrier to engage in the same business without coming under the same regulation.

The result of the regulation of interstate commerce by Congress and the Commission has been to divert traffic to foreign carriers, and it has been estimated to equal six million dollars per year directly; and an equal amount in-

directly, by compelling the American lines to accept a lower rate for their services. The amount directly diverted, if equally divided between the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Central Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railroad companies, would equal one and one half million each per annum, and would reduce their liabilities in that amount. Seeing then that the Interstate Commerce Commission derives its power over interstate commerce from the same clause of the Federal Constitution that gives Congress power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, there is an appropriateness in asking Congress to give it power to regulate the Canadian Pacific and other foreign carriers profiting by engaging in interstate traffic.

The question of uniform classification urged by the Commissioners signifies a reduction of the revenues of the roads, and will be of no benefit to the consumers, as will be seen from what follows. Take, for instance, some articles of domestic use, as an illustration:—

#### DOMESTICS.

Comparative statement, showing overland rates, west-bound, between Missouri River and California common points, together with wholesale prices of domestics, 1885 and 1888.

Rate per 100 lbs, 1885, \$2.50, 1888, \$1.80

Brand.	Weight lbs.	Wholesale price 1885	Wholesale price 1888	Wholesale price in 1888 greater by	Rate Per ct. 1888 less by
4-4 Londsdales....	420	\$112.35	\$136.43	\$24.08	\$3.29
4-4 N. Y. Mills..	552	144.27	168.31	24.08	3.86
4-4 Cabot W....	324	59.84	70.72	10.88	2.27
4-4 Ashland ....	252	50.85	63.56	12.71	1.77
10-4 Pequot B....	403	110.10	129.00	12.90	2.82
5-4 " ".....	436	122.79	130.63	7.84	3.05
10-4 " ".....	441	89.28	111.60	22.32	3.09
5-4 " ".....	440	92.20	103.73	11.53	3.08
8 oz. G. Duck....	400	73.63	77.50	3.87	2.80
9 oz. Denim.....	505	129.47	129.47	00.00	3.53
Boston Denim....	311	73.40	94.36	20.96	2.18
Std. Drill.....	247	42.63	46.04	3.41	1.73
Amos. Cheviot....	473	94.73	101.04	6.31	3.31
7-8 Ticking.....	513	103.50	112.50	9.00	3.03
No. 2 Ticking....	444	78.38	87.78	9.40	3.00
Ginghams.....	400	81.00	90.00	9.00	2.80
" ".....	400	121.50	126.00	4.50	2.80
" ".....	400	144.00	153.00	9.00	2.80
Seersuckers.....	400	135.00	144.00	9.00	2.80
Calico.....	450	104.00	130.00	26.00	3.15
" ".....	450	130.00	156.00	26.00	3.15
" ".....	450	143.00	169.00	26.00	3.15

From the foregoing it will be seen that the consumer who buys little at a time will pay the same for the few articles he buys, whether the charges for freight be \$2.50 or \$1.80 per 100 pounds. No trader would retail his goods any cheaper if the lower rate were charged for carriage. But the higher rate will enable the carrier to move the cheaper products of the farm so that the farmer could market them at a profit, and it would enable the latter to buy more freely of the higher priced commodities.

Uniform classification, like uniform rates, will reduce the earning capacity of a carrier by making lower rates on high-priced traffic, without being able to increase the rates on low priced traffic. The same charge for transporting costly goods as is charged for the actual necessities of life, as has been shown in the preceding pages, would not inure to the benefit of the consumers, but would on the contrary be injurious to the products of agriculture, the forests, and the mines. The cost of carrying a car-load of dry goods from Boston to San Francisco (barring the risk) is no greater than that of a car-load of grain, yet a charge of \$2,000 for transporting the former would be more reasonable than a charge of \$100 for the latter. The charge on the dry goods would be distributed among 100,000 consumers, while that on wheat would be borne by about fifty consumers; the consumers of the dry goods would pay only two cents charges each while the consumers of the wheat would pay two dollars each.

From the foregoing facts and demonstrations any commissioner on transportation would be justified in stating to the world officially the actual conditions and relations of the productive industries of the country to transportation, instead of evading them. Transportation, like any other industry, is pursued for profit, and it is as laudable as any other industrial pursuit. It cannot prosper to the detriment of other productive

industries. This and the other great industries developed through its agency, are as dependent upon each other for prosperity as the earth upon sunshine and rain for its productiveness; hence the assertion that the mutuality of interest between production and transportation is the best regulator of their relations.

Carriers' rates based upon the value of the articles carried and the value of the service rendered, will distribute the expenses of operation and fixed charges in such a manner as to develop a maximum of traffic at a minimum of cost. To assume that traffic managers are actuated in regulating carriers' charges by any other motive, is to assume that they do not understand the subject to which they have devoted their best energies. The accusation that they arrange their charges on the basis of "all the traffic will bear" is unreasonable, when viewed from the standpoint of an intelligent self-interest. The market value of every article of freight transported is the only correct standard of fixing the charge for transporting it. Hence, "*what the traffic will bear*" is a legitimate enunciation of an economic principle applicable to nearly every industrial pursuit.

Every commission created in this country for regulating commercial relations was created under an organic law that ordains justice. In the exercise of the powers conferred under the laws of their existence, they cannot overstep or set aside this wholesome provision, which limits the power to do wrong to private property under the pretext of public benefit. This provision is binding upon all alike. While it limits commissions for regulating transportation companies to what is reasonable and just, it limits the companies to reasonable charges under all circumstances.

A uniform classification theory seems to be predicated upon the postal system, which eliminates distance and natural



conditions as items of cost. The postal system was established by government to supply all the people with postal matter at equal and uniform rates, regardless of distance, conditions, or cost. Being purely a government function, it is predicated on the idea that the different classes of mail matter are of equal value to the recipient, whether carried one mile or one thousand miles. But its classification recognizes one principle that has influence in railroad classifications; to wit: the value of the matter carried and differential rates on the different classes. Government also provides for deficiencies in its postal service by direct appropriations from the treasury. Now there is a wide difference between making postal rates by government and regulating the rates between the common carriers and shipper of private property. In fact, there is little analogy between the two systems. In the one case, government contracts with a carrier for carrying the mails. It does not guarantee the safe delivery of those mails, but it is carried subject to the risk of the sender. In the case of a shipper of property by rail, the carrier is held responsible for loss or damage to the property.

It is said that the Interstate Commerce Commission has no power to establish rates for interstate railroad carriers. Directly it has not, but indirectly it has that power. In section 4 of the law is lodged the power to fix rates, without any question of doubt, as the following illustration will show:—

The rate on through freight from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we will say on first class freight, is \$1.80 per 100 pounds, and proportionately less on lower grades. The rates to St. Louis, Omaha, and Ogden are, say \$2.25, and lower according to class. The through rate is regulated by the ocean rate, and the all-rail rate on through traffic must meet the ocean rate, or the freight will take the ocean route. Either the rail rate through must be raised or the intermediate rates lowered

to comply with the fourth section of the Interstate Commerce law, divested of the discretionary power lodged with the Commissioners. In either event the railroad would lose. The increase in through rates will divert the traffic to the ocean routes, and the reduction of the intermediate rates to the competitive through rates would as effectually be a reduction of rates of the railroads, as if the Commission had the power of making a schedule on every article of freight transported.

The same result follows uniform classification. If all freight carried were in one single class, the rates necessary to enable the carrier to operate would prevent the shipment of more than one-half the freight carried. It has been shown above that except the risk, the highest class of freight shipped costs little more to carry than the lowest class and that while the consumers of the high cost goods are not benefited in the least by the low rate of carriage, yet the bulk of cheap freight now carried would be prohibited from shipment, because the market value would not warrant it. It has been noted that as population decreases as one travels westerly from the Atlantic seaboard, the traffic resources decrease in proportion, and the character and value of the traffic changes from the products of skilled labor to those of unskilled labor, the latter being mostly the products of the soil, until the Sierras are reached, when the process changes, and population and skilled labor products increase. It has been shown that a classification of the traffic adapted to these differing conditions must be the essential prerequisite to sufficient revenue to operate the roads; that the classification of the traffic of the Central and Union Pacific railroads uniform with the New York Central and the Pennsylvania systems would not yield sufficient revenue to enable them to operate, unless the rates were increased on a large amount of their traf-

fic, and that the local traffic would be the sufferer, without benefiting consumers in the least. It will thus be readily seen that there are elements entering into the classifications of freight that reduce the traffic earnings as effectually as if the charges were reduced directly.

The subject has been dwelt upon at some length and with some repetition, because it involves results not beneficial to California industries. Industries in the Territories outside of California, with conditions less favorable, would suffer proportionately to their magnitude. Hence, with a sincere desire to recommend a uniform classification of freight from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the unprejudiced mind is convinced by the investigation of the subject that greater injury will follow from such a classification than by leaving the matter in the hands of the several traffic managers of the various lines. It is the interest of railroads to develop the largest amount of traffic available, and to offer every inducement to accomplish that end. But no proposition can be plainer than that uniform classification of freight traffic implies uniformity in conditions to realize the same earning capacity.

The Interstate Commerce Commission seems to think there is something wrong, because a different classification prevails west of the Missouri River than east of that point, and that by enforcing uniformity the supposed wrong will be corrected. If the members will make the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific over the most direct route, they will see that unless the more westerly roads were permitted in some way to increase their earnings to offset the lessened resources for traffic, they would not be able to operate. This revenue must be obtained from the traffic tributary to the roads. If after leaving New York they will count the trains they pass in opposite directions until they ar-

rive at Buffalo; repeat the same thing from Buffalo to Chicago, from Chicago to Omaha, from Omaha to Ogden, and from Ogden to San Francisco, and keep each division in separate columns, the footings will explain why uniformity in classification and rates is not applicable to the different divisions. Moreover, if not applicable to the different conditions for obtaining traffic, then not advisable. The roads west of the Mississippi River have done all in their power to equalize the differences in the physical conditions of the country, but until population and industrial development become as great per mile of road as the average east of that point, the inequalities will remain. The inequalities in altitudes can never be overcome. Hence, until all conditions are equalized, differentials will have to be permitted in regulation.

That transportation property has become clothed with a "public use," is no reason why it should be treated differently from other private property. All private property is clothed with a public use so far as taxation for legitimate public purposes is concerned. The interest of the carrier in the property transported does not on an average exceed three per cent of its value; and if all charges for the transportation of property were established on an *ad valorem* basis, the carrier's interest would not exceed two and a half per cent. That this small percentage should be considered of more public concern than the 97 to 97½ per cent not taken for transportation, is one of those curious inconsistencies of popular opinion, the origin of which is past finding out. But there is a limit beyond which public regulation of private property cannot go. That limit is reached when the regulation deprives the owner of its legitimate income and use. The ownership of property implies the right to use it. When deprived of this right, the owner will resort to the constitutional rights



guaranteed to him, both in the Federal and State constitutions. Of all the attempts at regulation of carriers' charges by legislative schedules, not a single instance of success is on record. And where the most drastic legislative measures have been adopted, the results have been most damaging to both production and transportation. This "public use" in transportation property is terminated when its exercise directly or indirectly impairs the value of the property to its owner.

Government regulation of private property, like the taxing power, has limitations "inherent in the subject itself." "The American Constitutions were ordained and established not to confer rights upon the people, but to secure rights which already existed, and many of which — for instance, the right to life, liberty, and property — were *inalienable*." . . . "Among these inalienable rights, as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, is the right of men to the pursuit of happiness, which means the gift to pursue any lawful business or vocation not inconsistent with the equal rights of others."

In view of a more enlightened public opinion, which judicial construction is aiding to disseminate in regard to the natural rights of citizens, commissions may be pardoned for hesitating before asking for more extended power to interfere in the legitimate business of the country under the pretext of regulation.

The following quotation from a decision of the United States Circuit Court for the southern district of Iowa is to the point. The title of the case is, "*Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company vs. Dey et al., Railroad Commissioners*, 116 U. S. 307." After discussing the case in

every possible phase, and giving due consideration to decisions with differing alignments from the conclusions reached, the Court says :

"From what has thus been said, it is not to be inferred that this power of limitation or regulation is itself without limit. This power to regulate is not a power to destroy, and limitation is not the equivalent of confiscation. Under the pretense of regulating fares and freights, the State cannot require a railroad corporation to carry persons or property without reward; neither can it do that which in law amounts to a taking of private property for public use without just compensation, or without process of law."

"For a government, whether that government be a single sovereign or one of the majority, to say to an individual who has invested his means in so laudable an enterprise as the construction of a railroad, one which tends so much to the wealth and prosperity of the community, that if he finds that the rates imposed will cause him to do business at a loss, he may quit business and abandon that road, is the very irony of despotism. Apples of Sodom were fruit of joy in comparison. Reading as I do in the preamble of the federal constitution that it was ordained to 'establish justice,' I can never believe that it is within the power of State or nation thus practically to confiscate the property of an individual invested in and used for a purpose in which even the Argus eyes of the police power can see nothing injurious to public morals, public health, or the general welfare. I read also in the first section of the bill of rights of this State, that 'all men are by nature free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing, and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness'; and I know that while that remains as the supreme law of the State, no legislature can directly or indirectly lay its withering or destroying hand on a single dollar invested in the legitimate business of transportation."

This seems to definitely mark the line where public regulation ends and private right begins. It ought to be a self-evident fact, that when public regulation of private property impairs its value, the line where public right terminates has been passed, and the "Bill of Rights" infringed upon.

John Totyl.

## A YEAR OF VERSE. — III.

IN two preceding chapters we have reviewed the year's work of the poets, major and minor; and still there are before us a dozen volumes and more, — volumes, with scarcely an exception, bearing signatures that no "Handbook of Authors" enrolls, that the wide-reaching charity of Mr. Stedman's "Twilight of the Poets" grants no place, even in its paragraphs of barest catalogue. No such collection as this fails to have much that is fatuous, yet we think we can honestly say that for a year or two now the quality has bettered. Especially do we note more spontaneity than we have seen for years: the dominance of a "school," a "style," disappears. Increasingly, the importance of having and telling a thought regains its rights, and the conceit, the chiseled out epigram, the verbal polish, of three or four years ago, cease to overshadow everything. It is to be hoped the fashion will leave behind it good in a sterner artistic conscience, forbidding poets to let work go out that is not wrought to its best perfection in form.

Pronouncing upon the booklings of obscure verse that come to every reviewer's table in such numbers, is always a hard task. Experience has probably freed him from the tradition that every writer of verses is a delicate, self-distrustful soul, easily discouraged, and needing encouragement only, — indeed, he has learned how tenacious, not to say audacious, the poetic ambition is, through what years of remonstrance and scoffing, of persistent refusals from editors, and vain expenditure of money in trying to get the ear of the public, it will survive, believing six words of solicited praise against a thousand of spontaneous blame. But it remains that in almost every case one who puts his thought

into crude rhyme and metre, puts in also a good deal of his most cherished feelings, — his ideals, such as they are, — and if he betrays the one as most commonplace, or the other as distorted or childish, so much the more is there an element of pathos in the betrayal that strives against the ridiculous. Yet the reviews in our journals, are what chiefly define the literary standard of our people, and it is their place to insist on a high one.

The writers of unskilled verses do not realize how many people are doing the same thing. They say, "What comes from the heart must go to the heart," forgetting that if that were so, every one of us might write poetry. Indeed, it would not be a bad idea if we all did, a little, to relieve our minds and to cultivate our taste. But every man who sings at his plowing, or Sunday evenings with his wife and children about the cottage organ, does not offer himself for the concert or opera stage; and the rhymers should not more than he take himself seriously, and seek a publisher.

A somewhat extreme case of this taking one's verses seriously is just now at hand. *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes*<sup>1</sup> is a well printed book, from a good publisher, containing the poems of a Kansas writer, who some years ago published the longest of these, "A Rhyme of the Border War," in a separate volume. The "Rhyme" is a harmless enough affair, opening with some real spirit and simplicity, but wandering off into a medley of incoherent narrative, stumbling rhythm, and inflated sentiment, Scott and Byron apparently being the models. Many young

<sup>1</sup> *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes*. By Thomas Brower Peacock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.



fellows before Thomas Brower Peacock have undertaken long narrative poems modeled on Scott or Byron, Moore or Tennyson; and more of them than ought have managed to publish these. But this particular young man or his publishers were inspired to send this particular "epic" to the *London Saturday Review* for notice. The *Review*, finding in it abundant material for satire, did not fail to make full use thereof, and bestowed upon him a column or two of grave laudation of such passages as this, (which, it says, "vies with the proudest blasts from the trumpet of Stothard or N. P. Willis"):

Where Wild Bill fought the dead do swell  
To thrice the number elsewhere slain.  
He flies, he flashes o'er the plain, —  
He kills before, behind the same, —  
Shoots on all sides, true is his aim;  
He fires with such rapidity  
One stream of fire doth ever free  
Flame from the mouths of his fire-arms,  
For each hand a revolver warms.  
His thundering yells incessant rise,  
Which tells his foes he them defies;  
His long hair snaps and cracks behind,  
And lashes the complaining wind;  
He bristles like a porcupine  
With weapons growling in a line, —  
An arsenal that spins and flies  
Before the watcher's wondering eyes.

"He has come, the true poet of Columbia," remarks the critic. ". . . The American bard should be a child of nature . . . inspired not by the bed-ridden Pierian Muses, . . . but by the noble history of his own race in the New World. . . . All these qualities meet, we venture to think, in Thomas Brower Peacock. . . . We have never read any American poetry so exuberantly American." And so on.

Mr. Peacock was by no means "killed off by a single critique": on the contrary, he exultantly prints the whole thing among the laudatory notices in the next edition of his poems,—one questions whether in good faith, in audacious defiance, or in still more audacious

advertising shrewdness. Western men are not supposed to be deficient in humor; possibly it did not occur to him to give an Englishman credit for possessing any. Seriously, however, no man whose sense of humor was all right could have written the poetry; and it may be indeed that this defect of humor is really the fundamental one in all the writers of impossible verse.

These same laudatory notices illustrate two things worth speaking about: one, the facility with which kind words about almost any poetry could be extracted from our gentle elder poets; nor were these said entirely in the spirit in which the minister said them to Lemuel Barker,—they were spoken partly out of an optimism that did see good in every poetic effort, and made these easy dispensers of encouragement the despair of editors. The other thing is that, after making all allowance for satire and all allowance for charity, there still remain a number of people who really think the verse fine. The extracts from the *Kansas* papers especially are amusing. Could anything be better than this?

"Thomas Brower Peacock, the *Kansas* poet, has suddenly come to the front by having his poem of the 'Border War' lauded in the *London Saturday Review*. This poem is reviewed at length by this high English authority, and is pronounced worthy of more than a passing notice. Such treatment can hardly fail to make the volume sell, and cause *Kansas* to feel proud of this much-lauded Poet of the Plains. There are some writers in the State who have been slow to recognize the true worth of this poet, who will now be ready to sing his praises. These, of course, Mr. Peacock will forgive on account of their ignorance. . . . If Mr. Peacock will now revise his poems, they will become popular the world over; and if the advice of the *Mail* is taken, our Peacock, who is now in high feather, will set about the work at once."

This and other similar notices constitute a curious comment on the literary standards of *Kansas*. Local interest, personal friendship, and the *camaraderie* of newspaper men account, however, for much of it. Of about one hundred

poems in the volume, there is really nothing to suggest even rudimentary and untrained poetic powers. There is simply nothing but such stringing together of rhymes as thousands of men could do "ten years together" if they thought it an object. Page after page, open anywhere at random, it runs on like this:

A sea roll'd deep, a cliff rose steep;  
Two mortals near, on shore:  
A girl sat there, she very fair,  
Her lover did adore.  
Upon the brink, where sea-birds drink  
Sweet odors from the wind,  
A flower grew, sweet, fresh, and new,  
As reasons childhood's mind.

That maiden fair we see with many a charm,  
May once have been a pearl beneath the sea,  
Where she was shielded from the great gulf, Harm,  
Which flows through Time to Eternity.

"Where, where is the beautiful dead?"  
I shrieked in the ear of Night—  
But my voice and its echo fled;  
I trembled with feeling of fright.

"Alethea, sweet being of Truth,  
Come, come to my longing eyes!  
O come! for thou hast feelings of ruth;  
Come down from thy home in the skies!"

The prefaces in which obscure poets introduce or recall themselves to the public are an instructive study. Mr. Peacock's is a long eulogy, written by some one else, in which lavish biographical details are given, and the poet is called "the poet laureate of the West"; is said to accomplish "what few of the world's living poets are capable of doing, and that is this, he frequently rises to the sublime"; to be "free from restraint of regulation poetry," "preëminently imaginative"; and to have "received favorable comments from a bright galaxy of famous stars in the literary firmament." This is followed by an "Author's Preface":

"After the lengthy preface by the able philologist Prof. Thomas Danleigh Supl  e of New York, I will

only add that the success of my former publications induces me to issue the present larger volume. This edition includes all my earlier poems revised, and a variety of new ones, for the first time published."

Here is another interesting preface:

"The usual apologies of young authors I cannot conscientiously make, as no persuasion on the part of friends could cause me to print verses in my own opinion altogether unworthy the attention of my readers; neither can I honestly express fears that I shall not be appreciated, at least as much as I merit, by a public by which all my poetic ventures have been so kindly received. . . . I am aware that my book is not without many defects, due no less to unavoidable haste than to lack of experience. . . . When my readers are informed that my parish consists of four congregations, their blame may at least be mitigated. . . . At the risk of destroying some very carefully constructed romance, ingeniously wrought out by some of my admirers with almost sublime officiousness, I think it just to declare that no real persons are described in any of my poems.

A picture of the young author (as is elsewhere indicated, he is twenty-three years old) is also prefixed to the verses<sup>1</sup>: which are decidedly better than the Kansas bard's, but not in any serious sense poetry. There is a narrative poem of three cantos, "Lelia Lee," modeled on Locksley Hall.

O Walhonding, wild and wayward, ruffling on thy  
rugged shore,  
Type of thoughts that overwhelm me, murmuring  
voice of days of yore!

By thy pebbled beach I've wandered with a maiden  
at my side

When my heart was filled with music, glad as sings  
thy gleeful tide.

Through the gates above the world in tearful silence  
fades the day,

And the shadows, stealing nearer, seem like vam-  
pires round their prey.

O the little hands that never now will softly clasp  
my own!

O the earnest eyes forever from my eager glances  
flown!

O those lips whose sweet persuasion now invites an-  
other's kiss!

River, river, thy deep waters ne'er entombed a woe  
like this!" —

<sup>1</sup> Lelia Lee. By the Rev. Stokeley Fisher. Amos & Sons: Cambridge, Ohio. 1888.



Lelia allowed herself to be bullied into marrying Peter Phipps for his money. Clarence Clare takes this more gently than did Amy's cousin, and though he laments through a number of pages, he concludes.

Lelia, Lelia, I forgive you! It was wild to wish you ill;

Would my life could shield that heart which breaks because it loves me still!

And when she fades away and dies, and Peter Phipps goes to an insane asylum in remorse, Clarence Clare adopts Lelia's little girl. The echo of Tennyson is sometimes quite ingenious, and one cannot but think the poem clever, especially considering the youth of its author. There are no descents to doggerel, such as even much better poets trip into sometimes in continued narrative; the metre (an easy one, however,) is well sustained; and there are lines that show a good feeling for nature and some thoughtfulness and wisdom. The other poems are "To Wilda," "To Adelee," "Essie's Grave," "Album Verses," and so on,—simple and honest, occasionally clever, often entirely unnoticeable. None are of any particular value, but when speaking of a very young man's work, the critic is compelled to remember that neither were any of Byron's in "Hours of Idleness," or Tennyson's in "Poems by Two Brothers." With good literary surroundings, serious training of himself, and more freedom from those four congregations, the Rev. Stokely Fisher might write something good. On the other hand, adolescent verses as valueless as "Hours of Idleness," or "Poems by Two Brothers" are—as a host of instances testify—no evidence that a youth can ever write any better.

We quote two more prefaces:

"It is hard that the poet must choose whether he will pitch his key note high and be heard at once, though not in harmony with Nature, or tone himself to her still, small voice, and go for a time unnoticed. The path of all true greatness lies through the valley

of humility. We shall make our literature lofty by stooping. I recall this truth here because, without doubt, these unpretending verses will sound flat enough if the thought is not pitched to their key; and it is worth while to consider how much more of the good, wholesome atmosphere of ordinary life can be found on this plane. . . . I would speak to, or rather for, my neighbors; though I do not think those at a distance need therefore be less pleased to read. . . . O happy ranges, and ways under great sycamores and through festooning wild grapes, where the manzanita startles with its radiance, and the heart-leaved climbers look from under the rock; where the ebon butterfly sails luxuriously, and the full-fed cows lie down by the coffee-tree; where the cottage is neat and the maidens are kind;—why should I leave you in the vain search for a more delightful region? But these things that ye have spoken to me I will send forth; peradventure they may find lodgment in the mighty heart of the people."

"With a very few exceptions the poems in this volume were written before my twentieth year. As they are, I request the public to accept them. Feeling confident that when an author produces productions of his pen that were written under the belief of his being especially ordained by a superior power for such a calling, that they cannot fail to make an impression. They were not written for a triviality nor to disperse the melancholly [*sic*] broodings of a mind naturally sensitive in the highest degree, but composed under a stern conviction of the necessity of their being composed. . . . Certainly their number may surprise many, but it is not my fault. All along I have seen the result resulting from such an ambition, and though dwelling amongst circumstances more than detrimental to such a lofty aspiration, I have never deviated, because I could not. . . . My own judgment of these poems has already been made. It only remains to see if the critical and discerning public can be as impartial as commiserate to their immature imperfections and their faults. I have often flattered myself with the hope that they are not entirely devoid of a little genius, which with deeper study and intense application may yet be made to bloom forth a sturdy plant in the forest of American Literature, though did I not consider them as a premonition of nobler labors, they had never seen the light of public day."

These two prefaces are from *Verses of Valley and Mountain* and *A New Poet*; and we have before us also *Sea Leaves* and *Verses from the Valley*, all recent volumes of Californian verse. We have quoted these prefaces to show how to the author of each his own exper-

iment on the seas of literature has seemed something serious and exceptional, instead of one among many. A man of deeper feelings than those he meets around him, of a love for nature and meditation, and a disposition to be conscious of his own feelings, such as he finds response to in the books of the poets and not among his fellows, is apt to come to feel himself of the one companionship, and apart from the other. Yet these qualities that he finds in himself, this appreciation of nature and of poetry, are not enough to make him a poet. Thousands of people have them; they are necessary to the mere making of an appreciative reader.

*Verses of Valley and Mountain*,<sup>1</sup> especially, suggests these reflections. It is introduced by the former of the two prefaces quoted just above, and the closing sentences of the preface illustrate its tone of love and appreciation for outdoor nature. The ideal of the book is excellent,—a Wordsworthian ideal, of simple pleasures, homely tenderness, and love of nature. In one respect, at least, the ideal is not unworthily filled,—nature is rendered honestly and simply: the nature of the Plumas mountains, not of book descriptions. But rendered any the better for being in verse? We have to say no. If all that is necessary for poetry is a worthy sense of beauty, simply expressed, why embroider our simple speech with rhyme and metre at all? By adopting these we have admitted that something finer, more uplifted, more songlike than speech, befits the more rapt thought. Very simple and straightforward verse may have this finer, higher, rapt language. Wordsworth's "Daffodils" or Burns's "Mountain Daisy" shows that. Now and then Mr. Martin touches it. If such stanzas as these were frequent, the book would show promise indeed:

Tell the dream? I fear 'twill fly;  
Thou must dream as well as I.  
See the clover's verdure lave  
In the coolness of the wave;  
See the wild pea's scarlet blow  
Round the slender willow grow;  
See the poppy's golden cup  
Drink its own dew-nectar up;  
See the bee and butterfly  
With the humming-bird flit by.

Quail are shouting through the oats;  
Orioles dilate their throats;  
Wren and linnet in the tree  
Scarce can sing their ecstasy;  
Scarce the mocking-bird can trill,  
Scarce the cicada can shrill  
All its love and loud elation,  
All its pride and exultation:  
Life in sound and love in song  
Swell and surge and rush along.

#### Morning.

The dawning's culminating crow  
Goes swiftly round from farm to farm,  
Now near, now far, with dying charm,  
The shrillest, last, prolonged alarm,  
That day comes on with silvery glow.

Lead out the teams, and let them drink;  
The crows are scattering to the field,  
The larks fly up from nooks concealed,  
Where feed the cows that come to yield  
Their snowy milk to hands of pink.

And while we plow beneath the oaks,  
Which lift their brows against the sun,  
And drink the streams of light that run  
In golden waves till day is done,  
Hark to the neighboring farmer folks, —

How clear the shout! How full the song!  
Are they not thrilled with landscapes fair,  
And flushed with morning light as rare  
As sparkling wine, as free as air?—  
This pungent air which flows along

From seas of spice and southern plain  
And on to warm the north to flowers,  
Shaking the dripping willow bowers  
Until the raindrops fall in showers,  
Though countless brilliants still remain.

And warmly o'er the new-sown grain,  
Profusely by the shrubs and trees,  
And sweetly through the scented peas,  
Rolled on the softly-rippling seas  
Of heaven-sent, vivifying rain.

<sup>1</sup> *Verses of Valley and Mountain*. By Aurelius Martin. Oakland: Pacific Press Publishing Co. 1888.



This morning every cloud is gone ;  
 They lost themselves in diamond dew,  
 Or hastened on to landscapes new,  
 And left the balmy deeps of blue  
 In stainless purity at dawn.

*Night.*

Since evanescent jewels lay  
 On every grass leaf, clear and cold,  
 The plow has turned the crumbly mould  
 In polished furrows, fold on fold,  
 Through all the greatness of the day ;

And now the slaty smoke ascends  
 From many a plowman's waiting home ;  
 Along the blazing orange dome,  
 The crane's majestic vortex clomb,  
 And, where the sunlight upward bends,

Now catch again the lofty ray,

Turn out, the purple belt grows high  
 Above the almost ghostly peaks ;  
 In narrowing tracts of flaming streaks,  
 The westward moving splendor wreaks  
 His massive glory on the sky.

Their fragrant warmth the fields resign,  
 And fades the soft, diffusive rose  
 The over-burdened welkin throws  
 Below ; draws on the twilight's close,  
 Goes out the low-lit western line,

And darkness rends the sacred veil,—  
 The purple, blue, and scarlet screen  
 That parts the world's less hallowed scene  
 From night's most holy and serene  
 Magnificence, which maketh pale

With power and with astonishment  
 The over-running springs of morn.

My eyes lift up astonishment,  
 To meet his cloud-shape large and looming,  
 Beyond the forest's savage rent,  
 When dawn's late shadows still are glooming ;  
 Or, climbing nigher through the wild,  
 As day's last fragments lose their brightness,  
 The neighbor heights, unequal piled,  
 Break sharply down, and there, exiled,  
 To lonely heavens, the rosy whiteness  
 With awe and exaltation clothes  
 Old Lassen.

*Pardon, Little Flower.*

O pardon, little flower,  
 The fate that's happened you !  
 For looking up the sugar-pine  
 I crushed you ere I knew.

I once despised the day  
 And world of little things,  
 Forgetting Feather River  
 Gathers up the smallest springs.

I'll cease to stare at mountains  
 While trampling azure bells,  
 For wonder lies among their leaves  
 As in the ether-wells.

*After the Spring Rain.*

The balmy air is soft,  
 But through the skies aloft  
 An awful loveliness is melting to the mountains ;  
 Whose marble whiteness goes,  
 And from their mighty snows  
 Burst through the springing flowers a thousand quick-  
 ening fountains.

The cattle once more graze,  
 And through the moistened ways  
 They swing their ponderous heads and clip the tender  
 grasses ;

• They know no mild surprise  
 For azure deeps of skies,  
 • Or clouds along the distance rolled in sunlit masses.

The birds they feel it all :  
 The sunbeams, as they fall,  
 Go to their ardent hearts and wake the clear-toned  
 voices,  
 And they must sing or die,  
 Sing all their ecstasy,  
 And all the world in sympathy with them rejoices.

If the man that wrote these stanzas,  
 and a very few more as good, could learn  
 to judge of his own work, to sternly  
 prune, train, reject, his verses might  
 claim a very kindly and hopeful welcome  
 to Californian literature. Nor would  
 such homelier stanzas as these be with-  
 out their value :

All over the cañons and ridges I see,  
 The little red lilies are thick as can be.  
 Three flowers, and three in the bud, on a stalk,  
 I find them as over the mountains I walk.  
 They live in the sunshine, these dainty wee folks,  
 And in the cool shadows of fresh-leaving oaks ;  
 They live where the soil is but shallow and hard,  
 And the deep mellow loam with their brightness is  
 starred ;  
 But such light and air is around them, you see,  
 They're always as pretty as lilies can be.

The cliffs are black and steep ;  
 The rocks are coarse and brown ;  
 They menace up and down  
 A hard, repellant frown,  
 As if they meant to keep  
 Each social thing away

But softly ! What is there,  
 That locks of beauty throws  
 With touch of falling snows  
 Across the face of woes ?  
 It is the maiden-hair,

It roots into a chink,  
 Nor minds the stern rebuff ;  
 It seems to like the rough ;  
 Old codger of a bluff, —  
 It finds an ooze to drink.

The rock is not so grim.  
 How picturesque it looks !  
 How natural those crooks !  
 How charming are these nooks ;  
 Enwreathed about the rim !

O love, to love is bliss !  
 O gentleness unbought,  
 O courtesy for naught,  
 O sympathy unsought,  
 Behold yourselves in this.

But what of the possibilities of a poet who publishes a book in which the eloquent line is constantly killed within the same stanza by a clumsy one, the eloquent stanza within the same poem, ("O Pardon, Little Flower," which we have quoted, is the only poem sustained throughout up to its own level,) and in which most of the writing is like this ?

Look over the fence, my girl, my girl !  
 Look over the fence as if you would come,  
 And I drink delight till my senses whirl,  
 And the morning joys are a perfect sum.

Sweeter than the breath of even,  
 Fairer than the stars above,  
 Gentler than the dews of heaven,  
 Is a mother's precious love.

Why try to name thy nameless charms,  
 Thou peerless girl ?  
 Why talk of alabaster arms  
 And teeth of pearl ?  
 For the light of thy form is divinity.

I almost flew to feed my sight  
 Of thy full grace,  
 And yet some contrasts in the flight  
 I had to trace ;  
 For thy beauty has no consanguinity.

Oh, hear the song-birds, the bright, sunny song-birds,  
 Oh, hear the song-birds, warbling in the trees !  
 Oh, hear the song-birds, sweeter than any words,  
 Oh, hear the song birds, singing but to please !

There runs through the whole volume a thread of genuine poetic aspiration, a sense of something really to be said ; but this thing to be said is handled with helpless and inefficient perception of the needs of poetic expression, with total lack of critical discernment between what is good and what is worthless. In general, the poems of human relation, though their sentiment is worthy and admirable, are altogether hopeless as poetry ; while those that render nature and nature's moods, without moralizing, show a real truth, and power, and sensitiveness, struggling through confused and unequal expression.

The other preface belongs to a volume of San Francisco poetry, which is entitled, with an audacity that is a challenge to criticism, *A New Poet*.<sup>1</sup> It is to be said, in justice to the English of the preface, that the writer is Italian by birth and earliest education. As to the merit of these poems, it is impossible to give any very careful opinion, for the reason that their volume is simply overwhelming, and no reviewer can be expected to read any considerable fraction of them. Written before the author was twenty years old, they are twice the quantity of Tennyson's total works !—all this printed solid, in fine type, on thin paper, to accommodate the flood of rhyme between covers. No human being that is not personally attached to the poet will read them through. The affluence, the indefatigable enjoyment in rhyming, the good standards imitated, the general dig-

<sup>1</sup> *A New Poet*. By Lorenzo Sosso. San Francisco : The West End Printing and Publishing House. 1888.



nity and respectability of this boy's verses, so far as we have read them, move us to surprise. Shakspeare, Milton, Keats, Coleridge, Tennyson, Longfellow, — all the standard poets, appear in faint but unmistakable echo; there is no originality, yet the lavishness of a fancy, the unweariedness of a brain, that could keep up the echoes so long and so well, would seem to mean original power of some sort. It must have been an endless enjoyment to him; and it must have been done with the greatest ease and facility, for no boy could have read and soaked himself with the standard English poets, and outwritten Tennyson twice over, all in his teens, and left himself much time to toil over his verses. There is no subject, no style, he does not essay. Occasionally his English stumbles, as in "He ceasest," below, or "serpentinuous streams." Sometimes the echo of the best poetry is surprisingly neat; sometimes he is absolutely commonplace; occasionally very weak. Whether of all this fertility anything really original and good will ever come, or whether all the power of the mind has been drained out in the prodigal, juvenile flow of verse, one waits with some wonder to see. Thus it goes, page after page, through all the long list:

*Time.*

I am Time,  
The king of kings,  
Vast, sublime,  
Are my wings.

Like a giant  
Do I reign;  
Self-reliant  
In my domain.

Grief and Glory,  
False and Truth,  
In my story  
Find their ruth.

*Past.*

I am the Past,  
First born of Time.  
Into mould did I cast  
All things sublime.

Hero-men and god-men  
My scepter hath swayed  
Who, now and then,  
Still cravemy aid.

But I am aging.  
A million years more,  
And death will be waging  
My reign of before.

*Present.*

I am the Present,  
Frail, evanescent,  
Now with the man living,  
Now with him not.  
Yet always giving  
Life to each spot.

Ere long, however,  
He ceasest to be!  
While I forever  
Am eternity.

As a poet gaineth glory when the laurel first he  
wins,

So the life of man beginneth when his manhood life  
begins.

As the purple of the sunset, as the crimson of the  
rose,

Are the clouds that there surround him, fairer none  
can he suppose.

As the gloominess of midnight, as the autumn-blast-  
ed leaf,

So his heart can come to sorrow, being withered by  
his grief.

O let me take your hand, dear,  
O let me take your hand;  
And you may understand, dear,  
And you may understand  
That I am but Love's vassal, love,  
And Love, he doth command.

*Verses from the Valley*<sup>1</sup> is as unpretentious as possible. The language and metre are educated, the verse flows well, and while it does not really rise to poetry anywhere, it has an air of making slight pretence of so doing. There are some good translations, mostly from the French, a long account in genial doggerel of a yachting and camping trip in Florida; and seventy or eighty other

<sup>1</sup>Verses from the Valley. By E. S. Goodhue. Oakland: Pacific Press Publishing Co.

poems on all sorts of subjects, and of very unequal merit,—some commonplace, some weak; almost all readable. Now and then one, or part of one, touches an excellence that makes the others incomprehensible. But for the questionable "Tiara's harp," this is worthy writing:

What made the harps that weary wanderers hung  
Up on the willows in the olden time  
By Babylonian rivers, yet convey  
More thrilling notes and deeper music far  
Than when their many strings were fingered o'er  
And strung? Or why should all the world and you  
Not hear Tiara's harp till Silence struck  
Her trembling fingers on its every chord?  
Who cannot shake the air with words and words,  
And cast them in your ear? But gods have oft  
Not able been to even guard their lips  
From speaking into death their dearest hope.

Sea, air, sky, rocks, and earth but children are  
Of this great silent Thought that speaks to you  
Alone, or me alone, but never speaks  
So you and I can learn at once the word.

A man who can do as well as this ought to have done better: ought to have chiseled out the superfluous words in these lines, evidently there for the metre, to have discarded much of the somewhat dilute poem in which they appear, and brought the whole nearer to its best level. Such books remind one of Ruskin's saying, that there are few men of intelligence and sensibility who cannot occasionally in elevated moods strike out a poetic thought, and polish it into meritorious form, but that this limited ability must not be mistaken for the poetic gift. Mr. Goodhue gives no indication that he does make any such mistake, or regard himself a poet, farther than by the fact of having put his verses between covers.

*Sea-Leaves*<sup>1</sup> stands on a different footing from any of the books we have thus far in this chapter reviewed. Its portion of inspiration, small or great, runs through the whole. Within her limita-

tions, the writer is not simply one who has written poems, but a poet. The signature has been known in California papers for many years; some of the poems have been copied from paper to paper a good deal. The "Camilla K. von K" of the title-page is known to be Mrs. Mary C. F. Hall-Wood, editor of a paper of good standing in Southern California. The poems would be over any signature plainly a woman's. They are very lyrical, very subjective, full of restless feeling, and not of a very healthy tone. There is a frank egotism about them, occasional tenderness and more cynicism, much power of language, and some attractive bits of cañon and seaside description. Their ideals are not altogether good; they seem sometimes to aspire to be "poems of passion;"—in no bad sense, but in a sense that implies want of emotional simplicity, restraint, and good health. But we can better illustrate than comment farther. A few stanzas called "Dancing Triolets," are a quite remarkable bit of lyricism:

Shake the silver fringe of Folly's bells,  
Dance, undaunted, to the magic chime.  
Dance, as erst the fauns in Grecian bells.  
Shake the silver fringe of Folly's bells,  
List the tale of love that laughter tells,  
Webs to trip the wary feet of Time.  
Shake the silver fringe of Folly's bells,  
Dance, undaunted, to the magic chime.

Where's the foolish working world? Forget it,  
Dance, and jingle Folly's silver chime.  
Fast departs the golden day,—O let it!  
Where's the foolish working world? Forget it.  
Here I take the merry dance and set it  
In the mad mosaic of my rhyme.  
Where's the foolish working world? Forget it,  
Dance, and jingle Folly's silver chime.

And here is something perhaps more characteristic, combining more of the traits of the other poems, than any other single one we could select:

*Rhapsody.*

Give me scarlet for my head,  
Let me shine in royal red  
Once—ah, just tonight.

<sup>1</sup>Sea-Leaves. By Camilla K. von K. Santa Barbara. 1887.



Crown me ! it shall fade away  
With the dawning of the day,  
With the faintest light  
Of the sweet-flowered summer morn,  
Though I am a poet born.

Let my weary fingers hold  
Handfuls of the heart's-ease gold ;  
All bright colors bring —  
Flaming poppies in their cups,  
Lupines, where the wild bee sups,  
Wheat in green of spring ;  
Salvias from the mesa land,  
White stramonium from the sand.

Open all the windows wide,  
Till the soul be satisfied  
With sea-winds sweeping through —  
Till the brows, too pale and wan  
For such wreath to rest upon,  
Reddening anew,  
Bear their blossoms, tempest-warm,  
Flower of sea and fruit of storm.

But here is one more that ought to be  
quoted for the fresh, sunny tone, rare  
among these poems :

*August.*

Purple bells begin to chime,  
This is summer's marching time.

To the front the squirrels run ;  
Through thick hazes peers the sun.

Little streamlets hide their heads  
Underneath their sandy beds.

Mother quail has led her brood,  
Twittering through the dusky wood.

I'm a careless summer tramp ;  
Welcome, comrade, to my camp !

Welcome : If you care to know  
Where the white quail blows,

Welcome ! If you love the stream  
Where the tiger lilies dream.

Leaving California, we come to a book  
with a good deal of harsh and halting  
verse, yet with a touch of rough power  
and misguided thoughtfulness, — *The  
Western Wanderer. Ombra*.<sup>1</sup> The two  
titles are those of two long poems that  
make up the book. The first describes

a journey to Colorado, and then farther  
on into the Rockies, which is made a  
running text for socialistic and other  
radical reflections. Churches, marriage,  
love, and all sentiment come in for repro-  
bation, as well as the present industrial  
order, and pure reason alone is revered.  
In a world without sentiment, poetry  
would probably be abolished, but the  
author is not altogether consistent. It  
is not pleasant nor profitable reading ; its  
tone is bitter and unhappy, and it is poor  
enough as verse : but it is clear and di-  
rect in expression, and sometimes quite  
well phrased. Thus :

No more shall man, to fellow man  
The right to life denying,  
Absorb the soil that gives that life,  
All nature's laws defying.

No more shall stand an angry God  
With sword of the hereafter ;  
No more look down a pallid Christ  
To check earth's song and laughter.

No more shall men in fight for bread,  
To crime and wrong be driven ;  
No more shall charity degrade  
Who takes and who hath given.

Some other stanzas, however, are very  
halting. The other poem, "*Ombra*,"  
has also a great deal of weak and inflated  
writing, with a certain gloomy dignity  
in its conclusion — in which the defeated  
party in a contest gather together and  
conclude a last feast with a final draught  
from a poisoned bowl, and the morning  
finds all the revelers dead together.

The author of *The Prophet*<sup>2</sup> printed  
some years ago a volume of verse called  
"*The Temple of Alanthur*," which had  
elements of merit. The present volume  
has these also, as far as educated lan-  
guage, some sense of beauty, and famil-  
iarity with poetic standards goes. But  
it is worth no one's reading. It con-  
tains mostly poems of love and philos-  
ophy, — the love of no high order, and

<sup>1</sup> *The Western Wanderer. Ombra.* By Richard P. Parrish. New York : Wm. L. Allison. 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *The Prophet.* By Isaac R. Baxley. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

the philosophy couched in hopeless Browningese. It is fatuous to imitate Browning, for no one will go through the effort of translation for the sake of smaller reward than he gets from the great poet. This is an average example, — some of the poems sink even deeper into the inflated obscurity, while a few are clear and not displeasing :

*Absence.*

One stands upon the wayward sands,  
His hollow footing sways and shifts,  
Seaward his eyes — the world expands  
And settles as the sea-cloud drifts :  
Shaken, unstable, sad, profound,  
The seas and shores do swaying spread ;  
Drifting and lifting — ahead, aground,  
Falls the white spray—wild—whirling—dead.

Stand thou in Memory's changing shades,  
To yearn and anguish ; clear and high  
Rings out a voice — and sinks, evades  
An answer — unpitying passes by :  
Look out thine eyes — thy hands upraised —  
The drift comes in. O sway and turn ;  
Sick in the whirling, deceived and crazed,  
For rest — for sight — yearn thou and yearn.

There is a certain vague force in this, but not enough to justify the writing. Occasionally, in the effort at frank virility, the verses are more or less repulsive.

*Moody Moments*<sup>1</sup> is, as a preface explains, the work of a blind man, who conducts a small paper in New York. The verses are unpretentious, metrical expressions of ordinary human feelings, and have been to the writer a source of pleasure and mental relief. More than most verse of no especial poetic value, they reveal to the reader this subjective usefulness in them, and dispose him to feel that they have been given print and covers as much because their author holds them in grateful regard, as in useless quest of fame. Thus :

My doom was first a crushing stone,  
Beneath which I in helpless plight  
Lay on the ground. From my sad moan  
And sight of me Hope took to flight,

Ran weeping to a darkening glen ;  
Nor came she untó me again.

O Hope, O gentle, patient Hope,  
Who seest afar, as from a peak,  
When I in gulch or valley grope !  
Be thou with me when, old and weak,  
I totter along ; with cheer bend low  
When I fall stiff in the deluging snow.

We come now to half a dozen volumes of verse that stand on a higher level than any of these we have been noticing, except "*Sea Leaves*"; poems that come, — whether simple and unpretentious in their mood, or refined, self-conscious and subtle, — from an educated poetic sense. To the first class, — that of simple mood, — belong *Rebel Rhymes*, and *Poems ; Scottish and American*. *Rebel Rhymes*<sup>2</sup> is, like many books of verse, written on such a level of fair merit as to be harder to review than worse poetry. The poems are good enough to print ; good enough to give pleasure ; yet possessed of no very definite literary characteristics, — a melodious little stream of mildly pleasing verse. They have some novelty, due to their subject. They are pretty thoroughly unreconstructed, yet not in the least bitter. There is no battle fire in them : rather the resigned sadness of the Lost Cause. It is "the dead of Dixie," the ruined old plantation, pen-sive echoes from happy days before the war, *in memoriam* of Jackson, of Ryan, and other honored dead. The poems are not all on such themes ; there are poems of description, poems about the pestilence, the wild flowers of Texas, the Indian frontier. While there is not a word of resentment or hostility, in one place alone do we find the note of reconciliation :

No more thro' all the coming years  
Will they behold the countless spheres,

<sup>1</sup> *Moody Moments*. By Edward Doyle. Keleham & Doyle. New York. 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *Rebel Rhymes*. By Elizabeth J. Hereford. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



Hung from abysmal arches high,  
The wondrous watchers of the sky,  
Nor feel the south wind soft and low,  
Where camp-fires once were wont to glow  
Upon the field of honor.

Peace to the living and the dead,  
Peace for the bloody years now fled.  
A nation proud with armies grand,  
United, they about her stand,—  
Her bold defenders, who will die  
In brotherhood beneath the sky  
Upon her fields of honor.

And heart to heart and hand to hand,  
When outward foes assail the land,  
The world will see these armies vast  
Wipe out the hatred of the past.  
Behold the valiant and the brave,  
Seek then one glory and one grave  
Upon the field of honor.

Something fresher, stronger, more original is in *Poems: Scottish and American*<sup>1</sup>; another volume of pleasant and refined little verses, very readable, not very memorable, perhaps, to strangers, but verses that friends may well cherish and feel proud of. There are a few hymns for the writer's church, a few occasional poems, all good and suitable, a number inspired by affection and friendship, reminiscences of Scotland, and poems in dialect,—some of these being, as Scotch poems are apt to be, in spite of the tradition about Scotchmen and jokes, of an excellent dry humor. Three or four extracts will give the reader the trend of the book:

God, thou art God of battles,  
Lord of glory and might!  
Thou teachest our hands to war  
And our fingers to fight!  
Thou givest Faith for a buckler,  
And Truth for a sword,  
And strengthenest us with thy strength,  
We praise Thee, O Lord!

Not with our fellows we wrestle;  
Nay, 'tis their battles we fight,  
'Gainst powers and princes of darkness,  
The hosts of the night!

They flee—they are routed and scattered  
At light of Thy Word!  
The glory, the glory be Thine!  
We praise Thee, O Lord!

Oh, for the Scottish skylark  
In this bright Southern sky,  
To thrill my heart with joyous song,  
As in the days gone by!  
And oh! to lie and mark his flight,  
Till, far within the blue,  
A speck, half seen, imagined half,  
His form escapes my view!

Oh, for a single skylark,  
To pour like sunlit rain,  
Down all the air a shower of song  
To gladden hill and plain!  
High priest for birds, the skylark takes  
Of all bird-song the best,  
And goes alone, but when he wills,  
Into the Holiest.

*Declined wi' Thanks.*

I'll fash nae mair wi' rhyming ware,  
Nor rack my brain for words that clink;  
I'll burn my quill and to the de'il,  
Like Luther ance I'll pitch the ink.  
For wha wad be a standin' mark  
For Fortune's or for printer's pranks?  
Or hae his verses adverteesed,  
In Poet's Neuk—"declined wi' thanks!"

I sang in praise o' Mysie Hays  
Her cherry mou', her winnin' smile,  
I gied a schedule o' her charms  
Penned in a wooer's warmest style;  
'T was fu' o' rhymes o' loyes and doves,  
And flowers and bowers, and mossy banks—  
But a' my scribbling gaed for nocht,  
And waur than nocht—"declined wi' thanks!"

My bonnie sang aucht verses lang,  
It cost a wail' o' thocht and time,  
And twenty sheets, and twa-three pens  
Afore I got it a' to rhyme.  
Then to the printer aff I trudged,  
Sax miles—I might hae saved my shanks,  
There's a' the notice ere I got,  
"To Mysie Hays—declined wi' thanks!"

Oh had he gied me back my screed,  
Or pitched it in the Balaam box,  
Then nane had waur or wiser been,  
But noo, I'm butt for a' their jokes!  
And Mysie's waur than a' the lave—  
I canna bide her quips and cranks—  
She'll ne'er accept my hand or heart,  
I ken my fate—"declined wi' thanks!"

<sup>1</sup> *Poems: Scottish and American.* By D. M. Henderson. Cushings & Bailey. Baltimore: 1888.

In Richard Edwin Day's *Poems*<sup>1</sup> we have another volume difficult to characterize, a book of good but not striking verse. This book and Charles Leonard Moore's *Book of Day-Dreams*<sup>2</sup> are of the self-conscious and subtle order. They are both thoroughly educated in language and refined in workmanship, weighing the force of words nicely and truly. Nor are they meagre in thought, things of mere form. Mr. Day's poems are various, at their best, perhaps, when lightest and when on simplest subjects, as the dandelions and daisies, or a ballad theme. Thus:

When the first dandelions took  
On their broad discs the light and dew,  
My heart ran truant like the brook,  
And had its solace where they grew.

'T was good again to see them bear  
The lavish glitter of their shields,  
No one can perish but somewhere  
A light is blotted from the fields.

Ah ! ever-blended green and gold,  
That mantle all the summer land,  
I learn how much the heart can hold,  
How very little fills the hand.

Yet he is capable of an admirable conceit from time to time :

A troubadour, I come from desert land,  
And kneeling at the lattice of thine eyne,  
Plead in the sonnet's fourteen strings divine ;

and of shells :

O fairy citadels of stone,  
Upon whose doubly winding stair,  
Like an uneasy ghost, a moan  
Goes up and down and everywhere.

Mr. Moore's *Book of Day-Dreams* is a series of one hundred sonnets, each a separate part of loosely-connected musings that elusively and dreamily drift

<sup>1</sup> *Poems*. By Richard Edwin Day. New York : Cassell & Co. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Company.

<sup>2</sup> *Book of Day-Dreams*. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co.

over the great subjects of the soul and its consciousness of itself and destiny, its baffled wanderings through unfathomable mysteries ; of sense, and thought, and eternity. Nothing but high intelligence and unusual poetic skill could carry the reader through these vague regions without utterly losing him in obscurity ; and as it is, few will care to read the book. But to a man of subtle and daring thought and sensitive moods, the sonnets will be attractive and moving to read alone in his own leisurely and pensive moods. They are not noble writing : they speak of a spirit baffled without anguish, conquered without struggle ; not from weakness, but from a passive surrender to the powers without and within itself, recognizing them as omnipotent, — unresistent and yet uncowed in their current. It is a curious book, — not inspiring, not comforting, not pathetic, yet human and moving. Perhaps these two sonnets, the first, and one near the last, cover as much of the range of the meditations we must try to quote here :

Naked December have I curtained out,  
Its cobweb branches crossing the cold sky ; —  
Dead am I to the hurrying flakes about,  
Dead, and close-tombed in Eastern luxury :  
But not the fire's rich rapture in itself,  
The carpet's glow, the painted air above,  
The gleam of rich-clad volumes from the shelf,  
The stained chessman or yon shadowy glove,  
The mantel's romance of bronze-mailed knights,  
The sometime showing-fresco pastoral,  
The curtains closing me with these delights  
Deep, deep, unfathomably out of call,  
Not these, but dreams and reveries allowed  
Make me o'er all Time's empty triumphs  
proud.

Courage, the whole sole virtue that I bear  
Through my long voyage and continuance ;  
Courage, the rebel that would claim or share  
The kingdom aimed at both by Fate and Chance, —  
Courage still keeps my soul. The days dismissed,  
Pass noiseless by me that were noisy once,  
The central flame of all fades like a mist,  
At its last ebb the tide of nature runs,  
And the great world of dream, built in the mind,  
Based beyond ruin by time's ebb and flow,



A citadel within the deaf and blind,  
Loosens its sure foundations, and does go.  
Still courage keeps my soul. Though baffled,  
this  
Broods like an eagle o'er the blank abyss.

Yet they lose in force and intelligibility, taken from the context. The book should be read at a sitting.

In Coates Kinney we first come to a name found in standard lists of authors; but we venture to say that few of our readers will be able to identify it. In fact, though for a number of years Mr. Kinney's poems have been drifting through journals, he is one of the "one-poem poets,"—known by the single lyric, "Rain on the Roof." This haunting little melody is dated 1849, but has far back in its forty years passed from the uncertain life of a newspaper favorite to the pages of anthologies, reading books, and speakers, and now, for the first time, appears with the other poems of the same author. It is open, doubtless, to criticisms from a high art point of view, but none the less it has an enduring and moving charm, and he must be a fastidious critic that can read it without hearing the rain on the shingles, and thrilling to the mood of the poem. Like other one-poem poets, Mr. Kinney has written other good things which nobody seems to know about. The present volume<sup>1</sup> opens with an argument between Pessim and Optim:

This, this is life. Is life, then, worth the living?  
This plotting for his freedom by the slave!  
This agony of loving and forgiving!  
This effort of the coward to be brave!

Our freedom! We are sin-scourged into being,  
And ills of birth enslave us all our days;  
No chance of flying, and no way of fleeing.  
Until the last chance and the end of ways.

This awful riddle, wherewith we have struggled  
Since the dim dawn of human consciousness,  
With whatsoever dread words we have juggled,  
Ptah, Zeus, Jove, God!—we fail, we fail to guess.

<sup>1</sup>Lyrics of the Ideal and the Real. By Coates Kinney. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Is Buddha known to denizens of Saturn?  
Is Jesus preached upon the Jovian moons?  
And what are gods of any earthly pattern  
To far spheres drifting in the Force-monsoons?

And, howsoever gravitation labors,  
It lets a million suns from vision slip;  
While the ten million world-groups are not neighbors  
Even by light's fine far swift fellowship.

How these immensities dwarf and obscure us!  
What, what are we amid such scenes as these?  
Our earth ungessed in planets of Arcturus,  
Undreamed in orbs around the Pleiades!

By such infinitudes of distance bounded  
(These chasms of darkness that no light can leap),  
We seem a dream with glooms of sleep surrounded,—  
'Our little life is rounded with a sleep.'

With a joyous change of meter, Optim responds, in a strain no less high:

Ay we are dreamed; and if ever the Dreamer  
Wake from the sleep to remember the dream,  
We of His waking shall thrill in the tremor,  
Dawn with His memory, mingle and stream.

Dreamed forth of matter and force interblended  
(Storm drifts of matter and torrents of force)  
Cyclones of flame, globed, exploded, and rended—  
Wide wild beginnings of time's endless course;

Dreamed out of chaos the suns in the spaces,  
Dreamed down the suns to their white molten cores,  
Dreamed off the worlds in their systemal places,  
Over them dreaming the continent floors

Out of their pulps of fire, — dreaming the oceans  
Out of the rain from their heavens of steam,  
And of their mad elemental commotions  
Moulding the motions of life in His dream;

Dreaming the marvelous atoms together  
Into the miracles, feeling and thought,  
Hitching with matter's mysterious tether  
Selfhoods of sense to insensible naught;

Dreaming the span of the measureless chasm  
Yawning between the alive and the dead,  
Wonder of dreams in the organless plasm,  
Crawling to soul from the sea's oozy bed.

Here from this dream shall He start into waking—  
Dream of the universe waking in Me,  
Me as a shore where the great billows breaking  
Leap out of silence in sounds of the sea!

All delights and all doles —  
Thought, passion, and strife,  
Are the Infinite Soul's  
Large living of life.

The argument goes on with rapid stanza after stanza, fascinating both as poetry and philosophy, tempting us to quote far beyond our limits.

Lord of life and of death  
Have mercy on me!  
Cry that squanders the breath  
On storm, night, and sea.

Cry for God's mercy where,  
In maniac bout  
With the powers of the air,  
The great waters shout!

What *is* better or worse,  
Where all only seems?  
What is blessing or curse,  
In drama of dreams?

What is saintship or sin?  
To climb or to fall, —  
Or to lose or to win?  
The One lives it all.

But redemption *to come*!  
What boots that to thee  
Thou for eons then dumb,  
Deaf, dead soul of me?

What is this we have dreamed?  
Whereto have we raved?  
When the world is redeemed  
Shall my soul be saved?

And finally Optim :

We are writ as in books  
By hands from the skies,  
And ghost-ancestry looks  
Out oft of our eyes.

These are half resurrections  
Of souls that are gone —  
Dim and fitful projections  
Of that coming dawn —

Of all consciousness, when  
In Man there shall stand  
The whole lives of past men,  
So lovingly scanned,

So remembered, so real,  
So self-substantive,  
That, no longer ideal,  
They truly shall live.

And if far future man  
Remember so me,  
From the hour I began  
Till ceasing to be—

So revive me, so live me,  
So breathe my soul's breath—  
What is that but to give me  
Sure triumph o'er death?

O immortal my soul!  
To live and to know  
And flow on with the whole  
Divine Being's flow!

O my soul! from the dark  
Wherein flesh is born,  
Soar and sing like the lark!  
For here is the morn!

Whatever one may think of the satisfactoriness of a philosophy that leaves the childless unprovided for in the divine scheme, it is interesting as a theory, and the poetry in which it is embodied is noble in mood and word.

One stanza from another poem we must quote before turning to other books:

But I came back to life and endured it;  
I said, I will bear my breath:  
Surely I should bear love and remembrance,  
Since she has borne love and death.

Frederick H. Hedge, a venerable name in other fields, is also not unknown to poetry; and a little volume<sup>1</sup> of translations and original poems, chiefly hymns, is worthy its author's reputation. The thoughts and the language are full of a sort of dignified vigor that we call "old school," which yet has nothing about it that seems belated or out of touch with the present. The translations are all from the German, mainly from Goethe.

<sup>1</sup> Metrical Translations and Poems. By F. H. Hedge and Annis Lee Wister. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



They are good, and if one in reading the Prologue in Heaven, from Faust, has to say "Bayard Taylor's was better," or to remember Longfellow to the disadvantage of this translation of Uhland's *The Castle by the Sea*; or to feel that the excellent rendering of Luther's hymn falls short of the rugged vigor of Carlyle's, still he realizes that the sympathetic reader of German poetry cannot well resist trying his hand at these alluring poems, — not expecting to improve on former versions, but seeking rather the pleasure of the work.

A couple of stanzas from Luther's hymn will illustrate the translations:

A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing.  
Our helper He, amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing;  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing,  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He,  
Lord Sabaoth his name,  
From age to age the same,  
And he must win the battle.

Very interesting, as well, is the modest array of original verse, — two anniversary poems to the class of '25, two meditative poems, and half a dozen devotional ones; this as characteristic as any:

*E Profundis.*

Beneath thy hammer, Lord, I lie  
With contrite spirit prone;  
Oh, mould me till to sense I die,  
And live to thee alone.

With frequent disappointments sore  
And many a bitter pain,  
Thou laborest at my being's core  
Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord! Thine hammer's needful wound  
My baffled hopes confess,  
Thine anvil is the sense profound  
Of mine own nothingness.

Smite! till from all its idols free,  
And filled with love divine,  
My heart shall know no good but Thee,  
And have no will but Thine.

A number of translations from the German by Annis Lee Wister are bound in the same volume. These are refined and careful, and do not lack poetic sense, but have not the strength of Dr. Hedge's; they seem, too, to be less literal and less true in the spirit of the rendering. They are not so largely of well-known poems, nor from as eminent poets: Rückert, Sturm, Lenau, Chamisso, Kerner, Freiligrath, and perhaps twenty more, less famous than these, fill most of the space, and the three or four from Uhland and Heine are not familiar ones. This little "Song of Winter" from Ritterhaus is one of about the average merit; half a dozen are decidedly better:

Around the tree now leafless, bare,  
The cunning ivy wreaths are twining.  
They whisper dreams of springtide fair,  
When health may come to all now pining.

Ah, will it come, that springtide fair,  
Once more the tree in verdure wreathing?  
My heart's the tree, all leafless, bare,  
The ivy in my songs is breathing.

Finally, before we can leave this review of the year's verse, we must note two blank verse dramas. One<sup>1</sup> is by a poet whose pen-name, "Paul Hermes," has been for some years noticed in the magazines by people who look for quiet verse with some weight of thought and a strain of individuality; the other claims attention through the warm endorsement of Lawrence Barrett, who writes a preface, in which he says he had much desired to add the drama to his repertoire. Why he could not do so, he does

<sup>1</sup>The Viking. By E. A. Barron. Chicago: A. C. McClurg, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by the Bancroft Company.

not explain : but the reader can see what pleased him in it. It strikes us as rather a stage play than a reading play. It is well written, with noble situations and fair but never really high poetic merits. One can see at every point how well this or that would tell on the stage : and the novelty of the subject—the title is *The Viking*, and the characters are the warriors and maidens of pagan Norway—would make it the more effective. Its regular movement, close connection throughout, and want of any passages of striking poetry, make quotation ineffective ; a few lines will serve to give some idea of its general style of wording, but scarcely more :

HAFTHOR.—And do you, Fenja, counsel me to play  
The coward's part, to hide a craven head  
That feared to brook the frown it raised? No, girl.  
I think the mighty gods live not in stone  
More than in man, and find their best delights  
In valiant doings and in loyal hearts.  
Great Odin's self, before he was a god,  
Performed a hero's work, and so became  
The chief divinity of fearless men.  
He would not pardon me afraid, nor yet  
Would you esteem me trembling for my life.  
Though bound to you by every tender tie,  
New-pledged to you with every healthful throb,  
My heart beats more for honor than for love,  
And follows duty though she leads to death !

The other drama, *Hesper*,<sup>1</sup> is not equal to the expectations some of the author's work had raised. Its theory is that the nineteenth century and American life constitute a stage for the exercise of the nobler and more dramatic passions as truly as the past of other lands. The theory is doubtless true, and important : but whether the Shaksperian blank verse can well be used for

the chat of our streets without raising incongruous images is another question. It would not fit the verse, for instance, to have the heroine address her lover as *Mr. Hesper*, but when she calls him "Hesper" in a New York drawing room in 1860, it does not seem quite suitable, either. We do not believe these small difficulties of congruity are hopeless obstacles to serious modern drama : but few people can manage them. There is so much educated and high-minded in Mr. Thayer's work, that we dislike to say *Hesper* is inflated and ineffective ; but it is only by virtue of something thoroughly honest and worthy in intent that it falls short of deserving the adjectives. Ralph Hesper decries bitterly at great length, but without much novelty, and with no disposition to do anything about it, the hollowness of modern life, until he falls worthily in love, and soon thereafter volunteers for the war, where he is killed in taking a redoubt. There is a conventional villain, and altogether little originality. It is all about as good as this :

BLACKMAR.—I have no fondness for the masses ;  
still,  
I make allowance for our country's youth.

HESPER.—Our youth ! the trite and false excuse !  
We date

From Runnymede, and all the Past is ours  
To counsel and instruct. Nations ere this  
Have in the compass of a single age  
Wrought deeds that shine forever. Not to learn  
Their novel engines and their tricks of trade  
We seek them, but to know their wisdom, art,  
And those best beacons to our own success,  
The great achievements of superior men.  
Judaæa, Athens, do our thinking still ;  
And were all Britain rotting in her grave  
Shakespeare has cut an epitaph to make  
Her fame immortal.

<sup>1</sup>Hesper. By W. R. Thayer. Cambridge. 1888.





## RECENT FICTION.

As one having to take a bitter dose swallows it before a meal, so that the bad taste may be sooner forgotten, we put at the beginning of this article a translation, wretchedly done and wretchedly printed, of Daudet's *L'Immortel*<sup>1</sup>. The intention of the book is to cast ridicule on the French Academy, and it is largely spent in narrating intrigues to secure entrance to that famous corporation. That the story succeeds in its purpose is only too certain, notwithstanding the fact that its motive is plainly a spiteful envy. But it does more than this; it degrades French society and civilization in the mind of every reader and, worse yet, weakens his faith in human nature unless he is of moral fibre strong enough to reject the whole thought of the author. And the fact that Daudet is not rejected by the French people, that this book has had a sale of more than half a million copies in the original, is the saddest commentary on French life. Polished, brilliant, of course these men and women are, but within so full of selfishness and all uncleanness, so steeped in envy, hatred, and malice, so unable to understand generosity and innocence, save as a laughable rusticity, (nay, even the rustics are but swine and turn their lord's funeral feast into a drunken orgy,) that the whole picture is loathsome. Hugo shows us Parisian life, and we discriminate between good and evil; Daudet makes no chance for such discrimination, and we despise the civilization so described, and the man that can so describe it. Surely it is a bitter draught, and not of the sort of bitter that acts as a tonic.

The translation having been disposed of, the next mention is of a reprint of a

very slender Christmas story of '71<sup>2</sup>, now reproduced on the impulse of a successful travesty by the same author. It amuses vaguely, and perhaps no more is expected of it.

The work of Amanda Douglas has been characterized in these pages more than once, for her novels number eighteen, with *A Modern Adam and Eve*<sup>3</sup>, the latest issue. This addition, however, does not change the verdict before rendered. The work is respectable, good, practical, something in the line of E. P. Roe's, with his mild dash of the sensational left out. Beyond this, into the first grade of qualities it does not reach. The story is of a brother and sister that go to a country town "within an hour of New York," where the brother has an appointment as station-master, with a salary of forty-five dollars a month. There they set up housekeeping in two rooms over the station; and what with a small sum to start on and the utmost industry and economy, all crowned by unvarying good fortune, they in a few years accumulate a competence and revivify the dead-and-alive community. The household expenses, the experiments with chickens, fruit, and flowers, and all such matters, are given with all the figures. Of course, no one can say that the same sort of people could not repeat these experiences, but even so, the chances would be enormously against it; for even a slight illness or the failure of any of the branches of the enterprise would be disastrous. But it makes pleasant reading of the unintellectual sort, and there are rather bright conversations and

<sup>1</sup> One of the Forty (*L'Immortel*). By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Remington Bramwell. New York and St. Louis: Continental Publishing Corporation, 1888.

<sup>2</sup> Cross Purposes. By T. C. DeLeon. Mobile: The Gossip Printing Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by John W. Roberts & Co.

<sup>3</sup> A Modern Adam and Eve. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

some pretty domestic pictures through the book.

The modern detective story requires a shade more of thought in the reader than the tale of domestic economy. Not too alert a mind, for then the flaws are seen, and the reader loses the sense of mild wonder at the superhuman penetration of the detective, which is supposed to be the desired frame of mind. Miss Green's work is of the best grade of detective stories, best in the sense of freedom from all vulgarity, and of possessing a fair measure of life-likeness. *Behind Closed Doors*,<sup>1</sup> the volume in hand, is a tale of a mysterious murder or suicide, wherein the mystification is well kept up, though the reader can guess something of the solution before it is intended. Flaws in it there are, such as the rescue in the river. A man falls into a river from a balcony. Another man shut in a room hears him fall, runs to a side window, opens it, jumps into deep snow beneath, flounders to the river bank, and seeing the unfortunate's hat on the water, throws himself in to the rescue. Having secured a hold on the drowning man, he tries in vain to swim to shore with him, and failing manages to get him under the balcony he fell from, where he catches a hanging boat. The weather is so cold that the snow is powdery, impossible to walk on without snow-shoes, and men are in danger of freezing to death; but there is no mention of ice on the river, as there surely must have been in such cold weather unless in a swift current,—indeed it had been spoken of as a "rapid and turbulent stream,"—in which case the man would have been carried far beyond the house in the time required for the chain of events between the fall and the rescue. This is a small oversight, but Miss Green is generally so acute in her work that such a slip is not common with her.

<sup>1</sup> *Behind Closed Doors*. By Anna Katharine Green. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Mr. Gryce" would not believe her if she told him such a yarn. But let us not quarrel with such work; for if people will read detective stories, let them by all means read Anne Katherine Green's.

Of the stories written by the man that has a bee in his bonnet, and is intent on making the world hear the buzz, there are two to be considered now, *When Age Grows Young*<sup>2</sup> and *The Peckster Professorship*<sup>3</sup>. Mr. Kirk's kink is the possibility of physical immortality. He denies the conclusion that because all men have died all men must die. He calls in testimony the point in geologic time when the first reptile tried to fly. Before that time all life had swum or crawled, but it did not follow that flying was impossible. He lays down the method of attaining immortality, a four-fold path, opening with the postulate that to attain everlasting life a man must believe it possible. But we fear that on this hard saying humanity will stumble for a long time to come, and that Mr. Kirk and all of us will go the way of all flesh. The story is so subservient to the didactic purpose that but little is to be said for it. The hero is Kirk moralizing, the heroine a nebula, and the other characters are lay figures. In just one place does the light of reality shine brightly, and that is in a brief description of the famous Pickett charge at Gettysburg. At any rate, the book is certain to do no harm, for the desire for life and the means toward that end that Mr. Kirk lays down are in themselves not only harmless but entirely beneficial.

Of the harmlessness of Mr. Quincy's book there is more room for doubt. His thesis is that physical scientists are of necessity not the persons best fitted to carry on metaphysical, or rather psychological, research. And he would therefore

<sup>2</sup> *When Age Grows Young*. By Hyland C. Kirk. New York: Charles T. Dillingham, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *The Peckster Professorship*. By J. P. Quincy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



put but little confidence in the results of such investigations as that of the Seybert Commission. He takes a professor of osteology, and carries him through all the stages till he becomes so much of an adept in matters spiritual that he teaches his wife how to project her astral through future time, so that she sees and reports a scene that is to happen a hundred years hence. By the way, would it not be a more satisfactory test to choose a time of say one year hence, so that it would be possible to "wait and see" how it turns out? But no religion, it has been said, could survive its own absolute demonstration, and the spiritualists seem little likely to incur this danger. Nobody that is not imbued with such teachings will find much edification in the book; those that are will find it delightful.

Of Mary Hallock Foote's *John Bodewin's Testimony*<sup>1</sup>, a review has already been given, (June, 1886,) but it is pleasant to find it among the issues of Ticknor's paper series; for a second reading confirms the favorable opinion before expressed, that there is in this book an artistic sense of proportion and a real though unassuming merit, not often found in like degree in books of Western life. It is creditable to publisher and public that it should be reprinted.

To be compared with Mrs. Foote's work, since it also is a story of modern Western mining, is not fortunate for Mr. A. P. Reeder's first venture in the fields of fiction<sup>2</sup>; first, it is taken for granted, from the internal evidence of the work itself, and in the absence of external evidence to the contrary. For there is lacking in it that sense of poise and restraint, of mastery of materials, that is a marked quality in *John Bodewin*. The reader is confused among Nellie, and Nettie, and Nita, to say nothing of Ma-

bel and Lois. There seems to be too much in the book, and the two plots, if plots they may be called, sway apart so far that they should have been, and really are, two stories. It seems like wanton cruelty to set a woman falling down stairs on page 119, and not to let her reach the foot till page 256. Altogether, Mr. Reeder has been too ambitious. Far better for his literary style, far better for the patient public, had he contented himself for a time with the limits of the short story. Now, it is to be feared, the reception of *Around the Golden Deep* will not encourage him to persevere, and there is room for a faith that he might have grown into valuable work.

In the Roberts "Handy Library," a collection that is to be praised for its contents and for its pretty make-up with its red covers, comes another story that deals largely with California life. The scene of *Counter Currents*<sup>3</sup> is mainly "Sant' Ysidora," which can hardly be other than Santa Barbara, and the characters a group of Eastern people climate seeking. In the course of the story there is a camping trip, and afterward the scene shifts to the Middle West, and again to a rough railroad town in one of the territories. So much for the setting, which is improved in many good descriptive passages. The interest, however, is not mainly in these things, but in the study of character development. Fletcher is the young man for whom everything in life has been made too easy, and who chafes at the kindly-meant leading strings of fortune, and is not happy till he breaks away from them to work out his own salvation. Elinor is the young woman of a similar temperament, in the uncomfortable stage at first, and the development of these two into their full stature of noble manhood and womanhood is the theme of the book. Rather a Sunday School book and hack-

<sup>1</sup> *John Bodewin's Testimony*. By Mary Hallock Foote. Ticknor's Paper Series. Ticknor & Co. Boston: 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *Around the Golden Deep*. By A. P. Reeder. San Francisco: Samuel Carson & Co. 1888.

<sup>3</sup> *Counter Currents*. By the Author of "Justina." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

neyed theme it seems when so stated, and yet the thought that it is does not occur as the book is read, so much is the interest roused in the well-drawn characters and the bright and characteristic conversation. On the contrary, there is a decidedly fresh and vigorous tone at times, life seems better worth living, and noble activity more the only reasonable way of living.

One scene is specially worth quoting for its probability. The camping party has come to a "literary and social entertainment," at the church in a small village near which they chance to pitch their tents.

"And here are the Chinese!" said Elinor. "See how neat and orderly they are, — perfect models of decorum. I wonder what they think of it all."

From the time of the opening of the door, one after another of these aliens had made his way in, paying his "two bits" at the treasurer's table; and proceeding quietly to the place reserved for his nationality at one side of the stage. There were ten or twelve of them now, constituting the entire Chinese population of the town. They watched the proceedings with that characteristic expressionlessness which is at the same time clearly not dullness nor want of observation. They saw not so much with those twinkling eyes, it would seem, as with some concealed sense back of them. And what were their inferences? Elinor wondered.

It was noticeable that the company in general looked with cold glances on these men. No one spoke to them, although after the cessation of the literary part of the programme the amenities of the social part began, and there was a general movement and buzz of conversation. When the ice-cream and cake had been circulating for some time, a whisper passed along the row of Chinese, coins were extracted from the capacious sleeves, and passed to one of the party, who, after scrupulously counting the sum received, quietly rose and went to the stout person in white who presided at the receipt of custom. "Twelve plates of ice-cream, if you please," he said in his careful English, and he laid the money on the table and walked back to his seat.

"Girls," said the stout person, breathless from making change and bandying pleasantries with all who came near, "there's them Chinamen, — they want 'smice-cream—lemmese, forty cents, — you want two nickels back, Mis' Jones."

A few minutes later her eye fell on the little pile of the Mongols' money, which she had instinctively refrained from sweeping into her drawer till the order was executed. "Look'ere, girls," she said, "'v you,

any of you, carried that ice-cream to the Chinamen?" "I ain't going to carry 'em any ice-cream," announced a be-ribboned young woman in a pink cambric cap.

"Nor I, either," said another, hurrying past.

"We're too busy. We've got enough to do waiting on white folks."

"Well, here's their money," said the cashier in doubtful and discouraged accents.

"There ain't no ice-cream to spare for c'lestials," called out the man who was ladling out that dainty.

"T's running low. Give 'em some lemonade."

There was a titter among the fluttering waitresses. "They ain't no business coming here, anyway. We don't want 'em."

"Well, here's their money," reiterated the stout person.

"Rake it in, Besj. It's all for the cause," cried another passing damsel, who, it is to be hoped, had not come to a full understanding of the case.

"Well, here comes Mr. Parley. Le's ask him," sighed the cashwoman, turning to make change for somebody else.

Mr. Parley approached, scattering blandishments as he came, and by snatches was made cognizant of the circumstances. Mr. Parley was the pastor-elect of the little church, who had himself from the pulpit extended a general invitation to this entertainment, and with his own hands posted on the fences the placards urging in gigantic characters, "Come one. Come all."

"It's awkward," said this gentleman, "very awkward. I wish they had n't come. In the present state of feeling, — and Mr. Byers and Mr. Sellers, our most liberal supporters, so opposed to them, — ah, good evening, Mrs. Byers: may I treat you to a plate of ice-cream? Presently, Miss Bessie. I'll be back in a few minutes, and then I'll consider your problem. Our friends can wait a little."

*Our Phil and Other Stories*<sup>1</sup> is a republication of three stories printed in the "Atlantic" about fifteen years ago, with the signature, known through other works as well, "Olive A. Wadsworth." This, it is now made known, was the pen name of Katharine Floyd Dana, who died in April, 1886, and it was an expansion, for better concealment, of an earlier signature, "O. A. W.," which stood for *Only a Woman*. The stories are pictures of negro life on the Maryland West Shore, a life full of the quaint and picturesque, and when viewed with sympathy

<sup>1</sup> *Our Phil and Other Stories*. By Katharine Floyd Dana. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



thetic eyes, full also of pathos and deep human feeling. And in this book the colored people are viewed with sympathetic eyes, and more than that, taken into a womanly heart, and their stories told so brightly and well that the reader warms toward the writer and the people she tells about. The close and kindly relations between the negroes and the "quality" show slavery in its best light, and though the time of the leading story is in the midst of the war, there is not one lurking word of bitterness toward either party in the struggle that disrupted the old life that the author knew and loved.

These stories as originally published were among the first of that striking group of studies, the new literature of the South,—forerunners of Harris and Page, if scarcely of Cable, whose subjects and manner are different. Southern people read these books for the kindly remembrances they call up of the old time, not wishing to bring it back, but glad to remember it in a tender light. Northern people read them for the new knowledge they give of what had been, but for the only partially comprehending reports of sojourners, an unknown life. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and years later "A Fool's Errand" gave to most Northerners their only ideas of Southern character and ways, until this sudden uprising of an indigenous literature. It is easy now for every young Southerner to see in what direction lies the road to literary success, but to find it when *Our Phil* was written took the discernment of original power. From the political side, one cannot but feel that the reading of such books must lead to a truer understanding between the sections of our country, and make the doubtful Northerner more willing to trust the future of the negro to these white people who take so true an interest in their old dependents, and know the conditions so much better than politicians at a distance. In the light of

such a spirit as is revealed in *Our Phil*, it seems as if it must have been possible to have settled the slavery question in the old days by fair measures, agreed to by the best Southern sentiment, as slaves have been emancipated in other countries, had not the fire-eater in the South and the enthusiast of the North precipitated the conflict. Ah! the pity of it. This may be a serious conclusion to come from so light a book, and yet it is one toward which the reading of the literature of the "New South" seems inevitably to carry people.

It remains to speak of the illustrations by E. W. Kemble; they are admirable sketches in pen and ink, in few lines, but full of individuality, even down to the darky baby that figures as a tail-piece, and the portrait of the "hawg" that never grunted at "the quality."

In *The McVeys*<sup>1</sup>, Mr. Kirkland returns to the characters of his former book "Zury," noticed in these pages in August, 1887, and there is a hint in the story that other books in the same series may be expected. The life here drawn has taken some steps in civilization beyond the pioneer days of the thirties and forties in the Illinois farming community; for the railroad has come and towns are rising, and there is hint of the coming greatness of Chicago. But in its essence there is but little difference; it is still the extremely provincial life of the fresh water community, sunk in Philistinism, out of touch with all the world, and flat as its prairies, yet capable of producing strong and able men, whose rugged virtues and familiarity with overcoming obstacles saved the Union in the days when a great idea moved the whole land, and even the prairies felt the common impulse. This life Mr. Kirkland chooses for his study, and with his choice there is no reason to quarrel. Pleasing he does not make it,—that would re-

<sup>1</sup>The McVeys. By Joseph Kirkland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

quire a false coloring of his picture,—but it is certainly interesting as a study of the great shaping forces, albeit somewhat in the rough, that make an American commonwealth. As such it is full of hope for the future.

We speak of Mr. Kirkland's picture as if it were the reality itself, and his honesty and carefulness in his work show plainly for themselves. It is work that was worth doing, and is well done. The same careful avoidance of anything that could seem sensational in treatment or like the lurid fiction prevalent in Western writings that was noticed in "Zury" is here maintained, and even the lynching is told with the same resolute restraint.

Changing our sky and entering a different world, we take up Miss Murfree's *Despot of Broomsedge Cove*<sup>1</sup>. No longer is the scene the flat land where there is so little to be said of the aspects of Nature that all the references in Mr. Kirkland's book to such matters would barely fill a page; but it is in the Tennessee mountains, whose varied forms and constant transformations under the changes of shine and storm Miss Murfree never wearies of describing. In this as in all her stories every pause in the narrative, every shift of scene, almost every turn in the conversation, is marked by its half page of nature description.

And human nature in these surroundings differs as markedly from that of which Mr. Kirkland writes as does external nature. Provincial indeed was the prairie dweller before the days of railroads, and shut away from the world's pulses, yet never was his isolation so great as that of the Broomsedge community. They are not provincial, they are a people by themselves.

We have before expressed a doubt as to the existence of characters so lofty as

Miss Murfree loves to paint among these mountain folk, and the present book does not altogether remove the doubt. Idealized the principal characters must be, yet not to the extent of making them altogether impossible, and as in all her writings the minor characters are delightfully substantial. In these and in her little humorous touches she shows an infinite variety. Her cat and dog parts are not done by stuffed figures nor yet by the producing of the same animal under different names. Each one of them is a star actor, and goes through his "business" in the most artistic fashion.

In this book Miss Murfree makes no excursions beyond her well known boundaries, and yet she carries herself so well in them that there is always the sense of novelty, and many another tale may be hoped for in the same field. Her position in the highest rank of American novelists has been made more assured by every succeeding book that she has published, including *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*.

A story writer with the experience of Mr. Farjeon has of necessity mastered the technicalities of the art, so that anything he writes is sure to be readable in style and skillful in construction. But the continual writing of stories as a profession has its dangers, and *The Peril of Richard Pardon*<sup>2</sup> is an example of them. "Material" in the book is so economized that it would hardly serve for an episode to fill two chapters in the writings of men not obliged to be sparing of incident. It is to be hoped that the picture it gives of English life is not true, and if true, it should not be told with cheerful acquiescence, but with indignation and stinging remonstrance. Not that these people are actively immoral, — far from it, they lay claim to the

<sup>1</sup> The Despot of Broomsedge Cove. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> The Peril of Richard Pardon. By B. L. Farjeon. Franklin Square Library: Harper & Brothers, New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.



loftiest sentiments; but the hero, a man well along in middle age with a wife and grown daughters, has been content to live in utter idleness all his life on the allowance contemptuously given him by a wealthy and eccentric uncle. He has not even saved anything from this allowance to stand between his family and absolute beggary on the withdrawal of the uncle's favor. That we read here of such a life without being led to despise it, marks this book as unmoral in its influence as any that the law will allow to be printed. The plot requires that the hero shall be in this position, it is true, as it also requires that some of the other characters shall be distorted out of the semblance of humanity, but this yielding of moral tone and of artistic truth to the necessities of a plot is one of the chief earmarks of dishonest literary work.

It is a singular conception of the sort of thing that the reading public desires that has led to the compiling and publishing of *How Men Propose*<sup>1</sup>, a selection of love scenes from a wide range of popular fiction. Most people are content to take such plums as they ordinarily come, with the rest of the pudding, but those who like concentrated sweetness, or are making special study of these matters for practical purposes, will find that the compiler has done her work well. The selections are credited to book and author, and divided into chapters with such captions as "The Youthful Proposal," "The Humble Proposal," the vicarious, unsuccessful, renewed, and resultless proposals.

Having reviewed one Southern book to praise it, another comes that must be given anything but praise, if it is to be judged at all by literary standards. It is the work of a man possessed completely by a belief in the necessity of suffrage reform, and the idea that the

Prohibition party is the best means of attaining to it. A large part of the book<sup>2</sup> is taken up with direct argument on these points, one chapter being given to an address by Miss Frances E. Willard, others to study of the negro problem, with quotations from many authorities. These discussions if made into a review article properly condensed, arranged, and edited, would make a rather strong presentation of the author's views. As it is, they are more likely to injure than help his cause; for they are mixed in with a vapid and inartistic story, not worth the telling if true, as the preface hints, and having no bearing whatever on the matters treated of in the rest of the book. To add to this, Doctor Denton is shaky in spelling and construction, and has remarkable ideas in the matter of punctuation: Funk & Wagnalls ought to hold their name of greater value than to allow it to be disgraced by sending out such typography with their imprint.

Still another Southern story, not so highly to be praised as the first we have spoken of, and yet far above the one just reviewed, is *Andersonville Violets*.<sup>3</sup> It is not so good as *Our Phil*, because not the work of so well trained a pen, and lacking the fine literary flavor, and because being done by a Northern hand, and not a Southern, it is not so thoroughly at home in the facts. None the less it is an earnest and honest attempt of a fair minded Northern man to tell of his reception in the South in the days of reconstruction. In this respect it is sure to be compared with Tourgee's work, and not to its discredit. Tourgee tried indeed to be fair, but he was too much a part of the thing he set himself to judge to be entirely impartial, and he was not so fair-minded a man by nature. Mr. Collingwood writes of war times,—opens his book

<sup>2</sup> Under the Magnolias. By Lyman W. Denton, M.D. Funk & Wagnalls: New York and London, 1888. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

<sup>1</sup> How Men Propose. Collected by Agnes Stevens. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

<sup>3</sup> Andersonville Violets. By Herbert W. Collingwood. Boston: 1889. Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

with a scene in the Andersonville prison, —smoothing over none of the horrors and hates of the time, and yet there is always the ability to see and make his reader see the standpoints of both sides and the reasonableness of them. Several of his pictures are strongly drawn, notably that of the return of the local company to the little Maine village. The company was captured at Chancellorsville, and sent to Andersonville. The townspeople expected the survivors at a certain date without learning their number. They sent six wagons and the stage to convey them from the station to the town, and made ready their welcome. But the joy bells forgot to ring, and the veterans of 1812 to sound the drum and fife when the procession came back, all empty but the stage, which had but four men, all that were left of the brave band that had been sent out.

Altogether the book is one that is pleasant to read, and worth the reading, and it should be welcomed in both North and South, for both sections have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the spread of the knowledge given by such a book.

In these days of realism, when the romantic has been discredited by the leaders of the regnant school of novel writers, it is a surprise so great as almost to be a shock to come on a book like *The Son of a Star*.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Richardson puts on his title page the admonition of Horace, *Ficta voluptatis causâ sit proxima veris*, and yet he takes it so little to heart that his "fictions for the sake of pleasure" are not "nearest to the truth," but rather as far away from it as he thinks the common sense of his readers will allow him to go in his romantic fancies. Professedly it is a story of the second century, in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, but it is so full of the marvelous, and so crowded with anach-

ronisms that the mind refuses to give it living place and time at all. In the opening scenes in the Circus Britannicus, by impossible combats and miraculous escapes, to say nothing of the casting out of an evil spirit by a Jewish prophetess, the keynote of the book is pitched so high that it is impossible to sustain it throughout, and in the attempt to do so the wildest absurdities result. A leading part is played by an Irish philosopher who has built for himself Leviathan, a boat that travels under water after the manner of Verne's Nautilus. The main action is in Palestine, for the Son of a Star is a Jewish Messiah who leads a revolt against Roman rule, and is at first successful, by the aid of Huldah the prophetess, who, disguised as the cup-bearer Antinoüs, spends a time in attendance on Hadrian, and the further help of Akiba, a learned rabbi, who teaches the Jewish youth to make arms and to use Greek fire. These hints of the plot show how far from "*proxima veris*" the author's imaginings are, but do not show the declamatory and rhapsodical style that adds to the effect of unreality. Having seen in "Ben Hur" what can be done in the way of verisimilitude with similar materials, we are the less inclined to be patient with Mr. Richardson; and yet the story is not to be altogether condemned, for to many readers sick of the commonplace and real, the very distance from such in this book will be grateful, and they will gladly obey the author's invitation to come and dream with him an hour.

Another historical novel, but how different, is *The Tory's Daughter*.<sup>2</sup> It is a tale of the War of 1812, its scene the neighborhood of Detroit, and its chief incidents, Hull's surrender, and the attack on Fort Stephenson, and the battle of the Thames. Mr. Riddle has made a

<sup>1</sup>The Son of a Star. By Benjamin Ward Richardson. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup>The Tory's Daughter. By A. G. Riddle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



careful study of all the incidents of that campaign of quick vicissitudes and strange comminglings of cowardice and heroism, and it is impossible not to feel in reading it confidence in his accuracy and judgment. Tecumseh is of course a main character, and his portrait has been drawn with a careful touch. The result is a worthy one, a lifelike and noble figure, more like, it is true, the Cooper idea of the Indian than like the modern savage as we know him, degraded by generations of defeat ; and yet, in the face of Tecumseh's own speeches coming down in authentic documents, it is impossible to deny that the Cooper idea is nearer to the historical Tecumseh than is the modern Apache or Digger. We praise Mr. Riddle's work, then, as a careful and valuable historical study ; as a novel, judging it by the romantic thread on which the historic pictures are hung, it is open to more objections, and yet there is little serious fault to be found with it here, only that it lacks something in power and freshness.

### ETC.

THERE seems to us little question that the most important subject at present before the people of this country is that treated in a contributed article in this issue, — *viz.*, ballot reform. It would seem as if the dangers of corruption to popular governments were too unmistakably pointed out by all history to be regarded by any one as fanciful. There was never a better instance of the unpracticality of men that delight in calling themselves "practical," and use the word as a shield against all suggestions for the regulation of education and public affairs based upon wide study of human experience, than is afforded by the evils that first suggested the law enacted in Massachusetts, and nearly enacted in New York last year. Under the influence of "practical" political leaders, business men year by year have been contributing money by the hundreds of thousands of dollars, to be used in ways unspecified, without any rendering of accounts, and much of it by men known to be untrustworthy. In New York they continued thus to entrust money to men known to be not even loyal to their own party machine, convicted of having sold out the very men in whose interest they were understood to be purchased. It was this reckless squandering of money, and the alarming growth of a class of adventurers subsisting by means of it, that led to the first New York bill on the subject, rather than the dangers to the purity of the ballot, which the revelations of the late election have brought to the front ; and in its first inception the measure was rather a business men's than a reformers' move. Mr. Ivins's papers, referred to by our contributor, startled sensible people in New York and Massachusetts by their statement in cold figures of the tremendous waste of money unavoidable in our present system, the impossibility of guarding its expenditure, and the amazing

swarm of irresponsible people that had more or less access to it. Indeed, the stronger party man one may be, the more is he likely to be impressed by seeing how easily money he has subscribed to help Republican candidates may be diverted to the use of their opponents, and *vice versa*. That this had happened repeatedly in New York was a plain matter of record. The proposed ballot law could not directly prevent such things, but it could lessen by hundreds of thousands of dollars the total amount of money to be handled in this irresponsible way, and make the expenses of an election far more calculable by the business men who are called on to bear them. The more thorough means of checking bribery offered by the official system is what has brought it up again so suddenly and strongly since the election, and made its bearing on our national morals and ideals of popular government for the present more conspicuous in the public mind than its mere money aspect. Our national morals and ideals of government are more valuable than our purses, but do not move communities so quickly to action ; long preaching and education is needed to rouse feeling about them ; and therefore the passage of the ballot bill through the New York legislature on the first attempt, is a pretty strong proof that it was recognized by the community as a piece of obvious business common sense. For the New York legislature, we may be certain, was no more desirous than ours will be of passing a measure to cut down the powers of politicians, and no more possessed by any ideal ardors for reform ; its action was simply another instance of the subservience of any elective body to a sufficiently emphatic public demand. This trait of elective bodies holds good in California just as much as in New York.

### The Jutland Hills.

As my friend and I approached each other across a patch of mossy hills at the west end of which stands Vennebjerg (Mount Venne), we appeared and disappeared to each other several times in a distance of only a few hundred yards. Among these many verdant hiding places, where no plant six inches high could be found, we could readily imagine we were afloat on the ocean, slipping around, now here, now there, rising and falling from each other's vision continually. The valleys were just deep enough to conceal the one of us as she entered one, while the other emerged from another hollow. Scarcely could each get more than a glimpse of the approaching friend's head and shoulders, and sometimes one would halt for an instant on an elevation to watch a hat and feather moving along mysteriously, near enough to give her a moment's sympathy with the superstitions of the peasantry. But before the uncanny thought could fairly assert itself, eyes, nose, chin, and a whole human being, would grow up out of the earth, as it were, again to be swallowed up bit by bit. Thus we kept up the involuntary play at hide and seek on the smoothly carpeted and crumpled-up bit of landscape, till we met.

It took us two or three times as long to do this as if we, could have gone as the crow flies; but the ascents and descents were not abrupt nor fatiguing to the pedestrian. The trail wound its way as gracefully as the track of a serpent, and lay in a white indentation over the brownish-green sod. As we neared each other, rising and falling with the land-waves that ran in all directions with more or less harmonious effect, we wondered if our meeting would be in a valley large enough for us to stand on a level footing with each other, or on the network of summit ridges with room enough for both to stand at par, or if we were to exchange our final nods and smiles where the shorter of us would be the taller.

Sheep were feeding on these hills as we passed, and excepting a glimpse of a white body here and there leaping in slight alarm from one valley to another, nothing could be seen of them but their heads, with ears and eyes pointing at us in eager query, "Who's that?" In a twinkling these promiscuously scattered heads, white silhouettes against the dark ground, would disappear, and almost instantly appear again, their localities slightly changed. Their curiosity, we realized, was but a bit of human nature, naturally cultivated by rambling over their short-sighted nibbling grounds.

They were tame, however, as are all forms of animal life in Denmark, domestic or free. Even the birds of passage have little fear of harm. The stork returns from Egypt in the latter days of April, and builds his nest, and rears his young in safety on the peasant's roof, or even on the roof of low, one-storied buildings on the city's noisy, cobble-paved streets,

and appreciates the welcome that is his whichever way he turns.

As my friend and I walked on together in Indian file, leaving the main trail we came suddenly upon a sheep lying asleep in our path, and came near falling over it in our sudden effort to check our momentum. The animal, thus rudely awakened from its peaceful dreams, was more frightened than hurt, and the moment after the collision we saw the last of it, — its scraggy tail vanishing over the top of a Lilliputian mountain.

We passed through the graveyard, and from the pointed summit of Vennebjerg, which with its church and square tower is a well known landmark to passing mariners at the northwest, we looked due west, where at a mile's distance lie a chain of hills against the face of the brink that breaks into the ocean thundering at its base. These hills, from our point of view, took the form of a well cut and well cut up range of mountains.

"Here we are again, comrade," I said, "perched on a spur of the Whetstone Mountains, Southern Arizona, and watching the sunset over the Santa Rita range!"

"That is so," she said, "I recognized our position as familiar, and was just trying to locate it. But where are our teams? Our camp, with our mules grazing close by, is not in the cañon at our feet, as it was when we were here last."

"Don't stop my romancing, dear," I returned, with a feeling of disappointment. "We'll have no camps hereafter; we'll do our sight-seeing as Isabella Bird does hers."

"Then we must have horses, at least, and part company and go our separate ways, my friend."

"Whatever else happens, we'll not do that. But don't you think we could enjoy Arizona again?"

"Not now, since it has a railroad, and its wildness has become more or less tamed. If we are to ramble in a tame country, let it be as tame as — well, as tame as this; and this is tame enough, at least, to make pack-horses a superfluity. But look there at the Santa Ritas! I see Sentinel Peak, with its right and left bower, the trio that in the mirage detached themselves, rising high into the heavens and sailing away down over the line of Sonora, returning again to their old quarters. True, they are less sharp than they were."

"Ah, and less bleached, though they have a good deal of barrenness about them when compared with present surroundings."

We had spent years in the Rocky and other mountain ranges west of the Missouri; and so, with but little aid of the imagination, we placed the hills at a distance of forty to fifty miles, and pulled out the intervening mile-width of valley to suit the greatness of the many-fold enlarged space. And there we had one of the many valleys that had lured us on and on, thinking their crossing but a matter of an hour or



two ; urging our animals on, perspiring and raising dust ; the goal, hour after hour, seeming to retreat from us, while our starting point kept crawling on behind us. We were going, continually going, yet standing still geographically. We dared not turn about and retrace the many weary miles ; we dared not halt, waterless and shelterless, and we had little hope of getting anywhere by going forward. Though our eyes repeatedly cheated us, we were repeatedly ready to be cheated by them, until we by slow degrees grew to distrust them, or rather to educate them.

The sun sank in a sea of gold behind the "Santa Rita" range, and as the fogs began to creep up from the ocean, we made our descent by Vennebjerg, near its most precipitous part, facing west, and as it was nearly nine o'clock we hastened away to our inn for the night.

*Dagmar Mariager.*

### A People's Palace on the Pacific Coast.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY :

The problem of labor and the laborer has never been more prominent on this side of the American continent than it is today. The presence of the Chinese has done more than anything else to bring this state of affairs about ; but hardly second in important consequences is the rapid inflow of Eastern people, and especially of young men. If anything is certain it is that those who come, friendless, and with just enough money to get a start in their new home, should not be left so much to themselves as their predecessors have been. The time was, it is true, when the street car driver of one day was the leading citizen of the next, but we shall not often hereafter witness these evolutions. We must acknowledge the existence of a great permanent working population, and steadily set ourselves to their improvement. More is owed to them by those who have been successful, because the presence of a working class, like the Chinese has undoubtedly tended to lower the estimation in which working people as a whole are held.

I suggest, then, the enterprise of a People's Palace in San Francisco, modeled after that so successfully developed in London, but modified to suit the special requirements here. It is fair to say that the London Palace of Delight marks an epoch in the relation of the classes and masses. Every one now knows the theory and history of this undertaking. It is a comprehensive effort to bring the highest culture in all fields to wage-workers. Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" develops the idea in a fascinating story, and the immense structure which his fancy reared now lives a realized fact. It stands in great East London; until recently a region practically unknown to the rest of the world. Mr. Besant, writing of the place of the real palace,

says, "It is surrounded by great suburbs, such as Bow, Bromley, Ford, Hackney, Dalston, and Bethnal Green ; it is accessible by train, tram, and omnibus, and it stands in a great thoroughfare ; no more convenient site could possibly have been found." There is a hall that will hold 6,000 people for concerts, lectures, and the like ; there is a library, already much used. Social culture is encouraged by special social rooms ; add to these billiard rooms, class rooms, and laboratories,<sup>1</sup> and one sees that the plan is elaborate and all-sided. Technical education, too, is being rapidly organized, and many who would struggle along their whole lives in the lowest ranks of labor will be able to achieve the rewards of training and skill.

But the chief thing, after all, is that here East and West London will begin to meet and mingle on terms of humanity and friendship. It is the faith of every broad man today that the distinction between "masses" and "classes" is to pass away, and here their rational union begins. Nor is their intercourse based on charity ; it is rather after the manner of the college student who takes advantage of a great foundation to secure his education, and pays some small fee that is a bare fraction of the expense gone to for him. So the people who enjoy the opportunities of the Palace pay, the fees being moderate like their means. They thus retain their self-respect.

Does the city of San Francisco heed anything of this kind ? Assuredly she does, and one or two considerations, in addition to those mentioned in the beginning of this article, will so convince us. San Francisco becomes in the winter the great reservoir of the Pacific Slope, into which workingmen flow. From north, south, and east, they come to spend the months when work is slack. There is no provision for them. Where can they go and what do with themselves ; save idle about fifth-rate boarding-houses and hotels, or drift off to saloons ? I would defy people very much better trained than they ever were to endure their forced *ennui* and not seek about the only available means of escape from it, drink and gay companions. These men can be easily reached by the right methods. They are far from being intrinsically bad, with not many exceptions, and rough diamonds are frequent among them.

The other point to be cited is that the whole community, with the possible exception of the very well-to-do who can supply themselves with private palaces in the shape of club houses, needs a place of resort based on the broad duplex principle of pleasure and improvement. Churches supply this in a limited degree to a certain part of the population ; the Young Men's Christian Association is good as far as it goes, but it cannot go far enough ; the various secret orders answer a purpose. But why, if the organizations are sufficient, are so many utterly neglected ? Why do so many who have access to them find them

<sup>1</sup> See "North American Review," July, 1888.

barren? All these things start with restrictions, and something that throws its arms wide to all must supplement them; none of them quite furnish an avenue for all man's energies, encouraging pleasure pure and free, and letting the seeker stop there if he will, but surrounding him at the same time with a thousand opportunities for activity, in which pleasure and profit are blended, and improving him when he seeks only amusement and relaxation, by giving him these things in a pure moral atmosphere.

Standing, as this city does, for so much of the great West; indeed, being to an extent synonymous with it; having wealth in abundance, why should it not provide for its own people and those who come in such numbers to make it a temporary home, this incomparable means of high and broad cultivation, from the benefits of which none are excluded?

*Morrison I. Swift.*

### A Fragment.

A clasp of sand, hemmed in by cliff and craig,  
And beaten by the sea, with but a glance  
Of sunset in the west, and from the dawn  
Shut out. Here, lodged as from a wreck  
Shore driven, stands a fisher's hermitage,  
Built of drift wood and of ragged pine,  
That bristle the still heights of tawny bluff.  
Staked nets about it, and above, — low clouds  
Of drab, when through the winter months there  
comes

The cold breath of the poles, o'er open seas,  
Bringing with it a canopy of fogs,  
Drifting along the windy equinox,  
Thatched in the ways of rudest carpentry,  
With but a single door, and window low,  
With smack of salt about the toppling walls,  
And dark, soot-throated chimney, where tonight  
A red flame flickers on the cheerful hearth.  
Here lives old Joe, a human fragment, — lost  
From some long foundered vessel, on far shore,  
Set aimlessly adrift by destiny,  
Born of the sea, and from it cast away,  
Beyond the reach of any memory.  
And when the bay is choppy and the bar  
Is ridden by big guns, and bursting seas  
Break on the rocky point with sounds of woe,  
And up and down the shore the night is black, —  
He opens the dim boyhood of his life  
And prates about old wrecks, and lingers o'er  
The pages of a cruise made years ago.  
Through many ghostly hours with him I've stood,  
Half dead from deathly fright, upon the decks  
Of mythic traders, when upon us fell  
The wrathful skies, — like to a carrion bird  
With craped wing, and livid eyes that flashed  
The circled lightnings of a fearful storm;  
Or watched our leeward plunge, and held my breath  
In sheer suspense, the while my beating heart  
And the dread tempest pulsed and throbbed as one.

Full many times escaping with my life,  
But through the kindly kiss of drowsiness,  
That bore me off in slumber ere his lips  
Might bring the tragic story to its close.

*Allen Simpson Botsford.*

### Mammon's In Memoriam.

LONE MOUNTAIN, January, 1880.

O strong young empire, marching free!  
At last, by this Hesperian sea,  
The bivouac-halt is blown for thee.

Thy tents are pitched, thy march is done; —  
Behind thee lies the guerdon won; —  
Before the sea and setting sun.

Here by Pacific's thunderous waves,  
Behold, a hundred thousand graves  
Lie rank as drifted autumn leaves; —

The fallen of an army, these,  
That swarmed from earth's antipodes, —  
From northern lands and tropic seas;

From every clime and race enrolled; —  
An army of the strong and bold,  
Recruited at the cry of "Gold!"

And lo! as if by fairy planned,  
A city crowns the hills of sand,  
And fleets' blow in from every land.

Here sweep the winds from western zones,  
Fog-laden, voiceful with the moans  
Of surges round the Farallones,

That landward run their course of fate,  
(Like many a soul with hope elate)  
To perish at the Golden Gate.

O sea, that blows such doleful breath  
O'er all these acres sown with death! —  
What is't thy sorrowing spirit saith?

Sweet peace is here, and strife is dumb;  
The turmoils of the city come  
No louder than the beetle's hum.

But Sorrow cometh here to shed  
Her secret tears, and kindly spread  
Fresh flowers o'er her sainted dead.

For her thy wild sea-pipers blow  
Sad coronachs, and loud or low  
Sound every chord of human woe!

O realm of peace, and death, and flowers,  
How dear to thought, in vagrant hours,  
Thy labyrinthine paths and bowers!

What joy, these spring-in-winter days,  
To flee the world's soul-cankering ways  
And dream within thy brambly maze!



To watch the rabbits play, and hear  
The friendly quail afar and near,  
From shadowy thickets piping clear !

Here let us walk, for all the air  
Is sweet with shrubs ; exotics rare  
Their aromatic burdens bear ;

And man and art, and nature vie  
To mask with pleasance from the eye  
The confined host that round us lie.

One coverlet o'er all is spread  
That sleep within this common bed,  
And class, and caste, and pride are dead.

—Are dead ? Nay, to the dead alone :  
For Wealth still barriers from her own  
The pauper and the poor unknown ;

Still bans them to the wastes and holes,  
And proudly from her templed knolls  
O'erlooks the herd of common souls.

Here lifts the high memorial shaft  
To base success and worldly craft, —  
By Flattery duly epitaphed ;

And yonder, through acacia blooms,  
A grander mausoleum looms  
Superbly o'er the stately tombs,

Bronze-gated, and with gilt aflame.  
Draw near, and read what honored name  
Great deeds have bruited into fame.

Is this the shrine of one who fought  
For human weal, or nobly wrought,  
A giant in the realm of thought ?

Sleeps here some laureled bard or sage?  
Some patriot heart, who cast the gage  
To tyrants, and redeemed his age ?

Nay, friend, none such :—yet o'er this mould,  
The blazoned tablet might have told,  
“ Here lies a king — the King of Gold.”

A king not born to regal state,  
But, sooth, a puissant potentate,  
And arbiter of human fate,

Whose supple-jointed courtiers ran  
Servilely clamoring in his van,  
“ Behold, O world, this self-made man ! ”

The loiterers that gather here  
Come not to honor or revere,  
Or bless these ashes with a tear ;

But to all fellow-feeling lost,  
With critic eye appraise the cost  
Of shrining this ignoble dust.

Saith one : “ Here rests the scheming brain  
Of him who planned with might and main,  
Insatiate still in greed of gain,

“ Who, reaping past his utmost need,  
Gave back the liberal earth no seed  
Of fruitful thought or noble deed ;

“ Whose thrift was like the deadly blight  
Of some portentous parasite,  
Grown rank on stolen life and light.”

Another : “ Ay, here Mammon died,  
And built his fane, wherein is pride  
And sordid lust self-glorified.

“ The wealth that shrines this worthless clay  
Might show despair the cheery day,  
And fright the grim want-wolf away

“ From many a wretched fireside,  
Where Penury sits hollow-eyed,  
And famished mouths the crumbs divide.

“ But worldly honors, thickly sown  
In pomp, and art, and graven stone,  
Are his — who lived for self alone.

“ While all around us modest worth,  
Through life-long failure, dole, and dearth,  
Creeps back unmarked to mother earth.”

O, shall a musty Latin phrase  
Forbid reproach of evil ways  
And death beguile us into praise ?

Nay, let the truth or naught be said.  
He adds no honor to the dead  
Who carves a lie above his head.

Else shall our lives and graves attest  
All honor lies in lucre-quest,  
And to be base is to be blessed.

If death's alembic purifies  
From earthly dross, and souls grown wise  
Survey their past with saddened eyes ;

Or flitting from some higher sphere,  
On loving missions hover near  
To watch our lives, to warn and cheer,—

This soul, transfigured from the vault,  
Would bid your glozing chisel halt,  
And blazon his besetting fault.

O dust of life so desolate !  
Nor carven stone nor brazen gate  
Can rank thee with the good and great.

Nay, tho' thy pride and wealth out-did  
The builder of the pyramid,  
Oblivion guards thy coffin-lid ;

And yon poor Nameless wrapped in sod  
O'er whom the wind-sown grasses nod,  
Is nearer unto man and God !

But hadst thou rightly understood  
The bonds of human brotherhood,  
How blessed had been thy life for good !

Not thine the honorable spoil  
The useful arts yield unto toil  
From mart and workshop, sea and soil.

O, scorner of the honest bread !—  
Thou like a bird that beaks the dead,  
On human frailty grossly fed !

Thy arts robbed plenty of her store,  
Drove thrift to beggary, nor forebore  
To prey on want, and grasp for more ;

Thy arts turned joy to bitterest grief ;  
Made life-long probity a thief,  
And mad self-murder blest relief.

So stands the record ;—read it, knaves,  
In cells where dread unreason raves ;  
In blighted homes and early graves.

So stands the record, deeply scored  
In living hearts. And his reward ?—  
This stone-heap, and a futile hoard.

Pause here, O ye whose eager grip  
Lets not the needless treasure slip,  
Till death annuls your stewardship.—

Break, break in life your mammon-gyves,  
Nor hope to sanctify base lives  
With lavish gold when death arrives.

Alas, the late post-mortem gift  
Can ne'er the sordid soul uplift  
To earthly love or heavenly shift.

*Miles F. Anson.*

### Something International.

WE print exactly as in manuscript a contribution lately received :

#### A GREETING.

By C. S. YABE. A Japanese

A stranger greets from far east,  
To the exquisite great west,  
With a true heart and kindness  
Wishing the prospect and happiness

O land of rising sun ;  
O land of setting sun ;  
Across the Pacific, lo ; brotherly love  
Lavishes the affection on ceaseless wave.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Some Books on Land.

THE disintegration of the Henry George movement in New York has been coincident with too many similar disintegrations of labor movements to be regarded as showing a decay of interest in Mr. George's peculiar land theories. Such agitations are apt to wane in prosperous times. But there can be no doubt that these theories have largely lost their hold on such people as were ever disposed toward them. They have ceased to rouse controversy and make converts. During his brief ascendancy over the "labor movement" in New York, Mr. George himself kept them in the background. In fact, it is probable that in this country he owed his vogue among laboring men and those discontented with the present order of things, not to his land doctrine, but to the brilliant statement of the complaint of poverty against wealth that introduces it. There is really no room for agrarian agitation in this country: in Great Britain, where land is so unjustly tied up by relics of feudal usage, it was natural there should be fascination in the idea of socialism in land. Theoretically, it is possible

for any man in this country to own land himself, and he need have no temptation to destroy another man's property in his tract ; and in fact there is still much relief and chance for a poor man through the taking up of free land, or saving to buy a farm under our lenient system of transfer. Yet this same facility of taking up, of transfer, and of holding, makes it also easy for the rich to use the land for speculation and aggrandizement ; and therefore hardships and abuses with regard to the land are not wanting, especially in the newer States, which give some force and following to critics of the whole system.

Two years ago a very painstaking book, called *Labor, Land, and Law*<sup>1</sup>, was published by Hon. W. A. Phillips, a member of the committee on public lands of the Forty-third Congress. Upon the first page, Mr. Phillips, by an illustrative fable about an oriental monarch who bought and sold the wind, announces his thesis to be that there can be no private property in land ; he then goes back and reviews the

<sup>1</sup>Labor, Land, and Law. By William A. Phillips. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.



whole course of human history in land-holding, with a view to showing that communistic use of land has always led to happiness, and private ownership to misery. Ancient Israel, Egypt, Chaldea and Babylon, Persia, Carthage, Greece, Rome, mediæval Europe, Mahometan Arabia, Russia, Tartary, India, the countries of modern Europe, one by one, Great Britain, America under Indian possession, under the colonists, under the republic,—all are reviewed, and still a hundred pages of the four hundred odd remain for the subject of corporations, distribution of wealth, and the concluding argument. An index of authorities quoted and used gives nearly one hundred and fifty titles, including such standard sources of historic and economic information as would lead one to expect a compilation of much value.

In fact, however, these books seem to have been rather turned over hastily to get the necessary facts, than read and studied. Mr. Phillips is honest in stating these facts, and therefore the book cannot but contain a mass of interesting information; but nowhere is the appearance of any real familiarity with the subject. His conclusions are jumped at, and without any intentional garbling of facts, there is constant misleading statement. Thus, on page 6, speaking of primitive society: "We do not find that the possessor of the rude capital we have described [viz., bows, arrows, knives, fishing tackle, boat] obtains the services of some young man or wanderer without such capital, to use his tools and hunt or fish for both, while he slumbers indolently in his abode." The savage who is able to produce this sort of capital does remain in his abode and makes arrows or boats, and makes his profit thereby from his fellows, exactly as the modern capitalist does, taking his share of the results of their hunting and fishing with his handiwork; and if it were possible for him to accumulate enough thus to live without working, and he did not enjoy the work for its own sake, there is nothing whatever in primitive conditions to prevent his stopping work and living on his accumulated capital. Nay, more than that, the savage has his currency, of wampum or cowries, and does not neglect the opportunities to become a capitalist therein. Mr. Phillips puts down the Johns Hopkins University studies among his "authorities consulted"; yet he can hardly have read with any real comprehension Mr. Johnson's study of primitive society among boys, without perceiving how spontaneous in human nature is much that he sets down as purely artificial. Again, in praising the Hebrew system of land tenure, Mr. Phillips seems entirely unaware of the existence of any discussion as to the date of these so-called Mosaic laws, as to their practicability, and the question whether they ever were really enforced, and what was the result; but transcribes them from the Hebrew code, and sets them down as the actual, continued, and successful practice of the Hebrews

with literal simplicity. Throughout, the force of his own facts is missed, and the aggregate weight of them, unperceived by the compiler, tells tremendously in favor of that system of small holdings in fee simple that was aimed at in our laws. Mr. Phillips thinks such holdings a comparatively good form of property in land, but one liable to abuse, and thinks real prosperity cannot be reached except by a system of common ownership in land, with private and heritable property in usufruct,—a modification of George's doctrines.

In criticism he is stronger. When he calls attention to the outrageous absorption of our public domain by land-grabbers, diverting it from its original purpose, and tending to create great estates where the law contemplated small holdings, he has not only Mr. Sparks's indignant reports, but Mr. Lamar's more guarded ones behind him. Dr. Sato, in one of the Johns Hopkins University studies, *History of the Land Question in the United States*,<sup>2</sup> of about the same date as Mr. Phillips's book, concludes a cool and scholarly statement of the history and working of our land laws with the words: "To my mind, the present question of land administration in the United States is perfectly simple. Indeed, two words would suffice to indicate clearly the future policy of the public land administration. These words are REFORM and RECOVERY—*reform of legal abuses and recovery of the public lands from railroad corporations.*" Dr. Sato was at the date of this treatise a special commissioner of the colonial department of Japan, and familiar with the land system of his own country. His treatise is immeasurably superior in quality to the American's: they are not strictly upon the same lines, however, as Dr. Sato confines himself to a mere statement of facts, with only a few broad deductions. That our present laws and the administration of them are not carrying out the intention of our land system,—failing of it to the extent of a grave scandal,—they agree in pointing out. Dr. Sato mentions that of one hundred and fifty-five million acres granted to railroad corporations, two-thirds were properly forfeit at the time he wrote. He quotes a public land commission's report to the effect that "the pre-emption laws are now the hope of the land-grabber, and are the land-swindler's darlings." One can scarcely read the two books without feeling that the two together indicate with great emphasis a simple road toward the most happy, just, and successful land system the world has yet known; the road, suggested by our homestead law, toward small properties held in fee simple.

The same conclusion in the main is reached by a sensible, but not very clearly written or well arranged essay in the Putnams' admirable "Questions

<sup>2</sup> *History of the Land Question in the United States*. By Shosuki Sato, Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University Studies, VII, VIII, IX. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. 1886.

of the Day" series, — *Property in Land*,<sup>1</sup> by Henry Winn. This essay, however, is directed expressly against what the author calls the "George and Spencer" theory of community in land, — though it is not quite fair to couple Mr. Spencer with Mr. George, as if their doctrine were identical, — and does not take into consideration so much the empiric argument, and the special land conditions of this country, as the general basis of the practice of land-owning. It is a pity his points are not more closely linked together in a convincing sequence; for they are shrewd and clear. Thus, for instance: "Of the two cases cited by Mr. George, where speculation in land cuts off its use, one is a case in Marin county, California, where a belt of California redwood was held by its owners for a higher price, redwood being daily hauled past it from remote places. We do not see that this land has gone from use, since it is occupied for the storage and preservation of redwood. This instance more savors of speculation in uncut redwood than in land. And if there is to be a scarcity in redwood, as the owners expect, whether it will not, on the whole, profit the world to have a supply saved, *quære*."

#### Briefer Notice.

It is pleasant to learn from the issuing of *The Thoughts of M. Aurelius Antoninus*,<sup>2</sup> that there is to be a second series of the Knickerbocker Nuggets, noticed several times before. That the same good judgment in selection exercised in the first series is to govern the second, is shown by the choice of these meditations of the old stoic in purple. The mind-cure people must find comfort in reading the emperor's oft-repeated argument, that no harm can come to a man from without, but all injury is a matter of opinion. Mr. Long's notes and introductory essays on the life and philosophy of Aurelius are well done, and whatever the arrangement between him and the publishers, it is pleasant to see that his sensibilities are not outraged, as in a former pirated edition, by the dedication of his work to anybody. The publishers of the edition referred to dedicated it to General Grant, and the preface of Mr. Long's next authorized edition contained a grievous complaint of it, saying that if any American had been so honored it should have been General Lee. — Like all labors of love, Mr. Clarke's tragedy *Robert Emmet*<sup>3</sup> has a sincerity and dignity of purpose that

disarms the harsher intentions of criticism. He is so frankly an admirer of the Irish martyr, and so openly vows his intention of putting only the best side of his history forward, that all that is left is to judge whether the work is really well done. The literary style is above the average, but the general tone, in spite of numerous skirmishes, escapes, and executions, is somewhat dull. — Issued with evident eye to the holiday season is the *Daylight Land*<sup>4</sup> of W. H. H. Murray. The tourist on the cover creates a suspicion, which is verified inside, that the book is a guide book and an advertisement, intended as a "boom" for the region of which it speaks. It is a description of a journey by palace car along the line of the Canadian Pacific, with discussions on the game and resources of the great Northwest. This admission made, whatever else is said may be of praise. If all the advertisements were as brightly written as this one, if all the "booms" were illustrated with such variety and wealth of really excellent pictures, the average reader would leave off reading true descriptive literature, and devote his attention to the "business" books. Few books of the year have contained more artistic or more beautiful pictures. They were gathered and arranged under the supervision of J. B. Millet, and are printed in colors, which adds much to the effect. Especially fine are the heads of large game and the pictures of Indians. The text is breezy, — often flat, interspersed with anecdotes and stories which are told with frank disregard of the truth where a point is to be made by stretching it. — Workers in oil will find Miss McLaughlin's new manual<sup>5</sup> helpful practically, and every one interested in such matters will find the book pleasant reading. The chapter on Technique is especially good, and while the rules given lie only in the broadest lines, they are clear and to the point. — Under the disguise of an Arab sheik, set down in England, E. Lester Arnold sets forth in his book<sup>6</sup> the impressions of an oriental concerning the customs and manners of English daily life. Being the son of his father, his views are interesting and entitled to more than the usual credit; for few Englishmen know more of the oriental attitude of mind than Edwin Arnold does. But the work suffers from being written in the English newspaper style, with the evident intention of being humorous. The language is very good, but the humor is so ponderous that at times it is fairly painful.

<sup>1</sup> *Property in Land. An Essay on the New Crusade.* By Henry Winn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> *The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.* Translated by George Long. Knickerbocker Nugget Series: G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Robert Emmet. A Tragedy of Irish History.* By Joseph I. C. Clarke. New York and London: G. P.

Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by The Bancroft Company.

<sup>4</sup> *Daylight Land.* By W. H. H. Murray. Boston: Cupples & Hurd. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>5</sup> *Painting in Oil. A Manual for Students.* By M. Louise McLaughlin. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1888.

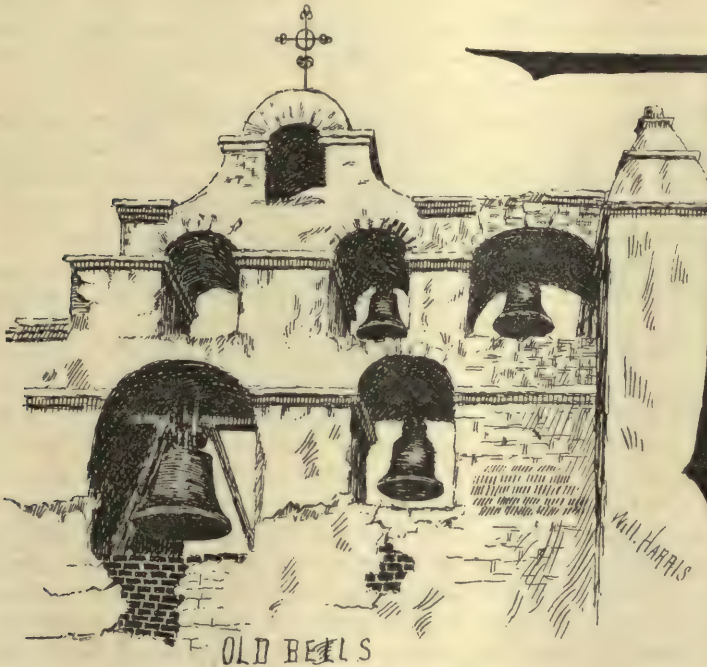
<sup>6</sup> *England as She Seems.* By Edwin Lester Arnold. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1888.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

VOL. XIII. (SECOND SERIES.)—MARCH, 1889.—No. 75.

LOS ANGELES.—STUDIES OF A CENTURY OF CHANGE.



OLD BELLS  
San Gabriel.

HERE ought to be a great many more books written by you Californians, with so much unused material," said a well known Eastern novelist on his recent visit to the Pacific Coast. "Books, stories and poems that are honest literature, not advertising eulogies, are what you need. Even the slightest of sketches that tell us facts about your people, and

give us real glimpses of your history and development, have greater value than any of you know." This, or words to similar effect, he said; and went on to instance, as of special importance, the contrasts between the various eras of growth in different parts of California, — a matter of inexhaustible surprise and interest to visitors. When one comes to think of it, how great is the contrast between the dwellers in Siskiyou and in San Diego; how different the evolution of Trinity County, founded by Major Reading and his miners, and growing up apart from

railroad and metropolis, and that of Los Angeles, founded so long ago by Spanish priests and soldiers. These differences are not necessarily total differences, but they are wider ones than exist between the sections of the Atlantic States. The sharpest and most picturesque contrast there,—that between Knickerbocker Dutch and Puritan English,—is as much less picturesque as the contrast between the Anglo-Saxon and his Dutch cousin is less than between him and the peculiar amalgam of Kelt, Latin, and Visigoth, that has made the Spaniard. Some of Bret Harte's most striking situations turn on the contact of the two races, for the first time meeting on a common soil, and it is evidently a theme infinitely fascinating to him, for he returns to it again and again. And no less to historians has the relation of gringo and don been an endlessly attractive study.

The region where the experiment of the mission system was most fully tried is, and must ever remain, one of the most interesting of fields for the historian and the student of the growth of communities. The first series of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, for instance, issued between 1868 and 1875, long before the southern counties had come into their inheritance of literary and commercial attention, contained many articles on the olive, orange, wine, cattle, and general agricultural interests of these counties, articles on the old missions, and studies of the people. In these articles began the interest in Southern California, which, slowly gathering force for years, was ready at last, when shrewd investors came who saw their opportunity to utilize the fascination that had grown about the old mission region to rise in the great wave of enthusiasm for that region that has been recently such a noticeable item in the history of immigrations. Yet since this enthusiasm has made The City of our Lady Queen of the Angels and sister cities so fa-

miliar names in literature, there has been less, rather than more, historic study of their origins and development. A careful observer of the region sees still—one may almost say more than ever—opportunities for close and accurate investigations, notes from the lips of pioneers, and studies of the famous Spanish families of nearly a century ago.

If this brief paper does nothing more than to call the attention of more competent students to the field, it will have accomplished a useful purpose. A great deal is certainly known about the missions, but details about their management are still needed. And the private dwellings of Spanish times,—the old adobes,—now crumbling fast or wholly thrown down, must be mapped and described soon, or the opportunity will be gone forever.

The other day I was standing in the ruins of the old adobe Mission of San Diego, founded one hundred and twenty years ago. It stands on a sheltered height at the head of the valley, the river winding past the green slopes beneath, where olives and date palms still grow. Here, six years after its establishment, Father Vicente, four soldiers, and a carpenter defended the Mission all night successfully against about a thousand Indians. Pious old Father Palou, describing this affair, explains that the real reason of the outbreak was that "the great enemy of souls" knew that the priests "were about to plant another mission between San Gabriel and San Diego," which "would, of course, diminish his strength."

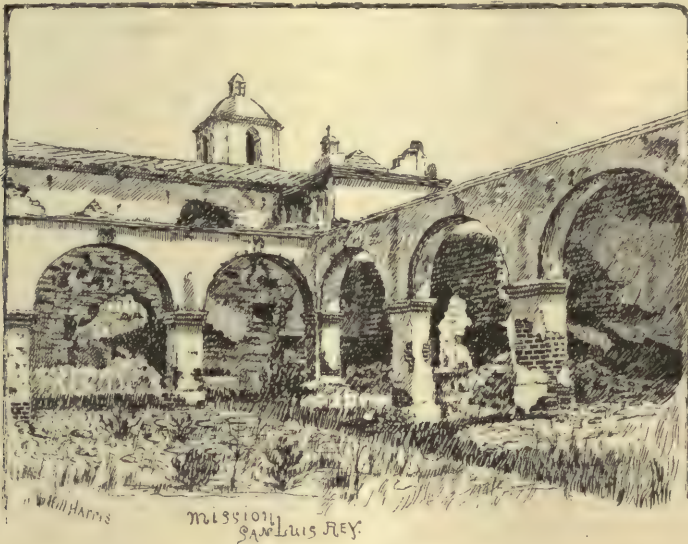
The mission spoken of, that of San Juan Capistrano, founded in 1776 by Junipero Serra, is now only an imposing fragment of stone arch, in the midst of ruined adobe walls. But these fragments of the past lead one step by step to a comprehension of the days of the early Spanish domination on the Pacific Coast, more particularly in the region now known as Los Angeles. Historically,



the past of this very interesting region deserves and must some day receive the most complete specialist investigation.

The Los Angeles of a hundred years ago was just beginning to be conquered by the padres. Within its boundaries three missions were founded, — San Gabriel, September 8th, 1771, San Juan, just alluded to, in 1776, and San Fernando, in 1797. By 1802 the number of Indian converts in these three missions was 2,674, and by 1831 was over 4,000. The few head of live stock that Portala

by ten soldiers, with the muleteers and beasts requisite to carry the necessities, set out from San Diego, and traveled northerly by the same route as the former expedition for Monterey had gone. After proceeding about forty leagues, they arrived at the river called Temblores (now San Gabriel), and while they were in the act of examining the ground in order to fix a proper place for the mission, a multitude of Indians, all armed, and headed by two captains, presented themselves, setting up horrid



and the Franciscan friars had brought to the region in 1769 had increased by 1831 to immense herds that occupied all the pastures from the San Bernardino mountains to the Pacific. The missions were surrounded by orchards, vineyards, grain fields, and vegetable gardens. Many useful plants once thought indigenous to Southern California, have been discovered to be only plants escaped from previous cultivation.

Father Palou, in his book, describes the founding of San Gabriel Archangel Mission as follows: "On the 10th of August, 1771, the father prior Pedro Cambou, and Father Angel Somera, guarded

yells, and seeming determined to oppose the establishment of the mission. The fathers, fearing that war would ensue, took out a piece of cloth, with the image of our Lady de los Dolores, and held it up to the barbarians. This was no sooner done than the whole were quiet, being subdued by the sight of this most precious image; and throwing on the ground their bows and arrows the two captains came running with great haste to lay the beads which they brought about their necks at the feet of the sovereign queen."

This place is still called "La Mision Vieja," — the Old Mission, — but the per-

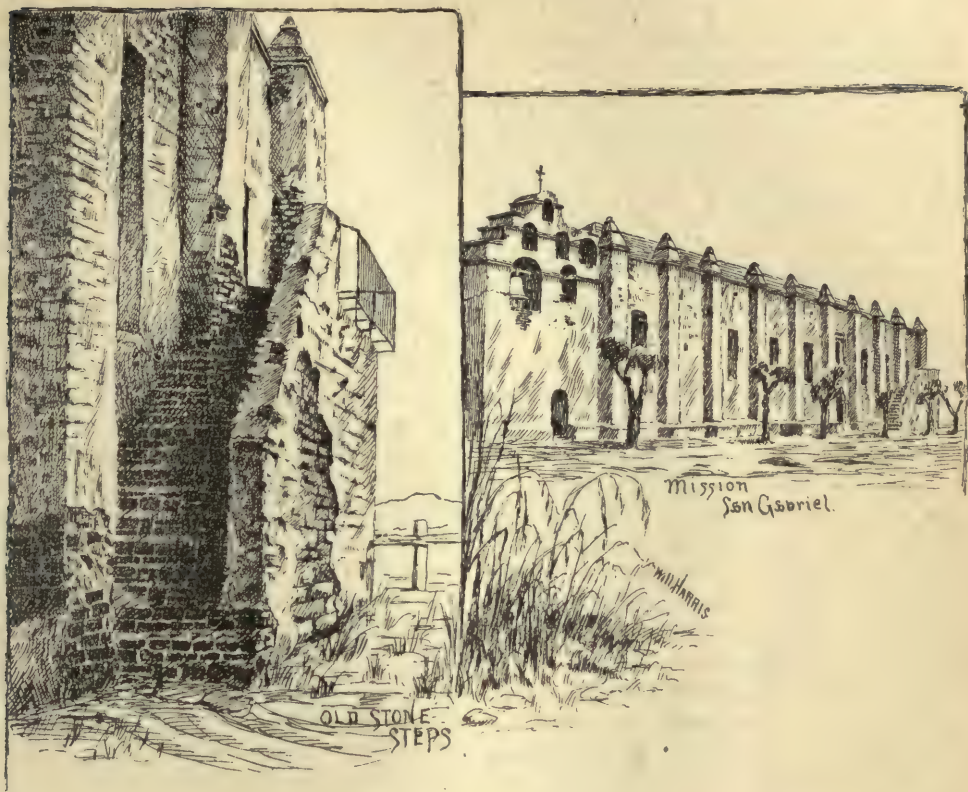
manent establishment of the mission was four or five miles distant. The only building yet in a state of preservation was erected in 1804, or thirty-three years after the founding of the mission. The old tile roof is replaced by shingles, but much of the past still remains, and the mission is considered one of the most interesting in California.

The "ancient and honorable Pueblo of Los Angeles,"—of *Nuestra Señora Regina de Los Angeles*, to be exact,—was founded September 4th, 1781, by an order of Governor Felipe de Neve, dated at San Gabriel Mission, August 26th. The immediate cause of this order was the necessity of providing homes for soldiers that had served out their terms of enlistment. They were not needed at the missions, for only a few soldiers on duty were desired there, and yet they had married, and wished to remain in California. So the new town was begun by twelve old Mexican veterans of the mission guards, named respectively, Lara, Navarro, Rosas, Mesa, Moreno, Rosas, Villa Vicencia, Banegas, Rodriguez, Camero, Quintero, and Rodriguez. For a time their pay and rations were continued. The site chosen was eight miles west of San Gabriel, between the hills and the river-bed of the Porciuncula River (now the Los Angeles).

The "Historical Sketch of Los Angeles," a valuable pamphlet prepared in 1876 under the direction of J. J. Warner, Benjamin Hayes, and J. P. Widney, says that the public square in the center of the town was 100 varas long and 75 varas wide. On three sides facing it were twelve building lots, and the other side was for public buildings. Near by, towards the river, on the rich bottom lands, thirty fields were laid out, each containing 40,000 square varas. The pamphlet referred to also says of the town government: "Notwithstanding that the laws of Spain regarding the creation of towns or municipal organizations were both munificent and liberal, yet as the organization of the municipal government of the town of Los Angeles was effected by military officers exclusively, and as all those who composed the original settlers, as well as those who for many years became settlers, had been soldiers,—trained and accustomed to military government and discipline,—the evolution of the municipality from its military character into a local self-governing community within its own sphere of action was slow and tortuous." The exclusive jurisdiction of the *alcalde*, the chief officer of Los Angeles, was extremely limited, even if in practice it was known to exist. Cases of all kinds,







except such as could be heard by ecclesiastical authorities, both civil and criminal, and of trivial character, went from the alcalde and beyond the territorial jurisdiction of Los Angeles, to be heard and determined by the military commandant of a garrison more than a hundred miles distant. The absence of municipal records for the first half century after the founding of Los Angeles, of itself raises the presumption that the municipal officers exercised but little authority during that time. After the allotment of house lots and fields for cultivation to the original twelve settlers, there does not appear to have been any record kept of the grants of either house lots or farming lands until as late as 1836. The system adopted by the government for the formation of pueblos, and the granting of building lots and farming lands to settlers within the

limits of a pueblo, did not require a record of the grant. In conferring upon a settler the right to acquire and occupy a lot upon which to build a dwelling house and land to cultivate, the government did not absolutely divest itself of its title to and control over the soil. The settler who erected a house upon a lot assigned to him, or fenced and cultivated a field which had been set off to him, did not become vested with the unconditional title of ownership to either. If he, without justifiable cause, suffered his house to remain unoccupied, or fall into decay, or his field to remain uncultivated for two consecutive years, it became subject to denouncement by any other person legally competent to take by grant, and the granting authorities could and were by law required upon a proper showing of the abandonment, to grant the property to the in-

formant, who then acquired the same and no better rights than those possessed by his predecessor.

The first houses of the new pueblo were only huts of adobe about eight feet high, and had flat roofs covered with brea or asphaltum from the springs west of Los Angeles. The town was considered only an outpost of San Gabriel. It grew, at first very slowly, but after twenty years had passed, a little trade began to center there.

The first fifty years of the history of Los Angeles is a peaceful record. A few strangers came, trappers strayed over the mountains; there were sports in the valley, and hunts in the hills, and now and then slight troubles with the Indians. In 1831, however, the people of Los Angeles led a successful revolution against Governor Victoria, the governor of the Territory, and General Eschandia became his successor.

The Mexican Congress made Los Angeles a city in 1836, and the following year the new Governor, Carrillo, established the seat of government there, but after a few months he yielded to Alvarado. But the struggles of the Spanish political factions are told in such complete detail in the pages of Bancroft and Hittell, that more than a passing allusion seems unnecessary. The elements of daily life in the Los Angeles of the Spanish days are more interesting. Mr. George B. Griffin has kindly furnished me with notes and publications of the Southern California Historical Society.

A paper by Stephen C. Foster, upon the early Kentucky pioneers of Los Angeles, relates that a famous trapper, Nathaniel M. Pryor, born in 1789 at the "Falls of the Ohio," on the Kentucky side, trapped on the Colorado and Gila in 1827-28, and then came to California with Captain Paty's party. Pryor in the later years of his life (he died in 1850) told his adventures to Mr. Foster, and one of his old beaver traps was given to the historical society.

The party, so Pryor says, had trapped down the Colorado to the gulf. They cached their beaverskins, and found their way to the old mission of Santa Catalina, in Lower California. From thence they went to San Diego, and caused a great excitement there with their traps, buckskins, and heavy Kentucky rifles. Pryor visited the Mission San Gabriel, where he found Joseph Chapman, "the first American in Los Angeles," who had been in the region since 1818. But Pryor soon returned to San Diego, where occurred that quaint and pretty scene of the baptism of the elder Paty. Worn out by his hardships, Paty said to his comrades that he thought the Catholic religion must be good, since it had made the people so kind to him, and Don Pio Pico and Doña Victoria Dominguez de Estudillo "stood as sponsors for the gray-haired convert who was old enough to be their father." A few days later the whole population of San Diego and the crew of a Boston ship then in port followed in the funeral procession, and the old Kentucky trapper was laid in consecrated ground.

After Paty's death, Pryor and the rest of the Americans moved to Los Angeles, and lived with Antonio Rocha, a cheerful little Portuguese mason, who had an adobe house on Spring Street. They became very popular in Los Angeles. Pryor was a silversmith by trade, and was known as "Miguel el Platero"; Laughlin, who had a smile and a joke for every one, was called "Ricardo el Buen Mozo." They married, built houses, and planted vineyards. General Kearney, Colonel Fremont, Lieutenant Stoneman, and many other notables have slept under Pryor's hospitable roof.

Christmas eve, 1828, there was a disaster off San Pedro: the Brig Danube went ashore with twenty-eight men, and the shipwrecked sailors started for Los Angeles. Little Rocha claimed the privilege of entertaining them, and the old trappers and sailors ate a Christmas din-



ner together. Of the crew, Samuel Prentice of Connecticut, and John Gronigen, the first German in the region, stayed and became noted characters. The former, later known as "Sam the Fisherman," died, and was buried on Santa Catalina Island. Gronigen, who had a slight limp, became "Juan Cojo," or Juan Domingo, and on his vineyard south of Aliso Street the Domingo block stands.

In 1831 Father Sanchez, at San Gabriel, aided William Wolfskill, Nathaniel Pryor, Richard Laughlin, Samuel Prentice, and George Yount, to build a schooner at San Pedro. Wolfskill had come with a party of trappers and Mexicans from Taos and the Rio Grande in the winter of 1830-'31. His Mexicans brought Mojave blankets, which they exchanged in Los Angeles for mules, and returned to the Rio Grande. A considerable trade, carried on by pack trains, soon sprang up between Santa Fé and Los Angeles. The old trappers, Pryor, Wolfskill, and the rest, made their beaver traps into pruning knives, for which the steel was much liked; the old packmen and muleteers, a few years later, were opening new highways to the frontier mines.

In 1832-3, still more Americans came from New Mexico: Joseph Paulding, Lemuel Carpenter, William Chard, and others. Also Ewing Young, Isaac Carpenter, and Moses Carson, a brother of Kit Carson. At the census of 1836, the population of the city and surrounding country subject to the city authorities was 2,228, of which 553 were Indians. Los Angeles had 46 foreigners, of whom 21 were Americans.

The second chapter of the interesting pamphlet history to which I have referred was written by Benjamin Hayes, for eleven years district judge. It tells of the quiet flow of life in Los Angeles between 1847 and 1867. But by 1847 new men had come in, new motives ruled. There were more trappers from the heart of the continent, more sail-

ors willing to plow the land, and for the first time the American merchant, farmer, miner, and speculator. This then may well be called the first transition period,—from cattle growing to general farming,—from an obscure province of Mexico to a thrifty portion of the United States.

In January, 1847, the American forces entered Los Angeles, then containing about one thousand white people. Dr. Griffin's journal presents a vivid picture of Kearny's march, with Kit Carson as guide, and Lieutenants Amory and Warner scouting for the Mexican outposts. They passed through Agua Caliente and Santa Ysabel, and had a severe skirmish with the enemy at San Pascual. After joining the American sailors at San Diego, the march was an easy task. They set themselves to restore order. The town council of Los Angeles had closed its sessions in July, 1846, but it was re-established by an election February 10th, 1847. The first Alcalde was Don José Salazar; second Alcalde, Don Enrique Abila; council-men (regidores), Don M. N. Pryor, Don Rafael Gallardo, Don Julien Chavez, Don José Antonio Yorba. The next year Governor Mason, for military reasons, appointed Stephen C. Foster as Alcalde, and dissolved the council, and this semi-military rule lasted until May 21st, 1849, when a new Ayuntamiento, or council, was installed. American names noted in the history of Los Angeles begin to appear among the office holders,—such names as Abel Stearns, Benjamin D. Wilson, Colonel Coutts, Governor Downey, Robert S. Baker, David W. Alexander, Hugo Reid, Judge J. R. Scott, the Workmans, Temples, and Wolfskills, all pioneers of old Los Angeles. Among the Spanish families of note were the Lugos, the Sepulvedas, the Bandinis, the Estudillos, the Coronels, the Olveras, and the Picos. The county election of 1850 showed 377 votes cast.

Los Angeles has always had orchards.

The Spaniards planted trees, and the early American settlers drifted easily into garden and orchard work in so genial a climate and so fertile a region. In 1847 some two hundred young walnut trees were set out in Los Angeles City. Plums were introduced by O. W. Childs; soft-shell almonds were planted by William Wolfskill, who also introduced the Eastern persimmon. William Rubottom of Spadra introduced pecans; H. P. Dorsey, the black walnut; Solomon Lazard, the Italian chestnut; and year after year the orchards of orange, olive, fig, peach, apricot, pear, and quince, planted by the Californians years before, grew more productive and were the parents of younger plantations. Year after year the vineyard interests grew. It was a city of homes and gardens long before the American conquest. The footsore earlier trappers saw nothing in the way of fruits and flowers after leaving the walled-in priest-gardens of Santa Fé and Taos till they reached the peaceful sweep of orchard and vineyard acre after acre, in the bend of the Los Angeles River, watered by sparkling irrigation ditches; which caused many to become permanent settlers.

In 1851, September 1st, city lots were sold at auction for from \$20 to \$31. In the same year some of the principal assessed values for tax purposes in the county were as follows: De Celis, 100,000 acres, worth \$13,000; Sepulveda, 102,000 acres, at \$83,000; John Foster, 61,000 acres, at \$13,000; William Wolfkill, 11,000 acres, at \$10,000.

Though land was so cheap, the common interest rate on money was five, and even ten per cent per month. High rates of interest began with the rush to the mines, when men were willing to pay any sum to reach the placers.

In Los Angeles County, as many know, gold was first discovered. In March, 1842, a Mexican named Lopez found valuable placers thirty-five miles from Los Angeles, and some \$6,000 or

\$8,000 was taken out annually for several years. It is one of the strangest things in the history of California, that so important a discovery did not lead to a thorough exploration of the Sierras. "If Mexico had known the value of California!" historians are fond of saying. But is it not strange that Mexico did not know?

Education was early fostered in Los Angeles. Don Ignacio Coronel, who came to California in 1834 with the noted Hajar colony, was one of the earliest Spanish school-teachers. In 1850 Reverend Antonio Jimines applied for a grant of town land to establish a college. In the same year Reverend Doctor Wicks, a Presbyterian clergyman, opened the first English school. By January, 1853, Los Angeles had four schools, two of them English. J. G. Nichols and John O. Wheeler were trustees of the public schools.

The first four-wheeled vehicle seen in Los Angeles County was an old Spanish carriage that the Mission fathers owned. The carretas, or two-wheeled Mexican ox-carts, were common enough. In 1849 Temple & Alexander bought a rockaway carriage for \$500, and it made a great sensation in Los Angeles. John Goller, the pioneer wagon-maker and blacksmith, used to charge sixteen dollars for shoeing a horse.

San Pedro, the early port, saw its first steamer in 1849, the old "Gold-hunter," a side-wheel Mazatlan coaster. Next came the "Ohio," remembered by so many pioneers. In 1840 San Pedro had at one time thirteen New York and Boston trading vessels lying in port, and buying hides and tallow. By 1859 San Pedro had the steamer "Senator" three times a month, and the overland stage ran from Los Angeles three times a week. A stage line once a week went to San Diego, — one hundred and thirty miles. David Smith ran a stage to Visalia twice a month. The business enterprise of Los Angeles, however, early



beganto reach out for commercial power. "The Salt Lake trade" has been its motto for years, first by pack-trains, freight-trains, and stages; now by railroads in course of development. Indeed, so Los Angelesños say, John J. Warner, in 1840-41, lectured on "Plans for a Transcontinental Railroad," during a visit to his old home in Connecticut, and published portions of his lecture in the New York *Journal of Commerce*,—an early suggestion of the later work of the great railroad builders of California.

Between 1850 and 1860 the cattle business was one of the most important in the country. In 1850 some 15,000 head were sold, at about \$15 a piece. By 1860, there were still 78,000 head of cattle in the county. The droughts of 1863 and '64 greatly injured this industry, and turned men's attention more to horticulture.

Another profitable business was that of grape-growing. The Los Angeles grapes in 1851 brought twenty cents a pound in San Francisco, and a dollar a pound in the mines. They were packed in sawdust, and carried in safety for many miles over mountain roads. The San Gabriel Mission vineyard, which once had 50,000 vines, but which had fallen into decay by 1836, was called the great "Mother Vineyard." At the present time the San Gabriel region is occupied by immense and thrifty vineyards of wine grapes. Benjamin D. Wilson and J. L. Sansevaine are called the founders of the wine interests of Los Angeles. L. J. Rose commenced his great "Sunny Slope" vineyards in 1861. In 1857 the remarkable German grape colony of Anaheim was organized.

Steadily, all these years, Los Angeles grew, and the progressive elements usually ruled. Regidor Cota in 1845 had petitioned the council to order all the people to plaster and whitewash their houses because, as he said, Los Angeles should "show its magnificence, so that the traveler might be able to say 'It is to be the Paradise of Mexico.'" If he

could accomplish this cheerful result of whitewash, he was persuaded that he "would thus co-operate somewhat towards the glory of the country." The plaster and whitewash gained the day, and the old Spaniard's petition is still in the archives, to his renown.

But when 1866-'67 came, men felt the third era dawning. Stage lines greatly multiplied; lands rose rapidly in value; building enterprises increased. Much more capital was invested in farming, water companies, and legitimate development of the country. The great ranches were more rapidly subdivided. The county and city issued bonds to build the Wilmington railroad. Next came banks, more irrigation companies, more railroad enterprises, greatly increased mining investments, and the founding of many settlements now cities. In 1873 the Indiana Colony, now the city of Pasadena, bought its lands from the San Pasqual rancho. The Los Angeles high school was built this year, and the public library founded. In 1875 Senator John P. Jones began Santa Monica and the railroad there. Los Angeles was modernized.

Thirteen and a half years after the centennial celebration in the city of Los Angeles brings us to the present time. The full hundred years from the founding of the San Gabriel Mission had closed in 1871, so that in a few years more the first quarter of the second century since that event will have passed away. Los Angeles, the Spanish pueblo, has become a city, claiming 80,000 inhabitants. The annual trade reports of the Los Angeles papers show that between July 1st and November 30th, 1888, the imports at the port of Wilmington were 37,328,000 feet of lumber, 92,758 tons of coal, 594,725 railroad ties, and 16,824 tons of merchandise. The Southern Pacific railroad shipments during eleven months of 1888 were 33,798,230 pounds; the Santa Fé system reported 20,000,000 pounds received and 88,000,000 pounds forwarded.

The growth of the city and the surrounding country has been very rapid, and an astonishing increase of land and other values took place. The annual trade number of the *Los Angeles Times*, (January 1st, 1889,) says: "The best business property in Los Angeles, a corner on Main Street, could have been bought in 1860 for \$300 a front foot, in 1870 for \$500, in 1880 for \$1,000. Now it is valued at \$2,500. For a lot on Main and Sixth that was sold in 1883 for \$20 a foot, \$800 a foot was offered last year." "Next," continues the same article, "the outside boom began. . . . Lands four miles outside the city limits . . . that were sold for \$1 an acre in 1868, rose to \$1,000 an acre in some cases."

New towns were laid out in every possible location. Says the *Times*: "From October, 1886, to May, 1887, the monthly real estate sales had been steadily rising from \$2,215,600 to \$8,163,327. In June of the latter year they amounted to *eleven and a half million dollars*; in July to *twelve millions*; in August to *eleven and a half millions*, — a total of \$35,067,830 in three months, and these what had always been the dullest months of the year, with very few visitors within our gates! This was the culmination of the boom. It had been driven to death. Every one was loaded up with property, and was a seller — at 33½ per cent profit, or just double what he had paid. When there are nineteen sellers to one buyer the result cannot long remain in doubt, whether the commodity be wheat, or mining stocks, or real estate. Natural causes produced their natural effects in this instance, as in all others since the Creator established gravitation as the prime law of the material universe." However, continues the same authority, "The intrinsic resources of this favored section were great enough to sustain Los Angeles under the reaction from the wildest, craziest, greatest real estate excitement that ever attended the up-building of an American city. . . .

The boom has burst, it is true, but we are building up a mighty city with the logs."

The visitor to the Los Angeles of 1889 sees a city full of modern life and energy. His first impression, which each visit confirms, is that its newer buildings, public and private, are of unusual costliness and beauty. It is likely to become the best built city on the Pacific Coast, if it continues to receive accessions from the same class of wealthy people that has already settled so largely there. Its situation in the valley, bending like a crescent about the foothills, and extending north over the lovely slopes, south on the heights across the river, and down the valley, and its many prosperous suburbs, is a situation that will always inspire the architect. There is an under current of great industrial growth. The Elsinore clays are to be utilized, and the crude petroleum brought to the city on an extensive scale. The money that went into outside town lots is now going into these and similar enterprises, and the most conservative men of the region are investing steadily. When the assessment rolls of a county grow from \$16,000,000 in 1881, to \$107,752,703 in 1888, it is a most significant fact, and justifies the confidence of its citizens.

All over the country one sees such blending of the past and the present as no other part of California can show. Beautiful homes of modern wealth and refinement — such homes as those of Abbot Kinney or J. De Barth Shorb, or the Carrs at Pasadena — look down on valleys where the marks of the Spanish possession still remain. Though Los Angeles grows tenfold, and becomes yet more completely the metropolis of Southern California, yet, let us hope, the past will remain unbroken by any violent changes, the Mission ruins forever guarded, the ancient olives and palms cherished, the stately family traditions of the fine old Spanish and early American families kept up in all their glory.

C. H. Shinn.



## INSPIRATION AT THE CROSSROADS.

'T WAS in France, in the rocky border province of Bretagne, that along in the late afternoon of a summer day a man was walking listlessly through the broken stretch of forest that fringed the base of the low mountains. The trees in their scattered clumps were stunted of growth and scant of leafage, and seemed to shiver at every breath, as though conscious of the precarious hold of their roots upon the rock, and alert to an ever-threatened danger. There was no sweep of limbs, no soft entanglement of shade such as the name of forest conjures to our fancy; only the gaunt, graceless products of a rugged soil.

One found himself drawn into a sort of pity for nature's poor effort at adornment here on the shelving foothills; and was half moved in his instinct of sympathy to turn away, as though somehow she must be sensitive to such an open failure. But no sentiment met him from the bald mountain slopes above; no hint of gentle conscience from the arid plain beyond; barren and bleak, even in their parched nakedness, they coveted no beauty but that of their own wild ruggedness and sandy desolation.

One wondered what unsuspected charm lurked in the forbidding landscape that had availed to draw to such a spot a stranger; for that the man idling through the wood was a stranger a glance attested. The carefully curled locks, (it was still the days of the "Great King,") the perfumed hands, the shapely head, and the finely arched mouth, — these were the product of no hard or coarse surroundings. One might see such in the stocky, heavy-featured burghers of the town yonder, — far off on the edge of the plain, — men whom the stern conditions of the country had cramped and vulgarized.

They were full of quiet curiosity over the stranger, these burghers; and what wonder, considering his person and his anomalous position? It was a question to their simple minds how the human body could adapt itself to such nice arts and graces, but it was a problem deeper and more irritating how a man could live, and be beyond the need for work. The citizens of H — were not so dull but that they could appreciate these little inequalities of fortune; and it was perhaps no reproach that behind the deference that his *état* commanded, there should exist a little envy of his more favored lot.

But their deference began gradually to lose its fine edge, and take on the blunting temper of a commoner courtesy. "For surely," they had decided among themselves, "a man must be lacking somewhere if the only use he can make of his days is to scale crags and sit for hours against a ledge."

They would probably have been committed to an open contempt, had they known that the young man was at all his pains and labors in the search of an inspiration. "Inspiration, forsooth! there is full need, God knows," they would have argued, "for a third estate; if our 'privileged class' has come to this."

Today, however, the stranger seemed to be paying tribute to the practical, for suddenly he paused, and drawing from his shoulder a gun, sighted it at some thing off in the distance. But he had been mistaken in his hope; the next moment with an impatient oath he lowered it and sauntered on again.

And this man that had dropped down into the quiet community with his foreign aims and ways, — one owned to a little curiosity himself, — who was he? He had been silent as to his home and

occupation, but he had given his name readily enough; and to any people less isolated in interests and pursuits, that name would have been history. At the capital men would have learned in shocked incredulity of a town so benighted as to be ignorant of their famous artist. Yet so it was; Emile Rue had come to a district where his name had never been spoken. Since, however, that was what he had sought, the stranger was not likely to cavil.

Emile Rue was one of those heaven-touched men whose soul, lightly responsive to the world's moods, had yet its depths that no surface force can stir. He was a courtier, polished, gracious, suave, whose spirit of *camaraderie* dispelled the envy that his repute might have fostered; but withal he possessed the quiet loyalty to truth that is the last attribute of genius. While the volatile public was lauding his name, and his inflamed followers were proclaiming him the greatest painter of his time, the man knew in his heart that he had never painted. He was a master of technique, — yes. He was great in design and clever in execution. But the soul that must glow from a picture, even as from a human face — he owned to himself frankly that it was never there.

And yet he felt solemnly, beyond a doubt, that under the right conditions he could project his soul as well as his skill into his work. The failure was ever in the conditions. The conditions! and to discover them. Every power of his mind had been set to the effort; no form of life was shunned; no experience neglected; from the brutal grossness of the *canaille* to the seductive witchery of royal dames he tested all; but no influence had the magic to touch his sleeping soul. Ambition, honor, lust, love, none availed to strike the latent fire.

With a chosen company, then, he left the town and journeyed, seeking in noted marts and storied towers, by fabled streams, by famous Alp, that something

which he could feel; but the something remained unfelt. The artist was still not great.

It was in a last vain endeavor that Emile Rue had wandered off alone up here to far Bretagne. The dun peaks and the sterile plains had passed through his sight as forms; they had quickened perception with their shapes and shades; but both alike had been impotent to him, for the nerve of his spirit was untouched. It was small wonder that the man was irritated both with himself and with the world that refused to serve his purpose. He chafed under the consciousness of a power that his own will could not rouse; of a genius that a foreign breath must vitalize. In the solitude of the previous evening, disappointed and exasperated, with many an execration of his ill luck, he had treated himself to reflections that were somewhat testy:—

"I have piped at the heels of inspiration long enough. I am but a poor fool led on by an ungracious jade. And in answer to my court she shall turn yet, I'll be sworn, and in my very face flaunt her favor to another. Ay, and most likely with fine sport award me for my constancy the jester's bells. A rare good fool I am in very sooth. Ah well! I will command the license of my trade, and with scant courtesy upon her graceless grace turn my unworthy back. Tomorrow I return to Paris, and leave it again — never."

But a day intervened before the coming of the occasional coach that carried passengers from the drowsy outpost, and in default of anything better Emile Rue was riveting his resolve in a hunt. But here again he was unsuccessful. As he clambered down the steep in the full glare of the afternoon sun his gun rested on his shoulder full-primed as at dawn for not a shot had been discharged. Hot, tired, and disgusted, he struck across the patch of wood where, slackening his pace, he drew from his pocket



a well filled flask, swallowed a deep draught, and smacked his lips in the slow relish of a critic. Perhaps his despondency had reached a stage where it required blunting; perhaps he had grown desperate in ill luck, or perhaps the fatigue of climbing necessitated a stimulant. Whatever the cause, the flask was carried to his lips with persistent regularity till it was drained. Then he threw it indifferently from the path and dawdled on.

The artist's mood was changed now; he was exhilarated, he was merry, he was reckless. He trolled a snatch of an amorous ballad, and pledged eternal faith in imagined goblets to half a dozen fair ones in succession; then as a memory of his failure surged up, he wandered off into maudlin reproaches of fate, which broke at last into the rapid laugh of the inebriate. Hestaggered across the patch of woods out into the open highway, and with a kind of blind judgment followed it. It led him along for a time in a straight enough course, but at last he became dimly aware of complications. There were three roads now, each leading in a different direction, and he paused dazed. The confusion, however, soon melted into contented indifference, and mumbling an inarticulate "It's all one," he turned about, when he was brought suddenly face to face with one of the simple crucifixes which at that time adorned all the public ways. The people about were poor and uncultured, their devotion could express itself only in the simplest forms, so the crucifix and its image were rude and misshapen. In the man's intoxication reverence, principle, decency even, were stifled; but the æsthetic sense had lost none of its critical delicacy. The coarse, forlorn figure jarred on his fine sensibilities, and he saw in it only a hideous caricature of art. A moment he gazed in wrathful disgust, then breaking into a shout of drunken merriment:—

"I've raised game, at last! I've raised

game, at last!" he cried, and standing back he leveled his gun, and drove the bullets one after another into the body of the imaged Christ. At every charge the crucifix shivered; at the last it broke, reeled, and fell to the ground.

"A rare bird now I'll have to carry home," the artist stuttered, as he dragged himself over to secure the prize. But the cross was heavy; his exertion had spent his strength; and after a few vain tugs he aimed a kick at the rebellious wood, and yielding to his drowsiness threw himself down and slept. And there at his feet in the dust of the crossroads lay the crucifix with its sorely wounded Christ.

It was early in the morning that a woodchopper, pausing for a quiet *pater noster* by the way, came upon the stranger still unconscious in sodden sleep. In the first shock of discovery the workman could only stand speechless at evidence of such accursed desecration; then in a very fanaticism of virtuous wrath he hastened back and roused the town to avenge the insult to the Lord.

The stranger's sleep had been dreamless; no child wearied with innocent play could have lain in more untroubled rest. When he unclosed his eyes and shook off the torpor of his late debauch, he was being dragged along the highway amid a crowd of sturdy burghers, and all down the road from the town a stream of people was pouring out to meet him. The artist shot a wondering, incredulous glance before him, to the left, to the right; then slowly he turned and looked behind. There borne aloft by the excited mob was a battered cross with its transfixed Saviour pierced and bullet-scarred. He stared at the image, and his lids quivered visibly. The rude, deformed thing was undergoing a miracle of change; some weird fascination riveted his gaze, held his eyes dilated and his muscles tense. The lowering mien of the mob was lost to him, and their muttered threats; he saw only the mutilated form

and the dust-stained countenance of the Christ. Yet in it there was nothing of wrath, nothing of reproach even; a troubled look in the tender eyes, a pathos of regret in the gentle smile—that was all. Emile Rue turned hastily away; his brain was throbbing, his blood afire; but turn where he would, the worn face with its miracle of expression was there, and he could not escape it. As the artist was hustled through the narrow by-ways of the town, the self-appointed guard made light use of ceremony. “The idolater!” he caught the muttered words. “We will teach him what it is to violate the cross!”

It was hardly to be expected that much formality would be wasted in the matter of the trial; still it was almost incredible to the victim that his fate could be so speedily and so irrevocably sealed. The law was very clear; sacrilege was a heinous offense, and “gentlemen” were doubly culpable for crime. In defense of its own majesty, justice must exact that the prisoner receive the law’s full sentence.

“The court decrees therefore that Emile Rue, being this day duly convicted, shall serve out the prescribed term of five years at the galleys.”

Thus read the verdict of the court, which the listener heard as in a trance. But the judge (who it was whispered had been himself, when in his cups, allured to trifling breaches) was moved to accord the stranger a privilege,—it was conceded then at the discretion of the court, “that execution shall for a year be stayed, if the prisoner shall avouch on oath to return within the time and yield himself for service.”

So it was that Emile Rue, free, yet a convict, wended his way back to Paris, the world of his dreams and his achievements. The little settlement of H— was too insignificant to have its doings chronicled; no lips confronted him with the record of his shame; no eye looked revulsion at his sin. Friends came as

of old with ready flattery, and the gay capital opened its arms in welcome.

And the metropolis was unaltered. At the court moved the same spirit of revelry, keen for rumored intrigue and scandal; the same *bonhomme* held the artist circles, the same frugal thrift the honest tradesman. Yet to the painter everything was changed. Paris, beloved Paris, had she ever seemed so fair? The very beggars with their quick wit and rollicking impudence so at variance with the turgid-blooded people he had left, grew suddenly dear to the doomed man, and the appreciative praise of his partisans, how he thirsted for it now. “The strong conceptions, the skill, the art of the master; the modesty and good fellowship of the man,”—was this the Emile Rue whom, as a sotted, impious vandal that court of bores had sentenced? He was overwhelmed by the contradictions of his situation.

In a vague hope of reconciling them he threw himself into work again,—surely the past was but some hideous phantasm of sleep, out of which he would wake presently. He would work; he would conquer and be great. And his companions nudged each other slyly:—

“Ah, he is making ready for the king’s prize; he is painting for his spurs.”

Such was the whisper running through the town, and in the artists’ quarter one gray-beard chaffed another with:—

“Look well to your laurel, Maître; Emile Rue has entered the lists, and, God wot, he may have found his inspiration.”

It was a time of unusual excitement in the studios, for the “Great King,” a munificent patron always of arts and letters, had offered this year in addition to the accustomed prize a decoration. To the victor he had engaged also that the successful picture should, at his direction, be purchased for the royal audience chamber. The clubs had, therefore, one theme, one aim,—the coveted title.



But the painter's confreres would have found little to fear had they penetrated to his atelier. The palette lay at hand and a frame stood against the easel, but no brush had touched the surface. The artist had grown unfit for work. Life had become to him a grim mockery; how could it be otherwise when a convict accepted homage? He was distracted; he was desperate, and in his desperation he sought alternately the table and the bowl.

"Emile Rue is going to the Devil," Paris commented, and wondered. But though he might drug memory and bring surcease of thought, he could not banish the presence that accompanied him; no liquor could drown that face, and no oblivion could seal the sight that beheld it always.

Hypocrisy had become at last too burdensome for its victim. Up in distant Bretagne, through the long days of the winter, a man might have been seen wandering aimlessly from town to town, creeping gradually nearer to the mountains. The days were like a slowly tightening cord that was drawing him irresistibly to his death,—for what but death could the galley be to him! Every hour of his freedom had become precious, yet he was steadily shortening the radius of his circuit.

One evil he had escaped; there was no need for deceit now. Emile Rue was back where his name brought him no hint of honor. But his deep unrest was not stilled, for outlined against the daylight and outlined against the dark rose the face he knew so well. At times the artist read in its grief his sin; at times by some mystery of sympathy he saw reflected there only his own sorrow. And gradually, so strong was the influence of the presence, it forced out all concern for the grand city he had left; for the loathsome spot where he must die; for the past; for the future; and absorbed thought to itself.

Then it was, and then only that the

man realized his crime. He was full of the superstitious reverence of his time, and his sacrilege began to assume to himself the enormity it had presented to the villagers. His sentence was forgotten, and hither and thither in an agony of repentance now he journeyed on, following a guide that he alone could see.

"Ah!" observed to his neighbor a burgher one bright spring morning, "that son of perdition has come back; but what a *visage* he has got! He is in too great a hurry to get that chain on his foot. I like him less than ever."

But Emile Rue had not come to judgment. Five months remained of liberty. He entered quietly on his old life, and betook himself again daily to the mountains. But he sat no longer against the ledge; he was at work.

In the early summer had any one taken the trouble to scale the height and glance across the artist's canvas, he would have found transferred to it the life-size figure of a man. His form was slight, as of one not fitted for heavy burdens, yet the burden had fallen to him, for he hung upon a cross. The head drooped aslant, and the eyes looked out upon something that was not disclosed. Yet one sought it instinctively, in beholding the countenance. The agony of the death struggle was there, but across it had struck a something that even in that extremity had power to lift the man out of himself; to hush on his lips the groan of dissolution and melt his anguish into pity. On his mouth was a smile unutterably sad, and in his eyes the light of a voiceless petition. Below were the words of his prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"; and in the corner simply a name, "*Emile Rue*."

He had painted now; he had painted; —but at what cost! He had made immortal his own sin. In the face of the Christ he had set the seal of a grief bitterer than death, and that grief his own hand had wrought. He had found at last

his inspiration; in it the world might read forever — his shame.

Weary and exhausted the artist took his way down the mountain side again. The glow of rapture that was wont to surge at thought of his awakened genius forgot to rise now. He was a master; he was great, but he no longer cared.

It was dusky with gathering twilight as he crossed the forest, and twilight had deepened almost to dark as he reached the highway. Then he came to the crossroads, — the fatal crossroads. He paused, and in unconscious expectancy glanced up. No, there was no image; only the brooding sky with its faintly brooding stars. He stretched his hands, and groped; somewhere, somewhere it must be, and he must clasp it. Then suddenly it came back to him; he remembered it all, and setting his picture erect against the base of the old crucifix, with a cry like a broken sob, Emile Rue threw himself in the dust and wept. He wept like one oppressed, and weeping prayed, — not to be saved from man's sentence, to be spared earth's ignominy, — but only to be forgiven, that from the face of the Lord he might wipe that haunting sorrow. In the fervor of his wrestling his strength was spent, and again as once before, in the dust of the roads slept Emile Rue; but tonight he was lying at the foot of a broken cross.

It was somewhere in the early dawn that he awoke, and was startled to see that in his picture was the crucifix, — the crucifix, — but no Christ. He turned dismayed, and there bending over him was the Saviour he had painted, — the same frail form, the same broad, thoughtful brow, the same tremulous smile, but lo! the sadness had gone, and the countenance beamed with a peace deep, serene, perfect. For a long moment upon the penitent rested the Saviour's eyes, and slowly into the artist's soul there crept the same deep peace, and he whispered, "Lord, I thank thee, for thou hast brought me forgiveness."

When presently he arose and stood before the picture, it was unchanged. The figure was there as he had painted it, but nothing could shake the knowledge that Christ had come, or stir the peace of the pardon.

That day the painting was on its way to the capital; the next, Emile Rue had delivered himself to justice. Right across the plain, within sight of the crossroads where he had sinned, at the foot of the peak where he had wrought out greatness, a galley slave was hewing stone for the public streets of Paris. He was cheerful at his task, and worked with a smile quiet yet profound.

It was a month later that with loud heraldry into the town of H— rode the king's messenger. He had come to hail in his sovereign's name the victor of a contest, and summon him to his reward. And calmly from his place among the gang the convict spoke his answer.

"Go, friend, and tell unto the king, your lord and mine, that no sword can make his victor knightly; for Emile Rue is a felon, and in the galleys serves his just sentence."

With heraldry as loud the messenger rode back, but in the assembled court was silence as he spoke. The courtiers sought the king; and the king, — a moment he looked down, then slowly he raised his eyes to where across the royal chamber hung the painting of the Christ. For a long time earnestly he viewed it; then turning to his court and pointing up, "His work alone shall judge him," said the king.

They followed the royal hand, and in silence read the scroll: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Gently to the messenger the monarch spoke again: "Go," he said, "and tell unto the convict Emile Rue that what his Saviour pardoned, that also doth his king. Bid him make speed to take his knightly sword."

And Emile Rue obeyed.

*Josephine W. Bates.*



## THE ORANGE.

THE history of the cultivation of the orange in California begins with the white settlement of the State. The founders of the mission at San Gabriel, in Los Angeles County, planted there a garden of olives, pomegranates, pears, and oranges, bringing the seeds or perhaps scions with them from Mexico. The orange having thus been introduced into that portion of the State, it was but natural that its cultivation should have first developed into a commercial industry there; the proportions which it has attained being best shown by the fact that the shipments by rail last year were over 1,500 carloads, each car containing from 350 to 400 boxes; while during the present season there is every prospect that there will be in the neighborhood of 2,500 cars of the fruit in excess of home consumption.

During the last decade the idea that the southern part of the State was the only section where the orange could be cultivated with success has been pretty thoroughly dissipated! In favorable locations along the foothills all the way from Bakersfield to Shasta, citrus trees have been planted and are now bearing fruit of excellent quality. But as the industry has reached its greatest success in the south, this article will deal simply with the facts and methods that exist there, since it must be manifest that the methods which have proven so successful, and which are the result of long years of close study and experiment, must be the best for the beginner to adopt.

There is a charm about the very name "orange grove" that is all but irresistible, — especially to the man who for the first time beholds the stately tree, with its dark green foliage as a background to the golden fruit. Coming from the

region of frost and snow in midwinter, perhaps, to be set down in the midst of an orange grove laden with luscious yellow globes, what wonder that the first impulse of ninety-nine per cent of visitors to California should be to desire to become the possessors of so much concentrated beauty and substantial wealth?

But in gratifying the wish to possess an orange grove, more care should be exercised than would be necessary in embarking in almost any other branch of horticulture. First of all, it must be remembered that exposure to the moist atmosphere from the ocean is fatal to the well-being of all the citrus fruits. The deadly scale delights in moisture, and is assisted by it in the work of destroying the trees, which have required so much labor and expense in bringing them to maturity. The melancholy array of ruined orchards for miles inland from the ocean attests the truth of this statement. It is only when the interior is reached, at a point where the ocean fogs seldom penetrate, that a place is found where the warm, dry air is fatal to those insect enemies of the tree that can exist only where there is a superabundance of moisture in the atmosphere.

Having found such a locality as this, (and it is not difficult to do so, since experience has now closely defined the limits of the area suitable to orange culture on a commercial scale,) the next step is to find the kind of soil best adapted to the desired purpose. While an orange needs an abundance of moisture, a need that increases with age, nevertheless soil with much moisture in it is not suitable. River bottom lands should never be chosen, but on the contrary the elevated and dry mesa lands are the best adapted. A deep alluvial soil made up of decomposed granite, with enough grav-

el to allow easy cultivation, is the ideal spot for an orange orchard. Next, perhaps, (though there is a difference of opinion on this point,) comes the red foothill soil so familiar to every Californian, and last is the sandy loam of the plains, upon which the orange thrives as well as on the other soils, when it is properly cared for and supplied with fertilizing material.

The location for an orchard having been chosen, the next question of importance that will present itself will be the kind of tree to set out. All the older orange groves were seedlings. From the multitude of varieties thus originated, several of superior excellence were used for budding, and a number of oranges peculiar to California have thus been brought into prominence. But the advocates of seedling fruit were on nearly an equal footing with those who favored the planting of budded trees, until after the introduction of the Washington or Riverside Navel into California. This variety, whose many surpassing excellences of quality are now fully acknowledged by all, owes its origin to two young trees from Bahia, which were sent to this Coast from the Department of Agriculture at Washington in 1875. When these trees fruited the product was of such excellence that there immediately rose a demand for buds for propagation, and today it is conceded that the Navel is the orange to be planted by those who desire an easy and certain return from their investment.

The budded fruit bears earlier and with more uniformity than the seedling. The planter, provided he deals with an honest nurseryman, knows just what to expect from his trees when they reach a bearing age, of which the cultivator of a seedling has no security. It is true, the seedling will produce larger crops than the budded, but on the other hand it does not attain maturity so soon by several years, while, assuming that the Navel is the variety planted, the fruit of

the seedling will not sell for more than one-half or one-third as much as the budded.

It has been claimed that the budded tree is shorter lived than the seedling, but that is a point as yet unsettled in California. Certainly, so far as experience goes here, there is nothing to choose as between the varieties on this score. The only objection urged with reason is that the first cost of a grove of budded trees is in excess of one of seedlings. Fair seedlings ready for transplanting can be purchased for fifty cents to one dollar each, while budded trees cannot be had for less than two dollars, and often two dollars and a half has been paid. But the difference in price of the fruit of a single crop will more than make up the difference in cost of the trees. Hence, the advice is given to plant the Navel orange, where the expense of so doing can be borne.

The proper age of the tree for transplanting from the nursery to the orchard is a subject now generally regarded as well settled. If very young trees are set out, there is great danger from loss, as well as needless expense in cultivation. It is far cheaper and easier to cultivate in the nursery up to three or four years of age, than to set out yearling trees and be obliged to go over so large a space as is necessary in orchard form. But this point hardly need be discussed, since all the experience in the region where nine-tenths of the oranges of the State are grown is in favor of planting trees not younger than three years.

Too much care cannot be taken in the transplanting. Early in the fall, after the first rains have moistened the soil, or even before, if the land be flooded thoroughly, the site selected for the orchard should be plowed deeply, and even subsoiled if there is the suspicion of hard-pan. The holes should then be dug at least three feet deep and three feet in diameter. A layer of well rotted stable manure should be put in the bot-



tom of each hole, and on this a second layer of soil. Then let this remain until spring. Set the trees out carefully, spreading the roots so that they shall lie as nearly in their natural position as possible, fill up with fine soil, and irrigate thoroughly. Ninety-nine per cent of trees so planted will live, while if proper care be not taken, often as many as half the trees will die the first season, necessitating large additional expense in providing and planting new ones.

Irrigation should be frequent. The first two or three years a single furrow down each side the row of trees will suffice. But this number must gradually be increased, until at maturity the entire space between the trees will be divided into furrows for the water. In this respect the orange is unlike any other fruit tree. The apricot, peach, etc., require less water ordinarily as they get older, while the orange requires more.

The second year after setting out seedlings of proper age there will be a small crop. The tendency of the trees to overbear must be checked, however, or the result will be a stunting of the growth, from which it will require years to recuperate.

The third year, if the trees have been well cared for, there will be a fair yield, and from the fourth year onward a good income may be confidently looked for. The writer has known a Navel orange orchard that produced at seven years of age a crop which sold for \$700 an acre, on the trees. This is an exceptional case, however. If an orchard yield half as much, it is doing very well indeed. The wisdom of singling out exceptional cases, and conveying the impression that they are the usual thing, is not apparent.

A question of importance to the would-be orange grower is, What must be the outlay before an income can reasonably be expected? The answer to that question must be gauged almost entirely by the cost of the land. Some people, with much more enthusiasm than discre-

tion, have been known to declare that "naked" land adapted to orange culture is well worth a thousand dollars an acre. Their mode of reasoning is somewhat fallacious. Because a man with the necessary capital can take a piece of land that is utterly non-productive, and by the outlay of a large amount of money, time, and skill, make it yield three hundred or five hundred dollars an acre to him, is certainly no reason why the original owner should demand that a large share of the prospective profits should be given him beforehand. As well say that because a skillful artisan can convert a pound of steel, worth a few cents, into watch springs worth ten times as many dollars, therefore he should pay for the crude metal a quarter or half as much as the springs are worth.

In determining the price that one is warranted in paying for land, the writer has consulted many experienced fruit growers. All sorts of answers have been received, but there has been unanimity in one thing, and that is, that, taking everything into consideration, — capital required, labor expended, and risk involved, — a man would be running unwarranted risk in paying more than one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Many think this altogether too high a limit, but none go beyond it. With land, then, at that rate, the cost of a ten-acre orange orchard, set in Navel trees, for the first season, would not be much short of four thousand dollars, allowing that the trees cost two dollars a piece. Experienced men will not properly care for a young orange orchard for less than twenty-five or thirty dollars an acre annually, so that one can easily see that a pretty large expenditure must be borne before there is any income. An orange orchard is a source of constant care and expense. There is hardly any other tree that shows so unmistakably the effects of the least neglect, or that responds so well to proper and vigilant care.

Nor must it be supposed that the or-

chard once in bearing, the owner has naught to do but sit in the shade of the beautiful trees and pocket the profits therefrom. There is always, at certain seasons, the danger of frost or a high wind, so that in a single night, as has been the case more than once, a third or more of the crop will be ruined. To be sure, the fallen fruit may be plowed under, so as to remove all traces of the loss from the eyes of prospective buyers. Nevertheless, the honest man, when questioned, will freely confess that the orange grower's lot is in many respects not an enviable one. <sup>2</sup> Sitting

up night after night watching the thermometer as it lingers around the freezing point, with the full knowledge that the difference of a few degrees in temperature may mean the loss of thousands of dollars, is not the most pleasant thing imaginable.

However, even with the drawbacks incidental to this as to any pursuit, it must be confessed that, when danger from frost, wind, and scale is past, there are few things pleasanter or more profitable than the ownership of a Navel orange orchard in some such locality as Riverside or Redlands.

*G. F. Weeks.*

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## WHY?

THE Sound lay blue and shimmering in the sunshine, like a great inland lake. Steep hills clad to their crests with somber forests pent it in on every side, and shut out all the world. Occasionally a bare spot on the hillside or a faint column of smoke showed where a logging camp was to be found; but with this exception there was no sign of habitation between the widely separated towns that were slowly growing in these western wilds.

Once a week a big steamer puffed its way across the waters, arousing a thousand echoes with its shrill whistle, and bringing news of the great outer life that surged and struggled beyond those quiet hills. Once a day a tiny steamboat trailed a line of smoke across the water, carrying the local traffic from point to point. Occasionally great ships sailed in to carry off the fallen giants of the forests, which men had enslaved and torn from their native heights to be known in the far places of the earth as lumber!

As these ships turned a bend, they came suddenly in sight of a straggling village lying in a cleft in the hills. A

sawmill ground its teeth on the water's edge, devouring with insatiable appetite the monstrous logs, which were fed it by strong-limbed, brawny woodsmen; and which were belched forth again, trimmed into the dress of civilization to meet the demands of the ships that rode at the pier just below. The village owed its existence to the mill; without it there would be no excuse for blotting the fair scene with its ugly presence. Its houses climbed the hill back of the mill without regard to grade or street,—they were set down wherever their inhabitants found it most convenient, although they bore some remote relation to a long, crooked road, which led down to the mill. Their front doors, or back doors, or side doors looked more or less distinctly towards this road.

About half way up the slope stood the village church, a shabby, whitewashed structure, relieved from the commonplace by what nature had done for it. Luxuriant ivy had pierced the many crevices in its walls, and grasping its uncovered rafters had wound them about, garlanded and festooned them, and softened



their bare realism with grace and beauty. By the side of the church a giant fir had been topped and utilized as a bell-tower, its charred column rising like an unavailing protest against the vandalism of man. Here, too, the ivy had covered death with beauty, and tenderly laid its green arms about this suffering Prometheus of the woods.

From this bell tower to the manse stretched a tangled, bloom-full garden, where roses and larkspur, phlox and verbenas, held their own against thorny-armed blackberries and obstinate currant bushes. The garden was so full of blossoms that they crowded their heads between the pickets of the fence, and sent their scouts out to reconnoiter the road, whose dusty waste was never trodden by a lighter foot than that of their young mistress. The very flowers brightened at her coming. The roses showered her path with pink and crimson leaves, the poppies lit their glowing lanterns at her feet, while the mignonette and violets caressed her with perfume. What wonder, when her smile fell upon them like sunshine, and her deft fingers ministered to all their wants! They would have been the most ungrateful of flowers if they had not thought her the fairest of maidens.

And so indeed she seemed to even less partial eyes, as she leaned against the old bell tower, with its odorous bloom of the garden all about her. She was looking off across a triangle of gleaming water, to the white steeps of a master mountain. This mountain dominated all the scene. It was the village chronometer, — they knew whether it would rain, or shine, or snow, by the veiling of its face. It gave the first signal of coming day by looming suddenly out of the darkness; it hoarded the last flush of sunset after night had shrouded the valley. It belittled everything by its vastness; the hills, which out of its presence would have been mountains, humbled themselves at its feet like violet-robed cour-

tiers before the throne of a king. The glaciers that lay like shields on its breast sent forth gleaming streams, which leaped from crag to crag — the mountain's messengers to its pensioner, the valley. And the message they bore was Peace.

The sunset lights were flooding the slopes of the mountain as the rector's daughter stood in her garden among the flowers. Her gaze rested on it lovingly, — not questioning nor dreaming, but frankly as a child looks into a dear and responsive face. Neither the past nor the future held mysteries for her yet; she belonged wholly to the little present. And it was summer in all the world today.

"Father is late tonight; I had better go in," thought the girl, bringing her eyes back slowly from snowy heights and shining water, and turning towards the house. But she made no haste, — stopping often to gather a rose or twine up the sprays of too ambitious vines; taking a peep into a bird's nest hidden in a cypress, and counting the eggs with keen interest.

"There are only three, and I am sure I saw four," she said with a little frown of anxiety; and then she passed under the vine-grown porch into the house.

It was an ordinary Western house, practical, obtrusive, uncompromising in the matter of angles, yet its interior had a homely beauty quite its own. It was difficult to tell upon what this beauty depended, but it certainly centered in the young housekeeper. The vase of flowers upon the neatly laid tea table, the work basket tied with red ribbons and filled with gay wools, the kitten curled up in an arm chair, all spoke of her presence. One felt at a glance that the mistress of this room was young, — and pretty, with the kind of prettiness that means youth and grace and light-heartedness.

"There, puss, you have slept long enough," said the girl, perching the white kitten on her shoulder. "Some-

body is coming to sit in that chair,—somebody I love, pussy, better than all the world. Come now, we'll make his tea so he won't scold us for being so idle. O, there he comes now, and we'll do nothing until we have had a kiss."

The rector, a little breathless from the climb up the hill, was talking cheerfully as he opened the gate, and his companion, a tall, strongly built man, was watching him with pleased interest.

"So it ended by my staying here and making myself very contented," said the rector. Then he looked up and saw his daughter standing among the honeysuckle blossoms, with the white kitten upon her shoulder.

"Ah, Margaret! there you are wondering why I am so late. I have brought a visitor to make my peace. Captain Stanton, my daughter will tell you how rare and how welcome a visitor is under our roof."

"A friend of my father's is always welcome," said the girl, her face expressing the curiosity and surprise she felt.

"Scarcely worthy yet the name of friend; merely a debtor to your father's kindness," said the visitor, smiling into the questioning face.

"Captain Stanton's ship is the fine merchantman we saw coming in yesterday," said the rector, "and he is likely to be detained here longer than he likes. You will have to try the shooting; Captain,—that is our only amusement."

The Captain did not look particularly discontented with this delay, as he sat in the twilight room, watching his young hostess make tea and put the last touches to the simple meal.

He was a ruddy, tawny-haired Englishman, and with frank blue eyes and a ready, honest smile. He had loved the sea, and lived upon it, since his boyhood. Home he had never known, and of all women he stood in no little awe. When the rector had invited him to go home with him, he had somehow overlooked the fact

that his home undoubtedly included feminine belongings. Still a man might be worse employed than in watching the rector's daughter make tea, and certainly that beverage would not have been improved had the reverend gentleman made it himself.

In the next few days Captain Stanton learned that many commonplace things grew interesting viewed from the standpoint of the cosy parlor where Margaret presided over her homely duties with such cheerful energy. Flowers, for instance, had always seemed pretty, useless things to the bluff sailor,—a garden full of them not to be compared to the beauty of the salt spray fretting the crest of a blue sea-wave. But when Margaret parted the pea vines clustering over the fence to set her plump elbows on the top rail, and bring her face on a level with the red and purple blossoms, somehow he felt he had never before appreciated the beauty of pea vines. When the same young woman showed tears in her eyes because a stray cow had browsed on her pet rose bush and spoiled all the buds, this unreasonable son of the sea felt arise in his breast a strange envy of rose bushes that were dear enough to be wept over. As to walks in the forest!—he had never imagined that anything quite disconnected from the sea could be so delightful.

These revelations reached Captain Stanton with wonderful rapidity, for his good ship had not lain in port a week before he began to dread the day when the busy sawmill would have gorged her with lumber, and her captain would have to return to his first love, the sea. Not that he was untrue to this first love,—not yet; only delays are sometimes pleasant as well as dangerous.

It was in the second week of Captain Stanton's stay that, striding hastily up the tortuous village street, he met the rector's daughter just emerging from a small store, over whose door was a roughly painted sign bearing the words



MRS. MARY STEWART,

*Groceries, Tobacco, Candy, Logging Boots.*

Miss Margaret was looking very grave as she came down the four steps that brought her to the level of the road, and found herself face to face with the Captain.

"Would you mind telling me which of those articles you have been investing in?" said Captain Stanton. "Is it candy? If so, I'd wash it before I ate it."

Margaret glanced up at the dingy window of the little store. "It does not look appetizing, I confess, and it is worse inside than out. Mrs. Stewart is a widow, and has had a hard struggle to feed herself and her boy, and now she is in great trouble. Her son Tom has been taught shoe-making over in Victoria, and since he came back has been making boots for the loggers, and has been doing so well. But now he has gone to drinking, and his mother is wild with grief and anxiety. I sometimes wonder why it is that sin and sorrow must find their way everywhere. One would think they would flee such a presence as *that*."

The girl pointed to the mountain. The sun was shining full upon it, reflected in dazzling brilliancy from its crest of snow. The shadows slept purple at its feet. The protest, as old as Adam's sin, darkened the girl's eyes as she looked at this miracle of nature's loveliness. Why must man suffer and sin, even in the face of such beauty as that! Margaret was stirred to the depths of her eager young soul, stirred with pity and rebellion.

Captain Stanton was quite unmoved, either by this question in the abstract or by young Tom's delinquencies in particular, but he was deeply interested by the changes in this mobile face beside him.

"I wish you could see a storm at sea," he said with more relevancy than was apparent. "This still, white mountain is always the same, but the ocean chang-

es continually, and then the crash and roar give an idea of power nothing can produce on land."

"The mountain always the same?" said the girl indignantly, "That shows how little you know about it. It is never twice the same. Sometimes it glows and palpitates as though it were forging the sunset within it. Sometimes it is so gray, and pale, and sad, it might be a ghost grieving over this lost world; and sometimes the lightning springs from its breast as though it were an angry god avenging the ingratitude of man. I have seen—O dear! there goes Tom now. I must catch him before he gets to the mill."

Without another word, Margaret bounded off down the hill, jumping lightly from stump to stump in the steep short cut she had taken to the water's edge. The sailor watched her admiringly as she waited below for the arrival of the less agile Tom, who was making his way thither by the dusty road. He was a great hulking fellow, whose blue overalls were too short for him, and his boots altogether too large. He looked with sheepish pleasure at the eager face that pleaded with him, and finally he turned back up the hill by Margaret's side. She walked with him to the door of the little shop, and gave him an encouraging nod as he went in.

"He is safe for the rest of the day if his mother does not hector him," said Margaret, rejoining Captain Stanton, "but tomorrow he will steal off again. I don't know what I am going to do about him."

"Is he your special charge? Could n't your father look after him?" asked the Captain, feeling vaguely dissatisfied that Margaret should disturb herself about such an unlikely specimen as poor Tom.

"Papa? First he'd preach him a sermon, and then he'd give him a dollar, and Tom would proceed at once to get drunk on the gift. No, papa does not get on with a sinner outside of the church

on a week day as well as I do. Papa takes the spiritual side of the case, and I the practical,—that's all I am good for," said Miss Margaret, keeping her light pace up the hill, to the serious impairment of her companion's breathing powers.

As he was quite too breathless to speak, he contented himself with thinking how much more successful rectors in general would be if supplied with such coadjutors.

"Now I am going to show you my favorite spot of all others," said the girl, stopping at last. "That fallen tree is my threshold, and this my summer parlor. Shall I play spider and invite you in? 'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.'"

She sprang over the log as she spoke, and seated herself on the fern-plumed stump that had once upheld it. A little open grassy space was about them, walled in by fir trees. Wild strawberries carpeted it in every nook, pressing snowy blossoms close against ripening fruit. Moss and ferns clustered in exquisite greenery at the roots of the trees, athwart whose branches the sun shot golden lances.

"I bring my work here summer afternoons, and weave myself wonderful romances, when I have nothing better to do with my idle thoughts. I keep an enchanted knight in the depths of that forest, and I watch for the fairy princess to pass on her way to deliver him. Some day I shall be tempted to go in search of him myself. Do you have such ferns as those in England?"

Margaret, fanning herself with her hat, leaning her small head against a brown tree trunk, looked up into her companion's eyes, and met there what made her look down suddenly at the strawberries blooming at her feet.

"I don't like to think of England just now, it seems so far away," said the young man. "Will you gather me some ferns to take there with me?"

"Could n't you gather them yourself?" asked willful Margaret; but she began picking a dainty bouquet, arranging them carefully. Yes, England did seem a long way off,—she never had thought of it before.

"Do you often have storms on your way out?" she asked presently. "And is your ship very—strong?"

The Captain laughed gaily, with a sudden increase of color in his ruddy face.

"There's not a better craft afloat; and as for weather, we take it as it comes, sometimes good, and sometimes bad. Any kind of weather is good enough for me if it is not complicated with rocks. The sea and the sky alone will do no ship harm. But it's a long way to England, and a year must pass before I can hope to be back again. Do you think you can remember me that long, Miss Margaret?"

"When you come back I will tell you," said Margaret, with a smile, and the sailor seemed satisfied.

The summer days reached and passed their greatest length before Captain Stanton's ship was ready to depart. The snowy berry blossoms bore fruit, which was gathered and eaten in the rector's parlor, or under the shade of the honeysuckle vines. The fields of corn in the gracious valley grew to billowy greenness, tossed by wooing breezes. The snow upon the mountain's head shrank a little, showing dark blotches, where water-rent chasms yawned. The little rills that fed the ferns on every hillside lost their babbling voices, and only dripped from rock to rock. The Sound was so calm, so supernally blue, that storm, and cold, and winter, seemed gone forever, and scarcely to be remembered.

In the ivy-garlanded church the good rector preached at his listless little flock, and helped them more in one week day by his example than in a year of Sunday sermons. He loved his simple people, and went in and out among them as a father; but they every one stood in awe



of the rector's gown. It made them conscious of their many backslidings, and convicted them of being miserable sinners. Still they took courage when the rector's daughter passed their way. Her smile made even goodness seem easy to them for the moment. But alas! she passed on, and then duty seemed as difficult and unattractive as before.

So, at least, thought poor good-for-nothing Tom, who spent his sober moments in revolving high things, and his tipsy hours in doing low ones. "If Miss Margaret were always by, he would be safe," said Tom, falling into that weakness common to mankind of putting the possible as a consequence of the impossible. Widow Stewart wept and bemoaned herself incessantly, and left her windows unwashed and her shop undusted. She, too, had an impossible "if" before her possible virtues.

Margaret's young energy was not to be daunted by these discouragements. There was nothing passive in the girl's nature, despite her training in this western wild, where a stubborn patience marked the people. "It is stupid to call things inevitable, and sit down helplessly to bear them. Fight against fate, even if you die fighting," she said. And so she set herself to right Widow Stewart's wrongs.

It was the Sunday before Captain Stanton's ship was to sail away. The afternoon service was over; the rector, his daughter, and the young sailor (very down-hearted today, and subject to long silences), were loitering in the garden under the grim bell-tower, watching the small congregation scattering up hill or down to their homes.

The rector had bared his head to the evening breeze, and with his hands behind him walked slowly, content with all the world. The bees dashing clumsily against the heavy heads of the roses, made the only sound in the little garden until Margaret spoke out suddenly:

"Captain Stanton, I have a favor to ask of you."

"I am so glad if there is anything I can do for you, Miss Margaret," said the young man eagerly.

"Tom Stewart has all his life wanted to be a sailor, but his mother never would consent. He thinks now it would make a man of him to get away from his old associations. Couldn't you take him on your ship, Captain Stanton, and look after him a little?"

"Well, Miss Margaret, if Tom can't be a man on land, there's not much hope of his being one at sea; but if you want to try the experiment, of course I can manage it. It will be a good thing to have the fellow where he will cause you no more anxiety."

"What does his mother say, Margaret?" asked the rector.

"She will consent to anything now that she thinks is for Tom's good. I believe if she made his home more cheerful, Tom would find it possible to do better here. But she begins to cry as soon as he puts his head in at the door, and reproaches him with his bad ways. I begin to think that good temper and soap and water are the essence of Christianity. That is not in the prayer book, papa, but it ought to be."

"Am I to apply those remedies to Tom's case when I get him off to sea?" asked the Captain laughing; then added gravely, "I'll do what I can for him for your sake, Miss Margaret."

"And all this winter you can imagine me comforting Mrs. Stewart as best I can, and helping her watch for news of the Sea Bird. I will read up in nautical matters, so as to make my conversation interesting to her."

"And will you feel interested in the Sea Bird only for Tom's sake?" asked the sailor eagerly. "I shall be tempted to take to evil ways myself if that is the only road to your thoughts. Have you no good wish for the Sea Bird's captain, Miss Margaret?"

The girl did not answer. She had stopped by a tall rose bush, and was pulling a red blossom to pieces.

"When the Sea Bird comes back from her long journey, will you promise to take passage in her for England?" asked the Captain.

"And leave papa here alone? O, no!" said Margaret.

"But suppose he goes too?"

"Ah then! — perhaps," said Margaret, scattering the red rose leaves on the breeze.

It was a golden summer day when the Sea Bird sailed away over the gleaming blue water. Margaret climbed the long ladder that led from the rectory garden to the top of the rude bell-tower. There, leaning against the bell, she watched the sails lessening upon the horizon. Her loyal love followed the ship as it bore her sweetheart over the sea.

"When the strawberries bloom in the valley I shall watch for his coming again; until then I have plenty to do," she thought, with just a moment's fear as she remembered the great waste of water to be traversed ere then. But hope soon drove out fear.

The short summer of the north ripens fast. It has reached its full fruition when September days begin to shorten. The ash trees are tasseled with berries, vivid flaming scarlet, which glowed with the palpitating radiance of a furnace fire. The salal berries are downy purple against their crimsoning leaves. The star-vine creeps across every path, and hangs its fairy festoons from each drooping twig. Bright-eyed squirrels sit among the fir trees, raining down a shower of russet leaves from the cones they are robbing of their seed. There is no wind, and yet the forest trees bend their heads together and whisper complainingly, as though discussing the change that soon awaits them. And the winter always comes too soon; neither the squirrels nor the beautiful dying

foliage ever seem to be quite ready for him; when lo, fog swirls up from the sea, the wind buffets the groaning trees, and the snow wraps all the woodland. Then even Margaret, bravest and most cheerful of her sex, found the short days all too long, and the mud and rain very dreary.

Much of the time even the mill was silent, and the mountain streams dashed with ceaseless iteration of purling swish, to meet the turbid waters of the Sound. The mud in the village street would have been fathomless but for the steep grade that sent it slowly downward to swamp the few houses clustering about the pier. Roaring fires of pine bark lit to cheerful warmth the inside of the wooden houses, and gave cause for thankfulness that where skies were so unpropitious fuel was abundant. The mountain disappeared for weeks together, and when the wind stirred and rent its shroud of mist, it was seen to shine and dazzle like a pearl from the jeweled wall fashioned by heavenly architects. Nothing earthly could be so supremely white. When Margaret awoke on winter mornings her first thought was always of the mountain. She sprang from her bed and drew aside her curtain to see if it were visible. It was always something to hope for and expect in a life that was absolutely without events. She dated all her happenings from the day she saw the mountain last.

Mrs. Stewart in her dingy little shop left the mountain quite out of her calculations, and drew her dates from Margaret's coming. She began to look for tidings before the Sea Bird had been gone a week, and always greeted her young visitor with an eager inquiring for news. In vain Margaret showed her the map, and explained that the Sea Bird would not touch land till she reached South America; she always felt that Tom might manage to write somehow.

Margaret would vary the conversations about Tom's youth by reading her



stories of marine adventure, culled from the weekly paper; and she even began "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," but found that acted disastrously on the widow's nerves, for she imagined Tom subjected to all the perils therein described. Many a stormy afternoon the girl spent thus, easing the burden of anxiety that sat so heavy on the elder woman; and coming out of the shop before the short day had waned, would bend her strong young limbs to climb the hill to where the gray waste of waters lay before her, mist-bound, illimitable. Thus her hopeful gaze lay upon one arm of the great ocean whose farther waves floated the Sea Bird.

When the winter was half over letters at last found their way to this far northern hamlet. Tom's scrawl came enclosed in the Captain's neat epistle, so Margaret had the pleasure of delivering it to Mrs. Stewart, and sitting by the stove in the shop to discuss its contents. Tom's letter was comprehensive but not diffusive. He had been sea-sick at first, but had outlived such folly; was very well, and considered himself quite cured of his hankering for the social glass.

The Captain's letter was in its way quite as satisfactory as Tom's. Margaret seemed to consider it worth several readings, and finally laid it away in a little jewel case which had been her mother's, and which contained her especial treasures. She had no need to read it again, for every word was written in her heart.

This healthy mountain maiden was no sentimentalist. She had her day-dreams, but they coursed their way through her pretty head while she busied herself cheerfully with the homely duties of ministering to the rector's comforts. His mutton never was underdone or his hearth unswept because his daughter had found a lover. She simply thought all life sweeter and home dearer for her love's sake.

The tardy spring was still loitering on her northward way when Margaret was

brought face to face with her old question about sin and sorrow. The snow had melted, and here and there faint touches of green were seen on the hill-side. March was still blustering his way across the earth, but winter's rule was plainly broken. There was new life in the air, and a suggestion in the very silence of the buds waiting to burst and flowers to blossom. The sod seemed to Margaret to stir with rootlets beginning to creep; she trod lightly lest she weigh them down with her foot. The weekly mail was in, and she was going for her father's share.

The post-mistress, who kept her office in the corner of a grocery store, handed her a little pile of letters and papers. She hurried homeward, knowing how the rector prized the news from the busy world he was so willing to leave. She would make his tea for him while he sat by the lamp, reading aloud occasionally an item that pleased him.

She laid the letters and papers on the table to await his coming, for he was out when she reached home. The twilight lay green against the sky; the fire filled the pleasant room with restless shadows. Margaret sat with her white cat in her arms, listening to the kettle's cheerful song, and waiting until the darkness should make the lighting of the lamp a necessity and not a willful waste; for she was learned in all house-keeping economies. A minister's daughter in a western village is well practiced in the art of living on the smallest possible income.

The rector came in at last, brisk and cheerful.

"I've been over the hill to Carter's, a five mile walk," he said. "That poor lame boy is very sick. The locust and ash trees are beginning to bud; in another week the forest will be dry enough for you to walk. Spring is near at hand, little girl; almost time for more letters." He smiled fondly at his daughter as he spoke, watching the fire-light gilding her

bright hair, and outlining her graceful young figure.

"Not for a month yet, papa; but that seems a short time after so much waiting. I'll light your lamp now, and give you a chance to read the papers I brought in."

The rector settled himself in his old arm-chair with a sigh of satisfaction; the pleasantest hour of the week was before him. Margaret came and went, setting the tea table, and saying a caressing word occasionally to the white kitten upon her shoulder. All her duties were pleasant and interesting to this simple-hearted girl. It was a sudden exclamation from her father that arrested her steps as she put the last dish on the table. He was looking at her over his paper, his face very white.

"O Margaret! my darling child!" was what he said involuntarily.

Margaret took the paper hastily from his hand, and read with dilating eyes the paragraph to which he pointed. The *Sea Bird* had sunk in sight of the shores of England, and her captain with ten of the crew were drowned.

The light reeled and darkened to Margaret's eyes.

"I think I must have air; let me go into the garden a moment, Papa," she said, pushing away his loving hand.

The stars were shining overhead; the tree-tower stood up in black outlines against the purple sky; the leafless bushes rustled in the wind. The girl leaned against the bare fence where the pea vines had blossomed when *he* had stood beside her.

The captain and ten of his crew! Was Tom of the number? Even in this first moment of pain the girl had pity for the poor mother.

Margaret never knew how she lived through the next two months. She persuaded her father to say nothing to Mrs.

Stewart of the news they had received, until they could ascertain whether Tom were among the lost. The widow would thus be saved the agony of uncertainty. She kept to her room, and sent Mrs. Stewart word that she was sick; but the anxious mother sent to enquire at the rectory for tidings whenever the mail came in.

Spring had burst over this northern hamlet in transcendent loveliness before the suspense was ended. Margaret was in the garden pruning her roses,—for she had quite re-adjusted herself to her daily duties; she was too perfectly healthy for inactivity. The rector came in from the village, a little breathless with haste and excitement. His daughter knew before he spoke that he brought her news. He put his arm around her tenderly.

"Margaret, Tom has come, and he confirms all our evil tidings. I would have brought him to you, dear, but he was too drunk to walk."

Margaret put her hands before her eyes and cried out bitterly. This worthless lad was spared to break his mother's heart with a fate worse than death, and her brave, manly lover lay under the sea! Once more the girl felt stir within her that questioning of fate that has torn so many hearts. Why was right not might? Why must virtue suffer and vice prosper?

Over against the sunset sky the mountain gleamed in robes of amethyst and ruby. About its lofty head clustered a flotilla of fleecy clouds, garlanded with gold. It looked down upon the darkening valley untouched by shadow. Across its unmoved beauty seemed written the only answer to this heart-wrung questioning,—

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

*Franklina Gray Bartlett.*



## THE SAGE-BRUSH REBELLION.

CIVIL war and rebellion against constituted authorities have not been confined to any age, race, nor particular political division of the terrestrial ball. Since Lucifer raised the standard of revolt against the throne of the Almighty, and with his legion of rebellious angels was

Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition,

the Prince of Darkness has not failed of many imitators. Gods have warred against gods, and demi-gods against demi-gods, while we poor mortals have imitated them in their belligerent ways in all their dips, spurs, angles, and sinuosities, from the family row to onset of the embattled hosts of nations. Man is a pugnacious animal. His ears are entrenched with bumps of combativeness, and love of self gives the extreme northwest corner of his cranium an amplitude and prominence which are the despair of the hatter. Happily, his combativeness is one of repulsion rather than aggression. If let alone, either in his individual or collective relations, he is peaceable and harmless; but infringe his rights, insult his dignity, or endeavor to assume obnoxious and disputed authority over him, and his latent pugnacity comes to the surface as promptly as the odor of a stirred pool. It is when he is on his native heath repelling the ruthless invader that he is at his best, and it is in this character I desire to introduce him to the reader, in the person of the valiant Sage-brusher, striking stalwart blows in defense of what he deemed his rights, and making a castle of his log cabin.

It will surprise many to learn that there was once open rebellion against

the authority, peace, and dignity of the great State of California, and that the residents of that fair land of sage which rolls away in gray vistas from the marshy banks of Honey Lake, were once in arms against the lawful authorities of the State as represented in the persons of the sheriff of Plumas County and that most dreadfully sounding thing, a *posse comitatus*. Yet such was the case; and for fear that some zealous Saul might be stirred up by this intelligence to persecute these contumacious rebels, I hasten to add that the "unpleasantness" occurred nearly thirty years ago, and that the rebels are now and for many years have been most excellent and worthy citizens, — such, at least, as have not crossed the dark flood, full of years and honors.

Honey Lake valley, because it lay north of the Carson and Truckee routes, and south of the ill-fated Lassen road, escaped the attention of the Argonauts of 1849 and 1850. It is generally believed that the first party of white men to penetrate that region was a company of prospectors led by a man named Noble, in the spring of 1851. They crossed the mountains to Honey Lake by the way of Noble's Pass, and then returned to the Sacramento valley. Noble was strongly impressed with the value of the pass as an immigrant route to the head of the Sacramento valley. He went to Shasta, then the chief town in northern California, and impressed his views upon the business men of that lively place, showing them what a benefit to them commercially would be a new route across the Sierras, terminating in Shasta, then the base of supplies for the Trinity and Siskiyou mines. They saw the point, raised a subscription, and hired Noble and a party of men

to go to the Humboldt, and divert as many immigrants as possible from the Carson trail to the new route by Noble's Pass.

They reached the Humboldt in August, 1852, and soon encountered a long train of immigrants, among whom were several "49ers" who had gone back the previous year and were now returning. These men were familiar with the sufferings of immigrants in previous years, who had left the regular trail to try some new "cut off," at the solicitation of interested parties; and no sooner did Noble broach the subject of a new route, than they became highly indignant. They not only refused to try the new route themselves, but threatened violence to the Shasta men if they persisted in their efforts to prevail upon the unsophisticated immigrants to do so. Nevertheless, a few wagons left the train, and were quickly and safely piloted through Honey Lake valley and Noble's Pass to Shasta. For several years thereafter agents were stationed at the junction of this route with the old overland trail, and succeeded in sending many immigrants over this road and into the northern mines.

In 1853 Isaac N. Roop, then postmaster at Shasta, went out with a few companions, for the purpose of opening trade with immigrants. Roop located a land claim, one mile square, at the head of Honey Lake valley, and posted a notice on the property. No actual settlement was made, but in the summer of 1854 Isaac N. Roop, Ephraim Roop, William McNall, Captain William Weatherwax, and several others went into the valley with a load of merchandise and supplies, and built a rough, one-story log cabin, 20 x 20 feet in size, and roofed it with shakes.

It is unnecessary for the purposes of this narrative to follow the steps by which the valley became settled. Suffice it to say, that by the spring of 1856 there were a sufficient number of people

living in the valley to render some kind of government a necessity.

The exact location of Honey Lake valley was a matter of doubt. A majority of the settlers believed it to lie without the limits of California, and consequently under the jurisdiction of Utah, which then included that portion of the "Great American Desert" now constituting the State of Nevada, as fertile a land as the sun shines upon when provided with life-giving water. They knew that the eastern boundary line of California was 120° of west longitude, but having no means at hand for ascertaining the exact location of the line, they guessed at it—and guessed wrong. The summit ridge of the mountains to the west of them formed a natural barrier between Honey Lake valley and the rest of California, and they conceived the idea that what seemed to be designated by nature as the boundary line was so in fact, and that the valley lay beyond the limits of California, and without the jurisdiction of Plumas County, of which it would otherwise have formed a part. They were east of the Sierra summits, which with their drifts of snow cut them off for months at a time from all communication with the people living on the other side; and they naturally felt that they were a community separate and apart from those in California. These considerations moved them to meet in convocation, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1856, and create a new Territory, where-in they might have a seat of government accessible at all seasons of the year.

The people assembled at the Roop house to the number of twenty, and elected Mr. Roop secretary, and Peter Lassen president. Lassen's name is familiar to all old Californians. He was the pioneer settler of the Upper Sacramento valley long before gold was discovered, and Lassen's ranch was a land-mark in that region. His name is perpetuated in that of the snow-crowned volcanic peak which overlooks his old



settlement, as well as the county which these Honey Lakers finally succeeded in establishing.

This convention declared a Territory, with boundaries extending from longitude 117° to 120°, and latitude 38½° to 42°, which they christened "Natauqua," (the Pah-ute for "woman"). They adopted a meager code of laws, chiefly for the regulation of land claims, water rights, and public roads, and designated Isaac Roop recorder and Peter Lassen surveyor, the only officials chosen. The new territory embraced an area of 50,000 square miles, including all of the present Nevada counties of Roop, Washoe, Storey, Ormsby, Lyon, Douglas, Churchill, and Humboldt, and portions of Esmeralda, Nye, and Lander, as well as a portion of El Dorado, Alpine, and Mono, in California. It is amusing now to think of those twenty men meeting in that little, out-of-the-way nook of civilization, and forming a Territory of such vast dimensions; the more so when we call to mind the fact that there were then living in Washoe, Eagle, and Carson valleys and Gold Cañon, enough people to outnumber them twenty to one, who were not consulted in this disposition of themselves; and the further fact that not one of this score of law-makers lived within the boundaries they themselves set for the new territory, since the 120th meridian runs to the east of Honey Lake. Of course, these paradoxical circumstances arose from the prevailing ignorance of the geography of the country lying east of the Sierra Nevadas, and the founders of Natauqua neither intended to include those unknown settlers so far to the southward, nor to exclude themselves. They were simply forming a government for their own protection, and made the boundaries sufficiently wide to give ample elbow room.

Natauqua had a brief existence of about one year. Before the year 1857 drew to its close, the grand territorial

scheme of the Natauquans had vanished. The rapid settlement of the valley had attracted the attention of the Plumas authorities, and they began to take official notice of it. So long as it was merely a matter of a few people more or less no attention was paid to them, but as soon as they had property to be taxed things wore a different aspect. On the fourth of August the Board of Supervisors of Plumas County extended its jurisdiction over that region by creating it Honey Lake township, and appointed justices and constables. An indignation meeting was at once called, which was held on the twenty-ninth of August, and was attended by thirty-two men, a majority of the actual settlers of the valley. Several "whereas-es" and resolutions were passed, the gist of which was that they considered the action of the Plumas authorities an "unwarrantable assumption of power," as they did not consider the "valley in the State of California"; that they would "resist the action" of the authorities of Plumas County, and pledged themselves "by all we hold sacred to assist and aid each other in resisting any infringement of our rights."

Three committees were appointed: one to "correspond with the authorities of Plumas County," and "to hold meetings when necessary," one to confer with the people of Carson valley on the subject of a new Territory, and one to wait upon Doctor Fredonger, one of the justices that had been appointed, and "politely inform him that the people of the valley can dispense with his services." A committee of the whole was invested with the delicate duty of visiting "the place of voting on election day," to "prevent the polls being opened."

At this time representatives of the valley were at Genoa, in Carson valley, where a mass meeting was held on the eighth of August, of which Isaac N. Roop, the leading citizen of Honey Lake, was one of the vice presidents.

There was no question as to the geo-

graphical location of Carson and Washoe valleys. They were beyond the limits of California, and under the jurisdiction of the Mormon government of Utah. They were separated from the seat of authority at Salt Lake City by miles of alkali desert and barren mountains, and what little governmental action reached them came from a Mormon fountain, and was distasteful to them. As early as November 12, 1851, the citizens met and adopted a code of laws, and framed a petition to Congress for a territorial government. But little attention was paid to them by the Utah authorities until the spring of 1855, when, having created the county of Carson, the legislature appointed Orson Hyde, a Mormon elder, probate judge, and sent him out to organize the county. A great many Mormons had settled in Washoe, Eagle, and Carson valleys, and enough more came that year to give them a majority at the election in September. They obtained full control of the county government, greatly to the displeasure of the other settlers. This was the situation of affairs when they were generously incorporated into the ambitious territory of Natauqua by a little handful of settlers in Honey Lake valley.

Early in 1857, owing to the trouble then existing between the Mormons and the United States government, Brigham Young called the faithful back to Utah, to resist the invasion by the United States forces under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston. So many responded to the summons that the Gentiles were left in the majority, and so continue to the present day.

It was after the hegira of the faithful to the Vale of Deseret, that the mass meeting referred to was held at Genoa. Resolutions were passed, appointing Judge James M. Crane delegate to Washington, to present a memorial to Congress for the creation of a new Territory in the Nevada basin. Of the executive committee of twenty-eight then ap-

pointed five were from Honey Lake, including Major Roop and Peter Lassen. In the memorial were some very absurd and exaggerated statements, among others that "the valleys numbered from two hundred to two hundred and fifty, and range in size from ten to one hundred miles in length. They are all alluvial, and are the best grazing and agricultural lands on this continent." This was quite a claim to make for the Great American Desert, and no doubt quite took away the breath of the ignorant Congressman. The peculiar situation of Honey Lake valley was stated in the following language:

There are some portions of the Great Basin of this continent claimed by the State of California, in which reside a considerable number of people who, in the winter time, can have no connection with it. This is the case with those who reside in Honey Lake valley. That valley lies east of the Sierra Nevadas, and within the Great Basin, and from this cause the people living in it have no intercourse with other parts of the State during the rainy season for nearly four months every year. They therefore naturally belong to the eastern side of the Sierra Nevadas, and on this account they desire to join us in this movement. If they are forced to remain with California they can never know anything about the affairs of that State during the whole time its legislature may be in session. It is therefore folly, and worse than folly, to attach the people of this valley to a State about which they know nothing, and care nothing for one-third of the year, and that third the most important part of it to them.

Judge Crane's labors in Washington, unremitting and indefatigable as they were, utterly failed, and he returned empty-handed to his constituents.

To tide over the expected delay in organizing a new Territory, the citizens of Honey Lake met in mass meeting, February 13, 1858, and adopted a brief code of laws for the regulation of titles to land, water rights, and legal disputes of all kinds, to take the place of the obsolete laws of Natauqua. Thus matters progressed for nearly two years. On the eighteenth of July, 1859, a convention assembled at Genoa, for the purpose of framing a constitution and establish-



ing a provisional territorial government. Twelve delegates were present from Honey Lake, with proxies enough to raise their total vote to sixteen. A constitution was adopted for a territory practically the same as the present State of Nevada, including however Honey Lake valley and all other portions of California east of the summit of the Sierras. An election for delegates had been held six days before, at which Honey Lake valley cast 84 votes in a total of 817. Another election was held on the seventh of November, at which the constitution was ratified by the people, and territorial officers were elected. The leading office fell to this section by the election of Isaac N. Roop as Governor "by a large majority," as his certificate says.

Governor Roop qualified on the thirteenth of December, being the only officer who did so. The territorial assembly met at Genoa on the same day, and the members were advised by the Governor to await the action of Congress before doing anything. They passed some spirited resolutions, and adjourned until the next July, at which time they failed to reassemble.

It was two years before Congress finally created Nevada Territory, by act of March 2, 1861, and by that time the great rush to the Comstock mines had given that section a population which completely overshadowed the little settlement around Honey Lake. The limits of the territory, as defined in the act, embraced Honey Lake valley; but by a special clause there was excepted any portion of California which might be included, until that State should give its assent. Thus was Honey Lake valley placed in the anomalous position of being included in a new territory while yet a portion of an old commonwealth. Nevertheless, the people sent representatives to the territorial legislature, but failed to elect county officers until the fall of 1862.

Allefforts to have California relinquish her right to this region failed. The Nevada legislature employed John F. Kidder and Butler Ives to survey the boundary line, but this survey was ignored by the California authorities. There was a complication farther south which did much to induce the California people to hold on to Honey Lake. The town of Aurora was claimed by both California and Nevada, and was the county seat of two counties, Esmeralda and Mono. At the last election a double set of officers were elected, the rival polls being on opposite sides of the street. The Kidder survey placed Aurora in Nevada, as it afterwards proved to be by a more official survey of the boundary line.

In December, 1862, for the purpose of forcing the issue, the Nevada legislature reorganized Lake County, creating the county of Roop. Governor James W. Nye commissioned the officers who had been elected in September, and appointed John S. Ward probate judge. District Judge Gordon N. Mott went to Susanville, and held a term of court. For several years justices of the peace had held office in Honey Lake valley, their official bonds being filed in the office of the clerk of Plumas County, in Quincy. The action of the Nevada authorities soon precipitated a conflict of authority, and resulted in a state of hostility known in Plumas County as the "Sage-brush Rebellion."

Among the justices of the peace for Plumas County in the Honey Lake district was William J. Young; and the probate judge elected for Roop County, Hon. John S. Ward, issued an injunction restraining him from performing any official act. Young failed to respect this mandate, and Ward fined him one hundred dollars for contempt of court. An injunction was then issued by Hon. E. T. Hogan, the county judge of Plumas, directing Judge Ward and William H. Naileigh, the sheriff of Roop County, to

refrain from exercising the functions of their offices in Honey Lake valley. This brought matters to a head with a rush, for the enjoined officials paid no heed to Judge Hogan's mandate, and the outraged court issued a warrant for their arrest for contempt.

Armed with the warrant, on the fifth of February, 1863, Sheriff E. D. Pierce and his deputy, James Byers, proceeded from Quincy to Susanville, where they were met with an injunction from Judge Ward's court, which they declined to obey. On the contrary, Pierce arrested Naileigh, and started with his prisoner for Quincy. Byers followed a few hours later with Judge Ward, but was met by Governor Roop and seven others, all armed, and compelled to turn back.

Byers sent a messenger to overtake Pierce and inform him of the rescue, and the latter having found it impracticable to take his prisoner across the mountains, owing to the deep snow which had fallen, paroled him and returned to the ranch where Byers and the others were. Here he became convinced that the Honey Lakers were determined to resist his authority, and that he would require a larger posse to enforce it. He determined to cross the mountains at all hazards, and summon assistance. The perilous trip was made in safety, and ninety men responded to his call for aid, who floundered through the deep snow, and reached Susanville on the thirteenth.

Meanwhile, the rebellious subjects of Plumas had not been idle. They fortified Roop's old log house, which has since been known as "Fort Defiance," and still stands in an orchard on the borders of Susanville. Seventy-five men, fully armed for defense, occupied the fort and awaited the coming of the enemy, having been assembled by Naileigh, who issued a proclamation calling upon all good citizens to aid him in executing the law, and putting down insurrection, as he officially called the effort of Pierce to arrest himself and Ward. Both par-

ties were determined. When Pierce approached with his posse, the garrison in the log fort sent out a flag of truce, and laid off lines, beyond which they warned him not to advance. A whole day was spent in useless negotiation, and then on Sunday, the fifteenth, Pierce and forty men took possession of an old barn about two hundred yards from the fort.

This was a hostile movement, and the men in the fort warned him to vacate on pain of being fired upon. Pierce had not gone there with the intention of vacating. On the contrary, he began to fortify the place by using the floor and sleepers for barricades and defenses. A huge stick of hewn timber lay about a hundred feet from the barn, and W. W. Kellogg took five men and endeavored to haul it into the barn with a rope. They were greeted with a volley from the fort, William Bradford falling with a shattered thigh. The others drew the stick into the barn, and then Kellogg returned for Bradford, bravely carrying him in while serving as a target for the bullets of the Honey Lakers. For about four hours the opposing parties maintained a sharpshooters' battle, during which Judge Ward and one other of the Honey Lake party were slightly wounded.

Active hostilities were terminated by the interference of citizens of Susanville, who were not taking an active part on either side. A deputation of these peaceably inclined citizens visited both the barn and the log fort, under cover of a flag of truce, and arranged a cessation of hostilities until five o'clock, which was subsequently extended until nine the next morning.

During the continuance of the armistice, reinforcements continued to arrive at the fort, and a messenger reached Sheriff Pierce with the intelligence that another posse of one hundred men would reach him in a few days.

The prospects for a bloody battle were good, but before morning a truce



was arranged, and the next day the opposing parties met in Susanville to arrange definite terms of peace. Sheriff Pierce proposed that a committee of four, two from each party, be selected to draw up a statement of the difficulty and present it to the governors of Nevada and California, urging them to a speedy settlement of the boundary question; and that the two hostile sheriffs disband their posses and return to their homes to await the decision of the State authorities, neither party exercising jurisdiction in the valley. This proposal was unanimously agreed to, the committee was appointed, and the Plumas invaders again made the dangerous passage of the mountains to their homes in Indian and American valleys. News of the treaty of peace reached the party on the way to reinforce Pierce, while they were with great difficulty and labor slowly dragging through the snow a small cannon, to be used in the reduction of Fort Defiance. They returned with their artillery to Quincy, where a few months later in more joyous mood it opened its metal lips in celebration of the fall of Vicksburg.

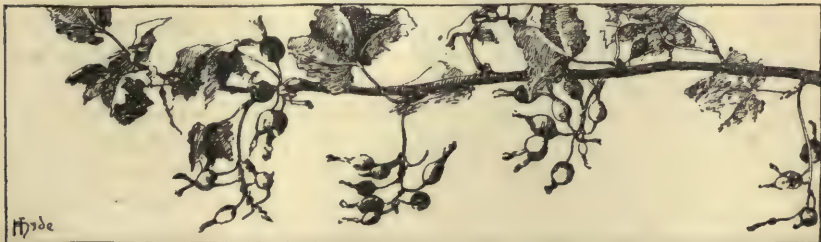
The committee drew up an impartial statement of the difficulty and hostilities, which they forwarded to Governor Clemens (brother of Mark Twain), of Nevada, and Governor Stanford, of California. These two officials promptly came to an agreement, to the effect that the boundary should be jointly surveyed by both

States; that until this survey was made Plumas County should exercise jurisdiction in Honey Lake valley; and that the respective legislatures should pass laws for the transfer of judgments and to sustain all acquired rights whenever it was found that the proposed survey had removed any man from one jurisdiction to another. The California legislature passed an act directing the surveyor-general to run the boundary line, and John F. Kidder was deputed to perform the work. Governor Clemens appointed Butler Ives to represent Nevada in the survey.

Commencing at the intersection of the 120th meridian with the 39th parallel, the only definite point in the eastern boundary of California, they surveyed the line northward to the Oregon line, passing east of Honey Lake, conclusively settling the fact that the contumacious Honey Lakers were by right citizens of Plumas County. They accepted the situation, and continued to discharge their obligations locally, until in the fullness of time the county of Lassen was created, with Susanville as the county seat, and they enjoyed the benefits of "home rule" on their own side of the mountains.

The remainder of Roop County, having but a small and scattered population of stockmen, has remained a sort of "no man's land" ever since, having no county government, but receiving annually the friendly visits of the assessor and tax collector of Washoe County.

*H. L. Wells.*



## BELLEBOO.

## IX.

WHEN Hal arrived at the Emsminger tavern, Ca'line, he learned, was at the schoolhouse. He found the gnawed and hacked door partially open, and the sunlight played on the torn, broken floor, literally punched and ground away by coarse boot-heels and the silent persuasion of tough little bare feet. At the desk Ca'line was seated. Her soul seemed to have been absorbed by her school. If her quiet eyes shone and her cool pink cheeks reddened warmly, it was when "school" was the topic. She said she liked the children and the work, but that was n't it. Ca'line was proud. She was admitted now to all the Kentucky households. She passed anywhere if she chose; she did n't always choose. She toiled no more in her father's kitchen about the wool and tow. Her red hands were blanched somewhat, and there was more than one circuit rider who paused on his circuits to muse a little about Ca'line. The proudest woman in that district felt herself almost too humble to marry a minister. She knew about these circuit riders and their meditations, perhaps. Ca'line really exulted in all this. It was the school work had brought it to her; so she liked to be at work about the school, and she appeared to be when Pete came in.

"I come, Miss Ca'line, 'bout er leetle mattah er business w'at I'se spectelatin' at de present time. Hit am 'bout Marse Hal. Marse Hal, he doan' know ef I come, and he whop me ef he know, an' ef ye jes' hides in de bresh dese times, — jes' lays low, — dat'll much 'bleege me, 'case I'se 'stracted. A po' free nig-gah doan' know nuffin, he hain't nobody, an' he jes' axes some pussen w'at do, an' dat's you."

His rapidity and directness held Ca'line's attention at once. She forgot immediately his red shirt and beaver hat. He went on to say that Belleboo, as a rule, wanted no outsider to chink its cabin walls; that the Somers men were men to be leaned upon, not to lean. But Hal had been a boy once, a sort of wood's colt that nobody had an opportunity to train but a certain trashy black man who had failed. There had always been devils at old Bellevue, and very successful devils, and they had tried to lead poor boy astray, — just *tried*. He had shot a man in Kentucky, and his scruples were preying upon him, — womanish scruples imparted by his mother, — which a gentleman under the same circumstances should not entertain. It all came about so because he was a boy who ought to be yet fishing and trapping. And since a woman stood indirectly at the head of his trouble, perhaps another could sweep it out of existence.

"O," said Ca'line with a gasp, "a murder! a murder!"

"Who said dat?" Pete answered boldly. "He mought be dead, an' he mought n't. Dat ain't de pint. Hit am Marse Hal. 'T warn't no murder. Dat am a big word, — a bouncin' big word." Then he added with something like sternness, "You am his cousin."

The possible detection and punishment of Hal had been in Ca'line's mind, not the deed. She had principles, and was roughly, almost coarsely honest, like her class. She had heard all about Bellevue, but her sympathies stayed with Hal. The mountaineers of the border held savagely by their cabins. Nothing in their opinion could forfeit their ownership to the beams and logs raised with such effort, and consecrated by the smoke of the hearth through years. This



feeling was strong in Ca'line: she probably had not a thought for Dr. Gott.

If she had acted with her newly developed independence, she would have remembered how coolly Belleboo had always treated her. But she forgot that; she had dreamed pleasant dreams of Hal before she met him, and she had never quite forgotten them. She liked his reserve toward all the neighborhood, and admired mightily his predilection for work. Now that the cause of its mean results were explained to her, this conscience-diseased young man roused again all her old keen interest. She felt she must do something instantly. As she recalled how much thought she had expended on this curious phase of Hal's conduct and how much gossip it had occasioned in the Swamps, she whispered excitedly, "They mus'n't know why 'twas. His goin's on must be stopped now. They're all gittin' religion in the Swamps, an' they don't forget nothin' o' thet kind when they git religion."

But Pete could not follow her. "Co'se, co'se," he said. "Popp'liny tole him. Hit mek him feel bad, hit mek him tink, an' he say tinkin' an' troubles am picked on one stalk. De cabin am good 'nough now, an' de big house come by an' by. I's *sartin* de big house come. Dar wa'n't no time when dar war no big house."

Now that he had unloaded his burden into safe hands, he dropped his preoccupied air and returned home humming a lively hymn.

## X.

POPP'LINY'S criticism of her brother's moral tendencies had never quite passed from her brother's mind. Upon getting her books and partially satisfying her, he fancied there ought to be no further ground for criticism. But he always remained uncertain. Ca'line's observations brought it back to him. His first sen-

sation was to curse women generally for their proneness to interfere. But when he went off to the pasture, the cool grass, the cool trees, the light shadows, the playful, plump horses, — all these things calmed him.

He had grown much older in two years. He was moodily stern, but the strength in his features was not composed; it promised gustiness. He had been fond of sports; bees, cards, races, had strong charms for him. As a matter of duty, he had given them up on coming to Indiana; later as a matter of inclination. He allowed the dull routine of farm work to precede all else. He was unable to rest easily as other men did. Generally there was something to do; if not, he made work. An uneasy conscience urged him on at first; later it grew into a powerful habit.

His work was not congenial. He acknowledged to himself that he had little substance to show for it, beyond his half-housed corn. He knew it was uncongenial from his pleasure at Popp'liny's readings and dramatizations, and the reluctance with which he saw his few visitors depart. But here duty began. The men who came talked, said things that stung a man's heart; if he sat among the women he had thoughts. It was against Hal's principles to "think." Thinking was to him not a hard-headed encounter with farm problems, but with memories.

His views of Belleboo had become of the narrowest. In Kentucky he had planned its fields, its pastures, its great yard, its house angles, even its bee house. In Indiana he had decided if a man could keep clear of a mortgage, a cabin was good enough to house him.

The murder of Dr. Gott never directly troubled him. Consciences were not sensitive on such matters at that time. If they had been, he would probably still have held it was right for him to avenge a wrong that had sat upon the threshold of his existence and threatened to shadow

half, if no more, of its length. His mother had taught him man-killing was wrong; but she was not practical. There was something eccentric and needless in her fashion of scalding a milk crock. Yet the thing haunted him.

The truth was he was superstitious. He was well nigh certain, for instance, that the devil sojourned in fiddles. His mother said so, and his father disliked those instruments, and they had never been permitted about Bellevue after Squire Somers' death. He had incurred Gott's ill-will. Any rather odd misfortune he attributed to the dead man. Why was he so moody and indrawn? Where had his gay laugh and quick word gone? Why had all his plans for Belleboo fallen away to nothingness? Why was he unpopular? Why was Pete stricken so dumb? The old man worked harder and sang less, — and prayed less.

Hal had allowed himself to think of these matters only covertly. Some of them he had ceased considering altogether as time progressed, and he grew familiar and careless with them.

Poppliny's strictures stirred him, but he reflected that she was a wild child, talking to be heard. It was different with regard to Ca'line. She was slow and sure of speech. Her calm eyes seemed to see all she said as powerfully as she expressed herself. Then he looked back upon the cabin, and recalled how the wind stirred in the cracks, how the roof leaked, how the rocky path to the spring was dangerous in winter for the women. No, Ca'line had not spoken in malice. She had n't said enough. He thought she might have added that there was n't a farm in the swamps with poorer actualities.

He groaned and hid his face in his hands; he had no tears to shed this time. It was only a dull repetition of the close of many self-communings; he would go back to the cabin presently and go to bed.

Then he heard Pete coming up the

path. His face was aglow with warmth and satisfaction. Hal fell off the high fence where he had sat all the afternoon, and accompanied him back to the cabin. Popp'liny came out in a dirty calico, her bare feet briar-scratched and bruised. She came to offer her brother an infrequent caress, and as she ran on before them, Hal said abruptly, "You pray a heap now, Uncle Pete?"

The old man looked confused. "Well Marse, I — I —"

"I reckon you'd better rattle off somethin' fur Popp'liny now an then, — an' me too, p'raps. Seems 's if somethin's come over me at th' present time. — D'ye ever hearn tell o' this place bein' ha'nted?"

"Good Laud," ejaculated Pete, "who tole yer? Nobody said nuffin 'bout ha'nts when we arriv' hyar."

"I reckon tain't," muttered Hal. "Hit air *me*, — jes' ez I knowed."

## XI.

It was well Ca'line interfered when she did. All the Emsmingers were supposed to supply their lack of beauty with common sense. It was her good fortune to possess both. She was a brave little woman to undertake what she did; to handle the master's secrets, never so daintily, in his own house; to broach his faults beneath his frown; to develop a plan in which she was the main constituent, who had never been cordially welcomed at Belleboo.

She had been no farther from home than to Indianapolis, though that was considered quite an accomplishment for a Swamp girl. It had broadened her relatively only. The philosophy discussed at the supper tables in the district was not elevating. She had little indeed but native common sense — instinct — to guide her in this matter.

It was some three weeks succeeding Pete's visit ere she completed her plan. She went to Belleboo on Sunday. She



dressed carefully and made herself a cup of tea to strengthen her. Tea was a luxury, of course, and supposed to possess wonderful stimulating properties. She had figured out every word she would say to Hal, every word she imagined he could say to her, and repeated it all while riding to Belleboo.

Hal handed her out of the great Virginia rocker with a natural grace Ca'line was not prepared for. Her color fluttered and she twined her bonnet strings on her fingers.

She had always been synonymous to Hal with curly, red hair, and plump neck. His first impression had grown. He admired her independence and energy; but it was a chief and soothing — perhaps because so rare — pleasure, to study the rich harmony of her head. He noted her dilated eyes and reddened cheeks as improving new phases of this harmony, without troubling himself why they were.

She was direct at all times, and began without any preliminaries:

"Pete was down to see me 'bout three weeks ago. He was troubled in his min' an' hev been these two year, an' seein's I was the knowin'est blood-kin ye had roun' hyar he reckoned he'd come to me, an' I'm glad he hev. I reckon I'm the person ye want jes' now. Co'se I knew all 'bout Belleboo long back yonder, but he tole me ye shot the man. I'm not sayin' it war n't right or wrong. I don't blame ye much. That ain't the question. I reckoned it kinder hung on yer min', an' pestered an' frustrated ye, as I've been myself now an' then. What I hed in my min' was to set it right ef I could. I'm goin' to Kentucky in the summer — school closes then — to see some o' maw's folks. Mason won't be outen my way, thinks I. Spos'n I drap down thar an' see 'bout Mr. Gott. He may be dead, an' he may n't. Thet's for me to occupy myself with. Ef he ain't, why jes' keep outen his way. Shootin's is common. Ef he air, — I reckon work"

— she paused for some reason here and he broke out instantly.

"Work! I never quit workin', ef thet's what ye mean. I hev kep' hit up an' up. Look at my hands, corded an' knobbed an' stiffenin'. Don't they tell how 't was? Sometimes I want ter be sick. I *want* ter. Seems nothin' 'ud suit me so well's a sick spell, but I hold out. Seems ter me I'm doin' all a man kin do."

Ca'line remembered all she had said to his sister. She flushed, and was silent a moment with sympathetic pain.

"I often hear the folks remarkin' on your abilities of work. I've hearn of folks thet had sleeps, sleeps thet air sleeps, though folks aroun' ain't certain ef their sleepin'. There air sich sleeps, I *b'lieve*. Mebbe this is one. Ain't your sensations some sich?"

She paused but he did not answer, and she went on, too glad of the eager attention with which he followed. He had never spoken on this matter; there was no one to hear. Pete, once so troublesome, had changed since Hal came to Indiana. He avoided all mention of the old plantation. Now that the master's opportunity had come, thoughts crowded up for utterance, tumultuous and angry, and throttled him.

"I reckon they air, but co'se you did n't know it. I heerd paw say befo' you came out hyar thet you was about one of the liveliest young planters on the Ohio. Co'se ye could n't change unless you was ha'nted. I never seen any of them things, an' till I do —"

"Mebbe thet's it, — ha'nts."

She stopped in astonishment. The superstition broke slowly on her clear common sense, but her eye sparkled as she caught his meaning. If that were all his trouble!

"I do declare, thet might be it," she said, slyly. "I never thought of it. Thet an' sleeps, thet's jes' it."

Then she paused again. She had not repeated any of this on her way to Belleboo, and she was painfully careful of

every new word. "Hev ye thought of it long?"

"All the time," he said mournfully. "I was hopin' nobody knowed it but me. It's ha'nts, 'cause in Kintuck I war right smart an' quick at seein'. I did n't do any slop work up thar. I've figured it all out, an' it's ha'nts."

She was on the point of uttering a good old monosyllable of contempt, but checked herself. "An' ef thar was n't any ha'nts?"

"I've been considerin' thet 'bout a month now,—what I'd do ef thar wa' n't. Co'se it's no use trying while it's aroun'. I did try, I reckon, 'cause I *hain't* been slouchin' these two year, but what's a human person 'longside one of 'em? I reckon I've found out these two year. It's his'n, though Gott never hated me p'intedly. He was jes' a graspin' ol' hog, thet were all. I've been hopin' these two year would about end hit all."

"Well, I'll see for ye. My bein' your cousin makes it seem 's if I ought to. Don't let Unc' Pete be settin' roun'. Thar's a heap to do 'bout a place, ha'nts or no ha'nts, an' sence you took my remarks tother day 'bout Belleboo in the right sort, I reckon I said a little too mech. I ought to tell ye thar's no end to th' heaps to do 'bout this place. I been thinkin' a long time 'bout Popp'liny an' you. Now, I always foun' folks comin' up from the South kinder leanin' an' helpless when they started in hyar,—less thar's a whole kit an' capoodle in one family, a dozen of 'em. You ain't a special exception, nor Popp'liny. You want mo' fam'ly, Hal Somers. You act'ally need mo' fam'ly, an' it jes' occurred to me to say so. Bein' so carried away by trouble, you might n't a thought it."

"Women folks might hev scruples," he said, indifferently. "They gen'ly do, an' I would n't marry a woman 'thout tellin' her. It 'ud make two ha'nts; thet's too mech fur any human person."

"But they'd know."

"You mean yo'self?" he asked quick-

ly, turning his bold blue eyes full upon her.

Ca'line quailed and sought refuge with her bonnet strings. "You hearn what I say," she answered confusedly.

He flushed crimson and twisted about in his chair. "Scruples air on my side," he said, humbly. "P'raps I thought on hit, Ca'line, a long time back yonder; *p'raps* I did, but I das n't tell you everythin' then. You was spinnin' an' weavin', an' seems ter me women's intellec's gits ez crinkly ez th' wool when they stick to the kitchen long. I seen maw git so. I was afeard how you'd take it. Pete's a heap bolder 'n I am,—I would n't 'a' dared hit."

"Well, we won't mention hit no mo'. It jes' occurred to me in a frien'ly way now."

He made no answer; in fact, turned his face away. It reminded her of her first reception at Belleboo; this quiet, superior reserve of the Somers's always confused and chilled her. She arose hastily, dismayed and shamed, and without speaking or attempting to mount, led her horse away towards home.

She felt very uncertain as to the success of her plan. She had concluded that a masterful conscience lay back of Belleboo's condition. She had not thought of ha'nts,—in fact, had considerable contempt for them; but it might prove a very profitable delusion because it was no worse. She would encourage it. She hardly hoped to find Gott alive; Kentucky young men were rarely poor or uncertain shots. She intended to tell Hal frankly if Gott were dead, though it would hardly mend matters at Belleboo.

It was necessary to infuse new life into the farm. It was her duty or the duty of some other young woman to understand Belleboo, and who understood it so well as herself? She was proud of this sensitive melancholy displayed by Hal. It betrayed a vein foreign to the commoner coarse temperament about her. It was superior; but while it might



be possible, graceful, and successful, in a planter, the most practical of tempers was needed by an Indiana farmer, or as she would have expressed it, a "swamp-er." She knew little of her State beyond the swamps. In them were men grown rich on hogs, cattle, rented fields, and big harvests. If it lay within her power she would see Belleboo's master one of such.

She went home much discouraged and quite tearful, and did not go to the farm again. When vacation came,—and it came early, and was of vast extent,—she was prepared to leave for the South, when one of her sisters, and then she herself, was seized by the plague of the swamps, the chills and fever.

She suffered severely for weeks, until it was too late to make her visit. She was disappointed, with that curious, patient disappointment that concludes "nex' year will do jes' as well." Popp'liny "sat up" with her a good deal, and when Ca'line was about well she sent word by her to Hal that "she'd go certain nex' year ef all th' chills an' fevers went too,"

## XII.

SHE kept her word. She and a younger brother departed the next spring, mounted on their respective horses, with saddle bags loaded down with presents, and a plentitude of money, for those times, to spend by the way. "You tell your brother," she said enigmatically to Popp'liny prior to leaving, "thet I'm goin' clean to Kentucky—for a purpose,—a purpose, ye un'stan'."

There was no appreciable change in Belleboo. Its dull life was milled out through the hot, long days, and cold, short days, as was swamp life in general. The children seemed the one germ of growth. Popp'liny, true to Southern tradition, was running up tall, and dark, and thin. Her black hair blew about her like a savage's, her dresses were yet brown and dirty. Like a thousand other

vacant, idling, Southern girls she was almost handsome, and her proud, discontented, graceful indolence worked like a charm among the young men from twenty miles around, whose regular attendance at meetin' originated in a very doubtful devotion. Hal was carefully turning his attention to her share of the estate, while he watched admiringly her rapid, pallid, slender budding.

He and Pete had returned to their old confidential relations, or something near it. He showed the delighted old man again and again at unconscious moments how his heart had lightened. He had told Pete of Ca'line's visit and her intentions. He added when Popp'liny brought him her first message:

"I'm waitin' now, Uncle Pete. I done a heap of it already, but a year mo' ain't nothin' mech. I'low dad waited all his days, but I b'lieve thar's mo' waitin's 'n one. I know what my waitin' means."

And Pete nodded his head in silence. He believed his active mental labors on earth about finished. He had fulfilled the "ol' Marse's" commands according to his light. It was his duty now to nod his head while others talked. Hal had given him his "patch of ground" joining the pasture, and log by log he was raising a cabin for his family against the time the "big house" should come.

Hal had not been angry with Ca'line's interference. He was glad to have some one talk to him, to talk in return, to justify himself, and to be sympathetically understood. He had not thought of making certain if Gott were dead, but it was a good idea. It was that he was waiting for.

He yet believed in ha'n'ts, for their essence was yet about him. So he would not attempt any improvements; he could n't succeed. He said little more than that, but he did less "bresh grubbin'." Perhaps he was thinking more. There were times when his "ways" possessed him weeks at a stretch. Again, his nature re-asserting itself, he even

laughed a little sinisterly at Ca'line's grave notion of marrying to guide him. His opinion of school-marms and women wholed in prayer was not flattering. He never attempted to prune Popp'liny's mind in but one direction, and then against female deacons. Ca'line was confessedly an exception, for several excellent reasons. Ca'line could never be a deaconess. But he made a mental note of his duty to draw, when the time came, a distinction between the young woman, autocrat of her two school benches, and the wife of a big, busy farmer.

Nevertheless his affection for Ca'line grew. He had heard much of her, though he saw her so rarely. She was popular, and that pleased him. For one thing he was leaning on her then. He felt his life was rising to a crisis, and (inconsistently) its turning depended on her. In pity to himself he thought of her with special tenderness.

### XIII.

THE six months of waiting passed easily, but in the fall he began to get anxious. He wanted Ca'line to come back. He was thinking a good deal of the farm, and in none of his considerations which he still threw into the future did he forget her. He did not wish to shorten her rare visit, and for that alone refrained from sending imperative protests at her long tarrying down to the Emsminger farm, to be forwarded of course by letter to her.

Finally, in the frosty fall, she returned. A farmer left news at Belleboo that she had passed him on the road.

Hal went over immediately. The horses were at the door, their saddlebags ripped from them, and at the entrance of the passage stood his Uncle Ben, working some tobacco round in one hand, preparatory to a smoke.

"Hev ye seed Ca'line?" he asked, closing up his shrewd little eyes, and

using the identical words he had addressed to Popp'liny.

"I'm goin' ter."

"She knows *everything*," the father continued, nodding his head. "That gal knows *everything*."

The passage-way was filled already with its winter storage of farm implements. The tow, and peppers, and pumpkins, swung together in amicable groups from the rafters of the kitchen, where stood all the children, twelve of them, just as Popp'liny had seen them. They were discussing and disputing over their presents from Kentucky. Ca'line stood by, her brown riding-pelisse muddy and stained, and hearing Hal's quick steps she flushed scarlet, as she turned with her monosyllabic little laugh.

"O," she said, "I seen a friend of yours in Kintucky, an' he sent you word he was glad you was prosperin'. Leas'-ways I reckon he did,—he looked well enough to hev so done."

This satisfied Hal, if he needed any satisfaction; for his conscience had wandered far from that point. He was sociable enough to "set up" to supper, but thirteen licensed tongues left him small chance to speak with Ca'line.

In a few days however she recounted to him the incidents of her journey. She said as little as possible of old Bellevue. The mention of it saddened and darkened him. "Jim 'lowed I was crazy 'cause I went two days outen our road. But I tole Jim to shut up,—thet I wanted to see th' plantation. He 'lowed I was an airy fool, but I 'lowed I was n't. The ole man war hurted, an' mopin' a consid'ble time. He's got a hitch in his trot now; I seen him. No, you need n't min' 'bout bein' obleeged. It ain't anythin' but blood-kin's duty. I wish I could ha' known a long time back yander." Then she inquired timidly how he'd been holding himself.

"Well, I'm fattenin' a big drove o' hogs; me and Pete'll hev to go ter Chicago this winter with 'em an' some wheat.



Then I ast th' ole, tall cyarpenter up at Crawfordsville t' other day 'bout a house, an' showed him my idee with a lead-pencil. Co'se you 'll hev to make up yer min' now 'bout it, an' the fixin's ye want tacked on."

This graceful acknowledgment of her rights to share in the future of Belleboo immediately confused Ca'line.

"Well," she stammered, "I did n't mean anythin'——"

"Ye did n't?" he queried boldly; "I thought ye allays meant your word. The hogs 'll bring money enough to start the house good, and I got money anyway. I aint a pore husband, Ca'line; I may be a poor sort of man, but I ain't felt so this year. I kinder think ef thar *war* any ha'nts—they might 'a' been ye know—there air sich things—they went away or got skeered."

"I reckon," she said, not considering it necessary to contest the point.

He seemed confident, even insistent, now. His nature had rebounded. The lightsomeness, and with it the grace and youth that had made up the young planter, were alive again. Ca'line's seriousness seemed beside him, she thought, mere stupidity, and this sense made her painfully shy. She immediately began confiding, leaning, and depending. As his buoyancy rose, her natural strength sank. She dutifully renounced any right to think about the house. She even suggested that the cabin was good enough, that a house was a great undertaking.

"Now I thought you was settin' yer min' fur a house. Mine's sot. Ye want nooks fur the noggins an' crocks, chests, an' drawers, an' presses."

But she blushed and then looked serious, nodded her head and whispered, "Ya'as," altogether as one of the shy maidens attending her school might have done.

Her manner did more to recall Hal's dominating temper than any pleasant report from Kentucky could have done. Here was something to work on, to

mould, more pliable, more responsive, more satisfactory than Belleboo could be.

Ca'line's mother immediately noted this unfolding phase of the girl's nature and shook her head.

"I 'm done bearin' children, Ca'line," she said gravely. "Thank th' Laud my sher o' thet labor is finished. Outen my 'speriences, then, I tell ye to peart up 'bout thet thar house, and every weed thet goes inter the groun' aroun' hit. This meek an' lowly sperit ain't nat'lly in ye, no mo'n 't is in him. Pussons kin see thet crappin' up in yer eye an' wide-standin' noses. But he 'll think 't is. He 'll want hit ter so be 'fore long sence yer a min' ter 'low hit now."

Ca'line's eyes were shining; they grew wide. It was something serious when her mother drew conclusions from *her* marital experiences, and mentioned thankfully that the work of her life—motherhood—was about completed. Then she smiled again. She was confident and proud of her husband and new home, and had no time to stop and listen to her mother droning over the blue-pot.

#### XIV.

THEY were married with all the *eclat* of prosperous swampers. Her dower was the half of a quarter section, cleared and fenced. The wedding and the "in-fare" extended over a week.

Pete and his family went to their new cabin, but Popp'liny was quite content to remain amid her usual surroundings.

"I reckon it's safe," she said frankly to Ca'line, "I never hearn any pusson remark that Hal's intellec' war n't fustrate. You air blood-kin,—that's better 'n a prancin' young woman with a kit and posse of prancin' folks taggin' long. I don't objec' ter folks, but I despise these young women from anywhars. I reckon you're safe 'nough, though why Hal up an' got married I 'm shore I kain't see. Men air the rampin'-est' fools."

"Co'se it's safe," replied Ca'line briskly.

Her heart, and head too, were full of dreams, generally rather tangled, for they were liable to explode their brief existence against Hal's bluff domination, and so were a little slow in developing into their full flush.

The cabin would be their home for several years to come. The foundation of the new house was not laid till late in the spring, and it would require at least three years to complete it. It was to be ceiled and plastered, with blue ash floors, and maple, cherry, and oak, making up its frame.

Its one carpenter comfortably hampered, talked, smoked, meditated, dozed, and planed. The house really went on only when Hal and Pete found time to work on it; but Ca'line insisted that, by fattening the carpenter and so keeping the plan alive, she herself had built the house.

When the time came, she hammered, plastered, and painted, through all her spare moments. They were few enough. She had no aid but the derelict Popp'liny; there were hired men about the place more or less all the year; there were the cows, the geese, the chickens, the garden, the smoke-house and spring-house, the wool and the tow,—all to be

attended to by her, and in addition the infinitesimal duties about the cabin, the rotten, reeling, windy, smoky cabin.

"Ye air the plumpest fool!" observed Popp'liny, her solemn eyes reading down into the tired wife's heart. "Ye used to queen hit down ter the school. I'm jes' goin' ter take my sher o' th' plantation, an' live out in the woods with Silly an' the caterpillars an' bugs. I ain't goin' ter be made tired."

Ca'line looked away over the blooming farm. Her eyes were grave, but there was peace in them.

"Now," she said, "I know better'n that. Co'se I'm tired, an' 'll be stoopy soon, I reckon, like mam got ter be. But I ain't sorry. I taught th' young uns their letters, an' spellin', an' sech, but that was nothin',—nothin' like what ther mammies an' ther innards taught 'em. I dunno ez I learned a heap from school, or thet I taught 'em a heap. Whilst hyar I don't do nothin'; it don't show *an'* last. The house is built to stan' a hundred year, an' the trees p'raps ez long ez the wor' 'll last. I make my man happy an' save him money. I'm plowin' a straight furrer. I ain't sorry for anythin'. Co'se I git tired *an'* tireder,—thet part o' me thet gits tired. My innards don't—never. Naw, I ain't the plumpest fool, Popp'liny."

*I. M. Ballard.*

[THE END.]





## AMERICAN ISTHMUS CANALS.

THE subject of American inter-oceanic canals has always been of special interest to California pioneers, for aside from the vast material interests involved, most pioneers have passed over one or more of the proposed routes, and thus have become acquainted with some of the local conditions connected therewith. Seven different routes have been examined by reconnoissance, and three have been surveyed with instruments of precision by order of the government of the United States.

The subject is older than American civilization. From the day when Nunez de Balboa, from the mountain tops of the Darien isthmus, first gazed upon the vast Pacific, the practicability of the great work, and the question as to its most advantageous location, has engaged the attention of eminent men of various nations.

Among modern names connected with this great enterprise we recall the third Napoleon; the eminent French engineer, Blanchet; the veteran diplomat, Count De Lesseps; Captain Bedford Pim, Royal Navy; and among our own countrymen, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Colonel Childs, General Grant, Admiral Daniel Ammen, and Captains Lull and Shufeldt, U. S. Navy; the eminent American engineers, Menocal, Stevens, Eads, MacAlpine, and others. The third Napoleon, when a state prisoner in the Castle of Ham, wrote a pamphlet which is still extant favoring the Nicaragua route for an inter-oceanic canal, including however in his project Lake Managua as well as Lake Nicaragua, and reaching the Pacific at the port of Corinto. The Nicaragua Canal may therefore be considered in theory a French project, and it would have been so in reality, but for reasons which will be hereafter explained.

To President Grant is due the honor of initiating official instrumental surveys of the principal routes, the Navy Department furnishing ships and personnel, the special appropriations having been moderate considering the importance and character of the work. Reconnaissances had developed the fact that only three routes were worthy of detailed surveys; Nicaragua with 152 feet summit above sea level, Panama with 296 feet, and Tehuantepec with 754 feet.

The careful survey of the Tehuantepec Isthmus by the United States exploring expedition of 1871 proved that route unfitted for canal purposes by reason of its summit elevation and deficient water supply for lockage. It was reluctantly given up, for it offers geographical advantages so far as our country is concerned over any other route. A railway transit will sooner or later be effected at Tehuantepec, — in fact, a railway is partially constructed there already.

Through the death of Eads the ship railway project at Tehuantepec has collapsed. It never had been favorably received by capitalists, ship-builders, or marine underwriters. While not impossible as an engineering proposition, practical men generally recognized the fact, as stated by an eminent English naval constructor, that "a ship in the water is a maximum of strength and a minimum of material, while a ship out of water is a minimum of strength and a maximum of material." The Tehuantepec ship railway project we may safely dismiss from our discussion.

The inter-oceanic canal question has been of great interest to me since 1862, when I visited San Juan del Sur, Nicaragua, in the clipper ship *White Falcon* of New York. I had navigated around the Cape of Storms, and twice across

the Equator, and used up nearly four months to get there. When the bower anchor touched ground and sails were furled, I realized that my long voyage of tedious days and sleepless nights, of storm and calm, was over. The next morning, in company with my old friend, Dr. J. C. Tucker, I rode to Virgin Bay on Lake Nicaragua, twelve miles, over a good wagon road. There I saw a steamer about the size of the *Amador* or the *Julia*, formerly Stockton boats. When I was told that this steamer had come direct from New York in about twelve days, as she floated uninjured within twelve miles of the Pacific, the idea struck me with inexpressible force that, sooner or later, the genius of engineering science would there make an ocean highway. Certainly, nature had done the greater part of the work, and invited man to complete it. Subsequently, as agent for New York corporations, I resided in Nicaragua three years, and at Panama one year, going over both transits many times in all seasons, meanwhile informing myself carefully as to the opinions of experts regarding the conditions involved in a navigable waterway between the oceans.

Water transportation being the cheapest known to commerce, it was always evident to my mind that the question would sooner or later receive a solution on the American isthmus as it had at Suez; although it requires only a casual examination to satisfy the inquirer that the conditions governing American inter-oceanic canals are vastly more difficult of solution than at Suez.

Let us glance for a moment at the differences. At Suez the precipitation is nominal; seldom over one inch per annum at Cairo, averaging one-half inch annually. At Panama the average is eighty-eight inches per annum, frequently increasing to one hundred and twenty-four inches; while at Nicaragua the annual average is forty-eight inches. Consequently one of the greatest obsta-

cles, that of drainage, is entirely absent at Suez, while it is almost a controlling factor at Panama, and an important one at Nicaragua.

In the matter of local supplies for maintenance and construction, neither Suez nor Panama have anything to offer, while Nicaragua offers food and materials for construction in abundance. In the matter of climate, the Panama isthmus is by far the inferior location; in fact, there is no more unhealthy region in the world, unless it be the jungles on the shores of the Indian Ocean.

At Suez it is hot but dry; true, it was bad enough to kill thousands of Egyptian fellahs when De Lesseps was excavating by manual labor, and he probably would never have succeeded there except by the aid of excavating machinery, vastly inferior however to that in use at Panama. The Suez Canal cost \$94,000,000. It could be excavated today for half that amount, or even less.

The climate of Nicaragua is a marine tropical climate in the lake region, the Atlantic trade winds blowing over it into the Pacific. The only unhealthy portion of the route is on the low lands of the lower San Juan River, where malarial fevers of a mild type are prevalent. The construction of a canal in any tropical country is not conducive to the health of those employed, but it may safely be asserted that this obstacle is reduced to the least possible amount in the case of Nicaragua.

There were no engineering problems of importance or doubt at Suez, unless the construction of a harbor at Port Said can be so considered. The excavation was all in sand and through the soft bottom of the Bitter Lakes, and the highest summit was a sand dune of small extent, eighty-five feet high, the average excavation being about seven feet about sea level throughout the whole line, including the lakes. The tidal movement is nominal and practically the same in the Red Sea and Mediterranean, and the



mean level of both seas of course the same.

At the Panama isthmus, the tidal movement is eighteen inches at Aspinwall, and twenty-two to twenty-six feet at Panama: the mean level of both oceans is the same. The question of ocean level was satisfactorily settled also in Nicaragua. A line of levels from the Atlantic to the lake, and another from the lake to the Pacific were taken by different engineering parties, and when computed there was only the fraction of an inch between the ocean mean level on the Atlantic and Pacific.

The Panama isthmus offered few inducements for a canal to American and English engineers. Sir John Hawkshaw, the greatest living English engineer, condemned it on account of the tremendous obstacles he foresaw, notably that of drainage. The United States officers who surveyed it pronounced a sea level canal an impossibility, and made a survey for a lock canal with an elevation of 124 feet, crossing the Chagres on a viaduct, thus solving that great difficulty, and obtaining lockage water by reservoirs at the Chagres headwaters. The estimated cost was \$94,000,000; length,  $41\frac{1}{10}$  miles. The route was not recommended after the superior advantages of the Nicaragua route were verified by the official survey made by the same officers. William J. McAlpine of New York, the Nestor of American engineering, condemned the Panama route for a sea level canal, and declined to recommend it even as a lock canal.

It was unfortunate for De Lesseps that he did not approach the question solely with a view of ascertaining the best location, at the time the Paris canal convention was held. He had tried to obtain a concession at Nicaragua, and had failed; he had already decided in favor of the Panama route, the concession for which he already controlled. The Nicaragua route necessitated locks, and he plainly told the Paris canal con-

gress that he would have a canal without locks, — a canal "*au niveau*," — or none at all.

Of course Panama had to be selected, and was voted for by his friends against the protests of English and American, as well as some French, engineers. They relied mostly upon the United States official surveys for their knowledge of Panama, but their conclusions were different. De Lesseps not being an engineer depended upon others, and with a blind confidence in his ability to overcome all obstacles decided to build a sea level canal at Panama, first estimating the cost at \$168,000,000.

What, then, were the conditions? — what the engineering problems to be solved? Briefly, they may be stated as follows: the Chagres River, the Culebra division with its 296<sup>1</sup> feet summit level, and the great question of drainage. The tidal problem was solved by adopting a tidal lock at the Panama terminus, and in thus solving it, he had at once placed his work under the disadvantage of the lock system he publicly condemned at Nicaragua.

The Rio Chagres is a lamb at low water and a roaring lion in a flood. Twelve inches of water in twelve hours on a saturated surface may give you an idea of the Chagres in flood. The whole Chagres valley is transformed into a lake at times: it has been known to rise forty-two feet in twenty-four hours. Almighty God is a hard personality to fight, when His omnipotence finds expression in the resistless force of such a river demanding its right of way to the ocean; and this river De Lesseps proposed to wipe out, — to eliminate from his problem, — by an immense dam at Gamboa, and by lateral diversion canals from above the dam to the Atlantic. In other words, he reproduced the Chagres below Gamboa by drawing it into an artificial channel to the Atlantic.

<sup>1</sup>The French Survey summit is stated at 326 feet, the line being selected to secure less average excavation.

This is the stupendous project which he has not solved, and which it may be safely asserted is never to be solved. It is necessary to his project, for the reason that his canal must cross the river below Gamboa, and the river bed is forty-two feet above sea level where the canal is to cross it. Thus he proposes to carry the Chagres from behind the dam in an artificial bed on a terrace above his canal.

The dam is about 5,100 feet long, 130 feet above the bottom of the Chagres, 172 feet above canal level, and 202 feet above the bottom of the canal, which passes in front of it about two miles distant. The reservoir behind the dam would rapidly decrease in capacity by sedimentary deposit. One can imagine the effect of a sharp earthquake shock on such work, if it could be built. In one moment a resistless torrent might wipe out all vestiges of a canal. But the Gamboa dam has hardly been commenced, and is never likely to be completed.

The Culebra or mountain division is an immense obstacle to success. Even De Lesseps had finally to give up his canal *au niveau* and adopt a lockage system with an elevation of 136 feet to solve it,—26 feet higher lockage than in Nicaragua. The difficulties encountered, on what is practically a surface excavation thus far, have been great, but are no criterion of obstacles to be encountered as the work goes deeper.

In a volcanic soil, with such a precipitation as is found at Panama, the earth is saturated with water; subterranean cavities have already been struck which, liberating great quantities of water, have destroyed thousands of dollars of labor, and as the work goes down, it will be a question of pumping as well as excavating. To decrease this (and one can imagine what a mortification it must have been) a lock system was adopted, but to obtain water it was proposed to pump it to the necessary elevation. What this

means, with locks of the necessary dimensions for modern ships,<sup>1</sup> one can imagine, especially with his estimated 6,000,000 tonnage a year.

Of course a canal on the surface, as at Nicaragua, does not disturb the natural drainage; but below the surface, as at Panama, it becomes the drainage ditch of an artificial watershed. Engineers and practical men know what this means with a rainfall sometimes recording 124 inches per annum, mostly concentrated in eight months, and often over one inch per hour. Constant dredging would be necessary under the most disadvantageous conditions, as the material excavated could not be lifted above the banks; it would have to be floated out.

These two problems, the Chagres River and the Culebra division, control the Panama canal question as an engineering project. The rest of the work is a question of time and money; an abundance of both is requisite.

I might here introduce other conditions adverse to the Panama canal project connected with navigation and otherwise, but I do not desire to make an argument in favor of the Nicaragua canal route, and pass them by.

Let us now examine conditions involved in the Nicaragua canal project. This is a surface canal with six locks, three at each end, and a summit level of 110 feet above the ocean. The canal building necessary is 11½ miles on the Atlantic and 17¼ miles on the Pacific end; total, 28¾ miles.

It is not only an inter-oceanic canal but an internal waterway through the Republic of Nicaragua, controlling the navigation of her two great lakes. The project will be greatly aided by the natural resources of the splendid region through which it passes. The lake region is the garden of Central America, combining a rich soil, a fine climate, and an abundant rainfall.

<sup>1</sup> The locks at Nicaragua have the following dimensions: length, 650 feet; width, 65 feet; depth, 30 feet.



The navigation may be thus stated : ocean to ocean,  $169\frac{8}{10}$  miles ; lake and slack water navigation, 141 miles ; canal,  $28\frac{8}{10}$  miles. Lake Nicaragua has a surface of 3,400 square miles, is clear, fresh water, 2 to 35 fathoms deep, and with all the drainage of the surrounding country seldom rises twelve feet during the rainy season. The San Juan River is its only outlet, and is a stream considerably larger than the Sacramento at the capital the year round. It is not subject to floods. It has few affluents, and a small drainage district. The highest summit above the lake, between it and the Pacific, is only 42 feet. Navigating on the lakes, from La Virgin to Granada, I have seen the sun almost setting in the Pacific Ocean.

The most difficult feature of the Nicaragua canal is the restoration of the harbor of Greytown, which has been destroyed by silt deposit from the San Juan River. The United States survey allows \$1,767,000 for this purpose, but it may cost \$5,000,000. It is not more difficult, however, than was the construction of a harbor at Port Said, and the work will resemble it in character. The method of restoration is a question whereon opinions differ ; that favored by the United States engineers being the division of the lower San Juan into the Colorado branch, which already carries to the ocean  $\frac{1}{11}$  of the volume of the river. This can easily be effected, and once the harbor is isolated, it is intended to dredge it, and to run a breakwater 3,000 feet from the outer line of the harbor into the Caribbean, with six fathoms at its seaward end. The breakwater may have to be subsequently extended seaward. The soil is a volcanic sand, easily handled, but difficult to locate permanently.

The harbor of Brito on the Pacific is eleven miles this side (W. N. W.) from San Juan del Sur. It is merely a bight in the coast thus resembling Port Harford on the California coast, and some

work in the way of excavation and two short breakwaters are needed to make a secure harbor at the Pacific end. But the work is simple : there are no doubtful problems about it, unless the Atlantic port can be so considered.

The construction of a canal at Nicaragua is a work of great magnitude, but not as difficult by any means as the construction of the Central Pacific, or the Denver and Rio Grande railroads. As a fresh water canal it has great advantages for shipping and as a naval station Lake Nicaragua is a unique location. A captain in the Royal Navy of Sweden remarked in my hearing at the Navy Department at Washington, "Gibraltar is not a circumstance to it in importance." The power possessing a naval station there, with the canal fortified at both ends, will control the Atlantic to the Windward West Indian Islands, and the Pacific to the Sandwich and Samoan Islands. It may be properly called the key of the Pacific.

That the solution of the question will there be found appears a certainty ; but while nature offers few obstacles, international questions of great moment must be cleared up before it can be peacefully controlled. That great blunder of American diplomacy, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, says in specific terms that when a ship canal is constructed at Nicaragua, Great Britain jointly with the United States must control it. We have claimed that this section of the treaty is abrogated by the violation, on the part of Great Britain, of other provisions connected therewith ; but Great Britain denies this, and thus far holds us to the treaty. If we are to have an American ship canal there, diplomacy is necessary as well as dredges.

I have already alluded to the effort of De Lesseps to obtain control of the Nicaragua route, prior to taking up the Bonaparte Wyse concession at Panama ; and as the question has been often asked me, "Why did not De Lesseps take the Nic-

aragua route?" it is proper that facts in this connection not generally understood should be made public. In 1878 De Lesseps and seventeen other Frenchmen, including Blanchet, an eminent French engineer, made application to the Nicaraguan government for a concession to build an inter-oceanic canal over the same route that was subsequently conceded to the American company. The bill was duly introduced into the lower House and passed; it was defeated in the senate by one vote. A motion to reconsider was made and carried, but the mover never called it up for the reason that the President sent for him and told him that he could not approve the bill, because the previous action of the French in Mexico was sufficient warning of what they would ultimately attempt in Nicaragua. Possibly he thought it might not be as convenient for the United States to send one hundred thousand men to Nicaragua as it was to send them to the Rio Grande. The President did not propose to be the means whereby the government of his country might be destroyed by a foreign nation or civil war inaugurated.

Having failed at Nicaragua, De Lesseps took up the so-called Wyse-Turr concession at Panama. Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, lieutenant in the French navy, assisted by General Turr, a Hungarian, visited the Panama Isthmus in 1877 and obtained a concession from the Colombian government for a ship canal near the Panama Railway.

As the Panama Railway by its prior concession had acquired exclusive right over a strip of land fifteen miles on each side of its road, it was necessary to obtain the permission of that corporation before work could be commenced on the canal. It being obvious that if the canal were ever completed, the railway would be valueless, and the railway being a necessary adjunct in canal construction, the Canal Company finally bought the Panama Railway, and this property may

be saved from the wreck if not hypothecated by the Canal Company.

For political effect the American corporation was kept up, and an American branch of the Canal Company also established at New York for the disbursement of money in the United States where it would do the most good. The annual statements show this American branch to have been an expensive affair, the president alone receiving \$25,000 annual salary, while Conkling and Ingersoll were retained as attorneys at New York and Washington.

It is proper that we should now consider the conditions which control the Panama canal project, and what are the chances of ultimate success there.

The canal *au niveau* has been given up, and a system of locks adopted with 136 feet elevation. Approximately the obligations of the Company amount to \$363,600,000, the annual interest about \$18,000,000. On November 1, 1888, the Company claimed \$38,000,000 on hand. The amount actually expended for Isthmus work on Nov. 1 was about \$230,000,000, the balance being chargeable to interest account, administration, the "American branch," and to discounts, which have been very large.

The work done on the Isthmus is certainly less than 45 per cent, probably nearer 35 per cent, of the actual necessary excavation; and considered relatively to the increasing difficulty of deeper excavation and the solution of the Chagres problem, probably 25 per cent is a fair statement of the proportion of actual work accomplished. To a new company the work is not worth over 10 cents on the dollar of the liabilities, say \$36,000,000.

The French government finds itself in a serious dilemma. A commission of eminent French engineers has examined the work, reported adversely, and warned it to avoid responsibility; notwithstanding which, it has sanctioned a lottery scheme which was a partial failure. To



lose \$363,600,000 belonging to 870,000 subscribers principally French and mostly the savings of the industrious poor, will be calamity: to endeavor to save the enormous amount by expending an unknown additional amount will probably prove a still greater calamity; the government will be "damned if it does and damned if it don't." As if this were not trouble enough, the United States will probably officially advise European governments that we want no canal on the American Isthmus constructed by any European power, and to be controlled thereby. The ghost of Maximilian is abroad. The tragedy of his death has taught its lesson.

No American company will undertake the work even at 10 cents on the dollar: the subject is too well understood in this country. The United States government will not do so in the face of all its official surveys condemning it, and English capital cannot be enlisted against the advice of English engineers. French finances and political conditions in Europe also forbid the French government shouldering the fatal scheme. What then will be the result?

General Grant wrote in the *North American Review* of February, 1881, that every dollar used on the Panama Isthmus for a ship canal would be lost, and it appears as if his prophecy is to be fulfilled. Irretrievable ruin appears inevitable; and once abandoned, in three years little evidence will remain of this colossal failure except the excavations through the Mindi swamps near Aspinwall.

Political considerations are also adverse. If there is any Monroe Doctrine left in our diplomacy, if the United States has any self-respect to maintain, if our country has any commercial interests to protect, it cannot permit a European government to build the Panama canal, and thus control our coastwise commerce, destroy our prestige on the American continent, and control our

maritime defense in time of war. American citizenship, the most valuable at home, is even now almost worthless abroad, and such a suicidal policy would render it entirely so. That this humiliation will be forced upon us is not probable. It is not likely to be attempted, and if attempted will fail, as it failed in Mexico. Evacuation will follow occupation, if occupation occurs.

Time forbids any extended consideration of the commercial conditions connected with the canal question. No canal costing even \$300,000,000 would pay interest on investment. Ships cannot afford to pay over \$2.00 to \$2.50 per ton toll; a greater charge will pay interest, insurance, and additional cost of navigation around Cape Horn. Such works always cost more than estimated by engineers. The estimate of \$42,000,000, net, at Nicaragua, however honest and conservative, will grow to \$90,000,000 or \$100,000,000, including interest, before the great work is completed. The Suez Canal pays 12 to 17½ per cent per annum, and the Nicaragua Canal will pay 8 to 10 per cent on \$100,000,000 with a steady increase.

Of its effect upon our Pacific Coast I can only repeat what I have always maintained, that it will be a great advantage to decrease our maritime distance from our Atlantic seaboard and from Europe by 9,000 miles. No interests on our Coast will suffer by the development of the maritime commerce which will ensue. It means more short haul freight for our railroads, better prices for the products of our soil, more shipbuilding, a larger navy and more foreign commerce, increased national influence, and increased national wealth, especially on the Pacific Coast.

Let us then make San Francisco as near as possible a free port and draw to our wharves this ocean-borne commerce, for assuredly the canal is coming. Nature can be used to aid it, but cannot be coerced where the Almighty has forbid-

den it by conditions which man cannot control. Count De Lesseps once remarked to me, speaking of Eads's ship railway, "Great engineers make great mistakes, and little engineers make little mistakes,—Captain Eads is a great engineer." It is not engineers alone that make mistakes. I have often connected the remark with great men in all ages, "To err is human," and happy is the man who can see his error in time.

Did De Lesseps ever intend to build a canal? Certainly he did, although one of our journalists says no. De Lesseps was too sanguine; the glory of one interoceanic canal for his name and for France was not enough. He had overcome great obstacles at Suez, but they were political and financial. He was fighting adverse human obstacles at Suez, but at Panama he has encountered forces above human control. He did not know what he was undertaking: possibly he had never heard of Davy Crockett and his famous saying, "Be sure you are right, — then go ahead."

He is entitled to our sympathy: men like him are few and far between. How many men in the world can raise nearly \$400,000,000, practically through individual influence, and without individual financial responsibility?

De Lesseps was educated in the school of European diplomacy; absolute veracity is not a merit in that school; he has phenomenal energy, he understands the French character thoroughly, and success at Suez had given him unbounded influence with his countrymen and women, as is proven by his 870,000 shareholders, averaging 420 francs each, and 83,000 women, each with less than 10 shares average. These people followed him blindly, and with an implicit confidence which it is hard even now to destroy.

How could he have so deceived himself? He is now 84 years old: his opponents who desire to be charitable say that he is in his second childhood; others assert that he was ignorant of the obstacles he had to encounter, and deemed himself able to overcome anything; full of egotism as well as energy. That he has made a stupendous error is now evident to the world.

Persons who only knew of the canal by casual reading of the newspapers, naturally thought it would be completed. I have often had it remarked to me that "It must go through now; they have spent too much money to abandon it." The French peasantry who had put their earnings into it said, "He built Suez; they said he could not do it; they say he cannot build the Panama canal, but he will do it, for the glory of France and for our profit."

Alas for human credulity; for human faith without foundation! Our high priest fails us, and our visions vanish. Great men make great mistakes; there are other Waterloos besides that in Belgium. Let us then be charitable, and let our sympathies go forth to the great Frenchman who in his declining years sees his proud record tarnished, his integrity assailed, his great project vanish like the baseless fabric of a dream. Mankind, his country and the world have seen few such men, even if he failed in the aim of his old age. The ambition was an honorable one; to it he devoted his phenomenal energy, his great experience, and his unbounded influence with his countrymen.

Had he succeeded, France would have shared his glory with him: although he is likely to fail, let all mankind honor the man who dared attempt what others pronounced impossible: it is of such stuff that heroes are made.

*William L. Merry.*



## FRONTIER LIFE IN THE ARMY.

THE people of large cities and great centers of civilization know little and care less about what is going on in the remote parts of this vast country, and the privations, dangers, and inconveniences of life on the frontier. As a rule, the pioneers in those out-of-the-way regions are industrious, liberal, hospitable, and open-hearted, although they cannot be expected to have a surplus of refinement. The new-comer among them is surprised to notice that most of them prefer to put up with all the drawbacks of the wilderness rather than return to civilization and a quiet life. Their mode of life and their surroundings seem to exercise over them an irresistible fascination, and many of them will prefer to roam for days and weeks among the woods or over the lonely plains or rocky hills, depending for subsistence on what game they may find to shoot, rather than to enjoy the advantages and possibly the luxuries of a settled existence and a regular occupation. Within the past twenty years many characteristic features of frontier life have disappeared before the railroads; but there are still many left.

Alongside the better class of pioneers there is always a collection of desperate characters to be found, whose principal business is that of stealing horses, mules, and whatever else they can conveniently lay their hands on. They often take the most desperate chances to accomplish their purpose, and all expect to "die in their boots"; their own life is often of as little value to them as is that of others.

Before the railroad reached the banks of the Rio Grande, the military in New Mexico had their hands full to keep these men at bay, and to protect the lives and property of settlers in that Territory.

One of the best known of these settlers was Maxwell, of the famous Grant. He was considered the richest man in the Territory, calling about forty miles square of land his property, most of which he had acquired by his marriage with a Mexican lady, although he was himself a native of New England. He had two daughters, who had received a first-class education in St. Louis, and his son aided him most faithfully in the varied occupations of such an extensive rancho.

In the old Mexican style Maxwell kept open house for everybody that had or took occasion to pass his place. He had tables set almost all day long for travelers of every sort, and towards evening several of his *peons* would appear in one of the rooms, reserved as a dormitory, and spread mattresses, blankets, and sheets all along the walls for all that wished to avail themselves of his hospitality. His personal friends, as well as army officers and their families, were accommodated in as comfortable a style as can be found in the midst of civilization. It was a fine sight to see within several miles around the principal farm a number of little houses that Maxwell had given to Mexican families, with sufficient ground for them to plant vegetables, corn, and other produce. He was also exceedingly kind to the Indians. Once a week he would make them a present of a beef, which they killed in their ferocious way by letting the animal run, and chasing it with their ponies, and throwing spears at it. At any time during the day when fancy took them, they would go into a certain spacious part of the dwelling house reserved for them, approach the mantel-piece in their stealthy, cat-like way, crouch down in a semi-circle, and play cards or smoke,

watching very closely all the time every movement of the white people that happened to be around. All these privileges did not prevent them from one day making a regular assault on the premises. The family all had to take refuge in the mill, which, being built of stone, was more safe against fire than the other buildings. One of the savages, however, came very near getting hold of Mr. Maxwell, and would have murdered him, if his daughter had not succeeded in opening the door, and letting him in just in time to save his life. They laid regular siege to the mill for several days, until the stage-driver from the east, who passed in the vicinity, reported the state of affairs at Fort Union, whence a troop of cavalry was at once dispatched, who soon drove the besiegers away.

Mr. Maxwell was finally murdered by Indians after all, only a few years ago. The great Grant has since passed into the hands of a syndicate of English and Dutch capitalists, who intend to raise blooded horses on it. The soil and climate seem to be particularly well adapted for that purpose. During Mr. Maxwell's lifetime, however, the numerous animals of every kind that he owned were so widely scattered that he could not keep the track of them. It often happened that horse thieves from the plains would capture some of his finest horses, and then bring them in and sell them to their own proprietor.

The place is in the northeast corner of New Mexico, not far from the line of Colorado, from which the Territory is separated by the Raton Mountains, a romantic chain, at present tunnelled for the trains of the Atchison Railroad. The traveler of today does not, however, see much of the picturesqueness of these mountains. The town of Trinidad in Colorado is a place from which the region may be better appreciated than from the trains. It is nestled along the eastern side of the Raton Mountains, and the ascent in the direction of the Rio

Grande Valley begins almost immediately. The variety and luxuriance of trees to the right and left of the wagon road is imposing, but the beauty of the scenery reaches its climax after the summit of the mountains is reached, on the boundary line of New Mexico and Colorado. There the traveler sees at a distance that magnificent valley into which he is about to descend winding through high rocks and overshadowing trees of majestic size, until it deploys into the open plain. Behind him is the steep path just traversed, and all around rise the beautiful peaks and mountain chains with their luxurious growth of grass and bushes, dazzling green in the rising sun. It is a sight not easily forgotten by those whose good luck has taken them to this fascinating spot.

The routine of army life and the monotonous march through the wilderness does not prevent a soldier's making an interesting acquaintance now and then with prominent characters. Thus the writer was so fortunate as to fall in with two well known frontiersmen who happened to meet at Maxwell's while we were all enjoying that gentleman's hospitality. One of them was the famous Indian fighter, Kit Carson, who had come down from his mountain home on a flying visit. His personal appearance differed very widely from the type usual among men of his kind and surroundings. His voice was quite mild, and whoever looked at his smooth-shaven face and his hair combed down close to his head, would have taken him for a minister of the gospel, rather than for a man who had many years been the terror of the Indians all over the western country, and on whom they looked even then — about two years before his death — with fear and awe. The other man was Lieutenant-Colonel Pfeiffer, who had served in the regiment of which Kit Carson was colonel, and the two old soldiers hugely enjoyed meeting again on that occasion.



Since the Indians were constantly on the warpath at that time, it was only natural that our conversation should turn on that topic. Colonel Pfeiffer was persuaded to relate an adventure which he was rather averse to talk about, because it awakened the sad reminiscence of his wife's death. There was a small military post by the name of Fort McRae—now abandoned—on the banks of the Rio Grande. It is a wild-looking spot and a very dangerous one, because the Indians use it a great deal for driving their stolen cattle across the river, which is comparatively shallow and free from quicksand just at that point. The river describes a semicircle about forty miles in diameter, and on account of its banks being bordered by rocks, thick bushes, and ravines, the teams cannot follow its course in that neighborhood, but have to go across what is called the "Jornado del Muerte" (Journey of Death). The road takes its name because so many horses and other stock, and even men, have perished there from want of water. The military and their trains used to take large, transportable water tanks for the men along with them, and to travel at night, so as not to be affected by the heat. The animals, however, had to be unhitched while the soldiers were in camp, and driven fourteen miles to the vicinity of Fort McRae and back again, merely in order to get a drink of water at the Rio Grande, and thus be saved, if possible, from a miserable death. There are hot springs within nine miles of Fort McRae, and thither Colonel Pfeiffer went one day with his wife and an escort of about twelve soldiers. While he was bathing, the men were on the lookout for Indians at the top of a rock about ten yards from the springs. But the Indians outwitted them, and captured the lady, while he had just time to seize his rifle, and wade across the river without a stitch of clothing on. Knowing the Indian character, he calculated that they would not kill his wife

immediately, but take her to their hiding places, and make her do menial work. He therefore made for the fort to give the alarm, and send re-enforcements. He was followed by Indians, who sent arrows after him, one of which entered his back, with the end coming out in front. In this condition and with the arrow in his body, he ran until he reached an enclosure of rocks, where he made a halt and defended himself for several hours, while the burning sun shone on his bare body, causing intense pain. He was known by the Indians as an excellent marksman, and when they found that they could not get him out of his stronghold without losing several of their number, they gave up the siege. They had no sooner left than he ran for dear life to the post, nine miles away, and at last reached it more dead than alive. When the surgeon extricated the arrow, the entire skin peeled off from his body from the effects of the scalding sun; and he was at the point of death for almost two months. His escort, meanwhile, went in pursuit of the Indians who had captured his wife, and were almost within reach of them, when the savages, finding that the lady would be an encumbrance to them in their flight, killed her on the spot, and took to the bushes.

Whenever new troops arrive at the frontier, the savages make it a rule to test, if possible, the enemy's fighting qualities and efficiency in their own peculiar warfare. Since they have the advantage of thorough knowledge of the country, they are apt to get the better of the soldiers, unless they are commanded by officers, who have experience in fighting the savages. They did not hesitate long to give us a chance to show what our regiment could do. We had just come from Kentucky, where we had been engaged in fighting the guerillas during the latter part of the rebellion; our headquarters were established at Fort Selden on the Rio Grande, a short distance

north of the line of Texas and east of that of Arizona, after having marched fifteen hundred miles from Fort Leavenworth on the banks of the Missouri River, across what was at that time called the Great American Desert. It was a hot day in August, and a number of officers had crossed the Rio Grande to make themselves familiar with the surroundings, while the greater part of the horses of the command had been driven away a few miles from the fort for pasture, as is customary in that section of the country; when suddenly, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a citizen rushed into headquarters, and ejaculated, "Indians!" He turned out to be the hay contractor, and had just lost two of his men, who were afterward found dead about two miles from the post, pierced by Indian spears.

The alarm was immediately given, and a small detachment of cavalry was dispatched in pursuit of the enemy, while another was sent to the right bank of the river to intercept the passage of the Indians, should they be driven to one of the fording places by the force opposite. Several companies of infantry started at the same time up the river, and kept themselves close to its banks to support the cavalry that was to discover which direction the savages had taken. Our detachment of only about twenty-five horse crossed the Rio Grande under the command of Captain R. H. Orton, of the 1st California Cavalry Volunteers, who afterwards became lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Infantry, National Guard of California, and is now Adjutant-General of the State of California in Sacramento. His regiment was still doing duty at that time in New Mexico before their return to this State in '67, and he was known down there as one of the most efficient officers and best Indian fighters in the Territory.

It is customary for troopers in the Indian country to ride single file, so as to keep the enemy as much as possible

in the dark as to the number of combatants. It is also a rule that the commanding officer should ride at the head of the column, and behind him the officers according to rank, with the enlisted men following. To avoid making any noise, we had all left our belts behind, and simply slipped our sabres between the girth and the left side of the horse. Thus we proceeded on our adventurous trip for miles and miles without meeting any Indians; but their trail was soon discovered and vigorously followed up by Captain Orton, who, like a regular expert, kept track of the trail although we rode most of the time at a sharp trot. We rode all the afternoon, evening, and part of the night, when the moon threw a dim light over the wild scenery. The country through which we rode was as dismal and gloomy-looking as the Apaches themselves, with their war paint, owl feathers, and greasy buckskin raiment.

About one o'clock at night a rest was ordered, and we unsaddled our horses, tying them to the surrounding *mesquite* bushes, and using the saddles for pillows. We were soon asleep, but only for a short time, for the sentry suddenly called out "Indians!" The alarm proved to be caused by the sudden arrival from the fort of two messengers, who brought a note from the commanding officer, saying that the Indians had been found in force by the other cavalry detachment, and warning us that we were in imminent danger. The cavalrymen on the opposite bank of the river had come across the Indians in force late in the afternoon, about eighteen miles from the post. They had a lot of stolen cattle with them, but did not, at first, make any hostile demonstrations, because they thought, no doubt, that this was only the advance guard of a much larger force. They would, in that case, have tried to make their escape. The Indians are never known to make a stand if they can possibly help it, unless they are very much the superior in numbers.



They evidently took the precaution in this instance of ascertaining the real state of affairs by sending scouts to the rear of the small military force. But they had no sooner discovered that it was only about twenty well mounted men, than all of a sudden the one hundred and fifty or more of them suddenly mounted their ponies and started in hot pursuit of the soldiers. It would have been more than foolhardy for the troopers to risk an engagement, and since they could not possibly tell the exact whereabouts of the infantry, no choice was left to them but to make for the fort. The large American horses are swifter than the Indian ponies for distances of twenty to thirty miles, though when it comes to a ride of sixty miles and more the ponies have much more power of endurance ; so the soldiers kept ahead until they came within sight of the "big guns" of the fort, as the redskins call the artillery, and of which the Indians stand terribly in awe. If they had been overtaken they would all have been massacred without mercy. They reached the fort about nine o'clock in the evening. It was only natural to suppose that the Apaches would now leisurely cross the river, and spy us out, when we should have fared worse than our comrades, because we would have had the Indians as well as the river between us and the fort. The commander of the post, Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan, asked therefore who would volunteer to apprise us of our extreme danger, and the call was readily and nobly responded to by two decidedly brave men. One was an ex-soldier, and the other was Jack Martin, the beef contractor. Both men were well acquainted with the locality and with Indian warfare. Although Martin was an expert Indian fighter, he lost his life finally at the hands of Indians, some years later.

We were soon in the saddle again, and worked slowly and cautiously back toward the river and fort, about thirty miles away. We had to keep a particu-

larly sharp watch of the fording-places, for the upper Rio Grande is so full of quicksand that there is only a spot here and there where a crossing can be effected, and these spots are well known by the frontiersmen, as well as by the Indians. Soon after the sun rose, we noticed columns of smoke rising at a distance, and in various directions : they formed a striking contrast to the clear, blue sky, and were signals of the enemy. This showed us plainly that we were closely watched, and that our whereabouts was known by them. We were unable to tell but we might be attacked at any moment. The bushes and rocks and irregular formation of the ground afforded excellent hiding places to hundreds of Indians. They failed to appear, however, and we learned when we reached the fort in the afternoon of the next day that the infantry, who had also just come back, had been bivouacking close to the banks of the river, and being in greater force than the Indians, had doubtless prevented their attempting to cross ; for their footprints showed that they had camped during part of the night on the very hill at the foot of which was the bivouac. They had evidently intended to cross the river at that very spot, but discovering the presence and strength of the infantry, they slipped away before daybreak.

A number of small expeditions were undertaken by the military from that time forward, but the redskins kept shy of them during the whole of that fall, and contented themselves with occasional raids and attacks on settlers and the mail stage.

Fort Selden was about that time the scene of a very sad tragedy, in which two young officers belonging to the same regiment shot each other, the one through unreasoning jealousy of his wife, the other in self-defense.

The commanding officer in Santa Fé had already been informed of the difficulties between the two officers, and had

the very day when the tragedy took place issued an order that would have transferred one of them to another post, but before the order reached the Fort both men were in their graves. This is only one of the many incidents of frequent occurrence at the frontier that would create horror if they happened within the confines of civilization. But human life is not so highly valued there.

On the other hand, there are many heroic and self-sacrificing acts done at the frontier, of which the world never

hears,—many precious lives saved by the presence of mind and intrepidity of men and women in their struggles against Indians and against white marauders. Men become famous from time to time on account of some praiseworthy act; but others equally worthy, who have done their share as well towards improving the condition of mankind, or saving the lives of their fellow beings, are never heard of, because their heroism did not chance to occur within the presence of many witnesses.

*A. Ebermayer.*

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### THE BEGGAR.

I KNOW not if 'twere best, beloved,  
That you and I should part,  
I only know, a little while  
You made me happier with your smile;  
Some bitter tears you did beguile,  
And stilled my hungry heart.

I know not if 'twere best, beloved,  
The idyl should be done;  
From grudging Fate's reluctant hand  
I took the gift, as thirsty sand  
Drinks in the rain, when all the land  
Has blistered in the sun.

Love's citadel is strong, beloved,  
But not of senseless stone;  
Though forced so wearily to wait,  
A beggar, by the shining gate,  
I know it opens, soon or late,  
To give me back my own.

O, patience, heart! O, peace, my heart!  
Who feasts with Love, must drink of grief;  
The draught is bitter past belief,  
But Love is sweet, and Life is brief,  
Oh, peace, my heart!

*Clara G. Dolliver.*



## AWA.

WHAT hasheesh is to the Malay and Javanese, the root of the *Piper methysticum* (called "awa" in the Hawaiian and Micronesian groups, and "ka-awa" in the Fijian archipelago) is to the cognate races inhabiting the vast middle area of the Pacific Ocean where the plant can be made to grow.

Like many of the varieties of the family of *Piperaceæ* to which it belongs, the awa grows in damp, warm localities, such as the little humid gorges so frequently found indenting the banks of the heavily wooded valleys of the Hawaiian islands. In these, springing from a deep, rich black mould formed by the decay of the rank vegetation, the bright green stalks of the plant (with characteristic whorled leaves, proceeding from conspicuous joints) grow in rank luxuriousness to the height of six or eight feet, the plants covering, sometimes, an acre or two of ground. Though not indigenous to the Hawaiian Islands, awa is of such a remote aboriginal introduction, and has found the soil and climate so favorable to its growth, that it is no longer cultivated, the natives leaving it to take care of itself, and seeking it in its natural, wild habitats.

Like all its tribe, the leaf is quite aromatic, leaving the hot taste of pepper in the mouth when chewed; but unlike the betel leaf—also grown on the islands—it is the root only of the awa that is used. In gathering this the loose soil is scraped away, and the root soon uncovered and pulled up. It is quite woody in texture, though sappy, and is disproportionately large as compared with the jointed stalks. Perhaps a root of awa might be compared to that of a turnip allowed to go to seed and grown bulky, woody, and clothed with hundreds of rootlets. These roots, tied in bunches

of three or four and dried, are sent to the nearest village market, and with a fresh fish or two, a bit of salt salmon, a handful of shrimps, some edible sea-weed, and perhaps a half pound of fresh beef neatly tied up in the smooth, glossy leaves of the *ki* plant (*Dracæna terminalis*), are sure to be purchased by the native husbandman or laborer, when of a Saturday night he makes his preparations for a glorious "feed."

The moderate use of awa is attended with much the same effects as those experienced by the hasheesh consumers; it induces an agreeable lassitude preceding a profound slumber accompanied by delicious visions, while the inordinate use of either develops more alarming and disastrous symptoms.

The victim to habitual indulgence in hasheesh finally finds relief from the maddening visions of a diseased brain in "running a-muck" through streets and alleys, stabbing right and left with his keen, crooked *creese*, until killed—as a mad dog might be—by his friends as a means of self-protection. The confirmed awa drinker, however, is not subject to such fits of wild delirium. Its use simply stupefies as opium does, but in a less degree. But it does bring out unsightly blotches on the skin, inflames the eyelids, and blears the eyes, rendering the subject an object of compassion on account of his blindness; of disgust in regard to his parti-colored skin; and of curiosity—and interest, perhaps, to the medical man—in view of the patient's still possessing muscular power without being able to use it intelligently.

In the preparation of the two drugs there is a wide difference. Hasheesh is inhaled or taken as a bolus, while awa is only swallowed in a liquid state. The preparation and use of awa in the Fijian

archipelago (where, as has been said, it is called *ka-awa*) is attended with much ceremony. As daylight breaks over a village the beat of drums hollowed from logs arouses the people. They busy themselves for a few moments in winding about their bushy locks a turban of filmy white *kapa*, or bark cloth, while standing half immersed in the cool, bright waters of the stream on the banks of which their huts are always located.

Their bath finished, they spring out on to the grassy bank, and wind about their loins long strips of the same *kapa*, leaving trailing behind them a yard or two as a train.

The sonorous drums beat as they assemble in front of their chief's residence. Then they arrange themselves by families in semi-circular lines in front of the *ranai*, or thatched veranda. Soon their chief, distinguished by the extra size and volume of his snowy turban and by the elaborate manner in which his face is painted with colored earths,—one cheek a brilliant red, the other chalky white, the eyes surrounded by circles of black, the forehead streaked with blue and yellow, and the ears decorated with bunches of bright-hued flowers. About his waist is wound yard after yard of white *kapa*, which trails after him ten, fifteen, or twenty feet.

Behind him clusters his group of wives, retainers, and hangers-on.

Slowly striding forward he stops under the front of the veranda, and sinks with benignity upon the pile of mats heaped up for his use. As he does so, the concourse of people in front shout, "He is seated!" and then there is silence.

Out of the crowd there advances a fine-looking, muscular man, who sinks upon his knees in the open space in front of his chief. There follow him attendants bearing each a huge bowl of dark, polished wood, one of which, filled with the macerated pulp of *ka-awa*, is placed before the "mixer of drink." Another

hands him an oblong strip of stout *kapa* loosely wove, which he adjusts over his smooth, bronze-like arms. The third kneels ready at his side with a smaller calabash.

The operator commences a low chant, the burden of which is carried by the attentive crowd behind him. As he does so, he dips his hand into the bowl of pulp, and moulding a mass, transfers it to the web-like strainer. Another and another is added, until enough for one straining being accumulated, the operation proceeds by the mixer folding the *kapa* over and over the mass. When completely enveloped, the ends of the strip are seized, and with rhythmic gestures, the scientific play of muscle, and deft turns of the wrists and elbows, the strainer is held high above an empty bowl of richly polished tortoise-shell, and as the chant grows louder, the juice falls in a thin stream. This is repeated until the bowl, which will hold about a quart, is filled.

Casting aside the strainer, the mixer seizes the brimming bowl between his outstretched hands, and with a strange, difficult undulating motion advances on his knees toward his chief. The utmost stillness prevails as he does so; and when he has arrived at the edge of the veranda, with a profound obeisance the bowl is handed to the chief. Breathlessly the multitude gazes as the chief leans forward and takes the bowl. All faces are alive with excitement as he raises it to his lips. As he drinks, every head is bowed, and then as he slowly inverts the bowl and the last few drops fall on the ground, a deep shout of "It is drank!" from a thousand throats ends the ceremony for the day.

In the Hawaiian Islands there is not so much ceremony used, but, as often happens, the absence of style is more than compensated by the solid pleasure gained.

During my solitary horseback tours throughout the group, it was not seldom



my fortune at the close of a long day's journey to be the guest of the primitive people living in the seclusion of quiet valleys, where nothing suggested the presence of human beings, until one caught a glimpse of a low, grass-thatched hut, nestling under the shadow of an overhanging cliff and the dense shade of thick-leaved bread-fruit trees. Above these waved and rustled cocoa palms, and near at hand the scarlet-blossomed hibiscus and waxen-flowered ginger lent color and fragrance to the still life of the scene. Then the noisy rush of a half dozen mongrel curs, followed by the appearance of as many brown-skinned urchins of both sexes gazing at me in dubious surprise, would indicate that my approach was known; and as my horse plashed through the little stream between me and the hut, the pleasant smile and musical cry of "*Aloha!*" (Love to you) from the native mother standing in the doorway would give me assurance of a hospitable welcome.

As I dismounted, some one of the many boys would be ready to unsaddle and lead away my horse, while generally the white-haired, age-bent grandmother would busy herself in futile efforts to disperse the yelping dogs and "*Ouish*" away the vagrant fowls, pigs, and piglets clustered around.

Always in answer to my query as to whether I could sleep there the response was "*Ae*" (Yes), delivered with a gesture and inflection that implied my entertainers felt surprised, if not hurt, at my considering such a question necessary.

To show hospitality to the *mali hini* (stranger)—especially when he happens to be a *haole* (foreigner)—is as natural to the native Hawaiian as it is to him to breathe, and so the best they had was always mine.

It is part of the unwritten law of hospitality and respect the Hawaiian evinces toward his white guest that the stranger must eat alone. So my supper—almost always of a chicken, caught, cleaned, and cooked *a-la-fricassee*, in

plain sight of the hut—having been discussed, and I having retired to the pile of soft mats arranged as my lounge and bed in the best corner of the hut, the women of the family would complete the preparation of their evening meal.

From the huge calabash of pasty *poi*—the mainstay of all Hawaiian meals—would be taken glutinous handfuls, which, being transferred to smaller dishes made of cocoanuts, gourd shells, and the dark, highly polished wood of the *kou* tree, would then be mixed with water to the consistency of thin paste. The fried arms of squids, strips of goat meat or beef, and dozens of limpets, sea urchins, and other shell fish, would be boiled; and little shells filled with rock salt, *limu*,—or dried sea-weed,—and roasted nuts of the *kukui*, or candle-nut tree, would be arranged as zests to the entertainment.

While this was going on, in one corner of the hut one or two girls would be preparing awa.

But this was not done until with a propitiatory smile my host would ask if I were "*mikionari*," that is, if my "*missionary*" training forbid my allowing them the use of awa.

As the question was generally addressed to me while enjoying my pipe or cigar, it is perhaps needless to say that I never felt called upon to denounce their indulgence in their popular sedative, and so the ceremony proceeded.

It was simple enough, consisting mostly in the young girls mentioned slicing off bits of the awa root, which they masticated vigorously with their beautifully white teeth, taking occasional mouthfuls of water, which, with the finely chewed awa, would be emptied from time to time into a coconut shell reserved for the purpose.

When a quart, perhaps, of the juice had been thus prepared, the mixture would be carefully strained through the web-like bark gathered from the spathe of the coconut leaf, and was then ready for consumption.

The supper meanwhile being arranged about the calabashes of poi, the family would group themselves on mats about the eatables, and then the head of the household having, with all politeness, offered me first a libation from the awa bowl, — which, it is perhaps needless to say, was always as politely declined, — he would take a deep draught of the liquor, and then it would go round the circle, each one taking what may be called a dose, even *na kamalii* (the children) coming in for a few remaining drops.

The supper was then attacked, and with much smacking of lips (a native Hawaiian cannot thoroughly enjoy a meal without such noisy labial demonstrations) the calabashes of poi would be emptied, and the piles of limu, shrimps, shell-fish, squid, and other dainties disappear.

And then, while the group of brown imps scraped clean the kettle in which my chicken had been cooked, or scrambled in haste amongst the fragments of the feast, the elders, lying back in all the luxury of repletion, would pass from hand to hand — from mouth to mouth, perhaps I ought to say — their one rude pipe carved from a bit of hard wood, and inhale deep draughts of their rank tobacco of native growth.

This would last but for a few moments though, for so nicely calculated would be the effects of the awa they had drank that soon all would sink back in deep slumber except, perhaps, the ancient crone, the great grandmother of the youngest, whom she would gather in her withered arms, and by the dim red light of the expiring hearth-fire croon to sleep with a low chant of former, brighter days when she was young.

*F. L. Clarke.*

## MADAME AND MONSIEUR.

### SCENES OF CREOLE LIFE BEFORE THE WAR.

I WOULD prefix to the following sketches a few words on the proper meaning of the word Creole, so often misunderstood as necessarily implying a mixture of colored blood. This is an entire mistake, and one that the French Creoles of the South would greatly resent. Many of these ladies are distinguished for their beauty, their social qualities, their peculiar charm of manner, and in especial for a grace of movement, a gliding gait, that has in it no more apparent effort than the motion of the swan upon the water.

The dictionary defines the word "Creole" as "A native of Spanish America or the West Indies, born of European parents, as distinguished from the offspring of mixed blood, as the mulatto,

born of a negro mother, and the mestigo, born of an Indian mother." It has come to mean simply, as applied to Louisiana, a white native; while according to some authorities the word Creole means a native of a West Indian colony, whether he be black or white. I think the Spanish and Portuguese apply it only to the blacks born in their colonies, and never to whites.

No wonder there is some ambiguity as to the proper application of the term.

But the versatile and impulsive heroine of these pages is *white*, unmistakably, and French of the French. She certainly is not of the type of that "most interesting class of French-Americans" that Cable's admirable delineations have later so often presented to us; for she



stands almost *sui generis*, (I draw her from life,) resembling Molière's *soubrettes* in liveliness, and may at least serve as an exponent of spontaneity.

No description is attempted in these Creole sketches of the worth and attractiveness of many delightful companions, whose society was so charming in those dear, remembered days before "fine old Leisure died," nor of those localities where he certainly spent some of his pleasantest last days.

IN the autumn of 18—, while seeking for furnished or unfurnished apartments in the upper part of New Orleans, I was attracted by the appearance of a small French cottage with a pretty garden attached, and with the following encouraging notice appendant: "*Chambres garnies à louer*" (Furnished rooms to let). The desirableness of the location, the tasteful air of the residences and grounds in the neighborhood, the freedom from all that so often offends the sight and sense in the more densely populated portions of a city tempted me, and I entered to discuss the preliminaries.

We were received by an old French gentleman, apparently about seventy, who supported himself by a gold-headed cane and showed many marks of decrepitude, and by his Creole wife, — of most Xantippean visage, with restless, ferreting gray eyes that were never still beneath her glasses, and a figure slender and erect, which absolutely shot forward like an arrow when she moved, (she never walked). She was habited in that *laissez aller* style of dress that the Creole woman so invariably adopts at home, viz., the careless *volante*. A bright-looking, pretty mulatress about seventeen years of age attended, ready to act as interpreter should necessity require.

After inspecting the apartments, and ascertaining that the old couple wished to retain only one room with a small passage adjoining; that there were two kitchens, separate servants' rooms, and

other desirabilities for such a disjunctive-conjunctive home, I decided to take the house, receiving from Madame the assurance meanwhile, "Tous les meubles aussi de ces appartements seront à vous, Madame, absolument, tandis que vous soyez ici!" (All the furniture of these rooms will be yours, so long as you are here).

"Tous les meubles" consisted of an old matting too much soiled to be tolerated for an instant, a dozen or more cane-seated chairs, a side-board none the better for wear, a bedstead that had been handsome in its day, and an ancient mirror ungilt and uncomely. Nevertheless these were matters remediable; and after a polite bow, such as none but a Frenchman can give, from Monsieur, with a self-questioning, half-doubting mention of "trente piastres par mois, Madame?" interrupted by the sharp ejaculation from his wife, "Non, non, Jourdain, quarante piastres par mois" (forty dollars a month), I acceded to Madame's terms, seeing at a glance that argument with *her* was useless, gave notice when my family would desire possession, and departed.

After one week spent in refurnishing and provisioning, and another in putting to rights, we found ourselves comfortably domiciled, and were congratulating ourselves on our snug quarters, — when one morning a chattering and screeching, as if all the paroquets in Robinson Crusoe's island had alighted in our garden, assailed our ears.

I ran with my baby in my arms to a side door opening into the garden, my sister and my child's nurse bringing up the rear, when the following scene presented itself:

#### SCENE FIRST.—THE ASSAULT.

MADAME astride the garden walk, armed with a pole, — what Southey's "Doctor" would call "a prophylactic," — valiantly defends the entrance to her

kitchen, while a stout black wench, a former slave of Madame's, endeavors at the instigation of her present master to reclaim certain properties belonging to herself, such as "une paillasse," or pallet, a trunk of clothing, and a few old pots and pans. Monsieur, at the foot of the steps leading from the door to the garden, feebly interposes now and then in behalf of the woman's rights. Lucinda, Madame's servant, with the colored woman and children belonging to myself, stand at a safe remove in the kitchen premises, animated spectators of the approaching combat.

The black woman advances, but unarmed and defenseless retreats before the descending weapon of her opponent. She endeavors to overleap it, and is stoutly belabored for her rash attempt. She makes a rush towards her goods and chattels, through the narrow pass offering between Madame's back and the garden fence; but no circumvolutions can outwit her wary antagonist, and no Fabian policy is hers. Indefeasibly she maintains her ground, while a volley of invectives, never before heard either in French or English, a grape and canister shot shower of objurcation and vituperation, is hurled with incredible rapidity by Madame at her adversary, and returned with interest by the slave. Finally and forcibly the latter is ejected from the premises, notwithstanding her co-laborer outside the gate, who is waiting with his dray to receive the coveted booty, but who witnessing the Amazonian defense, has no inclination to mingle in the *melée*, and concludes with Falstaff that discretion is the better part of valor.

Monsieur meanwhile at intervals, as opportunity for a possible hearing offers, utters the following expostulations: "Chere! arrete-toi là, je te supplie." (Do stop, dear, I entreat). Madame responds, "Arrete-toi-meme, bete" (stop yourself, you fool,) accompanied by a side thrust that sends him, more nimbly

than his wont, up a step or two towards the door. In a more advantageous position he resumes, in a weak, peevish voice, "Mais, ma femme, tu te disgraces, — tu te dishonores." (But, Wife, you disgrace yourself).

Madame.—"Oui, Jourdain, je me dishonore, parce que je suis ta femme! Poltron!" (I am disgraced in being your wife. Coward!)

Monsieur.—"Ah! donne, chere, a esclave ce que lui appartient." (Give the slave what belongs to her, dear).

Madame.—"Imbecile! va-t-en ou je te fouelterai encore." (Go off, or I'll hit you again).

Monsieur, silenced if not convinced, retires, muttering "Mille tonnerres! V'la vraiment, une diablesse!" (A regular virago).

#### SCENE SECOND.—THE GOAT.

FROM a blessed tranquility succeeding the above storm, we were again in a few hours roused by the perturbed wanderings of an unlucky goat that had found its way into the garden, not immediately discerned by the vigilant eyes of Madame. The unfortunate servant later received his retribution for the open gate at which the animal had entered, but the quadruped, not the biped, culprit demands precedence.

Now here, now there, follows Madame in mad haste, the *volante* streaming in the wind, over beds of flowers, through whole rows of violets, apparently less desirous of preventing further injury than of reaping the satisfaction of chastising the offender for deeds done.

Even her unflinching energy, however, shows at last signs of abatement, and the goat, more agile even than his persecutrix, escapes with but one inglorious wound in the rear. That gratification is not withheld from her, as he slips through the gate. But though she follows him far down the street she reaps no second triumph.



Returning with palpitating breath, saddened but not subdued as she fully realizes the amount of injury done to her flowers, and the lessening, in consequence, of the profits accruing from the sale of them, with a vigor of gesticulation and ejaculation I have never seen or heard surpassed, wringing her hands, raising her arms, and darting to and fro, she appeals to me. "O Madame! toutes mes violettes sont mortes! toutes mes violettes sont mortes!"

Her pathetic anguish was so acute that Niobe-like "all tears" she too might have "wept herself to stone," could she have remained still long enough.

#### SCENE THIRD.—A DIES IRÆ.

LUCINDA, — pronouncing the name with a rising inflection and strong accent on the last syllable, after the manner of the happy couple, — heretofore considered by them, "une domestique parfaite-ment fidele," began to show herself in her true colors. Not relishing the dry end of a baker's loaf, her daily food from her mistress's hands, and disagreeing with established authorities that the "crystal well" is all sufficient for drink, she cast about for less frugal fare. Not at all monastic in her tendencies, she found the three days each week during which her mistress drove out, long for her occupations and tastes, and sought to diversify the time by frequent airings. For these the trams offered a convenient opportunity, besides the advantage of introducing her to a stratum of society that the secluded habits of her mistress, and her exceeding watchfulness over those committed to her care, rendered inadmissible at home. Latitudinarian in practice and generous in propensity, she appropriated the weekly allowance of cash entrusted to her for the discharge of the milk bill to these daily drives, which could not be indulged in on account, and true to her lavish fancies, invited any chance acquaintance she

might meet *chemin faisant* (on the way) to join her in these excursions.

Frequently the entire day was divided between driving and shopping, the maid returning a trifle earlier than the mistress, that all things might be in readiness at her approach, and the *robe rose* appropriated for the occasion replaced securely in her owner's wardrobe.

When her finances ran low, she obtained credit to her mistress's account for twelve bits' worth of coffee in one place, three or four dollars' worth of cakes and confections in another; ran up a bill of \$8 at the grocer's, and one of a trifling amount for chickens in the neighborhood, — for confidence as yet had not been disturbed in this "perfectly faithful servant."

The days during which Madame was at home she passed in arranging bouquets, which Lucinda was to sell at a picayune each; but the girl disdaining trifles, and being frequently better supplied with money than Madame herself, threw the bouquets into the gutter, and handed Madame the anticipated two bits on her return.

But a day of reckoning was at hand, and one that Madame little counted upon. It was hard that she who loves money "*comme la prunelle de l'oeil*" (as the apple of her eye) should be forced into catering thus bountifully for Lucinda. 'Twas taking her heart's blood. The poultry-woman, weary of the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, presented herself to Madame, begging for her due. The woman could neither speak nor comprehend a word of French, nor Madame of English, and yet small likelihood of that "perfect harmony" which Coleridge pictures in "the union of a deaf man with a dumb woman"!

*Poultry woman.* — "I moost haf mine monish. I no vait no more longer!"

*Madame.* — "Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit, Lucinda?" (What does she say?)

*Lucinda.* — "Elle demande de l'argent." (She is begging for money.)

*Madame.*—"Eh bien ! c'est une chose bien extraordinaire ! Pourquoi de l'argent ?" (This is a very strange thing ! What does she want money for ?)

*Poultry woman.*—"I moost haf mine monish for mine sheekins. De sheekins dat girl buy."

*Madame.*—"Qu'est-ce que c'est que ceci ?" (What's all this about ?)

*Lucinda.*—"Elle dit qu'elle est venue vendre des poulets pour de l'argent. Je me trompais." (She says she has come to sell chickens. I was mistaken.)

*Madame.*—"Va-t-en, femme ! Je ne veux pas de poulets ! Est-ce que j'ai une mine d'or ?" (Woman, go away ! I do not want any chickens ! Have I a gold mine ?)

*Poultry woman.*—"Fot ish dot she do say ?"

*Lucinda.*—"She says she will pay you tomorrow."

*Poultry woman.*—"Domorrow ! and domorrow ! Mine Gott ! I will haf mine monish now !"

*Madame.*—"Eh bien ! encore, Lucinda ?" (Well, what now ?)

*Lucinda.*—"Elle dit que le mari et les enfants sont bien malades, et elle vous prie de l'aider." (She says her husband and children are very ill, and she begs you to help her.)

*Madame.*—"Tais-toi miserable ! Me faut il des poulets quand je n'en ai pas besoin ! Il vous faut aller travailler et aider vous-même le mari et les enfants." (Hold your tongue, you fool ! Must I buy chickens when I do not need them ? Go to work and yourself help your husband and children.)

At this crisis the grocer and confectioner arrive with their small accounts. The grocer, fortunately for all, Lucinda excepted, speaks French, and explains matters.

Madame obstinately refuses to hold herself responsible, or to believe in Lucinda's turpitude: "Cette domestique parfaitement fidèle."

But the mournful truth is pressed

home upon her with so much earnestness that she is forced reluctantly to recognize that she is bound to make good the obligations incurred by Lucinda, under penalty of having some of her effects seized. The poultry woman requests the grocer to represent her grievance.

At this added blow Madame permits herself but one pathetic expression: "Misericorde ! Misericorde ! que je souffres de grandes douleurs !" (Mercy, mercy ! What anguish I suffer !) Then turning like a tigress at bay upon the offender, she shrieks, "Infame ! Coquinne Friponne ! Traître ! Imposteur ! Que maudit soient l'heure et le jour ou je m'avais de t'acheter !" (Cursed be the day that I took it into my head to buy you !) and finding no weapon at hand with which to enforce her words but a poker, beats her soundly with that, tears her dress off her back, pulls out a few handfuls of hair, knocks her down every time she picks herself up, and finally locks her in, to reflect on the "Pleasures of the Imagination."

In the morning it was necessary to release Lucinda from durance vile, that she might go to market. But Lucinda once out had no inclination for further incarceration, and did not return. Madame and Monsieur got cross and hungry, but still she came not.

Three days passed, and Madame heard that her precious charge was in the calaboose. She went for her *tout de suite* (at once), and knowing Lucinda's dexterity and agility, provided herself with a man and a rope. She was obliged to pay \$5 for her board, and this did not serve to lessen her asperity. By her orders the man knotted the rope around Lucinda, and fastened back her arms to a transverse piece of wood. Madame fortified herself with a stout cudgel, and they proceeded upon their walk homeward.

The man tugs at the rope as if he were dragging along a calf. Lucinda is



restive; Madame, profiting by the seasonableness of the opportunity, bastinadoes with zeal. Lucinda kicks with a backward thrust; Madame knocks her down. The man restores her perpendicular, and for a few moments they jog on amicably together. This pace, however, is not progressive enough for Madame, and from the *banquette* (sidewalk) where they are, she gives Lucinda a side punch, — which Lucinda avoids by an adroit shift to the left, so that Madame, fighting at air and meeting with no resistance, falls into the gutter, and considerably bemired, is helped out by the man. Lucinda meanwhile nearly escapes, is recaptured, and conducted home in safety.

Madame, although much fatigued, delays neither a second chastisement nor a second imprisonment. Madame was certainly of the non-reticent order, and possessed in no small degree what became afterwards so well known during the Franco-Prussian war as *elan*, — spirit, sudden movement.

#### SCENE FOURTH.—ILLNESS.

OUR boy, our only child, was suddenly and alarmingly ill. About ten in the evening a physician was summoned, as we dared no longer delay obtaining medical advice. He soon arrived, and from the haste with which he prepared the medicines, ordered warm applications to be instantly made ready, and sent the swiftest messenger we could employ for ice, I saw he thought there was no time to be lost. Every order was promptly and silently attended to, every suggestion implicitly followed; but hour after hour passed; the medicines failed to act; violent vomitings and purgings continued unabated and unintermitted, and the disease was pronounced cholera infantum.

At two o'clock the doctor said he would retire to an adjoining room to rest a short time, but would not leave

during the night. I believed it was that he might not see the child die, and witness our anguish. God help us!

How describe the agony of the next two hours! We sit and watch — oh how intently watch the little sufferer! His faithful black mammy sits on the floor rocking to and fro, sobbing violently, and will not be persuaded to go to bed.

"O, Missis! Is he gwine to die?"

"Hush, Matilda!"

He sinks more and more rapidly; the death lines seem to be settling around the face; the nose is pinched; the indescribable look about the mouth wrenches our hearts; the eyes are fearfully sunken, the pupils unnaturally distended, and the black circles deepen around them; the flesh absolutely dwindles before our eyes; the stomach collapses; the tiny hands grope restlessly for aid. Aid is at hand. A few moments more, and he will peacefully rest. The eyelids close, — flicker, — and his baby face in death cannot be more pale, nor his coffined form more motionless. My God! my God! take him not so soon! Let them not "bury my dead out of my sight!" How can I live without his childish prattle, his coaxing tones, his winning smile? How sleep without his arms twined lovingly around me! He is our only one. Spare him! spare him!

The cry is heard: the alarming symptoms abate; he sleeps, awakes, feebly utters "mamma," and sleeps again. The doctor enters, examines the pulse, pronounces the crisis past, and falling prostrate I exclaim, "My God! I thank thee!"

"None are all evil," and Madame's love for children and for my boy in particular covered many failings in my eyes. She was proud of having taught him to understand and obey her request, "*Chauffe tes mains; chauffe tes jolies petites mains,*" (Warm your pretty little hands,) and repeatedly during the night

she stood noiselessly by his bedside, exclaiming in compassionate tones, "Est-ce qu'il dort, pauvre enfant?" (Is he sleeping, poor child?) Again, "Est-ce qu'il ne dort pas encore, le pauvre petit?" (Does n't he sleep yet, poor little fellow?) Soon after, restlessly reappearing with a soothing draught, "Donnez à l'enfant un peu de cette tisane, je vous prie, Madame, je l'ai préparée moi-même. Ah! il se porte mieux! Dieu merci! Pauvre chatte!" (Give him a little of this tea. I made it myself. Ah! he is better. God be thanked! Poor little kitten!)

#### SCENE FIFTH. — THE COAL SCENE.

DURING my boy's convalescence, while amusing him one day in my bedroom, the following lively episode broke in upon an unusual interval of peacefulness:—Madame occupied in the kitchen; Monsieur seated in his room with the door open, as it always stood, were the weather hot or cold, wet or dry, calls repeatedly for coal. Lucinda, having received a prohibitory command from her mistress, pretends not to hear.

Monsieur becomes impatient, and vociferates more loudly. Trembling with cold and anger, he at last succeeds in bringing Lucinda, when the succeeding dialogue takes place:

*Monsieur.*—"Ne veux-tu pas venir quand je t'appelle?" (Won't you come when I call you?)

*Lucinda.*—"Je ne vous ai pas entendu, Monsieur." (I did not hear you, sir.)

*Monsieur.*—"Tu mens? J'ai besoin de charbon. J'ai froid." (You lie! I want coal. I am cold.)

*Lucinda.*—"Mais Madame dit que non." (But Madame says no.)

*Monsieur.*—"Et je te dis que oui, moi! Lachetine! Va-t-en! Apporte-moi du charbon, tout de suite!" (And I say yes, you hussy! Go and bring me some immediately!)

Lucinda brings the coal, puts it on the fire, and is about leaving Monsieur

comforted, when Madame hearing the noise of the coal scuttle follows with the speed of a *cerf-volant* (kite),—with one thrust sends Lucinda to the other side of the room, seats Monsieur emphatically in his chair as he rises to confront her; and before the coal has had time to ignite, jerks it into the scuttle, throws coal, scuttle, shovel, and tongs out of doors, and then departs, this once speechless, leaving her spouse defenseless before the blackened bars of a fireless grate.

Awed by her "magnificent flash of silence," with a helpless shrug of the shoulders and a "Mon Dieu!" he comes feebly tapping at my adjoining door. I rise, bid him enter, place a rocking-chair where the poor old man may feel the full glow of the fire, and let him, safe in his present security, ramble on.

"Ah, mon Dieu! que vous avez toujours de bon feu, Madame, et que vous êtes bonne de me permettre de me chauffer à votre foyer! J'aime le bon feu, moi! mais ma femme ne l'aime pas. Elle dit que ça coute chère — oui ça coute chère, c'est vrai, mais que j'aime le bon feu, moi!" (Ah, Madame! what a good fire you always have, and how kind of you to permit me to warm myself at your hearth. I like a good fire, but my wife does not. She says it is expensive. Yes, it is expensive, that's true, but I like a good fire.)

#### SCENE SIXTH. — BREAKFAST.

WE saw Monsieur one morning early seated at table, while Madame entered with Lucinda bringing hot cakes. Monsieur does not relish hot cakes this morning and wishes a baker's loaf. Such an extravagance is not to be entertained for a moment, for hot cakes are not often presented at their board, and when presented should be received with gratitude. A baker's loaf, indeed!

Monsieur pipes forth in a querulous voice, "Mais ma bonne! donne-moi un



pain ce matin, je te prie." (Do, dear, give me bread this morning.)

*Madame.*—"Tais-toi! V'la des beignets." (Hush! here are cakes.)

*Monsieur.*—"Je ne veux pas de beignets." (I don't want cakes.)

*Madame.*—"C'est assez. Je ne veux pas acheter un pain, quand il y a des beignets." (That's enough! I sha'n't buy a loaf when there are hot cakes.)

*Monsieur.*—"Ah! je crois vraiment que tu aimes les picayunes plus que ton âme!" (I believe you care more for picayunes than for your soul.)

*Madame.*—"J'aime les picayunes plus que je n'aime les frais inutiles!" (I like money better than useless expense.)

*Monsieur.*—"Mais achete un pain! Je veux en avoir un!" (Do buy a loaf; I will have it.)

*Madame.*—"Tu veux miserable? Nous verrons!" (You will? We'll see!)

*Monsieur.*—"Eh, oui! nous verrons!" (Yes, we will see.) And thereupon, too irate to reason further, he throws the dish in dispute before her very face, past her very mouth, over the balusters of the porch, out the side-door into the garden. Fearing lest the plate of butter may share the same fate, she seizes it with one hand, he with the other. She tugs, he jerks; she pulls, he shakes. Finally rage, energy, and strength, get the better of rage, impotency, and feebleness, and she wrenches the plate from his grasp; but with such force that this, united to the impetus given to her retreat by his suddenly loosened hold, precipitates her backward faster than she had counted upon, ("*facilis descensus*,") down the whole flight of steps into the garden.

Undismayed she holds aloft the spoils, and with them makes good her flight to the kitchen; returns with a tray, and with the speed of lightning sweeps the table in a twinkling of everything upon it, leaving Monsieur to chew the cud of his own bitter fancies, and to the contemplation of bare boards.

#### SCENE SEVENTH.—PATOURI.

PATOURI, a trusty servant of Monsieur's, and nearly as old as his master, was required by his mistress to rise at four o'clock in the morning, that he might walk three miles to the French market and the same distance back, to sell fine bouquets at a picayune each, — before breakfast I came near saying, — but alas! breakfast was for him but a name. Master and slave had grown old together, and Monsieur was grieved at the condition of his servant, but quite incompetent to struggle against Madame's will. Patouri was tremulous, weak, and weary, but that was no concern of his mistress, and if there was but one picayune less than the sum anticipated, she accused him of having spent it for rum, although the remaining bouquet was there to answer for the impossibility. If he had not sold it, the greater the wrong, for he should have done so; and she beat him around and around the yard accordingly.

The adjacent lot of ground, once belonging to the old couple, they had sold; but filled with flowers as it was at this time, it too powerfully excited Madame's avarice. She ordered old Patouri to scale the wall before light, and to gather at random whatever his hand might touch, while she stood on the outer works as sentinel.

He was discovered at length trespassing, and ordered to infringe no more, under penalty of being shot. He implored his mistress not to send him again; but she, deaf to any consideration but that of immediate gain, however small, and how great soever the risk, compelled his obedience. As he was retreating from this final effort, he was caught, and only released on the assurance from Monsieur that it should not occur again. Of what consequence, alas! his own testimony, dared he offer it?

Monsieur, aware of the fact for the

first time, upbraids Madame in the following terms: "Fi donc! As-tu perdu toute honte?" (Fie upon you! Have you lost all shame?)

She gives but little heed to his reproaches, but finding she is hazarding too much, is obliged to forego the flowers. As some indemnification, she provides herself with a substitute in Lucinda, relying upon her greater nimbleness for less chance of capture. She requires her to forage in the same place for pumpkins, which she secretes by cords in the well, that they may be made available as occasion requires.

Patouri works in the garden, and one day a lady in passing is attracted by the unusual beauty of a rose, which she requests him to give her. He says he fears Madame's displeasure, and while he asks Madame's permission she tells him she will wait. He returns with his mistress, who replies, "Je vous la vendrai, Madame, pour une picayune." (I will sell it to you for a picayune.) The lady in astonishment at such mercenariness in this land of flowers, gives the picayune, receives the rose, and departs.

Old Patouri soon becomes too ill to work. I see him sitting day after day on his hard bench at the door of his cabin; in rain or cold, striving to draw his miserable rags closer around him, for a fire never warms his benumbed limbs nor quickens his thin blood. I tell him to take a seat at my kitchen fire, where Molly will never deny him entrance, asking if he is not cold.

"Oui, j'ai froid, Madame."

"Then why not go to my kitchen?"

With a fine air of good breeding and a self-sacrificing sense of propriety, difficult to imagine under the circumstances, he replies: "Non, Madame, merci. Ce n'est pas comme-il-faut, pour moi d'aller à la cuisine de Madame. Ce n'est pas à moi." (No, Madame, thank you. It is not suitable for me to go to Madame's kitchen. It is not mine.) And there he sits, on sunny days on a wooden bench

in the kitchen yard, patient and uncomplaining, growing thinner and thinner day by day. At length he lies upon the bench or on his hard pallet within his room. Madame occasionally visits him, at rare intervals carrying a little red wine. Knowing that his crust of bread can be no more strengthening in illness than nourishing in health, I order soup and coffee for him daily from our table, which he receives with gratitude, and which Madame's parsimony makes no scruple at permitting him to accept. After a while he does not leave his bed, and one morning we find him dead, looking so peaceful that we rejoice he has gone where he will "know neither cold nor hunger more."

Madame comes crying to me, "O Madame! Que j'ai perdu un bon domestique! et que je l'ai nourri si soigneusement! Toujours du vin rouge! et le vin rouge est si bon pour un malade!" (What a good servant I have lost! And I nourished him so carefully! Red wine always! and red wine is so good for a patient!)

#### SCENE EIGHTH.—"L'AMOUR A VAINCU LOTH."

At one time when the opera of "Loth" was rendered in Paris, the author, well known for his poverty, was present. As the line "L'Amour a vaincu Loth" rang forth clear and distinct, a voice from the pit responded: "Qu'il en donne une à l'auteur alors." (Let him give the author one, then.)

The witticism, which called forth a shout, is comprehensible to the English ear, if we remember that "vaincu Loth" (conquered Lot) and "vingt culottes" (twenty pairs of trousers or twenty trousers, as the French say) have almost precisely the same sound in that language.

Our Monsieur had become almost equally impecunious under Madame's diplomatic financiering. One day he betook himself to his bed, professed him-



self ill, and refused to rise. Madame wishing to pass the day out found that this materially interfered with her plans; for though she had no objection to leaving him alone if well, when he might sun himself on the *banquette*, she had some scruples as to the propriety of doing so if he is really unable to leave his bed. Consequently she endeavored to persuade him that his indisposition was imaginary, or at least might be shaken off.

Finding all her endearments and persuasive acts of no avail, in despair at the prospect of passing her day at home, she flies to the neighboring house of Madame Bertrand to receive counsel from her, and to request her co-operation. Madame Bertrand agrees to detain the patient at her house, that her friend may enjoy the day as she had purposed. The ladies, chattering like a couple of magpies, return and proceed in haste to the apartment of *le malade*.

After much flattery, many blandishments, considerable coaxing, and some threats, they succeed in getting him up, and the labor of dressing is nearly complete, when he declares himself unequal to the task, and signifies his intention of taking to his bed again. "A Dieu ne plaise," (God forbid,) exclaims Madame, and the friendly co-adjutresses in serious alarm, with great tenderness, complete his toilet, he meanwhile peevishly muttering, "Tiens donc! Laisse-moi tranquille! Je vais me coucher." (Do stop! Leave me alone! I am going back to bed.)

They finally succeed in persuading him to go as far as the gate, carefully supporting him on either side. Then he announces his fixed determination not to budge another inch, and plants his cane fixedly on the sidewalk in signification of his ultimatum.

Madame, whose *elan* is roused by opposition so unusual and so spirited, and whose cue now is "not words, but deeds," seizes the cane and gives him a brisk brush over the shoulders, repeating it

at intervals as she finds him refractory.

His transient glow of resistance over, they reach the house. He meanwhile, however, is plotting stratagem, and while Madame is occupied a moment in another room adjusting her toilet, and her friend, considering her captive secure, is off guard, he resumes his hat and cane, plods home again, and ere the ladies are aware of the revolution of their well-organized plot, is quietly reposing in bed again.

In the afternoon he found himself sufficiently recovered to sit up; and all memory of the incidents of the morning having apparently passed from the minds of the expansive couple, the following colloquy took place:

*Madame*.—"Ah, mon mari,—mon ange, maintenant tu te trouves si bien, tu me permettras d'aller demain chez ma connaissance au lieu d'aujourd'hui, n'est-ce pas?" (Ah my angel husband, you are so much better now, you will allow me to go to my friend's tomorrow instead of today, will you not?)

*Monsieur*.—"Sans doute, ma bonne. Baise-moi! donne moi un autre baiser, mon amie! Ah! la bonne femme!" (Certainly, my dear. Kiss me,—another. Ah, what a good wife!)

At the time for retiring, great wrangling was again heard in the chamber of the old couple; but these were sounds so familiar they claimed but little attention. In the middle of the night we were aroused by the sound of some heavy body falling, with smothered cries of "Meurtre, meurtre."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "There is no time to be lost! Let us rush to the old man's assistance, for I verily believe that woman is choking him!"

Without the delay of an instant we sprang to the room, while Madame runs to Lucinda's *cabinet* and locks herself in. The old man is breathing painfully and heavily. We raise him from the floor,

and perceive several bruises over the temple.

He is not seriously injured; but chafing with fury and far spent with over-exertion, recovers at length breath to utter, "Je—ne—voudrais pas changer de chemise! ma—femme insistait,—mais je la porte encore! Bon!" (I would not change my night-shirt,—my wife insisted,—but I wear it still,—good!)

Early the next morning he declared to us his resolution of effecting that which he had often before attempted, and once succeeded in doing for some months; viz., to leave his home and take up his abode with a widowed daughter by a former marriage. This of course did not harmonize with Madame's wishes, for she knew that while she held him she held the purse-strings, and feared lest any codicil to his will might transfer a portion of the estate to the widow, which she by her address had secured to herself. He persisted however in his determination and borrowed two bits from us to pay for his ride in the cars, as he was too feeble to walk the distance,—we would gladly have given it had it been twenty fold, in order that he might effect his escape beyond possibility of recapture. He reached the gate,—Madame followed, and this dialogue ensued:—

*Madame.*—"Helas, mon ami! Reviens donc! Je ne puis supporter ton absence! Je ne puis exister seule au monde! Pourquoi partie? Nous aurons ce matin un déjeuner appétissant!" (Alas my husband! Come back, I cannot bear your absence! I cannot live alone in the world! Why do you go? We will have a delicious breakfast this morning.)

*Monsieur.*—"Mais je n'ai pas faim. Le cœur me fend de douleur!" (I am not hungry. My heart is breaking.)

*Madame.*—"Reviens, mon ami, et je

vais te donner un plat de 'gumbo filet' et du vin rouge, et tu auras tout un pain, si tu veux en avoir un." (Come, husband, and I will give you a dish of gumbo *filet*, with red wine; and you shall have a whole loaf of bread, if you wish.)

The last powerful arguments half incline him to turn back, but a recollection of the cruelties of the past night comes to strengthen his waning resolution, and he leaves her positively and forever.

Lucinda was soon after sold, and a young Irish girl took her place. Receiving very much the same treatment as her predecessor in office, she struck for higher wages, till finding that "the reciprocity was likely to be all on one side," she too left. We concluded to take a house in another part of the city, and just as we were removing, Madame ran to pour her sorrows into the ear of my nurse, whose tender heart was touched with the complaint as it found utterance in these words:

"Oh! Matilda! quoi faire! Patouri gon! Madame — gon! Lucinda gon! et mon mari!! Que je suis seule au monde." (What shall I do? How alone in the world I am!)

It was once wittily said of Dean Colet, who refused to accept some of the tenets of the Church of Rome: "It was to be hoped that he had expiated all his sins in Purgatory,—to be hoped, for otherwise he had gone further and fared worse." So perchance, the heroine of my sketches, strangely warped in many directions, though not in all, may in the retributive justice of slow revolving æons hereafter find at length that even "the crooked may be made straight," after the lesson shall have been learned here, that "Life's mightiest effort is to wait."



## WESTERN STORIES.

## I.—ROBBERS' ROAD.

WAY back, some thirty years ago, when our Golden State was in a condition of lawlessness that has made it the scene of many a romance; in fact, in that epoch of California's history which corresponds closely with the Middle Age period in the history of the world, there was a stage route of some extent crossing an inland county, which had gained for itself the title of the "Robbers' Road." Like many another good old name and landmark, its appalling title has passed through a degenerative process, and now its origin lives only in the memory of a few white-haired old pioneers, the remnants of the brave and doughty settlers, who cleave with the tenacity of despair to the tales of yore.

Important business complications necessitated my undertaking a journey through this portion of the State, where the depredations of highwaymen resembled the sudden swoop of feudal barons on intinerant hucksters and pilgrims, and where a heavy purse changed hands with the celerity with which the handkerchief of a puzzled spectator passes from his own pocket into that of the performing prestidigitator.

Stage coaches were the seemingly licensed prey and sources of revenue of the "knights of the road," and toll was levied on vehicles and passengers with a regularity and precision that would have both astonished and impressed the most wakeful of legalized collectors of those dues. Under such a state of affairs it was only the greenest of "tender-feet" that carried with them a heavier stock of ready money than the absolute exigencies of travel called for, or occasionally some one too incredulous and unbelieving to admit of the

possibility of the existence of such a creature as a highwayman, and into whose calculations such a thing entered only as an unknown entity and something to be solved by experiment, after the manner of the solution of an original problem in mathematics.

With such a one it fared well or ill in proportion to the degree of resistance offered to the politely expressed request to "Throw up your hands: step out and look pleasant." Not that this formula was an unvaried one, for lovers of the melodrama as frequently heard the familiar, "Your money or your life," though this expression, however effective, was usually traceable to neophytes in the profession; while the old and experienced hand, who was always in a prodigious hurry and wasted no time, inclined to the terse and epigrammatic "Fork over!" *pure et simple*.

My outward journey had been accomplished with only the ordinary inconveniences necessarily attendant on the primitive style of travel in vogue, and no more battered and bruised than if I had been subjected to three collisions and a runaway, at least with life safe and purse intact, I reached my destination.

My business being finally transacted with the one or two respectable members of a community largely made up of the offscourings of Eastern States, with a sprinkling of the native Californian, and a dash of foreign element, I waited with no little impatience for the bi-weekly coach to return me to the civilization of the metropolis, which by contrast was to my present surroundings as the promised land to the desert.

Though far from a coward, and inured to danger as was any one who had made

the perilous trip over mountain, plain, and desert from East to West, I confess that it was with anything but pleasurable anticipations that I took my seat in the vehicle that carried the occasional mail.

My uneasiness was heightened by an accurate knowledge of the condition of the country, by rumors of the presence of an unusually daring band of freebooters, by recent acts of lawlessness on the line of my road; and an additional incentive to nervousness rested in the fact that it was a time of the month when no moon brightened the somber gloom of a way alternately thickly wooded and of volcanic formation.

I will digress here to say that my general habits are abstemious, while as to tobacco in particular,—with the sole exception of the circumstance soon to be related,—it has never in any form passed my lips; but I have found it by no means subversive of success with men to have always on hand a small supply of the article which constitutes the nectar and ambrosia of so many; and on this occasion, as on many others before and since, I had with me a pocket-case of cigars, and a large piece of what is called by the initiated, I believe, “navy plug,” an article used for masticatory purposes, and recommended by its strength to the strongest palates. The position of the latter in my right-hand lower waistcoat pocket is sufficiently important to the sequence of the narrative to warrant my particularity in asserting its exact location.

My only fellow-traveler was a lady, to whom I had had the felicity of an introduction previous to our departure, though the close proximity occasioned by the roughness of the road would have made that an entirely unnecessary formality. Truth compels me to state that she was neither young, pretty, nor otherwise interesting, (alas for the lovers of romance,) and as I know that the good lady is now where no encomiums or their reverse

could possibly affect her, I say this the more unrestrainedly.

To beguile the tedium of our journey, and for want of a better subject of conversation, I devoted my energies to blood-curdling tales of bandits and highway outrages, partly true, but largely evolved from a fertile imagination, and told of “Three-fingered Jack” and “Bottle-nosed Billy,” of their cruelty and cunning, and skillfully interlarded my stories with dark inuendoes and insinuations of our own peril. I told how revolvers had been used as effective coercive agents in a variety of instances, and always as sufficiently “good considerations” in the transfer of property; how their horses outstripped the wind, and permitted them to take part in the stoppage of mail-coaches miles apart; how their suspicion and greed prompted useless outrages; in a word, I succeeded in filling the wretched woman with the direst of forebodings, that worked her up to a pitch of terror that knew no bounds, and from thence on every shadow concealed for her some frightful shape, whose sole aim and object, she was firmly convinced, was her destruction, and these fears, try as I would, I was now unable to allay. Meanwhile our coach sped onward as rapidly as the nature of the road would allow, and we were soon plunged in entire darkness.

The only really valuable thing on my co-voyager’s person was a ring of brilliants of remarkable luster and purity, which would in itself have proved no mean prize to so particular a connoisseur in precious stones as Red Mike (for this was the euphonious appellation assumed by the chief unlicensed tax-collector of those parts) was known to be,—more particularly as it was darkly hinted that a well known San Francisco jeweler depended largely on this source for his supply of cut but unset jewels.

This ring Mrs. R—— wore beneath her woolen gloves, but affected by my tales of murder and robbery, the thing



assumed in her eyes the shape of something that would goad men on to the commission of atrocities more dreadful even than those I had pictured. Where to conceal the treasure she knew not: first she tried her boot, but she called to mind my story of the party who had been hung up by the heels, and so considered that too insecure a hiding-place; her pocket was equally unsatisfactory, though I firmly believe that to the average man the mystery of the exact location of a woman's pocket is one no ages will reveal. At last, impelled thereto by the failure of all other means of concealment, she begged that I would find some method of preserving it, not so much on account of its intrinsic value and the fear of losing it, as lest tempted thereby our momentarily expected visitants might prosecute a too diligent search for further plunder, and finding nothing, revenge themselves on us for their disappointment. I verily believe that the idea of tossing it out of the stage window passed through her mind.

She had but just passed the ring to my hand, and I had involuntarily put my fingers with it into my right lower waistcoat pocket, when the ominous "Halt!" and that unmistakable steely "click, click," of weapons sounded in our ears.

I suppose it must have been the fact of my fingers coming in contact with the tobacco in my pocket that begat within me the inspiration to convey to my mouth the ring and plug together, and bite from the latter a piece large enough to satisfy the most quid-loving of sailors. This I instantly began to masticate after the approved fashion of a backwoods justice, my cheek standing out as if affected with an acute attack of the mumps.

Both doors of our conveyance were opened simultaneously, and the lady shrieked amain as revolvers covered us on each side, and we were required to descend. But very few words passed.

Our assailants were four in number, not bad-looking fellows on the whole,

and while one kept his "gun" in too close proximity to my head for comfort, another ransacked my pockets and relieved me of the few valuables I carried. The same process would have been gone through with in the case of their other victim, had her pockets been findable. As it was, she yielded up her pocket-book, ear-rings, and personal baggage, with the docility of a tamed Katherine obeying the orders of her Petruchio. All the while I was expectorating with the vehemence of an engine vomiting forth smoke, but such a habit was too common in those parts to attract attention, and my cigars and tobacco had with the rest of my belongings already found their way into the possession of our warrantless searchers.

Perceiving that such documents as I carried were wholly valueless to them, and satisfying themselves that I carried no negotiable paper, they handed me back a cigar with an earnest admonition to forsake the tobacco habit, (O, irony of fate!) and with the most courteous of apologies to the lady for the inconvenience they had been obliged to inflict, mounted, and galloped off, leaving us not much poorer than they found us.

On regaining the stage, the feelings that had begun to creep over me during the search finally prevailed and overpowered me, and carefully conveying from my mouth to my pocket the filthy mass that concealed a jewel more precious than that supposed to be encased in the head of the fabled toad, I leaned my head far out of the window of the vehicle, now again on its journey, and regardless of everything, gave free vent to my pent-up misery. Ye gods, how sick I was! My head seemed to be the crater of a volcano, and my stomach was the horrid interior which seethed and raged with a fury indescribable.

The rest of our way was pursued in quiet, but to this day I suffer at intervals and in fancy only, but with a wonderfully natural vividness and poignancy,

the agony and wretchedness of those have since vowed that no tortures a few minutes. highwayman could inflict could ever

That constituted the only heroic deed equal those occasioned by my first and of my life, and I am proud of it; yet I only chew.

*N. H. Castle.*

## II.—“PIZEN ON HOSSBACK.”

*A Nevada Idyl, in the Rough.*

YES, my son Jim's a nice sort of feller,  
As yer say, an' he rides like a cuss.  
I tell yer when he gets a-straddle  
O' a horse, that hoss'd better not fuss;  
Fer my Jim, he's just e-plu-ri-bus  
On a hoss. He is able to paddle  
His own little boat, is my Jim;  
Fer yer bet thar's no discount on him  
Any place yer can put him. Between us  
(Altho' his ol' dad, should n't say it)  
That boy is a young man of gen'us;  
An' I feel in my bones that some day it  
Will be purty gen'ly admitted:  
He's amazin' on hossback, I tell yer!

“A handsome young rascal,” yer say?  
Wall, I never thought Jim was good-lookin',  
But he's useful, and many a day  
He helps his ol' mother a-cookin',  
When he ain't off a-herdin' the cattle,  
Or cavortin' around in the saddle  
A-chasin' coyotes an' jack-rabbits,  
An' pepperin' 'em with his six-shooter,  
(Fer he's nifty to shoot; don't forgit it!)  
Or a-scourin' the mountains fer spec'mens:  
An' what's better, he's no ways addicted  
Ter nothin' yer might call bad habits,  
Tho' chawin' pine gum is a weakness  
With which he is kinder afflicted;  
But on hossback you bet he's a hooter.

Eh? No, he don't care much 'bout minin',  
Any more'n jest lookin' for spec'mens  
Of quartz, or of agate, ol' fossils,  
Mountain coral, or anythin' shinin',  
Or petrified, or anyways cur'ous:  
An' he kinder likes wild flowers and mosses.  
He mout make a geol'gist or bot'nist,



'N' I ain't shore but he's some of a nat'list,  
Fer horned-toads, and hoot-owls, and sage-hens,  
An' sich other varmints an' poultry  
As grows in this section of kentry,  
He takes to amazin'ly kindly;  
But he takes the most nat'ral to hosses.

That 's his holt! He will take the most fur'ous,  
Mean mustang yer ever sot eyes on,—  
A critter 't will buck so the flies on  
The bushes don't dare to go near him.  
I know sich a one, an' I'm plaguèd,  
Ef a fly should jest light on his shoulder,  
But he'd rise up, an drop stiff legged,  
An' afore he wuz two seconds older  
That fly 'u'd be deader an' colder  
An' the isinglass scales in a boulder,—  
Jarred to death an' mashed flat by the fall.

But fer Jim it ain't no trick at all  
To ride sich a critter. He'll gear him  
An' mount him, an' *he* can't be thrown off,  
Nor bucked off, nor chucked off, nor got off,  
No ways that a hoss ever thought of.  
He sticks like the stripes to a zebra,  
An' a hoss could as soon buck his skin off,  
Or one of them — jints, them — *ver-te-bra*,  
Or buck his hull tarnal backbone off,  
As quick's he could buck my boy Jim off.  
No, stranger! No hoss kin throw him off.  
He's pizen on hossback, fer sartain.

'N' that boy's a good nuss, an' I know it!  
Years ago, when I kem from Missouri,  
I kem by the Plains with a mule team,—  
A good one, I wuz proud fer to show it,  
I tell yer. They was'nt no fool team,  
But, stavin' good brutes, I assure ye.  
Wall, out on the banks o' Big Sandy,  
I wuz tuck with a high mountain fever,  
An' all my supply of ol' brandy  
Did n't budge her, nor salt water heave her.  
All the Graffenburg pills I hed handy—  
A box an' a half—did n't start her,  
An' I thought I should take my departur  
For the beautiful shore, no mistake.  
O Lord! how my old bones did ache!

'N' I got down so powerful weak,  
For seven days I scarcely could speak;  
An' at times I wuz out o' my head,  
An' I lay in the wagin' a tumblin',  
An' tossin', and pitchin', and mumblin'  
All sorts o' wild nonsense, they said.  
An' when clar in my head, I wuz haunted  
With fears fer that boy 'n' ol' 'oman;  
I wuz troubled at what might become on  
'Em after the 'ol' man wuz planted, —  
Covered up like a pit full o' taters,  
In the sand by the deep dusty way.

We 'd been passin' sich mounds every day,  
The last lay-outs o' many a poor feller.  
An' they looked awful lonesome, I tell yer;  
An' the thought of bein' fixed up like that,  
An' havin' 'em go on without me, —  
That boy, my ol' woman, an' them mules, —  
An' leavin' me thar in the sage-brush  
Whar the wolves 'u'd dig down till they got me,  
Made me feel awful peaked an' flat;  
I tell yer it troubles our nature  
To be ketched out like that! Saints an' fools  
May say that "The Lord 'll provide  
For the dear ones we're leavin' behind,"  
Which may be: but I did n't find  
Much comfort in sich a reflection.

I preferred much to stay, so's to kind  
O' see the provisions applied,  
Ef the Lord had no p'tic'lar objection.  
An' He hed 'nt; fer that boy wuz about me  
Like a minist'rin' angel; the ol' 'oman  
An' he, they just nursed me uncommon.  
An' that boy said one day, "Don't ye die, dad!  
What 'u'd become o' poor mammy an' I, dad?  
O, I know yer *will* live if yer *try*, dad!"  
Then he an' the ol' 'oman shed tears.  
Then I heerd the wolves howlin' an' snarlin'  
Jest a little ways back in the distance,  
An' the black ravens cawin' an' quarrelin';  
They wuz all gettin' mad, it appears,  
'Cause I didn't lose my grip on existence  
An' furnish 'em means of subsistence;  
Then I riled up too, and resistance  
Riz up in my heart right away.



Wall, I told em' to hitch up next day  
 An' haul me along in the wagin,  
 As I tho't I would do better movin',  
 An' I did; spite the rollin' and shakin',  
 About, an' the wagin's sharp creakin',  
 An' the whiffletree's rattlin' an' squeakin',  
 Which shook up my nerves mighty serious  
 As them mules wuz a-haulin' an' draggin'  
 Us along. Still I kep' on improvin'  
 Each day as we seemed to be gettin'  
 Closter by whar the sun did his settin';  
 Yes, I gained mighty fast, an' kep' takin'  
 In strength, an' some slapjacks an' bacon,  
 Till the way I picked up seemed mysterious;  
 Fer 'twuz jest the most awfulest wonder  
 In the world that I hedn't gone under!  
 An' I would 'a' gone surer 'n thunder,  
 Ef it hedn't 'a' bin fer that boy.  
 He's a good one; he oughter weigh troy!  
 'Cause why? he's a jewel,—a prime un,  
 An' on hossback!—a fust-water diamon'.

Interduce yer? Sho! Jim is so bashful,  
 Ef he seed a right stranger advancin'  
 More likely 'an not he'd skeedaddle  
 To his hoss, an' jump inter the saddle,  
 An' cut fer the mountains quite rashful.  
 Thar's his hoss yunder champin' an' prancin';  
 Don't yer think he's a beauty now? Hey?  
 Yer want to go see him, yer say?  
 Wall, I'll go lead the critter this way!—

O! I *savey*! it's *him*!  
 Not the *critter*, but *Jim*,  
 'At yer want fer to see!  
 I jest git yer idee.  
 Wall *he's* kinder shy an' yer'd better see me;—  
 I'll do jest as well!  
 Anythin' about business?  
 In that line, what's hisn is  
 Mine, every time;  
 Spit it out! I kin tell  
 Yer jest how it'll be!

*Thar's one o' the boys at your cabin, yer say,  
 'At is sick, an' yer'd like to hire Jim right away  
 To go down thar an' nurse him, an' help fer to cook?*  
 Wall, youngster, that's cool! but I guess you're mistook.

*Him* go down thar to stay,  
 Nurse an' cook fer pay  
 In camp with all yer men?  
 What, *him*! my Sal?  
 What, *Jim*! my gal?  
 D'yer think I'm looney, then?  
 Not much! Yer get!  
 But, sho! don't go! it's all the same!  
 I clarly see no one's to blame  
 But me, yer bet!

What an' ol' ape I wuz fer unsackin' the cat  
 So powerful unceremonious as that!  
 Tho' now 'at I think o' 't, I see yer wuz plannin'  
 Your talk all along, jest to get the ol' man in  
 A mis'able corner, an' make him confess  
 'At my boy is a gal, an' yer've did it, I guess,  
 'N' I don't know as I car.

It's nobody's affa'r  
 But my Jim's, I shall claim  
 He's *entitled* to w'ar  
 Them thar clothes an' that name,  
 Both of which he prefers  
 To his own,—or to hers,—  
 An' he—she finds 'em convenient on hossback.

*John Brayshaw Kaye.*

### III.—AN INDIAN'S WRATH.

SEVERAL years ago my husband built and conducted a hotel for the accommodation of the miners and teamsters at the terminal point of one of our California railroads. Like many other small towns in the northern portion of the State, it boasted of an Indian rancherie, or settlement, within its environments, the half-civilized inhabitants of which played a more or less important part in its local history. With few exceptions they were a moderately peaceful, industrious community,—the men spending their time in hunting and fishing, and the women doing the drudgery, such as procuring fuel for their fires, the laundry work of their white neighbors, etc. Ev-

ery now and then, however, the wild nature of the red men, either through the medium of fire-water or intense passion, would become aroused, and at such times crimes of varying degrees of enormity were almost certain to be the result.

We had one child, a bright little fellow about two years old, who by reason of his cute, babyish antics, had become a great favorite with the patrons of the hotel; and they, as a token of their affection, presented him on his second birthday with a diminutive iron bank, in which each of the miners and teamsters had dropped a silver dollar. As day after day came and went, dollar after dollar found its way into the little treas-



ure box, till it became so heavy that baby could no longer lift it, and I placed it for safe-keeping upon a bracket in my dressing-room.

One evening, after old Julia, the Indian woman who did our laundrying once a week, had performed her usual hard day's washing, it occurred to me that I had done a very careless thing in permitting her to go into my room for the soiled clothes, and knowing the propensity of her race to steal, I at once proceeded to ascertain whether anything was missing. Baby's bank was gone! Old Julia had stolen it.

It was too late to do anything that day, but early the next morning we had their hut searched, with the result that fragments of the broken bank were found, but no money. They were bountifully supplied with provisions, however, and inquiry at one of the stores elicited the fact that a large bill of goods such as found had been purchased there the evening before by old Julia and her spouse. The woman was accordingly arrested, and after being convicted was sent to the county jail in the adjoining town for a term of three months.

Many predicted that this would not be the end of the affair, as the woman's husband was a dangerous character, and might seek to avenge his wife's imprisonment; but neither my husband or myself shared their fears, and the matter was forgotten after a day or two.

One day, about a fortnight after Julia's conviction, I was assisting the dining-room girls to prepare the table for luncheon, when suddenly the sound of a low, guttural, threatening voice at the window drew my attention. Looking up, startled and frightened, I beheld a savage, hideous-looking Indian glaring in at me. It was Indian Jack, old Julia's husband.

Seeing my frightened look, he advanced still closer, put his swarthy face in at the open window, and shaking his fist at me, grunted out, "You no give

me back my Julia, me kill you pretty soon?"

I had him driven off at once, and as I watched him slowly making his way back to the rancherie on the river bank half a mile to the rear of our house, and saw his threatening, angry gestures, I confess I was badly frightened. This feeling soon wore off, however, and as my husband was inclined to think it no more than a game of bluff, his visit was quite forgotten by the time luncheon was over.

That afternoon the table-girls went out in the woods for ferns; the cook also was out, and as my husband was seldom about the house except at meals, I was for the time being alone. To while away the time I picked up a paper, and was just becoming interested in some article, when I was startled by a loud, frightened scream from my little boy, who was playing in the back yard. Springing up I ran to the window, just in time to see Indian Jack snatch up my child in his arms, and hasten away in the chaparral. A terrible, frightful thought instantly flashed through my mind. He was going to avenge the incarceration of his wife by taking the life of my poor, innocent boy!

There was no help at hand; if he was saved, I alone must save him; and with a desperate hope spurring me on, I bounded out of the door in frantic, determined pursuit.

Believing his movements had been unobserved, the Indian had not made as hurried flight as he might have done, and before half the distance to the rancherie had been traveled, I was close behind him.

"Bring back my boy!" cried I in frantic tones. "Kill me if you will, but spare my child!"

An angry grunt was his only reply upon finding me in pursuit, and placing his hand over the baby's mouth to still his piteous cries, he quickened his pace so as to keep out of my way.

Still I ran on, begging in sobbing

tones for my child, but if it had any effect at all upon the fiendish brute, it was to encourage him in his horrid purpose, for now and then he would pause, look back with an exultant, devilish expression upon his hideous face, and then swagger off again with a low, gloating chuckle that pierced my heart like a dagger.

In this manner the race was kept up until his hut was reached, when he bounded inside, closed the door with a bang, and then locked it. In vain I pounded upon the door, begged, wept, and pleaded; the brute was as immovable as a rock, and I could hear my poor baby pleading in plaintive, wailing accents for "mama, mama, mama!"

The sound of my lamentations attracted the attention of a score of half-naked, sleepy-looking Indians, who rushed pell-mell from their cabins to learn the cause of the unusual commotion, and to them I renewed my pleading. "No sabe!" was all I could get out of them, and I returned to the door again, knowing that Jack could at least understand me.

He gave me no answer however, contenting himself with holding an animated confab in his own dialect with his comrades on the outside. What they were talking about of course I could not tell, but I was not to be kept long in ignorance; for I was suddenly seized, dragged to an adjoining hut, and rudely thrust inside. With the sound of the key turning in the lock as I was made a prisoner, and the feeble wail of my child ringing in my ears, I fainted,—the intensity of my mental anguish was more than I could endure.

How long I lay thus I do not know, but when I awoke to consciousness all was silent. I listened, but I could not hear my child's plaintive cry in the adjoining hut. A horrible thought flashed into my mind:—Had the demon Jack killed him?

My distracted mind had not yet found the answer when the sound of my door

being unlocked was heard, and the next moment Jack entered my presence, locking the door after him. I rushed toward him, and frantically grasped his arm. "My boy! Where is he? What have you done with him?"

The Indian shook me rudely away. "Ugh!" grunted he. "Boy no good! Too much yah! yah! all time,—damn boy!"

I would not be thus put off, and still assailed him with my entreaties. He endured it with stolid indifference for several moments, and then, as if prompted by an uncontrollable impulse, took one hasty stride toward me and rudely clutched my arm. "You tell jail man let my Julia come back!" demanded he savagely.

I told him I would do all I could, but that it was now beyond my power to effect her release.

"You tell Injun lie!" cried he. "Jail man let her go, you tell him to!"

I again told him as I had before, that I was powerless to do as he asked.

The answer seemed to goad him on to greater fury; his grip tightened upon my arm; his dark eyes emitted a fiendish, wicked glitter, and drawing from his belt a keen-edged dirk, he leaned over me and hissed, "You lie, and Jack kill you!"

I saw the gleaming blade ascend and hang trembling above me, and then with a loud, piercing, despairing shriek, I lost consciousness.

When I opened my eyes I found my husband bending over me, and a group of familiar faces all around me, whom I at once recognized as the regular patrons of the hotel.

The flight of Indian Jack and my frantic pursuit had been observed by some men working in a slaughter-house near the rancherie, and fearing something was wrong, they had notified my husband, who with several miners had rushed to my relief. My baby-boy was found fast asleep in Jack's cabin, which ac-



counted for my not hearing him when I recovered from my swoon, some time before.

As for Jack, after being mauled to the heart's content of the indignant miners, he was given notice to leave the community at once, which he did, making a bee-line for the foothills lying beneath Mount Shasta.

The noble-hearted miners and teamsters, not satisfied with ridding the

neighborhood of Indian Jack, donated a larger and stronger bank to my boy, and showed no relaxation in their generosity until it was even heavier than the one old Julia stole.

As for myself,—well, I am no longer a resident of that part of the State, and though I were to live a thousand years, I should never forget the horrors of that eventful day, or how nearly I became the victim of an Indian's wrath.

*Mrs. A. S. Burroughs.*

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#### IV.—A DAKOTA YARN.

PROBABLY the most widely known man in the Northwest, with a fame extending as far east as Washington, is Dennis Hannifin, the great and only political war-horse and poker king of Dakota. Poker is a well known weakness with Denny, as his favorite mania is presiding at the green cloth. He also delights in dwelling upon the noble traits of Napoleon. His listeners are always entranced by his entertaining manners and peculiar nasal twang of voice. For hours they will sit open-mouthed drinking in his wonderful yarns.

A good story is told at Denny's expense, though for its veracity this writer will not vouch.

Several years ago the annual spring floods created havoc and excitement in Bismarck. A few houses built on the lowlands were washed away, and came floating down the Missouri accompanied by large cakes of ice, which crashed and ground together at a terrible rate, making a noise not unlike the grumbling roar of thunder.

On the bottoms, about two miles above this point, there stood a lonely and unoccupied white house. For many years it remained unmolested by the annual break-up until this one, which, according to the river men, was a "corker." Vague rumors floating in the air said that the gloomy old struct-

ure was haunted. Travelers approaching at night had seen lights in the upper story. Warily investigating farther on, they thought they heard the ghastly rattle of dry human bones, mingled with the hideous cackle and sounds of supernatural voices, evidently disporting themselves in their horrible orgies. Nothing, however, could overcome the traveler's superstition, and make him institute a further investigation.

A large number of people were gathered on the river bank one day during the flood excitement, eagerly watching the breaking up of the ice. Large cottonwood trees were jammed together with the ice, making almost solid cakes covering acres in width. It was a grand sight. A house-top was soon discerned coming around the bend, tumbling and rolling amid the ice and timber, and certain soon to be a wreck.

When near the point a party of men put off in a large steamboat yawl to rescue the occupants, if any there were. It was a hazardous undertaking,—one that few men would have dared to undertake,—and it was more by the will of Providence than by luck that they safely reached the floating house, and returned. They recognized it at once as being the solitary sentinel of the lowlands. Above the roar of the swirling elements they could hear as they ap-

proached the sound of voices mingled with the monotonous click of some hard, dry objects, not unlike bones or ivory.

With great difficulty they managed to steer the boat into a large door, narrowly escaping a mammoth cake of ice which came crashing against the structure, tearing a huge gap in the side. The force of the concussion knocked off the brick chimney, some of the bricks rolling down among the occupants of the garret, — for a howl of pain issued forth, and a voice saying: "Never mind, gentlemen, I can deal with my left as well as the right." The voice was unmistakably that of Dennis Hannifin. The exploring party greatly marveled at the revelation. They could hardly believe their senses. They climbed up into the garret, and were dumbfounded at the scene laid before their vision.

On a hastily improvised table which consisted of an empty barrel and a pine slab, were three piles of poker chips of all colors, and about the same amount of gold coins of large denominations. Behind these costly stacks were the smiling and expectant features of Denny Hannifin and two strange cowboys. Denny was dealing with his left hand, as the other was bandaged with a handkerchief.

The deal progressed, the players all unconscious of the presence of strangers, until each man got his cards. Denny then half turned around, still keeping his weather eye on the others, and said: "Good evening, gents, want a hand? We want to make it six-handed."

"Great God, man," exclaimed Hank Blunt, leader of the rescuing party, "do yer know whar ye air?—right hyar in ther middle of ther Big Muddy, an' yer house a gittin' jammed to pieces. Hurry up, yer blamed galloots, an' git outer hyar. Got no more sense than my ole dead hoss; 'tarnal fules, playin' poker hyar as unconsigned 's if in heaven."

"Come along, pard," said one of the cow-boys, "let's git outer hyar, ef we wanter save our precious hides."

"Don't be in a hurry, gents," interposed Denny, "there is no danger at present, and besides you have not called my fifty-dollar bet."

The cowboy had four queens,—the winning hand, sure,—and hastened to call the bet, raising it a hundred more. Apparently this staggered Denny, who pulled off his hat and scratched his bald head in deep thought for a few minutes. The cowboy looked exultant, when his opponent called the raise, and coolly made it two hundred dollars better. The cow-puncher had him foul this trip, sure. He was certain that it was a rank bluff, so he would freeze out Denny this time certain.

All the money was now piled in the center of the table, and the two contestants were producing the lucre from their pockets.

Hannifin seemingly attempted to conceal his nervousness, while the other slowly and deliberately counted out two hundred dollars, covering the bet, and from a large pocket-book produced a crisp new five hundred dollar bill, again raising it that figure.

Indeed the betting was now getting to be quite lively. The spectators watched the players with spell-bound admiration, this being more money than they had ever before seen. They held their breath when Denny dove into a capacious pocket, and brought forth two five hundred dollar bills, covering the raise and betting five hundred more, saying with a resigned air: "Might as well give it all to you, but no man could say that he could ring in his bluff on Dennis Hannifin."

The cowboy was jubilant, and lost no time in covering that amount,—barely raking enough to do so, however, after draining his colleague, to whom he turned, whispering, "Eh, pard, biggest snap since I had ther small-pox, eh? Might as well take ther boodle now?"

"I call yer bet," he said, and thereupon commenced raking in the money.



"What is your hand?" solemnly asked Denny.

"Four queens is all!" throwing them down crowingly.

"Hold on now, my dear sir," quietly expostulated Denny, "be easy, gentlemen; if you can beat four aces and a king, take the pot!"

The cowboy and his partner both looked blue and sick when the two hands were shown, and would have made a fight for the stakes, but for the interference of Hank Blunt and his followers.

I afterwards learned that Denny on that occasion appropriated five aces, but had use for only four, so he wisely discarded an ace and drew a king, for effect, I suppose.

A huge cake of ice crushing through the already large opening, warned the participants and spectators that a hasty departure was necessary. They were all landed safely on shore, and it's almost needless to state that the two discomfited cow-boys walked back to their ranch sadder and wiser men.

*J. F. Miller.*

#### V.—ROBINSON'S KID.

Av, Jim, I'll give you credit for rushin' things in the West,  
An' I'll 'low fer a nine-years' city, you've got the lead of the best  
That I've heerd on yet; an' I've known 'em to grow purty fast  
In some of these Western States; but the trouble is, they don't last;  
Kinder come up like a mushroom, in a night gaining spirit an' breath,  
Then fade like a Kansas cornfield before a tornado's wrath.  
I 'low 't won't be so with Leadville, an' hope that 't won't, anyway;  
Fer the town is got up in a fashion as though it was made to stay.  
Yes, I've been here before, some time ago, when livin' here war n't no fun.  
All I'm worth, I owe to the gulch thar, an' I got it in sixty-one.  
I'm a quiet Iowa farmer now, but I tell you my blood thrills yet,  
As I think of the trials, an' hardships, an' dangers, we constantly met  
In our everyday life in these hills; why, 't would fill up a volume, if told.  
But there's nothin' a man won't encounter when he once gets to thirstin' fer gold.

An' I calc'late we all had the fever,—as bad as 't will average, too,—  
But I'm talkin' too much. I'll tell you of Robinson's kid, then I'm through.  
We was hunters an' prospectors all, an' we'd heerd of this region of gold,  
Where they picked up the nuggets on hillsides; fer such was the stories they told

At the time. Did we b'lieve them? you ask; well, I guess so, an' know that it's queer,

But I've noticed in times of excitement that people b'lieve all they hear.  
Well, meetin' in Denver in sixty the stories worked on us like leaven,  
So we made up a party to start out an' visit this gold-hunter's heaven.  
We got us our burros and broncos, and our stores to the littlest thing,  
An' as soon as the snow let us travel, we was off for the hills in the spring.  
Thar was Jones, an old trapper from Maine, who had hunted these mountains for years,

A miner called Phelps, an' young Ryan, an' an old "forty-niner" named Speers,

A score of us, sure ; I could tell you their names,—but what use if I did?—  
So I only will mention perticler the Robinson outfit an' kid.  
This Robinson he was a hunter, an' wherever the old sinner went,  
His family was bound to go with him, an' they lived in a cabin or tent  
Just as happy as kings. The kid was a red-headed thirteen-year old,  
An' as full of the devil an' mischief as the hide of three boys oughter hold.  
Well, after a few fights with redskins, who was then purty sharp after scalps,  
We got to the place whar the gold was. And under directions from Phelps,  
We soon got our sluices in order, an' was washin' an' diggin' to kill,  
In the gulch just around to the south of what you call Carbonate Hill.  
We boarded with Robinson's family, an' paid for our vittles in dust :  
An ounce for a week was the figger,—an' we got our first two weeks on trust.  
We was n't disturbed by the Injuns, an' I'll 'low we was gettin' rich fast,  
When somethin' broke in on our quiet, that was almost too good fer to last,  
'T was that Robinson's kid,—or his family, fer 't wasn't the kid's fault, this  
call,—

But that youngster by this time had managed to be quite a sore to us all.  
Would n't work, not a stroke, an' forever a'foolin' with sluices an such,  
Till I often an' often have ached just to get that kid under my touch,  
To argue with him with a saplin' on the old-fashioned Eastern plan.  
An' 't war n't the least use in the world to go an tell the old man,  
For he always would stop us by sayin', (till it got like an often-told rhyme,)  
“ Well, I 'low the Lord meant him for somethin', an' we 'll find out His motive in  
time.”

Well! we found out at last. 'Mong the family thar was also a mite of a girl,  
The pet of the camp was their three-year old tangle of dimple and curl,  
An' it happened one bright afternoon she strayed quite a distance from home,  
When a devilish Ute, who'd been hangin' around for some reason unknown  
Except to himself, got a sight of the child 'bout an hour before dark,  
Snatched her up, an' inside of a minit he was pintin' fer Tennessee Park.  
The kid—who'd been foolin' (as usual) at some distance away from the spot—  
Heerd a cry, caught a glimpse of the redskin, then he broke fer the corral  
red-hot.

He saddled the best of the horses, an' with never a thought that he'd fail,  
Ran into the house for a rifle, an' was off on the red devil's trail.  
With never a word left fer no one, through the sand and the sage-brush he  
flew

Whar yon Harrison Avenue buildings now rise up an' shut out the view.  
Changed to a man in a minit, with only one thought in his mind,  
Just to recapture the baby, an' see that the warrant was signed  
In a style that was proper an' legal, which the same was with powder an'  
ball,

Fer a pass to the heaven fer Injuns fer the one that he follered so tall.  
Well, the sun sank 'behind yonder mountain an' darkness took place of the day,  
An' at home, in the Robinson's cabin, thar was terror, an' woe, an' dismay ;  
Fer neither the kid nor the baby could be found tho' we looked left an' right,  
So with hearts that were heavy with sorrow we gave up the search fer the  
night.



White as death, on the bed lay the mother a-callin' the children to come,  
An' prayin' to God to preserve them, an' bring them back safe to their home,  
When—'twas about two, I reckon—a hoof-beat rang out on the air.

We rushed to the door with our torches, an' a sight met our eyes, *I declare,*  
*I can see it all now!* In the saddle, with a face that was whiter than snow,  
Sat the kid, with an arm round the baby, an' he cried, "Take her quick; I'll  
let go!"

Then in short, broken words, "'T was an Injun—he shot me—right here, an'  
he's dead!

I've brought in his pony an' rifle. Where's Letty?" was all that he said.

We lifted him out of the saddle; he bent to the baby an' smiled,

Kissed her lips,—then fell suddenly forward, he had given his life fer the child.

An' Phelps, through his tears, muttered softly, "Well, I'll 'low when the Lord  
let the kid

Grow up in the Robinson family, He knew purty straight what He did."

Jim, writers may prate about heroes, but as for myself, I'm inclined

To think when you git down to bed-rock, as 'tain't many such that you'll find.

His father? Well, into the coffin, at the last ling'rin' look that he cast,

He said, "Well, God meant ye for somethin'; and we've found out His motive  
at last!"

Then we buried him thar on the hillside, with just a pine cross at his head,

But it's gone many years before this, an' the wild-flowers bloom thar; instead.

I looked fer the grave, but it's lost, too, or I'd put up a stone fer a trace.

But no matter; I know at the right time that the Lord will remember the  
place.

*Ross Deforris.*

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### IF WE BUT KNEW.

If we but knew how feeble and how weak  
Our faltering feet, we should not blindly seek  
To follow where winged happiness does lead,—  
E'en though the path seem through a flowering mead —  
We'd spare our heart its pain, our eyes their dew;  
If we but knew.

If we but knew how blind we are, could feel  
That gazing at the blue that seeks to ceil  
Our sky-dome yonder, our dim sight would meet  
But heaven's floor and treading angels' feet,  
We'd wait 'content until our vision grew,  
If we but knew.

*Julie M. Lippmann.*

## SOME REASONS FOR THE DECLINE OF AMERICAN DEEP SEA COMMERCE.

CHAMBERS of commerce and boards of trade, in their annual reports, deplore the decline of American deep sea commerce. For nearly twenty-five years the public has heard annually the same complaint; and not often is the true reason given, or the true remedy advised.

In 1861-'62, when the secession of the Southern States was attempted, a large number of American deep sea ships were transferred to foreign flags to avoid capture and destruction by Confederate privateers. While this action on the part of ship-owners was widely criticized as unpatriotic, it certainly was a wise precaution on the part of the owners, in that it saved a large amount of property from destruction. These ships, whether sold or merely transferred without change of ownership, saved their value to the Union cause, which was warmly sustained thereby during the terrible conflict that ensued. In a conflict for the maintenance of his own government, every citizen owes his life and all his possessions to the cause.

But a conflict of that kind means the destruction of property; and property is as essential as men for upholding the authority of the government. The ships, as before stated, were not given away, and were much more effective in sustaining the government in its life struggle than they would have been under the American flag, where many of them would have been captured by Confederate cruisers, and either destroyed or used against the government. Sacrifices had to be made, or civil order in North America would have gone down into the darkness of night. These sacrifices were human life, national pride, and property.

Deep sea going ships were protected by a foreign flag from capture and de-

struction, and their equivalent was used in strengthening the right arm of the government, whose pride was the only sacrifice made in the exchange. When the supremacy of the national government was re-established throughout the land, an unwise spirit of resentment actuated a majority of Congress in prohibiting these same ships from re-registering and sailing under American colors again. It is not popular to criticize this action of Congress: but as a business proposition the action was unwise, and is one of the principal causes of the depression in our foreign carrying trade.

If, as is alleged, the deep sea carrying trade is done by foreign carriers, the reason must be that foreign carriers can do it cheaper than American carriers. There must be a profit in this trade, or it would not be pursued. If profitable to foreign carriers, then why may it not be made profitable to American carriers?

We read of attempts being made by some influential parties to secure aid directly from the government to enable American ships to carry as cheaply as foreign ships. If an American ship can be transferred to foreign registration, and carry American commerce at a profit, it must be due to something more than mere sentiment. The flying of the cross of Saint George at the peak certainly cannot make profitable what would be unprofitable under the stars and stripes. Suppose we rise above the sentiment of the late campaign and try to find out the cause?

Instead of recommending the taxation of other industries to restore a declining industry, why not meet the issue squarely, and recommend the removal of taxes on the declining industry itself? The removal of the taxes on the material of



which a ship is constructed will aid materially in re-establishing ship-building in the United States. Why is it that ship carpenters of Maine can cross a narrow channel between the British provinces and their own State, and construct a ship from ten to fifteen dollars per ton cheaper than at home? There is a cause for this difference; and the cause is the difference between the cost of the material on the foreign side of the water and our side. Instead of taxing other industries, and to subsidize deep water carriers allow American mechanics the same conditions that Canada allows them on her side of the waters, and American ships will plow the ocean as of yore.

A commercial nation must buy as well as sell. If an American merchant desires to purchase a foreign built ship, he must sail it under foreign register, a foreign flag, and foreign officers. So far as this species of property goes, the owner must look to a foreign government on the high seas for the protection his own government ought to extend to him. If a New York merchant wants to own a Clyde built ship to ply between New York and San Francisco, he cannot load her with domestic goods, because this is inter-state or domestic traffic. If there is any profit in carrying the grain crop of California and Oregon to a foreign market in a Clyde built ship under a foreign flag, there would be profit in sailing the same ship under the American flag with the same cargo. We have to sell our wheat in a foreign market. We pay from ten to fifteen dollars per ton freight to a Clyde built ship. There is a profit to the ship-owner, or he would not take it. Whatever profit there is goes to the owner of that ship. Why, then, if the owner be an American, may not the emblem of his country be permitted to fly at the peak, as signaling the revival of the American commercial navy?

As a nation we sell grain and other products of the soil, but we have to take

something in exchange for them. Among other things we take a large percentage in transportation. The home market for our products is good as far as it goes, but it goes no farther than the needs of our people. All the surplus goes abroad to find a market, and the foreign market price for the surplus regulates the price at home. If these products could be exchanged for ships at the market value, and these could be sailed under American register, without paying a tax of ten dollars per ton, our shipping merchants would be placed on an equality with foreign merchants, so far as deep sea carrying is concerned, and whatever of profit there might be in this traffic would inure to Americans.

Unless we have a commerce with foreign nations, we need no revival of our merchant marine. A foreign commerce implies an interchange of commodities. These interchanges must be mutually beneficial, or they will not be effected. Hence our merchants have an office to perform in effecting what will gradually revive American ship-building, and as a result, an increase in our foreign trade. The prosperity of a nation is measured by the magnitude of foreign commerce. As this commerce is expanded, an impulse is given to domestic production. Domestic production is limited only by the demand for its surplus products. If there is no market for the surplus, if it is not exchangeable for something we can use, so much of human energy as is required to produce it is wasted.

We now return to the revival of American deep sea carrying. The chief obstacle to its revival is the restriction legislation that taxes the raw material of which a ship is constructed. If by a tax on the raw material an American built ship costs from ten to twenty per cent more than an English or German ship costs, it requires no further evidence to prove that the owner cannot compete with the owner of the cheaper ship in carrying foreign commerce. Moreover,

the domestic commerce is only saved by restricting foreign carriers by water from engaging in domestic carrying. When there were no restrictions placed in the way of an American ship-builder more than are placed in the way of a foreign builder, the tonnage of the American merchant marine outranked that of any nation, and our people were not troubled with the anomaly of "over production." There was a market for all our surplus products carried in ships sailing under the emblem of the nation.

I am not unmindful of the fact that during the time covered by the decline of American deep sea commerce, commercial conditions have materially changed. But the question stares us in the face: Have we kept abreast in commercial appliances for the increased demands upon us for disposing of the surplus products?

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the question of "free trade" or "protection," further than to prove that an exclusive commercial policy will not make a nation great and prosperous. China and Japan were exclusive until forced to change their commercial policies. Even forced relations with outside nations have benefited them, if they have not benefited those nations that compelled them to trade. The object of these forced commercial relations was the extension of the commerce of the nations that forced them. At the time they were established, the bulk of the exchanges with our own people was carried by American ships. Most of it at the present time is carried in foreign ships, or ships that sail under a foreign flag. Why not allow them to sail under American register and flag? They would certainly increase the tax list in the ports of their registration, and would increase American tonnage.

Such a policy is far preferable to a tax, whether direct or indirect, to enable an American built ship costing \$100,000 to compete successfully in carrying with a

foreign built ship costing \$85,000. The tax must, whether direct or indirect, be derived from the products of domestic industry, and primarily from the soil, because the products of the soil are the basis of all productive industries. It is no less a tax because it is paid in small installments, and is not under the head of a "tax bill." It takes just as many days' work to earn it, whether imposed in a way to reduce the purchasing power of the work, or directly upon each day as it is performed. The difference rests in the manner of imposition and not in its results.

The foregoing arguments are applicable to every domestic industry in which raw material not produced at home is required for its prosecution. We import a class of wool not produced at home to raise the grade of domestic wool, so as to manufacture a class of woollens that will sell at home. Under the prevailing system what costs the English, French, and Belgian manufacturer \$100 in the markets where used, costs the American manufacturer about \$150. Allowing for difference in the cost of labor, plus a tax of 50 per cent on the imported goods, and the American manufacturer would be placed at a disadvantage even in the home market. But if he could obtain his wool on the same terms as his foreign rival, with a tax on the imported woollens of forty per cent *ad valorem*, he would not only secure the absolute control of the home market, but would command the foreign market to the extent of his purchases of raw material. This would not decrease the price of domestic wool, because we produce a surplus of a certain low grade of wools. The price of this surplus, like that of the surplus of cotton, wheat, and other domestic products, is fixed not at home but in the market where sold. The price of what we sell and the price of what we buy is fixed in the markets where bought and sold. It is evident that if a manufacturer of woollen goods could obtain the raw mate-



rial in the home market, he would not go to a foreign for his purchases. If commercial statistics are correct, we find certain low grades of wool exported and large amounts of high grades imported, notwithstanding each one hundred dollars' worth in the markets where purchased costs our manufacturers about one hundred and fifty dollars in the home market.

It is plainly evident from the facts given in our commercial statistics, that in order to revive American deep sea carrying and extend our foreign com-

merce, the legislative restrictions for obtaining ships and raw materials not produced at home must be removed. This policy will be a happy substitute for a tax, already burdensome on many productive industries, to enable ships of American register to carry the products of American industry abroad. A liberal policy should be pursued by government towards American ships in carrying foreign and domestic mails. This will in turn enable our vessels engaged in foreign trade to compete successfully for traffic now carried in foreign ships.

*John Totyl.*

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### THE VIRGIN OF PEARLS.

FROM time immemorial the Gulf of California has been celebrated for its product of precious pearls, — pearls perfect in form, round, pear-shaped, and of matchless orient. When Cortéz first beheld the "Vermilion Sea," the Indian chieftains upon its shores wore the most exquisite pearl adornments. The great Montezuma, at some of his first receptions of the mysterious white strangers, wore "ropes of precious pearls," and pointed toward the gulf as the source of their supply. Pearls were of even greater value at that day than now, and the conquerors, when they subsequently ransacked the temples and richer dwellings, frequently discovered treasures that attracted attention even amid all their booty of silver and gold. A treasure of pearls, it is stated, formed part of the stakes matched against the celebrated golden sun, the resplendent ornament of the far-famed temple of Cuzco, which having fallen to the lot of a Spanish trooper in the division of spoils, was gambled away by him, staked and lost during the early hours of the morning; from which incident, according to Prescott, originated the old Spanish game-

ster's proverb, "*Juega el Sol, antes que amanesca.*" And it is also asserted that in the casket with the matchless rubies which Cortéz dared to refuse even to the Queen of Spain, that he might bestow them upon his betrothed, were some pearls from the Vermilion Sea of scarcely minor value.

After the conquest, the unfortunate natives were enslaved to the pearl fisheries as they were enslaved to work the mines, and to this day, although the best fisheries are situated on the California side of the gulf, it is the Yaqui and other Indians from the mainland who are the professional divers.

At the present time the pearl-diving expeditions are fitted out with complete diving apparatus. The divers descend clothed in helmet and diving suit, their feet heavily weighted to counterpoise the weight of armor. They fish in much deeper water than the ancient *busós*, can stay an indefinite period beneath the surface, and have thus been enabled to explore new and productive banks; but in former times, when the incidents that we are about to relate occurred, the diver descended naked, armed only with a

pointed stick, and equipped with a sack in which to gather the shells. *Seis brazos*, or six fathoms, was the average depth of their fishing ground. The nude body of the diver had no protection from the ravenous *tintoreros*, *tiburones*, or man-eating sharks, which abounded; yet the daring fellows, confident in the protection of the Virgin, whom they had not failed to propitiate by their most precious offerings, would not hesitate to encounter the hungry tiger of the deep, but coolly awaiting the moment when it turned with open mouth to seize them, would thrust the double-pointed stick between the jaws, thus pinning them permanently apart till death released the helpless monster. Still, occasionally sad and terrible accidents happened. Sometimes the diver neglected his beads, or the confessional, or even failed of his offering to the Virgin. But it is only just to say that this last extreme of irreverence was a very rare omission indeed, — never absolutely willful, as the holy father Olmedo could attest, but due to carelessness or procrastination, or over-excitement after drink or gambling, or one of the infinite multitude of failings which lend agility and ferocity to the enemies of man, and allow them to triumph over him. And as evidence thereof, there wandered around the *busos'* camp poor fellows lame and maimed, wanting an arm or a leg, which had gone to feed the *tintoreros*, and even one who had lost both legs, and who now, mounted upon a piece of flat board, still managed to travel about by means of a pair of short crutches. He had been the most daring and successful *buso* of them all, but after his accident, upon being closely questioned by the good padre, he confessed in deepest penitence that he had omitted at least two-thirds of the indispensable petitions, — though frequently reminded, and on one occasion, at least, awakened by his conscience; and that of his last division of pearls and shells, he had not dedicated one seedling

even, but had gambled all away, though the largest *partida* he had ever received. The whole camp stood aghast when they heard of the confession, and the Virgin received from the shocked *busos* a double contribution in consequence.

The chapel of the Virgin of Pearls was built appropriately in the vicinity of the water near the site which had been the *busos'* camp since the conquest, probably. It owed its origin to the Conde Tlalpán, one of the early heroes of the Spaniards, ennobled by the Crown in return for military services. The pearl fishery at this point had formed a portion of his *Repartimiento*. He had been exceptionally fortunate with his mines and fishery, and, in compliance with a vow, it was said, had built and endowed the chapel. It was a plain structure of brick admirably cemented, having the usual *campanile*, or bell tower, all kept in perfect order by the zealous service of Father Olmedo and the veneration of the divers. Not a trace of decay but was instantly repaired. No lime too fine or white, no skill good enough, for the service of *Nuestra Señora de las Perlas*.

But it was upon the Virgin herself that their principal care and offerings were lavished. The figure of almost life size stood upon the altar. It was richly colored, the face and hands and the infant Jesus of excellent flesh tint, the robe the traditional blue. But the love and adoration of the Indian women had clothed the figure in an outer robe, and upon this, as upon neck, hands, head, and feet, had been lavished pearls of infinite price, offerings of the humble devotees. Scarcely a trace of the texture of the outer garment could be detected, so thickly was it sown and interwoven with the precious gems. In her ears were pendants, pear-shaped, perfectly matched. They must have been nearly two inches in length and were a fortune in themselves. Upon the brow of the Virgin was a coronet of pearls, perfectly round and of matchless orient, delicately



framed in gold; and from the hands of the infant Jesus depended a quintuple string of exquisite pearls, each round as a dewdrop, about the size of a *cuartillo*. But as it was customary in all the *partidas* to set aside a portion as the *partida* of the Virgin, it was manifestly impossible to attach them to her person, even though the most valuable were always selected, so as to encumber her less. But a casket placed at her feet served to receive all but the most ambitious offerings, though the zealous, tender, and adoring Indian women could always be found patiently piercing a few precious gems which, in the course of years, perhaps, could be perfectly matched and threaded, to be wound several times around the body of their guardian patroness upon occasions of extra festivity or holiness.

Father Olmedo was an enthusiast. He had always been a devotee, yet his piety, fervor, and enthusiasm increased with age. To say that he worshiped the Virgin is inadequate to express his devotion. The entire camp adored the image of their patroness, but the good priest lived only in the breath of the incense that he lavished upon her. And well he might be proud, for her fame had reached not only to every city upon the gulf, but even to the Capital itself, so that many a distinguished visitor called to see the celebrated Virgin and to pray at her feet, and many a rich offering, not only of pearls but of diamonds and rubies, were placed in her casket. But the good Father Olmedo was very old, and was at last becoming feeble. He had long passed the allotted span of man; and his infirmities so increased upon him that he foresaw the time approaching when he would be unable to conduct the services, or even gaze upon the beloved image.

As he felt his faculties failing, he would remain for hours worshipping alone in the church. His sight, bedimmed by age and infirmity, at length sometimes

failed to behold the object of his adoration; and tottering to his niece, who was his housekeeper, he declared to her that the Virgin had disappeared from the altar and had ascended to heaven. His niece, a simple-minded, loving young girl, ran hastily to the chapel in an ecstasy of alarm; but, upon beholding the image calm and immovable as ever, her fears subsided, and she knew that the failing vision of the good father was alone at fault. She therefore comforted and gently reproved him, and leading him to the foot of the altar placed his trembling hands reverently upon the Virgin's matchless robes.

"True, true," said the old man. "My sight is failing me, Carmelita,—or perhaps our sacred lady did ascend and has returned. I cannot think that I am so feeble. Don Gregorio of Las Animas is some years my senior, and his sight is not impaired. Even in my youth I have gazed upon the sacred image until her presence seemed to escape me, and I am convinced that sometimes she does actually join the celestial throng, for a time at least."

"But it is only an image, Uncle."

"True, true, child, but a sacred image. Dost thou not know that if our sacred lady herself but breathed upon it, it would at once ascend to heaven? and have I not been blinded by the sacred light of her presence, and remained for hours immovable until restored?"

"Yes, Uncle, indeed that is true, and you stay too long in the chapel alone. It is long that I have urged upon you to have some one to assist you in the services; and I pray you, dear Uncle, to secure assistance at once, for you know if you wish the service rendered with precision it will be necessary for you to instruct your assistant carefully, in order that he may be enabled strictly to observe the ceremonies as you have rendered them."

"True, child, it is true; but whom have we that I can instruct? Who is

there worthy or capable? There is Sanchez, but he knows not a word of Latin. Neither does Manuel. Tiburcio can repeat two or three of the prayers,—by heart only,—but without understanding. The good Father Bartolomé, sent to be my assistant and successor, is dead, alas! Who then remains to me?"

"There is the *Señor Francis*," said Carmelita, coloring slightly.

"The Frenchman! It is true," said the old man thoughtfully. "Is he not too young? But no, he is ardent and devoted, a good scholar,—a learned man in fact. He is but an acolyte, but God will sanctify his youth and inexperience. He shall be my successor, and I will so instruct him."

The Frenchman whom Carmelita had thus recommended was a stranger, comparatively, generally alluded to by the divers and others as *El Señor Edouard*. He had arrived some few months before, and introducing himself to the good Father Olmedo, had solicited employment about the church as an acolyte from the distant capital. Upon being examined he justified his pretensions, being evidently familiar with the services, forms, and ceremonies of the Church. Moreover, he had a great knowledge of Latin,—that is, great as compared with the knowledge of Father Olmedo, even,—a fine voice, a correct intonation, and irreproachable Spanish. These qualifications added to his zeal and devotion to the holy Virgin soon found favor with the worthy priest.

That he was almost "too handsome for anything" escaped Father Olmedo's attention, but it was undeniably the case. He had a complexion that could only be compared to the delicate pink and white of some sea shell, teeth as pure as the pearls adorning the neck of the Virgin, the large, tender, liquid eyes of a gazelle, a moustache black as jet, curling upward naturally, enhancing the purity of the skin, and a profusion of rich, black hair falling in fine ringlets around his classic

brow and neck. So beautiful a man had never been seen at the *buseo* before, and it is not surprising, therefore, that he attracted almost as much attention in the chapel—from the women, at least—as the Virgin herself.

But the young acolyte was a model of propriety and sanctity. His fine eyes dwelt steadfastly upon his breviary or upon the ground, or were raised only to heaven, or in adoration of the Virgin. He soon became even more devoted to her service than Father Olmedo himself. Elsewhere he was rarely seen, except toward dusk, when it was his custom to walk along the beach, his hands locked behind his back, his head down in deepest meditation and prayer.

This beautiful saint had not escaped the observation of Carmelita. It could not possibly have been otherwise, since he was mortal, and ate very hearty meals at Father Olmedo's table. Moreover, it fell to her lot to keep his room in order, make up his cot, cook for him, and mend his linen. Even a saint upon earth requires ministrations of this character, and the beautiful eyes of *El Señor Edouard* looked grateful appreciation.

Carmelita was a very pretty girl, of the Mexican ranchera type, about sixteen, tall, slender, willowy, beautifully modeled, complexion rather dark, but smooth and without the slightest imperfection, lustrous black eyes, and luxuriant black hair. Had Father Olmedo loved the Virgin less, he would have had more time to bestow upon Carmelita,—not that she was neglected by any means; far from it. It was only that her good uncle did not understand her; did not think indeed that it was necessary to do so,—perhaps even he did not dream that there existed anything in her character necessary to understand. She cooked admirably, kept his house in excellent order, attended to his linen, and was admitted periodically to confession and to the presence of the Virgin. What more could she ask? True, all young girls



expect to marry; and had he not betrothed her to Silverio Robles, *patron* of the fishery? She had protested that Silverio was too black, and had but one eye, but then everybody knows all about a girl's caprices. Besides, Father Olmedo could no longer distinguish that Robles was very black, nor that he had but one eye; and although some people were daring enough to call the patron *El Tuerto* behind his back, such a reminder goes for nothing when the vision is imperfect.

But the vision of Carmelita was excellent, and when the beautiful Acolyte looked upon her she gradually learned to think of the black, one-eyed *patron* with abhorrence. El Tuerto, noticing her growing disfavor, pushed his suit with Father Olmedo, and having the advantage of being betrothed, successfully insisted upon naming a day for the wedding. A *medio \* arroba* of pearls, to be deposited in the casket of the Virgin upon the eve of the wedding, confirmed the good father's decision, and it was determined that the nuptials should take place upon the anniversary of the dedication of the chapel. Therefore as the day approached, great preparations were made to celebrate the event, and everybody was in a fever of expectation and excitement.

El Señor Edouard alone remained austere and unemotional. He became more devoted to the service of the Virgin than ever, and more addicted to long walks upon the beach at dusk, and often until long after dark. No one cared to interrupt him while thus engaged, for he had gradually obtained a character for extreme sanctity, so much so that the ignorant divers were a little afraid of him. The infirmities of Father Olmedo had become such as to leave the services of the chapel and the care of the Virgin almost entirely under his direction, and the *busos*, accustomed to see him in gorgeous habiliments, when indeed he really

looked like a superior being, were careful at other times to avoid him.

At length the eve of the anniversary, which was also to be the eve of the wedding, arrived. The *medio arroba* of pearls had been deposited in the casket at the feet of the Virgin, and certainly the patron must have been hoarding many of these for years, for never within the recollection of the oldest divers had such a collection been seen.

Señor Edouard listened with complacency when assured that no earthly queen could display such treasures. "Only the queen of heaven is entitled to such," he said. "It is over three hundred years since the foundation of this chapel, which we celebrate tomorrow, and for over three hundred years the faithful have been presenting their offerings. They have been acceptable, or the *buseo* would have failed long ago. The offerings, splendid as they are, are but as the seed which the husbandman places in the soil, confident that it will be returned to him tenfold. The offerings of the faithful were always acceptable, and the poorest did not escape the attention of the matchless one if proportionate to the ability of the donor; but upon this, the anniversary of the dedication of her chapel, the richest and poorest should alike contribute to the utmost of their power, confident that the gracious *Señora* would respond by permitting the discovery of new and fruitful *placeres* which would yield them not only ten but a hundred-fold."

And indeed they all did respond with joyous alacrity. The strings of pearls that the women had been threading for months in honor of this event were devoutly hung upon the image, and the swarthy *busos*, advancing awe-stricken and with repeated genuflections, devoutly deposited their precious offerings in the casket.

That evening Carmelita intruded late upon the privacy of the priest, her uncle. This was a rare event, for

\* An *arroba* is twenty-five pounds.

though 'so closely related by blood, their social relations were not intimate. Father Olmedo and the Señor Edouard took their meals together, but the women of the household at a separate table in the kitchen. In some parts of Mexico this is the custom in all households. The dignity of the priesthood would have been lowered by admitting the women to eat with them; and that being the custom, Carmelita would have been the last to think of infringing upon it. There was a corresponding reserve in all their intimacy, so it was natural that the good priest looked upon her as she entered with some surprise, and perhaps a little severity. But bathed in tears she suddenly threw herself at his feet and asked his blessing. He attributed her unusual emotion to agitation consequent upon the eve of her marriage, and attempted to raise her gently, but failed, as she concealed her face in his robe.

"May the blessing of the holy Virgin be upon you, my child," he said. "It will; for by your filial obedience you have been the means of securing our Señora the richest of all the offerings that have been yet made to her. Arise, then, my daughter, and let me see you happy and smiling as of yore."

But Carmelita only sobbed the more. So great was her agitation, indeed, that the worthy priest became alarmed, and sought to soothe her, gently patting her head, and caressing the long plaits of her luxuriant hair.

"O father, pardon, pardon," she said. "I cannot marry the *patron* tomorrow."

"Tut, tut, little foolish one!" he exclaimed. "Cannot marry! Nonsense! All girls must marry. It is the destiny that heaven designed for them. Why, you ought to be all smiles and happiness. Was there ever such an offering made in honor of a bride, tell me? What more would you ask?"

"O father, at least grant me time —

another year, or two—but one year," she sobbed.

"What! and cheat worthy Silverio, and all the pueblo? Impossible! We should be disgraced. He would be exasperated and withdraw his contribution. It is not to be thought of."

"Well, then, father," she said, in a voice half suffocated, "give me your blessing once more, and absolve me from all my sins, for it is a wicked, rebellious woman who kneels at your feet, who may never be able again to solicit your grace."

The priest placed his hands upon her bowed head, blessed and absolved her, pleased to see that she appeared calmer, and then conducted her to the door, glad that so unusual and painful an interview was ended. "That is the way with all women," he said. "Nobody can understand them; when all around is sunshine, they will rain tears,—but it is only a summer shower, *gracias a Dios*."

The next morning he was aroused by one of the Indian acolytes, who rushed into his room, scarcely pausing to knock, exclaiming: "The Virgin has disappeared! The Virgin has disappeared! *O santísima! O purísima!* The holy angels protect us! God have mercy upon us!"

Father Olmedo arose profoundly agitated, but exclaimed: "Calm thyself, Manuel, calm thyself! Have I not repeatedly told thee that I have seen her disappear and reappear? It has occurred to me many times. Let us go and pray at the foot of the altar, and you will see her descend again in all her grace and glory.—my faith upon it."

He tottered forth toward the chapel, accompanied by Manuel, who continued to wring his hands in despair. As they neared the building, a crowd of the divers, awe-stricken and terrified, approached them, looking toward them as though seeking an explanation. The father pushed them aside, and hastily entered the chapel.



It was too true. The Virgin had disappeared.

By this time the divers had partially recovered from their panic, and entered the building, sombrero in hand. Arrived at the foot of the steps, they stared stupidly at the vacant altar and at Father Olmedo, who on his part seemed affrighted and bewildered.

"She will return! She will return!" he cried piteously, wringing his hands. "She has but ascended to heaven, and will return to us."

"Then she has gone to heaven in my swift *chalupa*," roughly said the *patron* Silverio Robles, who had entered the chapel suddenly, "and in company with your niece and the Frenchman. And see! she has not forgotten her pearls,—not even the casket," he added with bitter intonation.

But Father Olmedo, who had turned as he addressed him, fell heavily forward, and lay, happily insensible to all reproaches,—dead at the foot of the altar!

Henry S. Brooks.

### SOME AMERICAN HISTORIES.

THERE are three clearly distinct periods in Gouverneur Morris's<sup>1</sup> public career. In the first period his statesmanship develops with the development of the times; he becomes from a reluctant adherent of American independence a brave, reliable, and wise actor and counselor in the Revolution; he takes invaluable part in the Continental Congresses, in the formation of the New York constitution, and in the settlement of the encumbered and embarrassing inheritance of the war; and finally he reaches the apex of this first period in his conspicuous and meritorious services in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. The second period of his public career, not less honorable and perhaps more brilliant than the first, was his private sojourn and public residence abroad. In the third period, he returns home to find his occupation gone, his friends going out of power, and a new, yet inevitable and natural, character being given to American political life. In this field Morris could find no useful constructive

work to do, and went even to the point of treason to his country.

Gouverneur Morris belongs by natural assignment to a circle whose characteristics are recognized at the instant, and in which we should include only Hamilton and Jay and Morris himself. To add other names would furnish no further light on the characteristics of the circle, and might cause confusion by suggesting other features and elements to the mind. Morris reaches as high as any one in this group in his aristocratic, anti-democratic, and centralizing views. This tendency is inherent in his nature. But he had his own full amount of sound good sense, of solid reasoning power, of capacity to modify the opinions of others, and to yield himself after becoming convinced. And he had withal a true sentiment of patriotism. This extreme nationalist tendency of his, tempered by political sagacity, gave him his eminent position in the Federal Convention. This anti-democratic tendency, tempered by the warm sympathies of his French blood, made him a friend trusted by the French heart, and a critic and prophet respected by the French intellect. But there was no tempering of his disgust,

<sup>1</sup>Gouverneur Morris. By Theodore Roosevelt. "American Statesmen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

his animosity, and his venom, when he came back to America to find the beloved structure of his hands being moulded to democratic views of government by Jefferson and the Republicans. It was strange to see a life hitherto marked by so much of moderation, sagacity, and sweetness, wasting its powerful energies in senseless antagonism to a predetermined course of nature.

Says our biographer:

"There has never been an American statesman of keener intellect or more brilliant genius. Had he possessed but a little more steadiness and self-control, he would have stood among the two or three very foremost. He was gallant and fearless. He was absolutely upright and truthful; the least suggestion of falsehood was abhorrent to him. His extreme, aggressive frankness, joined to a certain imperiousness of disposition, made it difficult for him to get along well with many of the men with whom he was thrown in contact. In politics he was too much of a free lance ever to stand very high as a leader. He was very generous and hospitable; he was witty and humorous, a charming companion, and extremely fond of good living. He had a proud, almost hasty temper, and was quick to resent an insult. He was strictly just, and he made open war on all traits that displeased him, especially meanness and hypocrisy. He was essentially a strong man, and he was an American through and through.

"Perhaps his greatest interest for us lies in the fact that he was a shrewder, more far-seeing observer and recorder of contemporary men and events, both at home and abroad, than any other American or foreign statesman of his time. But aside from this he did much lasting work. He took a most prominent part in bringing about the independence of the colonies, and afterwards in welding them into a single powerful nation, whose greatness he both foresaw and foretold. He made the final draft of the United

States Constitution; he first outlined our present system of national coinage; he originated and got under way the plan for the Erie Canal; as minister to France he successfully performed the most difficult task ever allotted to an American representative at a foreign capital. With all his faults, there are few men of his generation to whom the country owes more than to Gouverneur Morris."

Those for whom this fascinating personality and the events in which it took part have any interest, should read the few and graceful pages of Mr. Roosevelt; those further attracted by this brilliant diplomatist and his delightful Parisian life and associates, should seek also the pages of the bulkier volumes of his *Diary*.

While the "American Statesmen" series has not been marked by the startling unevenness, by the incapacity, and even utter failures observable here and there in the companion series of "American Commonwealths," nevertheless a volume of conspicuous merit is noteworthy. With the exception of the "Calhoun," the "Jackson," the "Henry," and perhaps the "Clay," we have not had until the *Van Buren*<sup>1</sup> anything that could claim a permanent position either for historical research, for portrayal of personal character or of historical epoch, or for economic, political, or other comment. The other volumes of the series were generally well enough in their way, furnishing cheap and convenient, if not always absolutely reliable, narratives of men and their times. The volumes named, however, we would not readily dispense with. In the "Calhoun," Von Holst — whose more pretentious work, already reaching five volumes in its English translation, is to the present reviewer's mind more notable

<sup>1</sup> Martin Van Buren. By Edward M. Shepard. "American Statesmen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



for its defects, its perverted and narrow judgments, and its wrong perspective, or entire absence of perspective, than for any merits — succeeded in drawing a fine and sympathetic picture of a man who at least exemplifies, if not embodies, one of the greatest and most pernicious ideas that has ever had influence upon the world's history. In the "Jackson," while we found no genuine biographical work, we did have valuable economic and political discussion, none the less acceptable that it was Sumnerish; and in the "Henry" we got from Professor Tyler an authoritative and definitive life, with argument convincing because of its thorough historical research. And now the *Van Buren*, while we shall not say that it is convincing in its argument, is a book of similar merit with that of the "Henry."

There is a truth of history, and there is a lie of history; there is a search after truth in a truthful way, and there is a search after the false in a falsifying way. That the truth is not incontestably found or proved, does not work against the honesty and value of the truth-seeker's efforts. These remarks are illustrated, on the one hand by the book now under review, — Shepard's *Van Buren*, — and on the other by a book presently to be mentioned again, — Carr's "Missouri." The former is a book marked by the most painstaking study, by a plan of argument careful, detailed, and conscientious. It is the right manner of working, and in the right direction. Now, the "Missouri," besides being shallow and flimsy, — without research, — contains no argument and is a patent falsification of history.

Mr. Shepard, as he tells us, began his study with a prepossession against Van Buren. He was influenced by that opinion, which like so many other contemporary prejudices and criticisms of public men, has found its crystallization in the non-perspective pages of Von Holst. Then in the course of his study, becom-

ing convinced that this view of Van Buren was erroneous, he has sought, by consistent and strong argument, to disprove the criminations of contemporaries and the belittlements of our alleged historians, and to give Van Buren a highly honorable place as an American statesman. The book will not be entirely convincing to every one, but will afford to every reader large and profitable information, and unusual opportunity and stimulus for reflection.

The titles of the chapters show the scope and character of the work: American Politics when Van Buren's Career Began; Jefferson's Influence; Early Years; Professional Life; State Senator; Attorney-General; Member of the Constitutional Convention; United States Senator; Re-establishment of Parties; Party Leadership; Democratic Victory in 1838; Governor; Secretary of State; Definite Formation of the Democratic Creed; Minister to England; Vice President; Election to the Presidency; Crisis of 1837; President; Sub-Treasury Bill; Canadian Insurrection; Texas; Seminole War; Defeat for Re-election; Ex-President; Slavery; Texas Annexation; Defeat by the South; Free Soil Campaign; Last Years; Van Buren's Character and Place in History.

The following is an extract from the concluding chapter:

It is perhaps an interesting, it is at least a harmless, speculation, to look for Van Buren's place of honor in the varied succession of men who have reached the first office, though not always the first place, in American public life. Every student will be powerfully, even when unconsciously, influenced in his judgment by the measure of strength or beneficence he accords to different political tendencies. With this warning the present writer will, however, venture upon an opinion.

Van Buren very clearly does not belong among the mediocrities or accidents of the White House, — among Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, and Pierce, not to meddle with the years since the Civil War, whose party disputes are still part of contemporary politics. Van Buren reached the presidency by political abilities and public services of the

first order, as the most distinguished active member of his party, and with a universal popular recognition for years before his promotion that he was among the three or four Americans from whom a president would be naturally chosen. Buchanan's experience in public life was perhaps as great as Van Buren's, and his political skill and distinction made his accession to the presidency by no means unworthy. But he never led, he never stood for a cause; he never led men; he was never chief in his party; and in his great office he sank with timidity before the slaveholding aggressors, as they strove with vengeance to suppress freedom in Kansas, and before the menaces and open plunderings of disunion. Van Buren showed no such timidity in a place of equal difficulty.

Jackson stands in a rank by himself. He had a stronger and more vivid personality than Van Buren. But useful as he was to the creation of a powerful sentiment for union and of hostility to the schemes of a paternal government, it is clear that in those qualities of steady wisdom, foresight, patience, which of right belong to the chief magistracy of a republic, he was far inferior to his less picturesque and less forceful successor. The first Adams, a man of very superior parts, competent and singularly patriotic, was deep in too many personal collisions within and without his party, and his presidency incurred too complete and lasting, and it must be added too just, a popular condemnation, to permit it high rank, though very certainly he belonged among neither the mediocrities nor the accidents of the White House.

If to the highest rank of American presidents be assigned Washington, and if after him in it come Jefferson and perhaps Lincoln, (though more than a quarter of a century must go to make the enduring measure of his fame,) the second rank would seem to include Madison, the younger Adams, and Van Buren. Between the first and the last of these, the second of them, as has been said, saw much resemblance. But if Madison had a mellow mind, more obedient to the exigencies of the time and of a wider scholarship, Van Buren had a firmer and more direct courage, a steadier loyalty to his political creed, and far greater resolution and efficiency in the performance of executive duties. If one were to imitate Plutarch in behalf of John Quincy Adams and Van Buren, he would need largely to compare their rival political creeds. But leaving these, it will not be unjust to say that in virile and indomitable continuance of moral purpose after official power had let go its trammels, and when the harassments and feebleness of age were inexorable, and though the heavens were to fall, the younger Adams was the greater; that in executive success they were closely together in a high rank; but that in skill and power of political leadership, in breadth of political purpose, in freedom from political vagaries, in personal generosity and political loyalty, Van Buren was easily the greater man.

We have three "American Commonwealths" before us. How inadequately designated they are will appear when we say that the *Indiana* brings us down only to the admission of the State, that 218 out of its 444 pages treat of the period and questions that preceded 1789, and that the remaining pages discuss only one phase, and that not a deeply important one, described by the sub-title of the book, "A Redemption from Slavery"; that similarly, in the *Ohio*, 294 out of its 400 pages treat of the history prior to the admission of the State; and that the *Missouri* really says nothing of Missouri as a commonwealth, but discusses it simply, according to its sub-title, as a "bone of contention" in the councils of the nation. The tendency to expatiate on an epoch, or to write a monograph on a certain phase of a State's history, seems to be growing more prevalent in the series.

The *Indiana*, however, has merits; as an exhaustive essay on the history of slavery in the Northwest Territory, it is highly valuable. Its chapter on the "Ordinance of 1787" discusses that subject with much intelligence and discrimination. It gives proper balance to Mr. W. F. Poole's *North American Review* article, to Mr. Hinsdale's account in his "Old Northwest," and other similar discussions.

The *Ohio* is a more rounded piece of work, relates some topics, such as "The Moravians," "The Northwest Territory," "The Early Settlers," and "The Pioneers," very pleasantly. On some other questions the author does not hesitate to differ from all authorities. He denies, for instance, any title in the king of Great Britain to the lands west of the Alleghanies, and consequently the validity of Virginia's or any other State's claim to this western country. Otherwise, the

Missouri. By Lucien Carr. "American Commonwealths." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Indiana. By J. P. Dunn, Jr. *Ibid.*

Ohio. By Rufus King. *Ibid.*



following lines at the end of the introductory chapter tell truly the scope of the work :

"The rise of Ohio in less than a century from these wilds will be the subject of the following chapters. They will not form a mere chronicle of the changes which have occurred since the foundation of the State; rather, they are sketches interweaving with annals some account of the early combination of emigrants, events, and incidents, which has led to the development of the State and the traits of its people, as they now present themselves. Such sketches may be connected without being strictly continuous. The details, so abundantly supplied in the many local histories of the State, must necessarily be restricted by the proportions of this volume. As a centenary memoir, its purpose is to set forth the foundations of the State rather than its full growth."

The volume on Missouri is worthless, and contains no apology for its publication.

We come now to a State history<sup>1</sup> of a very different character,—a model of completeness, of historical investigation, and of wise judgment. This book is not in the "Commonwealth" series, though better than almost any of those, with the exception of Johnston's "Connecticut," and comes up to the standard we had anticipated of that series. It is a well-balanced history of the State of Tennessee from 1769 to 1861. It begins with the founding of the household, in the settlement made by emigrants from Virginia, in the Watauga valley, known as the Watauga Association. These emigrants supposed that they were settling in a portion of Virginia. They learned that it was the territory of North Carolina. The revolutionary State of Franklin was set up, but not long maintained. In 1790 the territory south of the Ohio

was organized, and in 1796 Tennessee was admitted into the Union. Of these events we are told in an interesting manner in the first 189 pages, which are lit up, too, with many accounts of the life of the settlers, of their battles with the Indians, of their pushing out into new parts of the wilderness. Then follow chapters on the institutes, the local self-government, the religion, and the schools of Tennessee. In these chapters is a description of the government of Tennessee, and an explanation of its difference from that of New England; of the foundation and development of the educational institutions; and an account of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a curious phase of religious history.

A political history is contained in chapters entitled, "Sevier to Carroll," "Carroll, Houston, and Constitutional Convention," "Murrell and the Reign of Disorder," "Rise of the Whig Party," "Polk and Cannon," "The First Whig Victory," "Polk and Jones in 1841 and 1843," "The Great Whig Convention of 1844," and "The Downfall of the Whigs and Secession." The finances of the State are discussed; the internal development of the country described; and a good chapter devoted to Memphis.

Many men of commanding personality were Tennesseans, and the story of their lives and the painting of their characters add greatly to the charm of the book. John Sevier, Andrew Jackson, Samuel Houston, Thomas Hart Benton, David Crockett, figure in the history of the State, and are in themselves sufficient title for a place for the State in the century's history.

In the last pages the author says :

It is no wonder that men trained in such a school should have risen to places of great distinction on a field which gave them merely an enlarged scope for the exercise of their talents. Virginia and Massachusetts are the only States which have furnished more names that stand higher on the National Roll of Honor than Tennessee. Not to mention Tennesseans who, like Tipton of Indiana, Houston of Tex-

<sup>1</sup> History of Tennessee. The Making of a State. By James Phelan. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

as, Benton of Missouri, Garland and Sevier and Hindman of Arkansas, Claiborne of Louisiana, Henry Watterson of Kentucky, Sharkey and Yerger of Mississippi, Gwin of California, and Admiral Farragut, attained influence and celebrity either local or national in other States, Tennessee has given the national government a number of presidents and cabinet officers entirely out of proportion to its wealth and population. George W. Campbell was secretary of the treasury under Madison. Andrew Jackson was President from 1829 to 1837. John H. Eaton was secretary of war under Jackson. Felix Grundy was attorney-general under Van Buren. John Bell was secretary of war under Harrison and Tyler. Cave Johnson was postmaster-general under Polk; and Polk himself was President from 1845 to 1849. Aaron V. Brown was postmaster-general under Buchanan. Tennessee has furnished the House of Representatives two speakers, — Bell and Polk, — and the Senate one presiding officer in the person of H. L. White, in 1832. Andrew Johnson was vice-president from 4th of March, 1865, to the 15th of April the same year, when he became president and served until 1869. . . . Most of these, however, played their part upon the broader field of national politics, and though their fame was sufficiently splendid to emerge above the limits of a merely local and temporary distinction, they are of importance in such a history as this only in so far as they influence the current of politics within the bounds of the State.

The opening words of the book are these :

Although the annals of Tennessee are not filled with accounts of the revolutions which have changed the complexion of the world, yet her history, in addition to the interest which it possesses for her children, as giving an account of the achievements of their ancestors, has one claim upon the attention of the thoughtful student of history, which is peculiarly her own. In it can be studied, as under a glass and in an hour, the process of development, which in other States is either imperfectly displayed or is spread over a long stretch of time, the periods of which are indistinctly understood, or marred by extraneous and disturbing causes. In the Thirteen Colonies the chief causes of the disturbances were the cupidity of colonial proprietors and the despotism of rulers. In the younger States, excepting Kentucky, and perhaps Vermont, the line of advancement began at or after a point where the full development of American principles had been attained. In Tennessee we have, within the limits of a century, a picture of national life as complete as that of

England through its two thousand years, or that of Rome from the kings to the emperors. We can study the process by which the wildernesses were turned into gardens, and observe the stages of development from primitive rudeness to civilization and refinement, — from disorganization to organization; from the absence of all law, through all the grades of a complete system of laws imperfectly obeyed, to a time when a community of nearly two millions of people live together in the bonds of a sober, industrious, and law-abiding citizenship. In a study of her annals we shall find that her instruments were often uncouth, that her progress was often slow, that many blunders were committed, and that there was much violence and frequent shedding of blood for evil and disgraceful causes; but those of us who are proud of our native State shall also be rewarded by finding at times, and often in most unexpected places, exhibition of those qualities which constitute what is most noble and admirable in the human character.

Mr. Simon Sterne's book<sup>1</sup> was published several years ago when its merits were recognized, and a new edition has again been called for. The work is just such as the intelligent and thoughtful person, who has not time to study many and large books, desires in order to acquaint himself with the organization and administration of our government, and with an excellent history and discussion of the politics of the United States. After describing the Constitution of the United States and the several departments of government, it gives an account of our political history, a discussion on current questions affecting the national constitution, together with a description of the State constitutions and their development. An addendum speaks of the many important questions that have recently arisen in national politics, State constitutional history, and municipal administration. The book is written in clear, refined, and forcible English.

<sup>1</sup> Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States. By Simon Sterne. Fourth Revised Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York: 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



## PRISONERS OF POVERTY.

DURING the year 1886 a series of papers in the New York *Tribune*, upon the women workers of New York, by Mrs. Helen Campbell, drew rather unusual attention; and the year after the same papers were published in a book, with the title, *Prisoners of Poverty*.<sup>1</sup> There is not much in the book that was not already before the public, in reports and articles; but its method is far more adapted to catch attention and to make an abiding impression upon the careless or pre-occupied, than anything of the sort we remember to have seen. It is a very simple piece of literary discernment to see that for a subject like this plain facts, but not dry or generalized facts, are what is needed; yet very few have that discernment. As soon as they grasp the idea that poignant personal sympathy is felt for individuals rather than for classes, for the continuous unfolding of human experience rather than for its completed result, they think that fiction must be the vehicle of their appeal. The effect of several famous novels of reform is always before their minds. But the importance of the subject and the earnestness of the writer alone are not enough to make a story efficient: unless it is also a "success" in a literary way, widely read, and a good deal talked about, it does not accomplish much. In spite of the repeated examples of public attention caught and thrilled and important things achieved by means of a novel, every editor knows that a great amount of "material" is wasted by being put into a story when it is not suited thereto, or when the writer is not able to handle the story properly. At best, a penetrating story

of fictitious ills only catches attention, and prepares the way; after that, people wish to know facts; yet only the student or reformer will linger long over bald facts. Mrs. Campbell, therefore, tells what she knows of individual lives, — simply and literally, she assures us, though she does not, in fact, repress a certain dramatic and literary touch. It would seem easier than story-writing, yet it is much harder to get writers to try it.

With a peculiarly dexterous literary — or rather journalistic — perception, she blends careful details of wages and expenditure with narratives of individual lives: — "The Case of Rose Haggerty," "The True Story of Lotte Bauer," "One of the Fur Sewers," "Some Difficulties of an Employer who Experimented," and so forth. She tells everything with as much dramatic sympathy, as much feeling for character and effect, as if she were writing stories for purely literary purpose, yet nothing aimlessly, nor without regard to its bearing on the two or three points she wishes to make. The book is almost a model of the way to do such a thing. Nothing but the high literary power that Mrs. Campbell has never had, (she is always good from a literary point of view, never in the least great,) could make it much better. Again, a little more intellectual grasp, a little more learning, would probably have made the book a really indispensable and abiding contribution to economic thought: yet no one can fail to see that an excellent and well trained mind, and a good sense of candor, patience, and moderation, has been brought to the subject. There is no outcry, no fanaticism. Yet it is possible to discern, every here and there, a lapse that a thoroughly sound investigator would not have made. She takes almost

<sup>1</sup> *Prisoners of Poverty*. By Mrs. Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

habitually the word of employees against employers; and in one case, where she was evidently annoyingly treated in her quest for information, betrays contempt and incredulity in her transcript of what the firm told her, instead of setting it over against the statements of their workingwomen, with equal consideration for both. It is evident that she found it hard to get figures from employers; that they put her off with general statements in an exasperating manner, and veiled under more or less elusive courtesy an unmistakable idea that it was none of her business; but it is also evident that she came to them somewhat as the already retained advocate of the working-women, intending to be a courteous and candid one, but convinced that wrong toward them existed, and asking, so to speak, to be allowed to search the pockets of the employers, and see if it was they who had about them the "missing wealth of the working poor." Every class of humanity is conscious of subtle antagonisms of this sort: the working-women would not have given her much satisfaction if she had approached them in the same mood.

In the instance we have mentioned, where she implies her indignant disbelief in the firm's statement that they could not possibly afford higher wages, and were making no profit under the ruinous competition that compelled them to sell garments at incredibly low prices, she goes on to prove that they were lying, by the following figures (all worked out, we judge, with strict accuracy):

Cloth for one dozen chemises.....	\$1.40
Edging " " " " .....	1.35
Thread " " " " .....	.08
Seamer " " " " .....	.30
Maker " " " " .....	.90

Total cost of dozen.....\$4.03

Wholesale price per dozen.....5.25

Profit per dozen.....1.22

Whether the maker "finds" buttons, or whether that item should be added to

this account, we find no indication; but passing over that point, it is evident that before any estimate of the firm's profit can be reached, the following estimate should be added to the cost of the chemises:

Share of one dozen chemises in cost of interest on invested capital.....	
Share of the same in cost of current expenses, viz:	
Rent, fuel, light, taxes, insurance, water rates, repairs, janitors, etc.....	
Salaries of foremen, book-keepers, typewriters, porters, etc.....	
Stationery, packing-boxes, twine, and other minor sundries.....	
Expense of selling, — drummers, correspondents, salesmen, packers, discounts.....	
Bad debts, unsold goods, long credits, cost of collection, margin for spoiled goods and unavoidable wastage.....	
Margin for security against unforeseen losses or depressions.....	

To fill out with figures these items would be impossible for even the roughest guess. Each firm would have to do it for themselves at considerable expense of time, and they could not have given Mrs. Campbell the data from which to make the calculation without taking her into the most absolute and inner confidence as to the condition of their business, — a much more serious matter than to take her into confidence as to the weekly wage and its expenditure in a single household. No one that has ever touched the actual conducting of a business can doubt for a moment that unless every one of these items except the last is covered by the selling price of goods, the firm is on the straight road to failure; and unless the last also is covered, it stands always under risk thereof, and no fanciful risk but a very real and near one. Mrs. Campbell, like most people who have not handled or studied commercial doings, understands the whole mad pressure and struggle of American business to be a race for wealth; whereas, as tens of thousands know in sleepless nights and days of grinding care, it is a struggle for the most part to keep



the head above water. If it is true that ninety-five per cent of all the business men of this country go sooner or later into bankruptcy, it will not do to lightly assume that men could raise wages if they would, on the basis of a calculation of the cost of cloth and edging and thread and wholesale price of chemises.

It is this dependence of the condition of wage-earners on the driest and remotest occurrences in the world of commerce that makes it impossible to comprehend the problem with only the data supplied by good will and sympathy, and the most careful and candid study of the *immediate* facts alone. The lowering of wages of the cotton workers in England in 1878 seems to have been in large part traceable to the American war in 1861-'65. The charities of Italian convents in the Middle Ages doubtless have a very considerable effect upon the wages of American sewing women today.

But to leave criticism: the two or three points upon which Mrs. Campbell manages to gather the strong lights of her book are these:—Into the sewing trades,—not skilled dressmaking nor sewing in private houses, but wage-work for ready-made clothing houses,—crowd an altogether excessive number of women, the wretchedly incompetent by thousands keeping down wages and all the conditions for the better ones; and the evils of tenement house life and the profound ignorance of how to use to best advantage what little money they do get, intensifies the wretchedness of these women's lives. Add to this the not infrequent outrages of fraudulent establishments in depriving them of wages by some of the "sweating" devices, the incessant dangers incident to large numbers of young women holding their means of existence at the will of men, the drinking and crime of husbands and fathers, and the chances of illness and accident that must always be reckoned with,—and a sufficiently appalling picture can be drawn without a word of

declamation,—a picture that every right-minded man and woman in the world ought to see or to think of very earnestly, even if unable to draw always the same conclusions as Mrs. Campbell.

She makes it perfectly plain that the mind and character of these poor creatures is primarily responsible for their misery: they *will* live in the city; they *will* go into the desperately overcrowded sewing trades; they *will* despise healthful and economic cooking, and waste their money. Though one and another is found in their ranks by force of circumstances, in spite of thrift, and skill, and good sense, she is no less the victim of the incompetency and folly of these women as a class, because it is the presence of them in such numbers in the trade that reduces it to such miserable conditions. Not that this is their fault; they are born and bred helpless, shallow, shiftless. Women of far more opportunities than they show hardly better qualities in practical difficulties; men of respectable business standing conceal between the covers of their ledgers evidences of inefficiency and bad judgment that rival any traits shown by the tenement-house drudge, and go farther to explain the ninety-five per cent of failures than any other one thing.

What to do about it, Mrs. Campbell hardly ventures to say. She is no vendor of economic nostrums, only a student of the real facts of life. She believes in co-operation, and believes in industrial education; but her own statement of the case shows plainly that co-operation cannot be carried out to any great extent with the present type of workers, while as to the industrial education, she offers no experimental knowledge, but merely an *a priori* theory. With great wisdom, her appeal to the women who read her book is not that they shall go to work at charities, or "slumming," or this or that reform, but that first and most of all they shall know and think about these things,—shall not re-

main ignorant and indifferent, but treat a knowledge of human life as a part of their education and daily interest, more important than art or bric-a-brac. Women in this country have a fashionable whim,—encouraged by men,—that it is unladylike to care for public questions, or be informed on politics and economics and reforms. They might be thought strong-minded. It would strike Englishwomen or Frenchwomen as a very odd whim, for while they are less petted and deferred to socially than our women, and subjected to some tyrannies our women do not suffer, they seem to be regarded far more as comrades in the world's work. It is to break through this pretty parlor indifference that Mrs. Campbell chiefly aims, and we think her work will not be without effect. "Here then we face them," she says, "—ignorant, blind, stupid, incompetent in every fibre,—and yet no count of such indictment alters our responsibility toward them." "In these months of search

. . . I discover, not alone their ignorance, and stupidity, and grossness, and willful blindness, but behind it an ignorance and stupidity no less dense upon which theirs is founded,—our own." "The mission of alleviation, of protection, of care for the foulest and lowest of lives, has had its day. It is time that this mass of effort stirred

against its perpetual reproduction, its existence, its ever more and more shameless demands. . . . Sunlight and air may take the place of the foulness now reigning in the dens that many of them know as homes; but will either sun or air shorten hours or raise wages, or alter the fact that not one in a thousand of these women but has grounded her whole pitiful life on a delusion,—a delusion for which we are responsible?" Responsible, she goes on to say, by our frivolous and luxurious ideals of life, our "exaggerated estimate of the value of money, and involuntary and inevitable truckling to the one who has most."

Mrs. Campbell's plea for simpler and more earnest and honest living is undoubtedly right as far as it goes. Like every preacher, she preaches only one point out of a great complex of things that might be said. She gives no sort of due weight, as we have noted, to the complexity of economic conditions; to the bearing of governmental systems on poverty; and to the most awful and unanswerable problem of all,—the working of the great elemental forces of evolution under the changed conditions of human society. The question to which all sociological questions trace back is: "Why are these myriads *born* predestined to uselessness and misery?" It remains thus far unanswered.





## ETC.

THE quantity and persistence of advertising literature that has been connected with the recent increased immigration to California has undoubtedly accomplished its main purpose with unusual success ; but it has had some curious indirect results. This literature of pamphlets and "boom articles," with its abundant hints from political campaigning literature, and its clever approximation to *bona fide* literary work, (really good writers often being engaged in it,) and its constant masquerading in the columns of the less rigid journals, has confused almost inextricably the lines between genuine descriptive writing and itself. It is by no means in California alone that the like happens : all over the country, journals whose columns are not open to masked advertising are expressing exasperation at the suspicion that occasionally falls on their literary matter, and finding it necessary to state their position. But California, perhaps, has the worst of it. Just as in '49 and '50, the most honest statements of facts came under suspicion as "California yarns," because of the excesses of the gold fever, so now the most disinterested descriptions of the scenery, natural resources, and industrial possibilities of the Coast have to suffer suspicion of complicity with the "boom." The real estate advertising has not been of a very, egregious sort, — nothing of the nature of the old-fashioned Western town-lot prospectus ; there has been nothing of positive fraud about it, and as to veracity, not more than the ordinary inflation of advertisements, always allowed for. Nor has it been at all in bad taste : on the contrary, its employment of good writers and good artists, its beautiful little "folders" and "mementoes," its diligent assistance, by pamphlets and otherwise, of the circulation of any magazine articles, poems, and books that, like "Ramona," chanced to be to its purpose, must have gone to the cultivation of public taste in a considerable degree. Our utilitarian race is occasionally reproached with the superiority of the Hellenic spirit, which would have beauty even in pots and pans ; and it is only matter for congratulation if we are getting to a point where we must have good art even in our advertisements. But to use their literary or artistic merits not merely to present wares in an attractive way, but to deceive the reader, — in other words, to pass off a paid advertisement as a disinterested article, — is another matter. Many journals do this ; many editors honestly believe that all journals do. A leading newspaper man of this country lately said publicly that it was the proper thing to do. But a good many journals, — including the OVERLAND, — do not do it. All these journals have occasionally to repudiate the suggestion that they do. We note, for instance, from

time to time, the suggestion in this or that local journal, that this or that descriptive article was paid for. As a matter of fact, not a sentence in the body of the OVERLAND is paid for, and any article that is, goes to the advertising pages. The OVERLAND makes a special feature of descriptive articles giving information about different regions on this Coast. It has always done so. Beginning with its first issue in 1868, it carried for many years the title line, "Devoted to the Development of the Country." It has always been a magazine of information about this Coast, as well as of literature, education, and civil polity : and its articles of this character have from time to time for twenty years had an appreciable effect upon commercial affairs. They are written and signed by responsible persons, who know that the OVERLAND's aim is to secure as careful and trustworthy a statement of facts as possible. If any enthusiasm for the region, often that of his own choice for a home, betrays the contributor into exaggerated eulogy, or if he fails to sift accurately enough the information given him, the magazine cannot help this farther than by being careful in its selection of a writer in the first place, and by holding its pages always open to correction on any point of fact.

THE bureau of labor statistics of California was last year engaged in an interesting investigation of the condition of working women in San Francisco, and a summary of results appears in the third biennial report of the bureau. The comments and conclusions of the report do not appear to be of much value, — they seem to be moved by an idea that labor investigations are necessarily searches after oppressions and outrages toward the poor, and that denunciation must be contained in any talk on the subject. But the statistics themselves are very interesting. It is estimated that there are some 20,000 women "in all occupations as wage-earners" in San Francisco. This apparently includes all the school-teachers, who must be at least a thousand in public and private schools, the domestic servants, clerks, telegraphers, type-writers, etc., saleswomen, type-setters and book-binders, waiters, factory girls, and sewing and millinery girls. Mr. Tobin complains that for lack of a sufficient appropriation he has been unable to take a thorough census of these women. He sent out a great number of blanks to be filled out by them, with information as to their ages, homes, race, health, earnings, expenses, savings, hours, sanitary conditions of their work, etc. ; but received few answers, and these not satisfactory. He relates with some exasperation that the girls were occasionally

disposed to turn the inquiries into ridicule, filling out the blanks with "tawdry wit" and burlesque suggestions. They were willing enough to answer the questions when put directly to them, but the printed blanks proved of little use. The commissioner, however, regards the returns he did get, — more by personal interviews than by blanks, — as fairly representative. They were obtained from average establishments in all the different trades. A complete statement of the conditions of about five hundred and twenty women working in the handicrafts is given. If we are to take these as representative, several important conclusions concerning our wage-working women are at once evident from the tables. The most important are: — that these are young unmarried women, — outside of the fruit canning and packing establishments, (most of them in Santa Clara county,) which report 28 married women out of 58, there are scarcely fifty married women and widows among them all; and that these young women live at home, — only 48 are boarding, and 33 of these are in private families. If the same proportion holds throughout, the number of working women away from home, in boarding and lodging houses, in all San Francisco, would be less than 600, including teachers, and without making any allowance for domestic servants. Their wages run up to \$10 and \$12 a week for the more skilled hands in the more skilled trades, — book-binding, shoe-fitting and buttonholing, candy-making, ironing in laundries, upholstering, weaving in woolen mills. Occasionally a woman gets as much in some of the other trades, — cracker-packing, glove-making, dress-making, cloak-making, weaving in cotton and jute mills, paper-box making, type-setting, tailoring, serving in stores, — but this is rarely. Forewomen get \$12 to \$15 in these best trades. The wages of the less skillful hands run usually \$6, \$7, and \$8, going down to \$4, and even \$3, — these lowest wages apparently being for new hands learning the work, or very young girls doing some light task. In the less favored trades, \$5 and \$6 are the most frequent figures, \$3 and \$4 not infrequent, and in one or two, as dress-making and millinery, \$2.50 and \$2 are sometimes paid; and while some type-setters earn their \$10 a week, two report only \$1. All these are average figures: many girls report maximum wages up to \$15, \$16, \$17, \$20, even \$26 a week; the minimum wages, however, never fall below the lowest average figures, since many girls now earning better wages have taken their turn at the lowest rates. The average salary of school-mistresses in this State is about \$18 a week; as this is received during only about eight months in the year, and generally has to be earned at a distance from home, where board must be paid, it will be seen that the best places in the trades compare very well with the average school-mistresses' positions.

THE wage of \$5 and \$6, common in the cigar factories and the sewing trades, is pretty meagre for the whole support of even a single person, but does not

compel absolute pinching. By clubbing together several women can get fair comfort out of it. Below this point there would be place for real destitution, were it not that the earners of these small sums seem to be almost invariably young girls living at home, either keeping all their earnings for themselves or turning them in to help out the family income. Here, for instance, in one of the most poorly-paid trades, — cigar-making, — is No. 18, who earns the lowest average wage of the fifty-two girls interviewed, — \$3 a week. She is a fifteen-year-old girl, born in this country of German parents, has worked two years, and is situated as follows: "Gives wages to mother, who provides everything for her; lives with parents; good house of four rooms; healthy, pleasant surroundings; fair education; dresses well." No. 36, who earns \$4.50 a week, nineteen years old, is thus reported: "Lives with parents; pays no board; spends all her wages for dress and other pleasures; saves nothing; has a good time generally; father and mother kind; pleasant home; good common-school education; healthy, happy-looking girl; dresses well; knows nothing of expenses." These two are samples of the reports, page after page. Not a dozen women among the whole five hundred report poor health. Occasionally a widow, or the wife or daughter of a drinking man, has a severe struggle to make both ends meet. But in general, it is evident that working women in San Francisco, in spite of wages not perceptibly higher than in Eastern cities, know very little of penury, except as the misfortunes of illness, death, or drunkenness in the family befall them. There is almost nothing of the drift of country girls into the city; country girls, under our milder conditions of climate, and with our less fixed and settled social life, seem not to feel home especially dull, nor to yearn toward the city, as in older States. A less encouraging testimony of these tables is that it is the rarest of things for these working girls to save a penny; a few are remarkably thrifty, and save \$50, \$100, or \$200 a year; but most of them, even those who earn \$12 and \$15 a week, and report that they have it all to spend on themselves, have no savings at the end of the year. Very few were themselves born out of the United States, — indeed, most of them are Californian girls; but by far the greater number, — about four to one, — are of foreign parentage, chiefly Irish. The girls of American parentage predominate in the more skilled and well-paid trades.

#### What Sees the Owl?

His velvet wing sweeps through the night;  
With magic of his wondrous sight  
He oversees his vast domain,  
And king supreme of night doth reign.

Around him lies a silent world,  
The day with all its noise is furled;  
When every shadow seemed a moon,  
And every light a sun at noon.



How welcome from the blinding glare  
Is the cool grayness of the air !  
How sweet the power to reign, a king,  
When day his banishment will bring !

For him the colorless moonlight  
Burns brilliant, an aurora bright ;  
The forest's deepest gloom stands clear  
From mystery and helpless fear.

He sees the silver cobwebs spun,  
The dewdrops set the flowers have won.  
The firefly's gleam offends his sight,  
Its seems a spark of fierce sunlight.

Clear winter nights when he so bold,  
"For all his feathers, is a-cold,"  
Sees the Frost-spirit fling his lace,  
And fashion icicles apace.

At his weird call afar and faint  
A sleepy echo, like the quaint  
Last notes of some wild chant, replies  
And mocks his solitude — and dies.

*Elizabeth S. Bates.*

#### Business.

It is a cold, harsh word, — I hate the name.  
Who speaks of business warns you. 'T is a sound  
Unknown alike to friendship, love, or fame.  
Beware of business, or resign all claim  
To all the noblest virtues. The world round  
Business is business, and a mightier creed  
But few believe in, none so strictly heed.

It is a subtle, dangerous, treacherous art,  
Which hath no precedence in nature's plan.  
'T was in old Isaac's sons it first had start,  
In Joseph's brethren, or in Judas's heart, —  
They all were shrewd in business. Thenceforth man  
Waxed wise in business, for the world today  
Seems but a mart for birthrights, souls, and clay.

*Charles L. Paige.*

#### Little Perez.

LITTLE Perez was a Mexican lad,  
Fleet as the wild deer, straight and tall,  
Lithe as the feathery pepper's bough,  
Brown as a brown adobe wall ;  
For the wind and the sun had nursed him well,  
Colored his cheeks with their hearty tan,  
Given him courage and strength and health, —  
Brave was his heart as the heart of a man.

Little Perez was first in sports :  
Armed with spurs and a stout lasso,  
The Mexican hills and valleys rang  
With the jubilant sound of his shrill hallo.  
Bare-legged he scaled the creviced heights,  
Tracked out the rabbit his prey to be,  
The thorny cactus of apples despoiled,  
Laid bare the cells of the honey-bee.

Little Perez was trained to work :  
On a patient burro up hill and down  
O'er the dusty highway he jogging went,  
With butter and eggs to the market-town.  
Then sturdily home o'er a long, gray stretch  
He jogged, with the patient burro, back, —  
Four moving feet to a long-eared load  
Were the visible props of his town-bought pack.

Anon to the rolling hills he hied,  
Bravely accoutered with axe and pick,  
To delve for wood, as the fashion is,  
Where the manzanita roots lie thick.  
Coyote and wildcat he trapped in his course,  
Fearlessly followed wherever they led ;  
Only the goats on their brown slopes bald  
Could scale their peaks with a surer tread.

Little Perez had gone one day  
Driving his goats to a higher range.  
The meadow-larks sang in the grass as he passed,  
The mocking-bird's echo caught every change ;  
The sun shone warm with a fervid glow,  
The air was sweet with a thousand smells ;  
Little of haste felt the goats or he,  
Scaling the hill-slopes, threading the dells.

But the loitering hours sped by at last,  
And his lagging footsteps he turned below.  
'T was a steep, sharp climb down the sheer cliffs' sides,  
To the lonely cañon where he must go.  
But never a fear in his heart had he,  
When the sun sank down and the shadows fell ;  
The cliffs to him were a playground fair,  
And he knew the long green cañon well.

Sure-footedly on and on he pressed,  
By the cholla's path, down the craggy height.  
The darkness was gathering thick and fast ;  
Through the solemn hush of the conquering night  
He felt the breath of a sharp wind rise,  
And he heard the boom of the distant sea.  
Just here he was wont to peer for sight  
Of the tall "half-way" eucalyptus tree.

But he saw it not ; no shadow stirred ;  
No swaying motion of leaf or limb. . . .  
Then, suddenly what in the dark appeared,  
Ambling along through distance dim ?  
A shaggy, swaggering bulk, it came  
Tearing ahead at a mighty pace.  
With marvelous fleetness and strength it seemed  
O'er the rough defile with the wind to race.

It paused, — it reared, — then it fairly flew !  
'T was a vision to make one's pulse-beat fail.  
Brown and bushy, with horns cast down,  
With a bristling back and a forked tail,  
With a long fore-foot that pawed the air,  
'T was an awesome specter to haunt the night ;  
No succor at hand, though need were great, —  
And the cliffs' steep trail was a bar to flight.

Perez stood still in a wonder-shock.

Was the boy's brave heart for once to fail?  
He looked at the horns and the long forefoot,  
At the bristling back and the forked tail;  
Then he gathered his strength in a bold firm hold,  
He crossed himself, and he muttered a prayer.  
Nearer the swaggering body came!  
He could almost feel its bristling hair.

One instant he crouches, ready to spring.  
Then, swift as an arrow let loose from its bow  
He grasps at the horns of the terrible thing;  
He grasps, and grapples—and lets it go!

Lets it go on its swaggering course,  
Tearing along, while he laughs in glee;  
And the old cliffs echo the glad sound back,  
Till the wind is drowned, and the roar of the sea.

He laughs and laughs. And the goats can hear.  
Still, still he laughs, till the tears arise.  
Ah, little Perez, 't was a brave, fine deed!  
But the terrible creature before his eyes,  
With its bristling back and threatening horns,  
And its long forefoot and its forked tail,  
Was never a living thing at all,—  
But a *huge brown tumbleweed* snapped by the gale.  
Estelle Thomson.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Two Books on Ethics.

IT really seems as if even a stubborn and disputatious advocate of the superior educational value of modern science over ancient classics might change his mind on reading Mr. Hittell's charming little book<sup>1</sup> on morals. One is almost compelled to the conviction that for a man of the present to make himself contemporaneous with Confucius and Aristotle, Socrates, Epicurus, Seneca, and Epictetus, and study from that vantage ground the race as it is now, is to gain a perspective extremely favorable to an unbiased view of human nature. It appears to set a man above the perturbations of passion, and to give him that remoteness which aids the study of proportions. Seen near at hand, a dog-fight eclipses in interest a Servian struggle for its own choice of rulers; but viewed through a telescope from Uranus, the brave nation would loom into appropriate size, and the dog-fight sink out of vision.

So our author, tranquilized by long dwelling in that noble company of philosophers and moralists, sees, benevolently judges, and affectionately pities and advises his fellow-beings of the nineteenth century. He sees Man as greater than America or Europe; he sees happiness as the goal of human striving, and virtue as the way to that goal; he mildly puts aside, without argument, the idea that goodness is a thing of divine inculcation; and states simply that it is the natural product of social evolution, and that it is increasing rapidly, as our intellectual perception of its value increases. "Virtue," he says, "has been found connected with forms of religion so divergent, that it evidently does not grow out of or depend upon any theological dogma."

The cameo-like phrasing of this quaint, scholarly little treatise, in which the virility of the ethics is

quite as noticeable as the gentleness of the rebukes, deepens the impression of its archaic value as literature, and almost gives one a sense of an anachronism when Herbert Spencer's name appears, especially as sandwiched between Seneca and Aurelius; and notwithstanding the classic kinship of the thought quoted, that "mean selfishness defeats itself by bringing on an incapacity for happiness."

As to the practical usefulness of Mr. Hittell's book, we can only say that it seems to us likely to be read mainly by those who will care for it as literature, and they are the very ones who either agree with the author's opinions in advance, or are so settled in their own as to remain unaffected by his reasoning.

The desideratum long craved by those who feel that some way should be found by which to teach morality in the public schools without teaching also a religious creed, seems to be very fairly and even admirably met by a book<sup>2</sup> whose style would recommend it, even if its thought were not, as it is, of the highest, and if its spirit were not, as it is, of that graceful austerity which warms while it woos. The quaintness of expression, the semi-paradoxical statements contained in some of the sentences, the originality of many of the definitions, all contribute to a certain zestfulness of contents, which ought to go far to make the book as enjoyable to the pupils in schools, as it is certain to be to the average reader of such books. Declining to enter on any speculation as to the ground of right, our author says: "Whatever men's opinion concerning this, they all deem those things right which are thought best for men, and consider that course morality which will bring them the most happiness."

The chances are of course many, that this volume

<sup>1</sup> A Code of Morals. By John S. Hittell. San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1888.

<sup>2</sup> The Virtues and Their Reasons. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago: Geo. Sherwood & Co.



may share the fate of the Lacedæmonian Church, and for the same reason: It is neither warm enough for religion nor cold enough for pure science. In fact, it is Herbert Spencer disguised in fireside homespun, or made gay with simple ornament, to fit him for the hearth-stone and the school.

The very title of the book shows in advance that the author believes morality to be the result of inherited modifications caused by accumulated experiences; — that there is a natural relation between the Virtues and Their Reasons; and that it is the function of the public schools to teach the science of right conduct, and to ignore all supernatural systems of ethics.

#### Briefer Notice.

*The Coming of the Friars*<sup>1</sup> is the title of a book containing half a dozen essays, which are here collected from the author's contributions to the *Nineteenth Century* at various times. The essays are concerned for the most part with the mode of life in England during the Middle Ages, only one, "The Prophet of Walnut-Tree Yard," relating to a comparatively modern period. The first essay, from which the book derives its title, gives a description of the rise of the Mendicant Friars, in Europe, and the changes which they passed through, particularly after their coming to England. The account is interestingly written, but fails to get at the heart of things. The abuses in the Church during the Middle Ages is not pointed out as one of the most potent factors in bringing the Mendicant orders into existence; and throughout the essay facts appear to be considered more important than causes. The description of village life in Norfolk six hundred years ago is marred by being "written down" to the comprehension of a rural English audience, but contains some interesting information. The remaining essays are free from this defect, but they are all marked by an emphasis of trivialities which distorts the picture, and diminishes its value as a lesson for today. — Andrews & Stoddard's *Latin Grammar*,<sup>2</sup> known to most schoolboys twenty or thirty years ago, has long been superseded by other works in American schools, and there are many men that will be glad to know that the old book from which they learned their *hic hæc hoc* has been revised and rejuvenated, — made ready to compete on even terms with the most popular of its rivals. Should these men open the book, however, it is doubtful if anything but the name will seem familiar to them, and they will soon be led to believe that it is an excess of modesty that has prevented Professor Preble from putting his own name alone on the title-page, with a mere acknowl-

edgment in the preface of indebtedness to the older work for paradigms, etc. The numbering of paragraphs, the order of subjects, the pronunciation recommended, the treatment of most of the difficult points, — all are changed. The result, as far as it can be judged apart from actual school-room use, is a grammar superior in important respects to any of its predecessors. — Doctor Crosby opens his series of lectures on the Jewish Church<sup>3</sup> by stating the entire lack of authentic evidence, outside of the Scriptures, relating to the early history of the Jewish nation. This simplifies his task in studying that history to a recapitulation of the Bible record. This he gives in thirteen lectures, drawing many and valuable deductions by the way. Some of his views are not the common ones; as, for instance, he finds that the forty years in the wilderness were not spent in continual moving, but that thirty-eight of them were passed in one fixed encampment at Kadesh. Doctor Crosby treats with scant courtesy the advocates of the higher criticism, and it is very doubtful if any of those advocates would accept as just the statements of their position given by the author. Barring this, and the dogmatic tone in which the counsels of the Almighty are set forth, the book is interesting. — It is the OVERLAND's rule that no book shall be reviewed in its columns that has not been read through, and yet a reviewer is but human even when he sits on the tripod; and no man without hypocrisy can pretend to have read through the maunderings of *The Anointed Seraph*,<sup>4</sup> unless it be the author himself and the long-suffering proofreader. It is of interest to the student of alienism rather than to the student of literature. — In 1884 the OVERLAND reviewed Mr. Phyfe's "How Should I Pronounce?" favorably in the main, but made the point against it that for the use of any but the specialist in language, or rather in utterance, it was too elaborate a treatise. Mr. Phyfe, it seems, was of the same opinion, and has published another book<sup>5</sup> for school use, in which he avoids the introduction of technical and slightly related matters, and occupies the space with drills in pronouncing and in the use of diacritical marks intended for class use. The lessons are short, and the recitation of them is designed to occupy the first three minutes of the time devoted to reading. There is also an alphabetical list of 2,400 words commonly mispronounced, including many proper nouns. This will prove valuable, being based on the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged. The work throughout the book is done in a manner

<sup>3</sup> The Bible View of the Jewish Church. By Howard Crosby. Funk & Wagnalls: New York and London. 1888.

<sup>4</sup> The Anointed Seraph. By G. H. Pollock. John F. Sheiry. Washington: 1888.

<sup>5</sup> The School Pronouncer. By William Henry P. Phyfe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>1</sup> The Coming of the Friars. By A. Jessopp, D. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> A Grammar of the Latin Language. By E. A. Andrews and S. Stoddard. Revised by Henry Preble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1888.

at once scholarly and practical. — Professor John Le Conte, of the State University, has published a pamphlet on Vital Statistics, pointing out various illogicalities in the deductions drawn from mortuary tables as usually made out. To illustrate, he takes the statistics of cancer, and shows by diagrams the radically different results obtained by taking the deaths by the thousand of population at all ages, and by the thousand of persons living at each particular age. In the one the maximum is attained at forty-five, and the chances of dying by cancer seem to fall off markedly after sixty-five is reached. In the other the maximum is attained at seventy-five in males, and eighty-five in females. That is, practically, the older a person is, the more likely to be killed by cancer. The point that Professor Le Conte makes is well taken, and students of such matters will find it worth their attention. — Among the issues in Ticknor's Paper Series, published some time ago but not hitherto noticed in the *OVERLAND*, is *Culture's Garland*, a collection of the humorous and satirical sketches of Eugene Field, printed first in the *Chicago Daily News*. There is a high-flown introduction by Julian Hawthorne, intimating that any height of literary fame is open to Mr. Field, if he will but spread his wings. The book hardly justifies the opinion, for

<sup>1</sup> Vital Statistics and the True Coefficient of Mortality, Illustrated by Cancer. By John Le Conte. From the Tenth Biennial Report of the State Board of Health of California. 1888.

<sup>2</sup> *Culture's Garland*. By Eugene Field. Ticknor's Paper Series: Boston.

though always amusing, if not taken in too large doses, the humor is of rather a common grade, and lacks subtlety and sometimes delicacy. The main topic is a sort of genial chaffing at Chicago and at prominent Chicagoans as to their æsthetic pretensions. The key-note of the book and its grade of humor is fairly given in a frontispiece which represents a ring of sausages as "a Chicago literary circle in the similitude of a laurel wreath." — In a thin volume of 158 pages Mr. Malone develops his views on the deep questions of philosophy. His main effort is to displace the intellect from the ruling position generally accorded to it, and to establish "sensitivity,"—feelings, will, and the like,—in its place. As a practical instance, he deprecates the American common school policy of educating the intellect only and leaving the ethical side of the nature untrained, as simply placing an edged tool in the hands of one entirely uninstructed in the proper use of it. His primal postulate, on the ground of universal consent to it, is the feeling of responsibility; and everywhere feeling is placed prior to thought. It is not to be supposed that the reader will be always convinced by Mr. Malone's reasoning, or will always grant his postulates, which sometimes seem to beg the question; but it may be said in his favor that the book can be read with pleasure by any thoughtful person, and that it is always clear what Mr. Malone is trying to prove, whether his success be conceded or not.

<sup>3</sup> *The Self: What is It?* By J. S. Malone. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1888.



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## A TEN DAYS' OUTING.



MOUNT HOOD FROM THE SNOW-LINE.

GEOGRAPHICALLY considered, Oregon is well situated for beauty and variety of scenery. Few States of the Union can boast of more strikingly picturesque features of nature. Bright, sparkling streams roll their crystal floods across glistening beds of tawny sands, rush, roar, and brawl over white-pebbled channels, and flow through broad uplands, undulating plains, fertile valleys, among lofty, timber-crested hills, and pour finally into the principal great rivers, Columbia and Willamette. From thence their confluent waters are borne seaward, with many a wind and turn, and at last mingle with the mighty Pacific Ocean. Valleys spread here and there their fertile acreage to the genial sunlight and

smiling heavens, while the colossal mountain ranges trend with a Titanic stride across the State. One of the noblest streams of America, the lordly Columbia, washes the northern confines of Oregon for a long distance, and is the boundary of the State for more than one hundred and fifty miles on its last journeyings toward the sea. Of this great artery of commerce, and of the grand scenery through which it flows, it is unnecessary to speak in this brief article. The second river in volume and importance is the Willamette, which, rising amid the rugged fastnesses of the Cascades, south of those famous snow-clad brides of the mountains, the "Three Sisters," at the extreme southern end of the Willamette Valley, runs nearly north, and empties into the Columbia. The Willamette is a beautiful, romantic stream, and winds to and fro through a rich region which, by years of patient toil, has been wrought up to a high state of cultivation.

Three mountain ranges extend nearly parallel, and trend nearly north and south across the borders of the State. Along the sea-coast—separating the Pacific Ocean and the principal valleys of Oregon—is the Coast Range. These mountains are lofty, rugged, and generally densely clad with coniferous forests. In width this range is from 30 to 40 miles. There are no very high, isolated peaks on which snow lingers perennially. The Blue Mountains, so designated for the reason that the range, when viewed from a distance, seems perpetually enveloped in a thin, purplish haze, traverse a large extent of the eastern portion of the State. Like the Coast Range, the mountains are high and extremely precipitous, broken into deep cañons and yawning chasms, and clothed with heavy forests. In the southern part of Oregon are several short ranges, among which may be mentioned the Calapoia and Rogue River Mountains. The Siskiyou Mountains divide Oregon

from California. These mountains, however, are comparatively insignificant in point of altitude, and are more properly considered merely connecting links or spurs between the other ranges.

Midway between the Coast Range and Blue Mountains is that other and famous chain, the Cascades. This range reaches from the northern boundary of California to the British possessions, over six hundred miles, trending north and south, nearly parallel with the coast line. It is a continuation of the Sierra Nevada in California. The difference between the range and the coast line is about 110 miles in Oregon, and from 120 to 160 miles in Washington Territory. No range on the continent of its length has as many great snow peaks. Prominent among these are Mount Hood (by common consent crowned the monarch of all), Mount Jefferson, The Three Sisters, Mount Pitt, Mount Scott, and Mount Thielson, in Oregon; and St. Helens, Mount Adams, Mount Ranier, and Mount Baker, in Washington Territory. Mount Shasta, one of the loftiest peaks on the Pacific Coast, stands near the northern termination of the Sierra Nevada range, some distance south of the Oregon boundary line. This is loftier than any peak of the Cascades, being a few feet (about 14) above the summit of Ranier.

Lava abounds in the Cascades, and the chain appears to be chiefly composed of volcanic and igneous rocks. Spurs, sides, and summits are generally crowned with dense forests. The most of the trees belong to the cone-bearing family, so numerous on the Pacific Coast. Besides the larger growth, the soil supports interminable and almost impenetrable thickets of underbrush.

About midway—north and south—the Columbia River passes through the Cascade Range, cutting it in twain. Where the great stream has cleft the mountains, through the stony heart of the range, is some of the most sublime scenery that



can be found in the world, — not even excepting the Yellowstone Park or Yosemite. The river enters the bowels of the Cascades on the eastern declivity near the town of The Dalles, and emerges from the extreme western spurs some forty miles below. Near the heart of the range the Columbia pours over a succession of rugged ledges, thus forming a series of cascades. From this fact, according to an old Indian legend, it is said the mountains derived their name.

Scattered through the eastern part of the State are several lovely little lakes, among which are Harney, Goose, Upper Klamath, Lower Klamath, Wallowa, Warner, Christmas, Abert, Summer, Silver, Lake of the Woods, Tule, Crater (a wonderful sheet of water), and Summit. These are clear, beautiful bodies of fresh water, fed by numerous invisible springs or small streams. They abound in a variety of delicious fish, and add a charming and romantic feature to the scenery.

In the mountains and along the streams is to be found a veritable paradise for the sportsman. The Columbia and Willamette rivers swarm with salmon during more than half of the year, and with other fish all the season round, while the numerous tributaries are also well stocked. Delicious trout and the no less palatable salmon trout abound in all the small watercourses. Every prairie brook and every mountain torrent is alike fairly swarming with "speckled beauties" during eight months of the twelve. Grouse, pheasants, and quail, are found in great abundance along the valley belts of forest and densely timbered mountain ranges. Ducks of more than a dozen varieties, wild geese, swan and snipe are met with during the winter and spring months in innumerable flocks on the prairies, and in all marshy feeding grounds.

Of larger and nobler game there are deer, elk, bears, wolves, and cougars. Civilization has gradually driven these animals back from the valleys and tim-

bered and open uplands, into the high, outlying spurs, and still more remotely into the mountains. Brown, black, and cinnamon bears are occasionally found in the valleys, along streams, and in timber belts; but they generally make their homes far up in the fastnesses of the mountain ranges, in the deep forests and impenetrable thickets. Here they subsist during the spring, summer, and fall months on roots, berries, and nuts, which abound. The grizzly bear has of later years become quite scarce. With the settlement of the country he has sullenly retired into the deepest and wildest mountain regions, where he can only be faced by the most experienced and intrepid hunter. Usually he retreats at the sight of his human foe; but when suddenly disturbed in his lair, or when pressed by hunger, or wounded, he turns upon or savagely pursues his adversary. These ferocious animals are most tenacious of life, and sometimes a half dozen heavy balls through the body are required to dispatch one. Only a shot through the heart or brain is instantly fatal. Their great strength, desperate courage, and the difficulty of killing them render a full-grown grizzly an object to be shunned.

Elk have also grown scarce, owing to the fact that they are so constantly sought after by hunters. The antlers of these great animals make magnificent parlor and hallway ornaments, and are valuable trophies of the chase. Only in the depths of the forests and along the more rugged and uncultivated regions are the elk met. They are never seen in the valleys, unless driven down from the mountains by deep snows and very vigorous weather, when hunger compels them to abandon their lofty coverts. They are principally found along the Coast Range and Cascades. The elk on this side of the continent is a wary, suspicious creature, difficult to approach, even for old and experienced sportsmen.

During the spring, summer, and early

autumn months, sportsmen spend days and weeks in climbing the Cascades, descending the declivities of cañons, whipping streams for trout and looking for game. There is fresh, delicious mountain air to inhale, plenty of vigorous exercise, no end of strange personal experiences, and a series of exciting incidents. Once in the mountain solitudes under the somber shades of the grand forest, and you step into a new world. New scenes open in all directions, novel scents salute the nostrils, and new sounds greet the ear. Every deep forest vista, every distant glimpse of rushing water, every glance of sunshine, and every fleeting view caught of purple shadow, in leafy nooks, corners, and dells, is a separate revelation of wonders, a source of inspiration. A party can pitch their "moving tent" on the bank of some beautiful mountain torrent, and fish, hunt, muse, and loiter for days; or they can change quarters every day, moving leisurely from point to point from one mile to ten miles, just according to convenience or inclination. Wood, water, game, and fish, can be had at every temporary halting place. Who can adequately describe the glorious sport of camp life under the green-gloomy boughs of the mountain forests? What roaring camp-fires can be built, casting their broad gleams of light far back into the recesses of woods; what mystic shadows are made to play hide-and-seek like fugitive fairies, behind bush, trunk, branch and foliage! What thoughts of wholesome cheer are stirred in the remembrance, and ah! what unappeasable appetites are provoked!

To appreciate fully the beauties of the scenery of Oregon mountains one must turn his back on the Willamette Valley, bid adieu to the haunts of civilization, and push boldly into the solitudes of nature. Recently the writer composed one of a small party, determined to visit that portion of the great Cascade Range, which lies west and south of the

base of Mount Hood. On the details of the trip it is not proposed to dwell. But some of the impressions left on the mind may not prove uninteresting. Two days traveling brought the party a short distance beyond that historical place known as "Government Camp," and within a few miles of the great backbone of the Cascades. On an air line from the city of Portland, the distance to the spinal vertebra of this range is about sixty miles. Temporary quarters were established near the Summit House, familiarly known to the early history of the struggling pioneers. Here the party camped and remained several days, fishing along the banks of Still Creek and in the famous Summit Lakes, and hunting. Still Creek at the Summit is a brawling mountain brook, only a few yards wide. It flows directly from the perpetual snow line at the southern base of Mount Hood, and the waters are cold as ice, and clear as crystal. The party found excellent fishing in that stream. Hurrying along the mountain's side, Still Creek passes around the western base of Laurel Hill, gathering a number of tributaries in its sinuous course, and finally bursts out from a wild region densely timbered, and flashes into view a short distance from the Toll House.

During the brief stay at the Summit no large game was bagged, but the anglers met with capital luck. Only two deer rewarded the toils of the chase, though abundant bear "sign" was discovered. Traces of a few elk were seen, but no elk were sighted. Summer was waning, and some of our aspiring Nimrods cherished hopes of capturing an elk or two, or possibly a grizzly. Nothing nobler than deer was seen by the persistent sportsmen in their long, fatiguing tramps along the mountains. In these solitary, elevated regions the cougar (better known on the Pacific Coast as the "California lion") makes his lair, and the cunning but savage gray wolf (now very scarce and rapidly decreasing)





GOVERNMENT CAMP AT THE BASE OF MOUNT HOOD.

establishes himself. But our hunters failed to fall in with any of these fierce animals. A wilder more broken country would be difficult to find than that around the summit, so that the ardor of the hunters soon abated, and then angling became the sole sport.

Summit Lake, which is, rather, a series of pools, constituted our principal fishing grounds. They are somewhat remarkable in their configuration. The first "lake" is about a mile below the Summit House, and is the largest of the series or "chain," as they are called. Below and beyond they are scattered at short intervals for three-quarters of a mile or more. They are of various sizes and of every imaginable outline,—round, oblong, narrow, ragged-edged, etc. Shut in between two parallel spurs extends a long morass. A morass may seem a singular feature of landscape, far up in mountains at an elevation of nearly 3,600 feet above tide-level, but here we find a veritable bog. Along this narrow, swampy tract, the lakes are scattered. The entire surface of this tract

seems to rest on a continuous, but of course hidden, body of water. At every step one sinks nearly knee deep in water. The thin layer of soil consists of nothing but a tangled mass of the flexible roots of grass, all the interstices being filled with rich jet-black loam. This stratum of sod is held firmly together, but yields and springs under the weight of man. That all these pools have subterranean connections is most evident. Trout fairly swarm in them, and are pulled out almost as rapidly as a line can be adjusted, so voraciously do they "take the fly." The water is perfectly limpid, and cold as ice. Some of the holes seem bottomless, as was proved by sounding with a long line. Others were only a few feet in depth. Doubtless the supply is from numerous invisible springs, for no stream flows into any of the lakes, and there is no visible outlet. All over the morass a thick growth of native grass flourishes. This grass is mowed every season by the owner of the Summit House for the use of stock during the long, rigorous winter and makes

excellent provender. One peculiarity about securing the crop is that the mower is compelled to wear tall gum boots, owing to the spongy nature of the soil. When once cut, the grass readily cures in the hot summer sun. Strange as it may appear, a two-horse team can be driven all over the floating sod, and neither animals nor wheels break through.

Around the border of this morass stands a most magnificent belt of green timber. For miles back, as the mountains on either hand recede, the forest grows deep and apparently impenetrable. Trees rise over two hundred feet, and stand very thickly, like "serried ranks of warriors bold," so that their boughs interlace and make a dense canopy. Green walls rise on every side. Overhead bend the blue heavens, and beneath your feet spreads the yellow and russet meadow bog. The scene is both weird and picturesque. The various members of the great cone-producing family—fir, pine, spruce, hemlock, cedar, and even the scarce larch—flourish in great abundance; each has a different tint, ranging in tone from the brightest grass-green to a dark, bluish purple. Imagine these vast masses all aglow with the flames of the setting sun, the deep mellow shadows in vivid contrast,—and you can form some idea, but a very inadequate one, of the beauty of the scene. Even the dullest and most callous nature cannot be insensible to the striking charm of such a view; and the effect is heightened by the lengthening shadows and the subtle influence of silence as night settles down. Birds—ducks, wild geese, ravens, hawks, and the sullen and solitary eagle—are seen slowly winging their way back to the depths of the darkening woods. And so, amid such impressive solitudes, dies the light of day, while the party seek the cheerful glow of the camp-fire, and enjoy its rude but bountiful cheer.

The Indians affirm that originally much of the country around the Sum-

mit House was a vast morass, but in the course of many years the plodding, industrious beaver has reclaimed much of the land, and made on it permanent homes; so a wide area is now known as "beaver dam land." The soil must possess prodigious fertility, for it is jet-black and the rich loam is several feet in depth. Large crops could be produced from it, were it located in some less elevated region. But so long, dreary, and rigorous are the winters, and so short are the summers, that neither vegetables nor grain could grow and mature. Four months is an average spring, summer, and fall season. Snows rarely disappear before the middle of June, and by the middle of October severe cold weather sets in, so that crops of any kind must prove a failure.

Snow in these mountains falls to great depth, and remains for fully eight months out of the twelve. Last summer it did not entirely disappear until nearly the first of July. On the fifteenth of June it stood seven feet on a level at the Summit House. Along in front of the house extended a high picket fence, and on the date mentioned the snow was just even with the top.

After a few days at the Summit, the party concluded to move toward the Toll House, some twelve miles down the mountains. Our first halting place was on the famous Zig-zag stream—a wild, turbulent torrent, not far from Laurel Hill, so intimately interwoven with the early pioneer history of the North Pacific Coast. For many years the old immigrant road passed along the high and rugged crest of the ridge, and descended the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. Vehicles had to be lowered by means of long ropes, for in no other way could the descent be safely accomplished. At the eastern end of Laurel Hill we pitched tent. Here the mountain rose to the height of nearly eight hundred feet. This basaltic cliff extends for nearly a mile in length. It is a



sheer rugged bluff, the face of which is scarred with gaping fissures, and cut with great chasms. Only a few dwarfish trees and stunted bushes grow along the sides, clinging frantically to the projecting rocks with gnarled, distorted roots, and drawing a scant sustenance from the sterile soil.

Coming down the mountains from Government Camp, the road leads along a sharp grade, through a magnificent stretch of green timber. The forest is very dense, but the growth of underbrush is comparatively sparse. Millions of trees of gigantic proportions stand very thickly, and shoot up two hundred or more feet, perfectly straight and almost entirely free from limbs for at least one hundred and fifty feet. So gradually and gracefully do the trunks taper, that they remind one of symmetrical shafts chiseled from dark reddish brown stone. The sight of such a limitless belt of timber appeals to the heart of the average lumberman. But the region is so remote and isolated that it is practically inaccessible for many years to come. Some day in the future this exhaustless "timber mine" will be "tapped," and countless millions of feet of unsurpassed lumber will be brought to market.

About the year 1847 a dreadful conflagration swept over a large area of country along the heart of the range. Unnumbered dead and rotting tree-trunks still cover the rugged steeps and profound cañons for many miles. For a long period these mountains presented a scene of lifeless, charred ruins, indescribably desolate. But a new growth has sprung up, and nature in her ceaseless activities is repairing the ravages of former years.

Two days were passed very agreeably at the new camp. Angling proved good and the party made the best use of the opportunities. Right royally we feasted on fish and flesh. Abandoning the roaring Zig-zag, the party moved down to test again the waters of Still Creek, here swollen to a good sized stream from

numerous tributaries. Camp was again pitched about two miles above where it pours its pellucid waters into the turbulent Sandy. A short distance east of the camp, the Zig-zag sweeps down its wrathful floods, flowing nearly parallel with the course of Still Creek. Just below a short distance stands the Toll House.

Our camping place was selected in a beautiful grove, flanked by a dense forest of gigantic trees. Back of the camp rose lofty and precipitous mountain ranges thickly covered with lifeless tree-trunks. Aside from the advantages offered our anglers, the spot was admirably selected. Every surrounding called forth admiration and was suggestive of musings and reveries.

Still Creek, a crystal stream a dozen yards wide, glides tranquilly over a channel of white pebbles and glistening sands. No large stones ruffle its waters, and no sharp turns fret the stream. Among so many loud, brawling watercourses, Still Creek seems to be a "noiseless exception," and hence its name. So remote was the Zig-zag that its loud, hollow moanings came to us mellow and softened, reminding one of the distant voice of the surf.

After the pleasures and excitements of the day's sport, how delightful it was to draw around the gleaming campfire, for, though summer, the evenings proved quite chilly. Night descends with noiseless steps, and darkness settles gradually over these solemn mountain solitudes. First the Parthian arrows of the day fly among the lofty crags, and glow with golden splendor through piney tree-tops. Next the rich crimson hues tint the clouds, and by reflection illuminate the dim, spectral retreats of the woods. Twilight steals softly tiptoe on the departing footsteps of day, absorbing the light and steeping the world in its purplish shadows, and then—profound darkness. Soon after the full harvest moon appears in the heavens, and pours down a flood of silvery radiance. But for us, who are

beneath the dense canopy of foliage, the darkness is profound. Far overhead we catch faint glimpses of the moonbeams, through rifts in the branches.

How cheerful the camp-fire feels! What a toothsome aroma of fried trout and broiling venison steaks fills the wide space, and whets to a razor-like edge the appetite. How strangely the poetic blends with the real. Vulgar hunger obruades on scenes like these,—of moonlight, mountains, forests, and the far-away melody of moving waters. Beyond the immediate limits of the camp the scenes were awe-inspiring. Round about us towered vast, tumbled mountain ranges, pictures of gloomy grandeur, the seat of the avalanche, the home of the glacier. Nocturnal sounds filled the air,—the gentle rumbling of the remote and near streams, the whispering of the summer winds through the dark pine-odored forest, the distant hoot of the owl from his lonely perch, the howl of some stray wolf on his nightly prow, the scream of a cougar from the gloomy recesses of the woods, and the many mysterious, indefinable sounds known only to these regions isolated from human habitation. Our ruddy camp-fire flicked and flashed, casting grotesque shadows far back into the leafy depths, and broad gleams which only served to emphasize the encircling line of darkness.

Song, joke and merry story filled up the early evening hour. Then a hearty meal. Pipes and the convivial cup which cheers and does inebriate, followed, and then all turn in. And thus wears the night away. Morning dawns brightly, and the "arch chemic sun" has his separate glories of the dawning hour,—blazing fiercely along mountains, pouring light into deep, sleeping gorges, and dispelling darkness. About the summits hang pearly wreaths of mist, and above valley, forest, and stream float snowy veils of fog.

Upon the details of our "outing" it is superfluous to dwell. It was to all a

revelation of wonder. Still Creek, the tortuous Zig-zag, the milky-hued Sandy, and that gem of mountain streams—the Salmon—were each visited in turn, and whipped and trolled to heart's content. Ten days outing concluded the trip; and when the dusty, crowded city was reached it was with a sigh of regret, with stronger frames and sun-tanned cheeks, that the routine of life was resumed.

Wandering through these ranges in midsummer, one cannot help fancying what winter is amid the elevated regions. Snow usually begins to descend about the middle of October, and falls continually for weeks and even for months. Desolate, dreary and forbidding beyond the power of language to portray, the fastnesses of the Cascades appear during the long winter months. Beneath the deep mantle of snow lie forests and mountains, while the streams groan beneath icy fetters. Cañons and gorges are filled with stupendous drifts, and overwhelming masses of ice. Loosened by the action of frosts, vast avalanches of snow, ice, earth, trees, and rocks, are often detached, started down a steep declivity, and hurled into the cañon. Between Salmon River and the summit a great many of these giant slides may be observed. Fifty feet of snow is not an uncommon precipitation on the mountains; but the mass constantly settling by its own weight amounts by the close of winter to about twenty feet,—a compact, dense body, upon the surface of which men can walk with safety.

Animals weather the long dreary months as best they can. Elk, deer, wolves, cougars, and smaller species of the carnivores, seek the most secluded and sheltered places. The few birds wing their way to a more genial climate, and old bruin seeks in the recesses of some cañon, or under an overhanging cliff, a home in which he may hibernate while the thickening snows gather about him. Here he lies during the long, cold reign of winter.

*J. M. Baltimore.*





## A BOHEMIAN ENTR'ACT.

MYRIAD are the deeds and manners that pass under the name of Bohemianism.

Mimi and Musette live in a Paris mansard, and eat and drink one day *pâte-de-foie-gras* and champagne, and the next onion soup and a crust, with one day silk gowns, and the next pawn tickets and half nakedness,—and that is Bohemianism.

Jean and Louis wear long hair, do not pay their debts, paint humble pictures, or write bad poetry and worse prose for the papers, own a dress suit in common, and throw twenty franc bouquets to Mlle. Sant-haut of the Cluny,—and that is Bohemianism.

Fiammetta and Cassandra lodge in a *maison meublée*, take their breakfast at a *crémérie*, pay their bills promptly, live decently and in order,—and that is Bohemianism: while Hannah and Susan room in a fine lodging house, and stop on their way home from the Public Library to dine as table boarders in a house as prim, under the firm conviction that they are as arrant Bohemians as any in Henri Murger's novels,—which they never read.

We, dear readers, we who take you here into strict confidence regarding a memorable chapter of our lives, are not quite so naïve as Cassandra and Fiammetta, as Hannah and Susan. We *know*, beyond any peradventure, that we have lived in Bohemia, and that we have found

the climate and landscape of that strange country by no means always disagreeable to us, even although somewhat given to cold rains and dismal fogs.

For surely no other land could it be where we dined on Sunday in curl papers, and Pre-Raphaelite lankness and dimness of draperies upon two pence worth of chestnuts boiled in an oyster can over our grate fire; on Monday in rustling silks upon such sybarite fare as Madame Judge or Mrs. Colonel put before her guests; where we sat on Tuesday among the gallery gods, and gazed philosophically far down to the dazzling *loge* where we sat last Tuesday, and would sit again should it enter fair lady Britannia's head to invite us.

Where else but in Bohemia could we count countless wealth in such profitless things as reams upon reams of unpublished tragedies lying in our trunks, cheek by jowl with unfinished but burning poems, neighbored by novels needing but fair type to make the world stare; they neighbored also in turn by eloquent obituaries waiting but the shaft of Azrael to make them salable; and cooking receipts a foot deep, "pot-boilers," upon whose boiling in a prospected "Kitchen Compendium" depended the fate of all those other emanations of genius?

Surely, something of the beguiling atmosphere of the world of Murger Gerard de Nerval, of Baudelaire and the rest, bewitched our eyes, and made grim Lon-

don gay Bohemia, that without a penn  
in our pockets we never felt in the least



SUNDAY.

penniless, for those dry leaves of manu-  
script in that bewitched light were ever  
to us sheets of solid gold.

We might dine on pease pudding and  
cold water, or upon a solitary baked po-  
tato from a corner furnace, but we did  
it with Bohemian glee, sure that it was  
a mere temporary sacrifice demanded of  
genius by smiling fate, and that in our  
trunks were safe and sound the hostages  
fortune had given us.

Did not Oliver Goldsmith peak and  
pine in a garret? Did not that old bear  
Dr. Johnson growl and hunger in another?  
Was not Savage confined at times  
to as limited a diet as our own? Had  
not Grub Street its slim-fed genius by  
the score; and did not Fred Bayham  
dine in a garret upon a chop, and from  
the fork with which he cooked it? We  
were not certain, by the way, that the  
latter gentleman's genius equaled our  
own, but we accepted him all the same  
as a brother Bohemian. And we were  
not a bit too good to accept even Captain

Costigan as a distant cousin, and to  
enjoy heartily his companionship,—with  
a screen of paper and print between us.  
We are not conventional young women,  
you see, and at no time in our lives  
would we hesitate to avow a higher taste  
for Becky Sharpe than for either of those  
she-prigs, the Pendennis women,—much  
as brave and tender Thackeray loved  
them,—as well as for that bran-baby,  
Amelia Osborne!

To be sure, there was this against our  
claim to Bohemianism,—that we earned  
honest money, and left no debt unpaid.  
That was to be forgiven us, however, in  
consideration of our "bringing up" in a  
region of quite other laws and traditions.

We lived in Attica, of course. Who  
ever heard of any other story in Bo-  
hemia than just under the leads? So  
we lived in Attica, and we dined—well,



MONDAY.

we dined, yes, we dined—sometimes in  
Attica, often in Spartan climes, and  
sometimes, alas! amid the mud and



grime of Bœotia. Attica is largely inhabited just there where we lived, in shadow of that great temple where dwell Olympians far more white, and cold, and garbless, and ill-fed than we ever were in our Bohemianest days.

Knowest thou that temple, with its miles of books, its tons of rare manuscript, its long galleries of gods and goddesses; of Pharaohs mummied by Nile waters, and staring blankly at this new, strange world by the Thames; of tombs, Christian and pagan, of strange and quaint vessels of wassail and sacrifice, of wonders only to be counted by the catalogues? Do you know any of the maids and matrons who draw those pagan divinities, yet never draw them away? Then perhaps you know *us*, for there we have tarried for many and many a long day. Do you know that mighty space beneath a frescoed and crystal dome, where, walled in with volumes, strange creatures of lair, jungle, meadow, and garden, work with book and pen year in and year out? They are a motley company, and motley their occupations. They are Bohemians, many of them, speaking all the languages of Europe, but citizens of the universal country where poverty is the prime minister of ambition. Shaggy-maned Germans are there, working in abstruse volumes of their own or our own language, political exiles of all colors and complexions, socialists, anarchists, revolutionists, and patriots concocting schemes to echo through the world. There are scientists of all sorts, and rusty linguists hungering and thirsting at their ill-paid work. Here and there are cadaverous females in rusty black, hollow-eyed and famished, dabbling now at the copying of manuscript, now at the imitation of watercolor illustrations or woodcuts of coins. Some keep the wolf, not from their door, but from entering farther in, by hashing over old stories from ancient magazines. Here one is illustrating a penny storybook for children, with

rhymes concocted by the seedy widow beside her. One goes through every published work of a voluminous writer, to note how many times a favorite word is repeated or other mannerism multiplied, all the labor to swell some journalist's own poorly-paid article on that said author. Some work at translations, and others labor desperately among anagrams, cryptograms, acrostics, and the like, hoping to gain some of the poor prizes offered by notoriety-seeking journals. It is a hard world, my sisters, that one has a glimpse of in that great Pantheon of the gods of both art and intel-



LIZZIE.

lect, the British Museum, and it is well that together with that glimpse one sees clear-faced men and women in comfortable, not unseldom elegant, raiment, working at every conceivable branch of knowledge, and with the assurance of a fitting reward.

Here we worked, in this great Bohemian focus of Babylon, descending from Attica every morn, and ascending only when the electric lights were turned out, and Bohemia also, from the great galleries and from beneath the great dome.

Upon one of these evenings we did not return at once to Attica. That was the evening of the Bohemian entr'act, of which I write.

'T was a September eve, cool and fogless. We had a chop and cup of tea for dinner in one of the pew-like compartments of the Waistcoat-and-Breeches just across the way. Neither napkin nor table-cloth disguised the rich chocolate color of the narrow tables, and the trail of Lizzie's damp rag was over them all. In the compartment behind us a far-famed Orientalist "five-o'clocked" and talked of dusty Rameses. In the compartment before us a party of naturalists chatted of the functions and fascinations of slugs; while across the passage, genealogists, law students, watercolorists, history hunters, copyists, novelists, poets, dramatists, linguists, with now and then a stranger, evidently astonished by the wild jargon about him, drank their afternoon tea, or dined, almost as simply as we, upon chops and swipes for a shilling.

Back and forth through the glum central passage sped Lizzie, neatest of high art Phyllises, and giving by every movement and word assurance that to a learned company like this only a Hebe of "culture" was appropriate. People who imagine the London inn serving-maid always a creature of dragon tread, a Maritornes of Don Quixote, ought to see our Lizzie. Pretty as a picture she was, tidy as a bride. She wore bangs because they were becoming, and chose her neckties for the same reason. She was neatly shod, and dressed as well as we did, which was n't of course sumptuously, was respectful but not servile, self-possessed but not self-assertive. She spoke French with us when we asked our food in that language, and used her own English correctly. She was but a rustic maid in the beginning, who had picked up many a lesson in that learned climate and region, till now, but for the deftness with which she bore the dinners and five-o'clocks of a quarter dozen of savants and scientists at a time, none need have known her from a copyist of mediæval psalmody, or a painter

of Roman *tazze* or mediæval missals from the library across the street.

And so wise, too, was that Lizzie! She knew exactly whom to trust! Many is the shilling she trusted us with.

Princesses of Bohemia must often go afoot, where less royal ladies ride. Therefore we mounted no snow-white palfrey when that eve, after dinner, we crossed into transpontine regions, a region of Dickens's faces and stories, as the one we left was of Thackeray's.

At the thither end of the bridge our coach and pair awaited us. It was a yellow coach with sliding doors and huge glass windows that rattled. Rails were placed under it, that our dainty equilibrium might not be disturbed, and its upholstery was of crimson, touched up with gold. Our snorting charges were decorated with chiming bells, and we mounted not into our chariot, but *upon* it, by steps rising over our footman's head, chariotage being "thripp'nce" inside, "three ha'p'nce" out.

Mile after mile of a wonderful panorama ran beside us as we sped on. Mile after mile of shops, middle classes, and far less than middle classes, butchers and green-grocers, till it seemed Babylon could do nothing but eat; tall, grim lodging houses, till Babylon seemed to do nothing but lodge; dusty villas and lodges by tens of scores; glittering gin palaces by the acre, as if Babylon did nothing but get drunk; a roar, and rush, and sweeping tumult of humanity, till we seemed ourselves lost upon an infinite tide, rushing and ending God only knew where. After an hour of this bewildering charioting we came down from our haughty positions at the door of a suburban "theater."

Believe me, my country people, that was a queer, queer place! We penetrated from the street into a long alley of tomb-like darkness, wherein our shadows floated spectrally, and sniffed the tripe shops on either side.

The interior door was not yet opened



to the public, so we had opportunity to stand and stare in gaping, transpontine fashion at the heroes and heroines of the evening, as they passed one after another under the one fluctuating gas jet.

They all carried bundles, those mediæval Italian heroes and heroines, and they waddled, and straddled, and strode, in proud consciousness that admiring eyes were upon them. Awed and reverential whispers followed from the vividly cheese-and-onion-scented maidens beside us, as Mercutio swaggered in smoking a loathsome cigar, and magnificent in an astrakhan overcoat, worth probably at least twenty guineas,—the dozen. This dashing youth was distinctly conscious of his fascinations for the buxom maids who sighed beside us, and the airy and elegant nonchalance of the glances that superbly took them in would be a lesson for champion “mashers” of a far higher class.

The Nurse came after him in shabby pallor leading the several small children she could not leave at home. When Romeo went in we did not find out, but as we afterwards knew that he was stage manager, scene shifter, as well as stage carpenter, all combined, we did not wonder that even feminine admiration did not find his entrance out. The others went in, Juliet among them, undistinguished save by more or less of stature and bundle.

We showed our “horders,” for we were “deadheads,” a term unknown, however, in that far transpontine country. Had we been otherways than dead-headed, we should have paid for our first-class front seats one majestic half-crown apiece. The cheapest seats in the house were but thripp’nce, but gallery gods were few even at that price, the plays not appealing to Olympian tastes, being high class tragedy and classical comedy, represented by a semi-professional company, which strolled a part of the year in the provinces to make money, and played during the winter at our sub-

urban “theater” “for artistic experience.” When not Montagues and Capulets, Yorks and Lancasters,—for they all worked daily at other things than art,—they were painters, dressmakers, greengrocers, engravers, etc. One of them, and he by far the cleverest, was a professional adapter of plays in our great library; hence our “horders.” Juliet was a dressmaker between playing whiles. They all hired themselves out, not by regular engagements and salaries, for the manager could not afford to engage them thus and no one else would, but at prices ranging from five to ten shillings the performance. Out of this they furnished their own wardrobes and hired their own wigs and “props”; hence the magnitude of those bundles. But two performances were given each week by this company. The other four evenings the performers scattered all over wide Babylon, playing wherever they could find a night’s engagement, and accepting the most obscure and humble parts, Juliet even playing a ball-room figurante across the river, and the Friar glad to come upon the stage of the Princess Theater as one of the bier bearers of the fair Ophelia. The manager, employer, and leading man, Othello today, Joseph Surface tomorrow, and wood-engraver between times, had become stage-struck some time before, and was expending the savings of years in this unprofitable pursuit of “high art.” He was a large, coarse, puffy man, of bull dog pluck and pertinacity, whose visible tobacco quid and stained teeth in the mouth of Charles Surface during the screen scene sent agonies of sharp chills down my back. The voices and accents of all were magnificently cockney. It was thrilling to see and hear the fascinating young hero throw his arms about with graceful aplomb, and declare, “Halas! this dainty drorrin’ room is haunted greound!” or to hear the ghost moodily declare, “I could a tale hunfold to ’arrow hup thy young blood,” or

"Neow, 'Amlet, 'ear! T'was given hout that sleep'n' in my gardin —"

"Julio and Romiette," as one of the Bohemians insisted upon calling the lovers of Verona, was the play this evening in Bohemia. Romeo's wig was long, flaxen, and curling, being precisely the one he wore in Rip Van Winkle. His swollen cheeks were undisguised by paint or powder, and perceptibly shone and dripped with his exertions in trundling Juliet's tomb about, and hoisting her balcony into position. The effect was that of a masque of Momus in bees-wax. Ev'ry one of his forty-five years stood freely confessed, and it was indeed considerate of Juliet to say from her balcony.

"What's Montague? It is not hand, nor foot, nor arm, nor *face*, nor any other part belonging to a man."

Mercutio's lisp was awful, and gave novel effect to his "antic lithping fan-tathticoeths; theth new turnth of accenth."

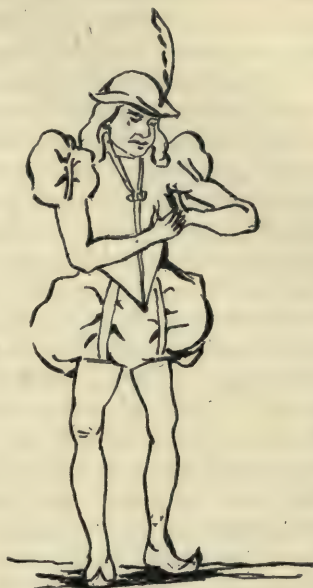
The Nurse was Romeo's lawful wife, who "aired and brushed and mended him" when not upon the scene, and cuddled her poor weary little ones whenever she could steal a moment from their



ROMEO.

swearing father, from passionate Romeo, and the equally passionate daughter of the Capulets.

It was all a queer bit of life to see and know of; well worth a chariot's journey, upon the roof for three ha' p'nce, from



"A CUTH UPON BOTH YER 'OUTHETH."

the classic shades of far Bloomsbury and the Waistcoat and Breeches. What would I not have given to follow each one of the motley company home, or to the mysterious places that stood for home?—to see in what guise life came to them; and if in dark, cold rooms with cheap and often scanty fare, they saw ever a side of her face upon which a smile came for them, though ever so fleetingly. To three persons who occasionally figured with that brilliant company, figured, that is, whenever the manager chose to send for them, I knew that life's face never smiled. They were a mother and two daughters, famished hangers-on upon the very outskirts of the theatrical profession, and snatching at "a job" wherever and whenever offered them. Their hardest worked time but easiest in mind was at the Christmas season, when the pantomimes were on, and sprites and fairies in demand. All



three donned tights and spangles then, the worn and haggard but elegantly formed and agile mother of fifty, as well as her plumper girls of twenty-two and thirty, and they postured and posed for a few shillings a week, which meant all their past dinners for three months paid for, and nothing left in hand, and but new debts in sight when the merry holiday season was over. They lived in one upper room of a dingy lodging-house, and crowded thus together pricked their fingers drearily over the remaking of shabby theatrical costumes for each other's transient engagements, and cooked their mean food as best they could over a tiny spirit lamp. If sickness came,—what then? If a hard winter,—what then? If times were hard and the theaters languished in those dingy quarters of Babylon, where working people were the drama's only patrons,—what then? what then? what then?

Eleven o'clock and two tired Bohemians drew near to their own door. The streets were brightly alight, the crowds seemed scarcely thinned. The gin palaces seemed to flare even more

brilliantly than ever, with a hard, unholy brightness, like gleams from the mouth of a fiery pit. We dropped in to a small establishment where we were well known, and which ministered to the hungry every single hour of the twenty-four, sleepless and unwinking. There we bought two fried fish, hot and steaming through the brown paper in which they were wrapped. Nearer home stood the glowing furnace of a "potato man" with whom we were on friendly terms, and whose scorching hot merchandise supplied us with aids to many a midnight supper, as well as evening dinner.

Then soon the tea-kettle sang over our spirit lamp, and we supped luxuriously from the top of a chest of drawers, where pearl-set opera glasses, jeweled watches, and flashing rings, lay cheek by jowl with fish and potatoes and tea in cracked cups, bought cheap from wayside baskets, as if this were indeed the real Bohemia, which so many think they have found, and have not. But ours, after all, was only an Entr'act. God pity those to whom it is the whole drama.

*Deliverance Dingle.*



## A BALLADE OF YOUTH.

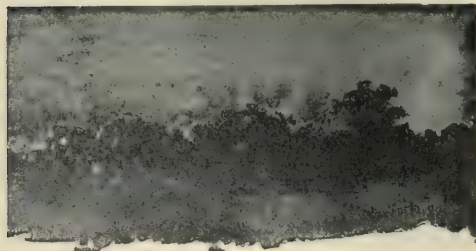
ADOWN the road the red rose bushes  
Are budding and blooming here and there;  
And the clean cool wind, it laughs, and pushes  
Over my forehead and through my hair.  
Life is a lightsome weight to bear;  
Youth is not such a weary load;  
Wouldst thou deprive me of my share,  
Death, that art lurking down the road?

My steed is fresh; the ways are pleasant;  
I am not old nor weary yet.  
The past was good, as good the present,  
Nor is there much I need regret.  
Wilt thou not slumber, and forget  
To harvest grain so newly sowed,  
O lean, and longing, and sharp-set  
Death, that art lurking down the road?

Nay! I shall pray thee not, lamenting  
The end of me, and the end of all.  
Thou hast no soul for tears, repenting  
Thy sweeping bladé, when mortals fall.  
At some lane's turn I'll hear thee call  
"Stand!" and as grass I shall be mowed.  
Strike then: thou shalt not me appall,  
Death, that art lurking down the road!

Only, — strike sure, if strike it must be,  
What time I forget thy dues are owed,  
Seize them suddenly, thine so justly,  
Death, that art lurking down the road!

*P. Y. Black.*





## NOLTCHÉ.

## I.

THAT was her Indian name. Among the whites about the post and in the valley she was known as Confidence. She was a Mojave squaw, as broad as she was long, and — despite the many snows that had sprinkled with white her once blue-black hair — as lively and chirpy as a cricket on the hearth from morning to night, and — unless sound asleep — from night until morning.

Like all her tribe she was an inveterate, shameless beggar; but unlike the majority of them she appreciated the favors she received, and tried — and often managed — to return them as best she could.

Noltché was a great favorite with the wives and daughters of the army officers stationed at Fort Mojave, and from sunrise until sunset, when the bugles sounding retreat warned all Indians to leave the precincts of the post, and go back to their villages in the valleys below, her full-moon face, adorned with the three blue-pricked Mojave tribal stripes, running from the lower lip to the end of the chin, and a red and yellow painted grid-iron spreading itself on her fat, greasy cheeks, was always to be seen peeping in and out of the open doors and windows of the officers' quarters, or waiting patiently at the kitchen doors, like a faithful, uncomplaining old dog, for such bite and sup as could be spared for her.

She was as good as a newspaper at carrying news — in her broken English and mongrel Spanish — from one house to another; and as it was a matter of utter impossibility for her to keep to herself anything she ever saw or heard, her talkativeness, which often gave rise to most ludicrous *mal entendus*, had been the sponsor of her Anglo-Saxon cog-

nomen, of which she was exceedingly proud.

One summer morning, as the post quartermaster was sitting at his office desk, engaged in official business, a dark shadow projected itself across the paper he was verifying, and turning in his seat he perceived Noltché, whom he did not know, having but lately arrived at the post, standing in the open doorway, with a broad, insinuating smile shining all over her still comely, fat face.

"*Buenos dias!* Mistah Quart-mast, how you been, eh?"

"How are you, and who are you?" replied the Quartermaster, inquiringly.

"Me?" — proudly — "Me Confidence."

"Well, Confidence, what can I do for you?"

Noltché waddled forward like a fat old duck, until she stood close to his chair, and his olfactory nerves became at once most unpleasantly aware of that peculiar, almost indescribable, smoked wild-game odor that exudes from all Indians, whether male or female.

"Me and my boy Jim — you know my boy, Lying Jim? — *me querido muchacho* — heap hungry — *mucho hambre*; and the major's squaw, she says this morning: 'Confidence, no *nada* for you today, but the quart-mast down yonder in the big *casa*, he *mucho* flour, *mucho* sugar, *mucho* bacon; heap *mucho* everything; and me want a little bitty *mucho* of everything; for me *muero de hambre*.'"

"But, Confidence," replied the Quartermaster impatiently, for he received many such begging requests all day long from the other Indians loafing about the post, "the heap flour, heap bacon, and heap sugar is not mine to give away. It belongs to the big man at Washington to feed his soldiers with, and he don't know anything about you. If I give you the coffee, and sugar, and other things

you want, I will have to pay for them myself."

"Well," rejoined Noltché, — and her smile grew broader and more insinuating, — "that's all right; *muy bienas* — you give me, and you pay for 'em — you got heap *plata*, and *mucho pesos*, too." It was of no use trying to make her understand that the *plata* and the *pesos* were derived from the same source, and must be accounted for in the same manner as the coffee and the sugar; and in order to get rid of her and go on with his business, the Quartermaster told his commissary sergeant to give her a sack of flour, and charge it to his account.

"Quart-mast!" said Confidence, as the flour was brought in, "you heap good man, and me *mucho, mucho* glad; *le doy las gracias de todo mi corazon*. But flour no good without bacon; flour stick in frying-pan; give me little bitty bacon, too?"

"Noltché," put in the sergeant coming to the relief of his chief, "you must not bother the Quartermaster any longer. I'll give you the bacon, and you must go home and never come here begging any more."

And Confidence with the sack of flour on her shoulder and a side of bacon thrown across it to balance it, started at a dog trot on her way down the valley, puffing and blowing like an overloaded *burro*, and as happy as a king could make her, with a crowd of hungry, lazy Indians following in her wake, hoping to have a share in the feast — which they probably did.

As time went on the Quartermaster became, — perforce, — very well acquainted with Noltché, who took quite a motherly interest in him and in his private and official affairs. She was thoroughly convinced, despite his repeated assurances to the contrary, that all the public stores in his charge were his own personal property; and all the other officers, no matter of what rank, were simply beggars on horseback, in her estimation,

compared to her friend the "Quart-mast," as she insisted on calling him.

In return for small presents of coffee, sugar, and the like, with a few *pesos* thrown in every once in a while, she kept his table well supplied with the succulent snap-beans, and large, luscious musk and water melons raised by the Indians in their small garden patches; but her greedy maw was never satisfied, and the more she got the more she wanted.

In less than six months after first meeting her, the poor Quartermaster's wardrobe contained only one bran-new uniform, — full dress and fatigue; all the others, but little more than half-worn, had been begged away from him, one after another, on some plea or other, and now adorned the seductive person of her beloved son, Lying Jim, who strutted like a peacock from one Mojave village to another, envied by all the males, and evidently much admired by all the females; for no barnyard rooster ever had such a following as that unmitigated, worthless rascal, who fully deserved the qualifying epithet attached to his name. He never spoke the truth except by mistake, and when he found it out he regretted it for weeks afterwards.

He was, besides, as mischievous as a monkey, and there was no end to his tricks and his practical jokes. More than once he had passed off on the Quartermaster, — who being city bred did not know any better, — messes of mesquite beans, gathered off the bushes to replace those sent by his mother, which the scoundrel had sold to the post-trader for a few quarters to gamble with, while the poor officer wondered what had half poisoned him. Although Noltché had never heard of the Bible, she was a firm believer in the scriptural warning that sparing the rod meant spoiling to the child; and Jim, already an overgrown lout nearly twenty-five years old, was very often reminded of it with a big club, which his mother kept ready at hand for the purpose. But he could not



overcome his prankish propensity, and the Quartermaster, having from after-taste an unpleasant suspicion that he had eaten unknowingly more than one dead cat and turkey-buzzard since his arrival at Mojave, was compelled at last to insist that Jim should thereafter bring his rabbits and wild turkeys *au naturel* instead of already dressed.

One morning Noltché rushed into the Quartermaster's office in the wildest state of excitement. Her fat cheeks were bedewed with tears, and she wrung her chubby old hands together in a frenzy of despair.

"Quart-mast!" she cried as she came in, "Come quick! right away — *Vuelva presto, pronto*; — my son — my Lying Jim — *me querido muchacho* — other Indians want to kill him!"

It seems that Lying Jim, in addition to his other claims as a disreputably useful member of Mojave society, was an Indian doctor; his knowledge of *materia medica* and the American pharmacopeia, such as it was, having probably been picked up while loafing about the post hospital. Nevertheless, in the professional hierarchy obtaining among the Mojaves, he came next in order to the medicine man, whose functions and attributes pertain more to those of a priest or seer than to the art of healing the body — the bond of union between the two being that one is about as great a humbug as the other.

A difference with a distinction, however, exists between the two. The medicine man's prognostics are announced very much after the fashion of the decrees of the ancient oracles. They cut both ways at once. If they come true, they redound to his greater honor. If they fail, the failure is attributed to some antagonistic influence interposing its malignity between the inception and the accomplishment of the event, and the seer escapes without much loss of reputation, through the ambiguous loophole he has managed to keep open for himself.

But in accordance with an immemorial custom obtaining among the Mojaves, as well as with many of the Pacific Coast and middle plains Indians, the doctor is held to a more rigid accountability. If the patient undergoing his treatment recovers, the Indian Galen waits for his fee with such patience as he may until he gets it, which may be soon or late, often never. If the patient dies, the doctor goes with him.

It is the difference between the known and the unknown — the seen and the unseen — the natural and the supernatural; and the distinction is made by killing the doctor at once, in order that his ghost may accompany the soul of his late patient to the happy hunting grounds, for a more accurate diagnosis, and a surer prognosis the next time his professional services may be required in the spirit land.

Now, as nearly as could be made out through the medium of Noltché's polyglot *olla podrida* of pure Mojave, broken English, and mongrel Spanish, poor Lying Jim, owing to a professional mishap, stood in that very predicament, and unless a special Providence, in the shape of the Quartermaster, intervened between him and his now probable destiny, his chances of being transferred to a higher sphere of mendacity were most excellent.

The Indian Nemesis is a remarkably prompt goddess, who never allows the grass to grow under her feet, if she possibly can help it; and the Quartermaster knew that if the beloved reprobate, — Noltché's Benoni, — was to be saved from an untimely fate, (provided he had not already encountered it,) the rescuing Providence must fly with no delaying wings. He therefore directed his buggy to be gotten ready instantly, to take him to the scene of Jim's forthcoming execution down the valley.

"No bogy! No bogy, Quart-mast!" cried Confidence, with wild impatience, as she heard the order. "No bogy, or you will have to go round by the *carreta*—

*avunyé*,—the wagon road,—and follow the river. Get on *caballo* quick, and take the *avunyé*—the trail—the Yuma *avunyé*, *caro* Quart-mast; it's two miles shorter! *Vamonos á prisa; le suplico por el mio muchacho! Venga conmigo*—come with me, on the *caballo*!"—which the Quartermaster did at once, as fast as the horse could carry him.

On reaching Noltché's usually quiet osier wickiup, rising in the middle of her little garden patch, he found it the center of a confusion worse than confounded. Surrounded by all the tribe shrieking, "*Mooklo, mooklo, muerte, muerte*,"—"Death, death,"—poor Jim, in the cast-off undress of a first lieutenant of United States infantry, about to be forever dishonored in the disgrace of an ignoble death, was pulling away backwards as hard as he could, like a refractory mule, at one end of a tolerably long rope fastened with a hangman's loop around his neck; while half a dozen stalwart Indian bucks were hauling away forward fully as mulishly at the other, in the direction of the river, with the intention of drowning him in it like a worthless pup with a big stone hanging from his neck.

It is more than probable that lazy Lying Jim had never in all his life put forth such exertions; but his efforts were unavailing, and the river was looming up most ominously in the near distance; when Providence, with a strong cowhide mule whip, and a pair of loaded revolvers buckled around its waist, appeared on horseback upon the scene, and quickly changed the aspect of affairs generally by laying its whip as hard as it could over and across the shoulders of the foremost team, which at once let go the rope and backed to the rear behind the squaws, howling with pain and disappointment.

The Quartermaster, however, was soon surrounded by a crowd of yelling Mojaves, male and female, who resented his interference with their ancient custom;

and matters were beginning to look serious, when Confidence, blowing like a hippopotamus with her long run from the post, flung herself among them with the momentum of a battering ram, and catching her scapegrace son by the scruff of the neck, quickly dragged him near the Quartermaster's horse, where the three together formed a defensive triangle.

Matters waxing from bad to worse the officer was about to draw his revolver, when Noltché, turning her head towards him, quickly whispered:

"Quart-mast', give them *pesos*,—*mucho, mucho pesos*,—and Indians wont drown Lying Jim."

The Quartermaster saw the point, and acted upon her advice at once, as the best that could be done under the circumstances. Summoning the relations of the dead patient to his side, he soon effected a diplomatic compromise, which deprived the departed ghost of all future medical attendance, and left him a solitary wanderer on the banks of the Styx, while it took nearly a month's pay out of the poor Quartermaster's pocket; for it was absolutely wonderful to see, as soon as the first installment of the *pesos* made its appearance, how many poor relations the dead man had left behind him to mourn his loss—nothing short of the whole tribe.

Having stowed away the *pesos* among the folds of their "gee-strings"—for with the exception of Lying Jim's blue trousers there was not a single pair of breeches among them all—the whole concern, every mother's son of them, made a *presto* change of family base, and with the perverse blindness of public opinion, which cringes to a man when he is up and kicks him when he is down, they gave up the dead as soon as he was paid for, and transferred their allegiance and family ties, then and there, to Lying Jim, who instead of being drowned like a mongrel cur, found himself all at once standing at the top of the heap, with



more brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, bowing to him from beneath than he had ever had before or knew what to do with.

As he rode back to the post the Quartermaster, with his hands in his empty pockets, fell into a musing fit, and made a small calculation in mental arithmetic, which proved to his entire satisfaction that the modern Old Man of the Sea —yclept Noltché the Mojave— was a pretty heavy load for a man of his size to carry, and that unless he shook her off in very short order — herself and her Lying Jim — the incubus would soon compel him to inquire his way to the nearest poorhouse. For those were the days in Arizona when the lately joined Eastern recruit going to the post-trader's frontier store to buy a needle bethought himself of first enquiring the price.

"Fifty cents," replied the trader.

"Fifty cents! for a needle!" repeated the panic-struck recruit, at thirteen dollars a month and a ration.

"Why, man!" exclaimed the trader impatiently at an astonishment and dismay that he could not understand, having grown up with the country; "What are you staring at with your mouth wide open? It's not the needle that costs — it's the transportation."

The recruit went without the needle, and the application of the digression lies in the fact that the Quartermaster made up his mind then and there to do like the recruit, and go without Noltché and her watermelons in the future.

A few days thereafter Jim came up to the post in full uniform, to tender his thanks in person to Providence for its timely interference in his behalf.

He had resigned his position of chief medical director and physician in ordinary to the Mojaves — the game, let alone the danger, had never been worth the candle — and his promises of amendment in his future conduct were profuse.

The Quartermaster expressed himself

as very much gratified at the proposed moral improvement. He reminded Lying Jim, however, that a certain subterranean abode, reported as being thickly inhabited, was paved with good intentions never fulfilled, and he closed with the admonition, "And mind me, Jim, — or you'll regret it, you scoundrel, — no more mesquite beans or dead cats and buzzards hereafter."

To which Jim, with a broad grin spreading itself all over his by no means bad countenance, agreed without debate, and bowed himself out of the Quartermaster's office with a pound of smoking tobacco cajoled from Providence.

## II.

VERY soon after this an order came from department headquarters at Prescott, Arizona, transferring the Quartermaster from Fort Mojave to Ehrenberg, some two hundred miles farther down the river. It was then a thriving town of some six or seven hundred inhabitants, more than two thirds of the number being Mexicans and half breeds.

It has had since then the usual career and fate of frontier towns generally, in the continually advancing front line of American civilization — a mushroom growth and and a fungus death. But at that time, before the railroads killed it, it was a pretty lively little village, where one could have a man for breakfast almost every morning if his appetite was inclined that way.

It stood (it may yet, for that matter, although when I saw it last "*Delenda est Carthago*" was written all over the face of the remains of its former thrift) on the Arizona side of the Colorado River, where the California ferry crossed it, and it was the depot and distributing point of all government stores for the military posts in Northern Arizona. Purchased in San Francisco, these stores were shipped on marine bills of lading on the steamers "Newbern" and "Mon-

tana," of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company, *via* the Gulf of California, to the mouth of the Colorado, where they were transferred to river steamboats of light draught, which carried them to Yuma, Ehrenberg, and Mojave. The greater part of these stores were unloaded and received from the carrying company at Ehrenberg, and shipped thence on wagon bills of lading, by mule and ox teams, all over the central and northern portions of the Territory, and the Quartermaster had been stationed there to attend to the receipt, temporary storage, and re-shipment.

In addition to its river trade, Ehrenberg, being situated at the intersection of the California stage road with the Colorado River, caught all the travel from the then terminus of the Southern Pacific railroad at Dos Palmas to Prescott, the capital of the Territory; and the combination kept it full of frontier business, with its usual concomitants of general deviltry and agglomeration of desperadoes of all shades and degrees, who were great adepts at "holding up" stages, and rifling—and very often killing—the passengers; especially so if the highway robbers were Mexicans or half-breeds, who were too cowardly to take any fighting chances, and fired into the stage from behind some rocky or bushy ambuscade at the roadside, without first halting it, as the American gallowits birds generally did.

As an illustration of the *tempora* and *mores* of that delectable locality, I will relate a highway adventure that happened to a friend of the Quartermaster,—also an army officer,—who was very fortunate in meeting with American instead of Mexican *salteadors*.

He was on his way from Prescott to San Francisco with some public funds, which he was to deposit in the United States sub-treasury in that city. One sultry noon, after the stage had passed Desert Wells, and he remained the only passenger in it, he felt drowsy, and

gradually dropped sound asleep. He was awakened by the abrupt stopping of the stage, and on looking up, found himself staring cross-eyed into the barrels of two cocked revolvers, pointing straight in his face from both sides of the stage. He and the driver were jerked out of it roughly, blindfolded, and invited to sit down on the ground within a short distance of each other, while the robbers, four or five in number, rifled the mail and the express treasure box.

Sitting there in a most painful state of anxiety and apprehension, he heard a pistol shot at his side. The thought struck him that they had just shot the stage-driver, and that his turn would come next, and he waited for it with the shadow of death freezing his heart-strings. Rabelais's "*mauvaises quarts d'heure*" were figs compared to his. Finally the handkerchief was roughly torn from over his eyes, and his first look was towards the driver, who was still blindfolded and unharmed.

His pockets were turned inside out, and he was searched all over. When they got through with him, after leaving him as poor as Job's turkey, the leader asked:

"Have you any money left?"

"No; you have taken all I had."

"Where are you going?"

"To San Francisco."

"Is your fare paid through?"

"Yes."

"Very well, here's a ten-dollar bill to pay for your meals on the way. Get into the stage and good-by until we meet again,"—and away they went in one direction and the stage in the other.

But that officer,—although he had to make good to the government every dollar of public funds that the robbers got away with, and is not at all well off in this world's goods,—is about the only truly happy man, at the present writing, in the United States army. Whenever his fate is checkered by untoward events, be they great or small, his mind, instead



of worrying and grieving over it, reverts to that quarter of an hour when he sat blindfolded by the Arizona roadside, expecting every moment to have his head blown off his shoulders, and he becomes at once as happy as a king,—far happier, indeed, than many are, or all of them together could make him,—and he would not give his experience *now* for thrice the money his roadside friends took away from him.

The frequent “holdings up” of the incoming stages on the California side, and of the outgoing buckboards on the Arizona side of the Colorado, were very annoying to the Quartermaster, owing to the interruption they brought in the regular making up and rendering of his accounts to the proper authorities, by the delay and very often the total loss of his official mail. Many checks on the sub-treasuries of the United States in New York and San Francisco passed forward and back between him and the chief quartermaster of the Military Division of the Pacific at San Francisco and the chief quartermaster of the Department of Arizona at Prescott, as well as with the quartermaster-general at Washington; and at one time, when a regular epidemic of stage-robbing was raging, fully two out of every three checks never came to hand, owing to the “official scrutiny” of the “road agents.” The tracing up of these checks necessarily caused a great deal of additional correspondence, which, owing to his being short of clerical aid, and the other inconveniences and delays of all kinds caused by their non-receipt, was very disagreeable to him.

One day as he was conversing with a gentlemanly dare-devil of a person, whom he rather liked, despite his sanguinary antecedents and reputation, the news came that the Arizona stage had again been robbed; and as he had expected several checks in that mail it made him rather wrathful.

“No wonder,” he exclaimed, “that the robbers are so bold. All that they

have to do, it seems, is to merely halt the stage, and forthwith every one in it throws up his hands, and puts up with all sorts of insults and outrages as mildly as lambs.”

“Quartermaster,” inquired his companion, “were you ever ‘held up’?”

“Never,” returned the officer; “and if ever I am, I don’t propose to put up with it. I am not an extraordinarily brave man, by any means, although I have been in some pretty tight places in my life; but before I would willingly allow myself to be called a dog and kicked about like one, I’d do some hard fighting.”

“Do you look upon me as a brave man?” further inquired the gentlemanly desperado in a gently drawling tone of voice.

“*You?*” exclaimed the Quartermaster, who had already seen him more than once, since his arrival in Ehrenberg, as cool as a cucumber under circumstances that would have tried the nerves of the bravest men,—“*You?* you are the most daring man I ever met in my life,—and I have seen many, both at home and abroad.”

“Thank you,” was the languid reply. “I have been ‘held up’ more than once in *my* life, and I have thrown up my hands every time at the command. Whenever those fellows have the drop on me, my hands will go up just as quick as the Lord will let me. Take my advice, Quartermaster, and do likewise if ever *your* turn comes, for those men take no chances—it’s either one thing or the other: your hands go up or you do, one of the two.”

Now the gentleman who gave the Quartermaster that advice, although at the time under thirty-five years of age, had already killed *seventeen* men with his own right hand, which, despite its bloody record, was rather effeminate after all. In justice to him it must be said that the majority of those men were outlaws, with large rewards on their heads for robberies of all kinds, and in

more than one case for atrocious crimes. The most wonderful of all is that nearly all this killing had been done with one arm, the other having been lost in one of his first encounters. He was noted all over the Territory,—and may be now, for that matter, if he has not been killed before this, for he had necessarily many enemies, all watching for a chance to have the drop on him. But he was exceedingly wary, and he was never caught napping. Each and every time he went to sleep he barricaded himself in his room as in a fortress, and his "tools" were always ready at hand.

He was at the time referred to acting as deputy United States marshal, and much of his killing had been done in the execution of his office, or in order to secure the large rewards offered. In every case he had acted by himself, so as not to have to divide the reward after it was earned. Such was the man who under the potent influence of the "drop" always threw up his hands when it was against him.

One of the circumstances under which he displayed his astonishing coolness under fire occurred as follows, but a short time before the conversation just reported. One evening, as they sat together in the gloaming on the porch of the Marshal's office, which stood right across the street from that of the Quartermaster, at one end of the long main street of Ehrenberg, the officer was bewailing the loss of his mail after one of the stage robberies, when three men on horseback, coming from the open country near by, loomed up at the end of the street, riding slowly in their direction towards the center of the town. They kept in the middle of the street, one in front who seemed to be the leader, and the other two immediately behind him, with their horses' noses touching the tail of his own. As they came opposite the office on the porch of which the two friends were sitting, they halted, and the one in advance, detaching himself from the others, turned and approached

until his horse's nose stood within a couple of feet of the Quartermaster's face, when he stopped and bending forward over his horse's neck, gave a sharp, piercing look at the two, and said:

"Good evening, gentlemen. Can you direct me to a corral and a hotel in this town?"

"Ride up the street four blocks," answered the Marshal, "and you'll find one."

"Thanks," replied the man, and returning to his comrades, he rode up the street with them, as directed.

As they went on slowly, in the same order in which they came, the Quartermaster kept his eye on them. He noticed that their horses were travel-worn and very much fatigued. The men were heavily armed—regular arsenals—and had large saddle-bags behind their saddles, chock full of something, which to an experienced eye looked very much like bullion. As they disappeared in the direction of the corral, the officer turned towards his companion, who also had been watching them, and said, "Those are the fellows that robbed the last stage, and the spoils—very probably with some of my checks—are in their saddle-bags!"

"Do you think so?" replied the Marshal, slowly, after a moment's thought. "Well, that's my opinion, too. But they are my meat, and I'll have them for breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Marshal," interposed the Quartermaster, "your duty is plain. But I would not do it singly, as you are in the habit of doing. Call a *posse comitatus*, and jump upon them without a fight, so as not to endanger the lives of bystanders, especially of women and children."

"No," replied the marshal, as he rose from his seat, "the reward is fifteen hundred dollars. It will come in handy just about this time. I'll do it myself, and take care of the rest. You'll hear something new when you go to breakfast tomorrow morning."

And both bade each other good-bye,



and parted for the night. Sure enough, something new had occurred when the Quartermaster went to his breakfast the next morning, for the first thing he saw when he reached the hotel was a dead man stretched out on the porch; another man with a bad scalp wound and a bullet through one of his shoulders, was lying helpless on a cot in one of the rooms; and in another the leader of the trio, heavily ironed, was sitting in a chair talking in what seemed to be a very friendly manner with the Marshal, who was just then handing him a cocktail to drink his health with.

Sitting at his breakfast, he heard all about it from the landlord and the Marshal, who, judging from his appearance, had had something of an escape. The party they had seen coming into town the night before were the robbers that had robbed the last stage, as they had surmised, and they had killed two of the passengers. A short time after daylight, the Marshal, who had trailed them like an Indian scout, saw them going in the direction of the ferry, which was a flat boat pulled by a horse a short distance up the river, when he was cast loose, and the boat, carried downward by the current, was steered diagonally across the river, striking the opposite shore some distance below the starting-point on the other.

When they reached the ferry, about to start on its trip for the Californian shore, they found it already loaded with ten teams, which left no spare room on it for them, and they concluded to wait for its next trip, which the ferryman told them would be in about an hour. While two of the men were still talking to him, the leader, who was a large, burly man, went back to the corral to give his horse another feed; and as he was tying him to the manger, with his back towards the door, the Marshal, who had crept in unseen behind him, dealt him a powerful blow on the head with the butt of his revolver, which stretched him senseless at the horse's feet.

He tied him hand and foot, dragged him into an empty stall, and went back to look for the other two, after locking the stable door and putting the key in his pocket. Just as he reached the front of the hotel he perceived, coming up from the river, in the middle of a street running at right angles with the one he stood in, and about forty yards from him, one of the robbers coming towards the corral, leading his horse by the bridle. The other, also leading his horse, was following some two hundred yards behind.

As the first man came in front of him, with something like two hundred feet between them—the Marshal drew on him with his revolver, and ordered him to surrender.

"Not if I know it," replied the man; and quick as a flash he drew his revolver, and bringing it to bear before the Marshal could use his own, which, somehow, had got fouled, he fired, and his bullet struck the Marshal a little above the right eye, and brought him to his knees with his face full of blood.

Before the man could either fire again or mount his horse and get away, the Marshal, who had overcome his momentary daze,—for happily for him the bullet had glanced off his skull and stunned him but slightly,—fired, and dropped him dead in his tracks in the middle of the street, with a bullet hole through his head. Then, without rising from his knees, he sent another ball through the shoulder of the other man, who was running up to help his partner. He fell on his side, and although unable to rise, opened fire on the Marshal, and kept it up until a wound in the head put him *hors de combat* by knocking him senseless; and the whole thing was over—leaving the Marshal, as he told the Quartermaster, while cutting one more notch in the butt of his revolver where he kept his tally, fifteen hundred dollars ahead of the game, and one dead man and probably another before night on the table for the next hand.

Extremes meet in life, especially out West, and a ludicrous element intruded itself into this scene of bloodshed and death. As the third and last robber fell wounded in the middle of the street, an old gentleman came up, leading a horse which he had been watering at the river. Seeing a man covered with dust and blood lying apparently mortally hurt in his way, he stopped and began aloud to commiserate him.

"Why, my poor man, who has put you in that fix? What a shame—poor fellow, poor fellow! What can I do for you?"

All this time the Marshal's bullets were whistling all about him, and a crowd of bystanders, who had gathered under shelter to witness the affray, kept yelling as hard as they could:

"Get out of the way, Judge, get out of the way! You'll be hurt if you don't. For God's sake, get out of the way!"

But the Judge, in his kindness of heart, paid not the slightest attention to them until the wounded robber, pointing his revolver at him, yelled out, "Get out of the way, you blanked old fool, and mind your business, or I'll blow your head off!"

"Ah," answered the Judge as he saw the revolver within an inch of his nose, "if that's the way you take it I had better leave you to enjoy it by yourself," and he went on towards his stable at a leisurely pace.

The "Judge" was one of the most respectable men in the place—which did not count many. He had been as deaf as a post for years, and a twelve pound gun going off under his ears would not have had the slightest effect on them,—which probably accounted for his humanity.

As the Quartermaster went back to his office after breakfast, very much impressed with what he had seen, he came to the conclusion that as in all likelihood he would be compelled by his duties to live for awhile in that lively community, provided that in the meantime he did

not die in his boots like everybody else in it, he might as well prepare himself for eventualities.

So he, who had never in all his life before carried a pistol on his person unless duty compelled him to do so, at once sat down to his desk and wrote an order for *two* of the very best revolvers that money could procure in San Francisco, which he proposed to wear as daily ornaments; and for a wonder the stage-robbers did not get them on the way, and they reached him safely.

He had just unpacked them when his door opened, and who should walk in but his old friend, Lying Jim, with "*Aquí estoy, Teniente, Quart-mast, how do, hey?*"

"Why, Lying Jim!" exclaimed the Quartermaster, very much surprised at his appearance so far from home. "What are *you* doing here? Come in and sit down—you were about the only scoundrel wanting in this infernal hole!"

"Quart-mast," replied Jim, seriously, as he took a chair, and sat down in it with an air of offended dignity, "Me no more Lying Jim; me change my name; me Honest John now."

"Well," answered the Quartermaster, with a shriek of laughter at his manner and his statement, "I congratulate you on your selection at any rate. But what have you done so far to deserve it, John?"

"O, not much, *es verdad*," answered Jim, unbending a little, "but I will by and by—me *no fallere*—I won't fail!"

And picking up the new revolvers, one after the other, he examined them very carefully, and laid them down again upon the table with the complimentary remark, "*Son muy buenas, los pistolas*; very, very good, *mucho buenas*!"

He had much to say about matters in general at Mojave, and a great deal more about his mother in particular, who sent, through her dear son, her best love and kindest wishes to the *Señor Teniente*.

Before he got through the hotel bell up the street rang for dinner, and the



Quartermaster left him in charge of the office, after presenting him with a couple of *pesos* and some cigars to smoke until he returned.

When he came back after eating his dinner, Jim was gone and the pistols also.

The Quartermaster went all over the house and looked into every corner, but Jim was not in any of them, nor the pistols either. He went all over the town, but unavailingly — Jim had disappeared and the pistols with him.

"The infernal rascal," shouted the irate *Teniente*, when he realized at last that a sneak-thief had combined with the stage-robbers to worry his life out. "I was right when I told him that he was the only scoundrel wanting in this abominable place; but if ever I lay eyes on him again, I'll flay him alive. *Honest John* indeed! — I'll honest him, if ever I catch him; I will, by the Eternal!" And being thus orphaned of temporal weapons to defend it, he rested his fate in the hands of a kind Providence, and went on in the even tenor of his way.

Late one night, about a week afterwards, the Quartermaster was very busy at his desk trying to catch up with his accounts, which were very much behind time.

Outside all sounds were hushed, and the inside silence was only disturbed by the monotonous tick of the office clock, as it counted the hours fast passing away one by one. The stillness was almost oppressive — it would have been positively so, had it not been for the tick of the clock and the scratch of his pen.

All at once, as he was trying, with corrugated brows, to prove on his account current that two and two make four, the flimsy office door was burst open by a powerful kick from without, and he found himself suddenly face to face with two Mexican half-breeds, each with a full-cocked revolver in his right hand, pointing straight in his face, who shouted, both at once, "Throw up your hands, you — —"

Before he could either comply or make

any reply, he was half blinded by a red lightning flash coming from behind his desk, within a few feet of his face, immediately followed, in quick succession, by two loudly detonating reports, — which gave him a sickening sensation, as if he had been shot; and when he opened his eyes, which he had involuntarily closed, and the smoke cleared away, he perceived the two half-breeds lying dead on the floor, each with a bullet hole through his forehead, from which the blood and brains were slowly oozing; and Lying Jim standing erect between them, with a revolver still smoking in each hand, watching with fierce, pitiless eyes, like those of a wild beast, for any sign of life in the bodies, in order to squelch it.

After waiting a moment, apparently satisfied, he gave them both a contemptuous kick with his bare feet, and quietly turning toward the Quartermaster, with a satisfied smile upon his lips, he laid the two revolvers upon the desk with —

"I only borrowed them for a while, Quart-mast."

"Why, Jim!" exclaimed the officer, slowly emerging from his stupefaction. "How came you here, and what have you done?"

"I have been behind your desk for nearly four hours," replied Jim, in his broken English, "and I have just saved your life in return for mine."

"But how did you know of this, and how did you happen here so handy?"

"O, *la madre*, Noltché, heard something from the squaw of one of the half-breeds, and she sent me down last week on the river *vapor*, so as to be on hand in time for the *ladrones*."

"Jim," said the Quartermaster, as he slowly rose from his seat after a moment's thought, and took the Indian's hand in his own, "I humbly beg your pardon for my unjust suspicions, which I could not help having. It was your old record; let it be wiped out. To me you are no longer Lying Jim, but as long as I live you shall be Honest John!"

A. G. Tassin.

## SAILING OVER SUMMER SEAS.

SOUTHWARD and westward of the Hawaiian Islands—the “Paradise of the Pacific”—there lies a group of coral atolls whose crescent-shaped beaches of white sand, scarcely showing above the level of the sea, are crowded with coconut palms. Beneath the shade of these dwell some thousands of Polynesians, the last remnants, perhaps, of the great Malaysian race that peopled a Pacific continent long since sunk beneath the ocean.

About the summit of the loftiest peaks of this submerged land the coral zoöphyte has, through decades of centuries, built up his house and tomb, until, in these more recent ages, there have appeared the reefs, lagoons, and habitable land, now called the “Gilbert Islands.”

Sailing from Honolulu in the pretty schooner *Julia*, we carry with us something more than two hundred of the people of those isles who, lured from their homes by visions of new scenes, amid which wealth would become their own, are after years of toil returning to their homes and kindred, for whom they long as only homesick people can.

I pass over hurriedly the first few days at sea. In my memory they only linger as a nightmare might, unwillingly. They were passed amidst the confusion of arrangements and disarrangements of everything on board. It was but sixty feet from the plunging bow to the sinking stern, and twenty-four from side to side of our uneasy craft, that wallowed like a sea-sick monster on the remorseless waves.

A few days out, and we began to segregate the individuality of those on board. There was our captain, of portly presence, genial and hearty, of many years' experience in the Arctic and South Seas. The mate, younger, but of the sea, salty,

Nantucket born, ocean bred, active and snappy. Smith, our second mate and carpenter, as much at home with the jack plane and adze as with the fid and marlinspike: Loui, our Chinese steward, (born such, not made,) patiently polishing his pans, methodically concocting soups and stews, hashes, roasts, and bakes, within his smoky galley. He had long since discarded his queue, and in lieu thereof had cultivated a low Yankee whistle, sounding strangely from his Asiatic lips. Our sailors were six men from the lonely little island Rotomah, that boasts of being yet almost unknown.

With us in the cabin were two passengers who were as much opposed to each other in figure, habits, and training as two men well could be and live together in a craft like ours. One hailed from way down East, the other from antipodean Tasmania. The Yankee—who said his name was Billings and whom we called “Josh,”—which pleased our steward—was long and lank of limb, and had a shrewd, keen, pain-worn face—he was traveling for his health—and a fund of queer stories with which he often entertained us. “Tasmania”—as we dubbed the other passenger—was florid in face and speech, and filled with reminiscences of purely sensual pleasures enjoyed in tropic countries, and hoping that in the South Sea isles he might realize the delights of a life free from the trammels of civilized conventionalities.

As far as the strict rule enforced by the captain of keeping the two classes of passengers, the natives and the foreigners, apart would allow, Tasmania made the physical peculiarities of the Gilbert Islanders his study, and often dilated upon the subject at great length. Of course, in the crowd of over two hundred na-



tives there were some "characters," but the fact that only about five per cent of the whole displayed any originality went far to prove how commonplace the greater part of humanity is.

Among the originals was "Moses the Patriarch," so named in reference to his immense shock of white hair and full beard — the latter an uncommon sight among his people — and a habit he had of laying down the law and commandments from the vantage ground of the top of the cook's galley, on which he camped day and night.

There was "The Daddy," who always had a crowd of children swarming over him, hauling his old felt hat about his ears, doing wonderful things with his legs in the way of improvising them into hollows and angles for repose, crowding within the circle of his arms, and eternally squabbling and fighting over him.

There was also "The Princess," a haughty-eyed girl who rarely spoke to any one, and when she did, it was imperiously. She was the daughter of a "high chief," and as such had been allowed to select a snug place on deck as far aft as the rules of the ship permitted. There she had a fine mat spread, and was always surrounded by female attendants, who dressed her long, glossy hair and cared for a little naked Cupid about a year old, whom she claimed as her own. Leaving the Hawaiian Islands, and after a three years' absence, nearing the coral reef on which her family ruled, she re-assumed the dignity proper to her exalted station on the group, and held all her countrymen at a respectful distance.

There was the "Merry Andrew" of the crowd, who was always playing jokes on others, or having them played upon himself. He was a most skillful performer upon the jewsharp, the most dexterous amongst the men at "cat's cradle," could beat even Billings — no mean player — at checkers, and cheat at cards

in the most innocent manner in the crowd.

Then there was the scourge of the Pacific, — and elsewhere, — that terror of the village, and disturber of the peace, "The Scold," — she of the snappy eyes, sharp and snaky, with thin elf-locks widely scattered about, and a lean, tough old throat, in which, when she took breath, could be heard a rattling as if the teeth that were missing from her jaws had lodged there when knocked out, as we conjectured, by some despairing husband before he made away with himself.

This old hag had established herself on top of one of the two large water casks lashed to the mainmast, and while she braided long lengths of hair cord, or mechanically plied a primitive shuttle and knotted the meshes of small nets, she found fault with everything and everybody, until the clattering chatter of her tongue was temporarily checked by the threat that she would be sent below and "made fast," unless she kept quiet.

These leading characters were supported by many supernumeraries, who filled in the "chorus" of the play. Moses had an audience about him which listened to his dogmatic utterances in the spirit of the Athenians of old; some scoffed, and others said they would hear him again on those matters, — none really believed in him. The Daddy was never at peace; for when he was not monopolized by little children, he was surrounded by a bevy of older girls, (at which times the envious Tasmanian used to compare him to Silenus decked with blossoms,) and they tormented the old man delightfully. The Scold's shrill monologues were often supplemented by a chorus from the hold, where a group of old women generally basked in the square of sunlight beneath the open hatch. Three times each day, at breakfast, dinner, and tea, an eruption of tin pots, pans, and spoons, broke out over the whole deck, raging with the

greatest violence about the cook's galley. Noise was the prevailing feature of the sixteen days' voyage to the islands, but as it was of a good-natured character, it did not alarm, nor after a while annoy; for as boiler makers sweetly slumber in the din of their shops, so, when used to it, we rested quietly in spite of the racket round us.

Our Gilbert Islanders were seldom idle when awake. They braided quantities of fine line out of their own hair, and made numbers of small nets of new manilla fibre drawn from short lengths of rope. Some of the women were skillful with the needle, and made, and patched, and mended their clothing with assiduity, but without any regard, in a double sense, to the fitness of things; for they would re-seat a pair of woolen pantaloons with a piece of turkey-red calico; make a new back for a calico shirt out of an old black silk neck-handkerchief, or fit a fresh sleeve of canvas to a half-worn muslin gown. They all had combs,—locked up in their boxes,—and used slender wooden skewers, a foot long, with which they whipped out their hair after drenching it with salt water. Then, after a series of pokes and scratches with it, the same instrument was thrust through a hole in the lobe of one ear, and so into the thick hair at the back of the head, and left there. They were, now and then, a little ailing, but the Julia's medicine chest was well stocked, and the captain prompt and liberal with his doses. There was a particular remedy for looseness of the digestive organs, of which he was very proud. It was invented in the Arctic whaling fleet, and warranted to check anything "wrong" with the stomach.

"Why, I tell you," he remarked, "I once laid that identical bottle of medicine on its side in the medicine chest, and it leaked out and jammed the drawer so tight that I could n't open it until I had loosened it with a little castor oil."

The good health of all on board was

due not a little to our rapid transit into warm weather. The islanders were simple exotics, shrinking even from the mild summer showers of the Hawaiian group, and reveled with delight in a tropic sun that enabled them to be comfortable on deck in nothing but a waist-mat, to which they very quickly reduced their summer clothing.

The voyage, a distance of something over two thousand miles, was a very pleasant one, we having had no reason to complain of wind or weather, though the trade winds that bore us along so swiftly for the first ten days died out then, and were followed by variable currents of air, with now and then that bugbear of the sailor, a calm. In a vessel that depends upon her sails alone, let it blow high or low, there is always a chance of getting somewhere, there is progress, at any rate, but the best that can be said of a calm is that it is a part of a good wind; that is, that it can't last forever, but must be followed by a breeze.

But O, the weary waiting for the wished-for wind. The sleepy tranquillity of the semi-transparent clouds that rest on the horizon or hang motionless in the sky; the long lazy swell of the glassy sea on which the Julia wallows and rolls so helplessly; the annoying "slatting" and jerking of the huge main boom, as the swinging peak sweeps the mainsail from side to side; the practical impossibility of finding a shady spot; the monotony of watching the mimic whirlpools, and long-drawn-out procession of foam flecks that form and linger amidships as the schooner aimlessly swings round and round, or slowly drifts with the smooth swell, moving, as Smith sarcastically remarks, "sideways, like a pig going to war."

The captain paces the strip of hot deck left clear for him in the narrow passage between the cabin and the rail, glancing aloft now and then at the pennon hanging from the main truck in the hope of seeing it lifted by a passing puff,



or pausing at times and softly whistling for a wind. The mate with the watch on deck is engaged in the never-ending task of keeping the rigging in order; our impassive, methodical steward, who in calms and storms alike pursues the even tenor of his way, is rubbing up the brass work about the binnacle. Billings has deposited himself in his berth, and drawn after him as much of his legs as the limited space will allow; while Tasmania, in the berth above Billings, has his head and shoulders out of the little window at the side, gazing goggle-eyed at the sleeping beauties on the deck beneath. Of these and their plainer sisters there are galore, and I doubt if there is really a wide-awake Gilbert Islander aboard just now.

Presently the captain pauses longer than usual, as he turns in his promenade. His quick eye has caught the wrinkles of a faint "cat's paw" on the far-off undulation of the sea. He watches it as it flits over the ocean and vanishes; the clouds at one point in the horizon have, in some mysterious way, drawn together, and are now visibly growing heavier; the lower surface of the snowy, rounded mass spreads out loose and dark, and from it descends a line of shade that broadens and deepens into a trailing sheet of rain. We cannot tell just when the still smoothness of the ocean is broken by the fitful breeze, but we note that the light staysail lifts and swells, the helmsman rouses himself from his careless lounge over the wheel and watches the filling mainsail; the captain glances in at the compass and then to windward, where another rain squall is forming; the Julia ceases to flounder about, and keeling over gracefully, "straightens her wake" as the oncoming breeze distends every sail.

The Gilbert Islanders, as soon as they see the welcome shower beating the sea to foam in its onward rush, pitch their mats into the hold, and in simple waistbelts for bathing dresses rush about in

the down-pouring rain, hauling at the ropes thrust into their hands by the sailors, who are taking in the lighter sails until the first force of the brief squall shall have passed, stuffing swabs into the scupper-holes so that the decks may be flooded, and paddling and splashing about, yelling and shrieking with delight. After the squall comes a gentle breeze, and with every sail set the Julia speeds again upon her way; our Islanders glowing with delight from the fresh bath, our decks and bulwarks glittering in the sun, and every stitch of wet canvas drawing full.

When the Julia does catch a breeze, she gives herself up to its influence and behaves very well. And at such times the flying fish were about us in shoals. Those we saw springing from the water on all sides were very large,—some of them a foot in length,—and we watched their flight with interest. Whether they use their "wings" in flying as a bird does is a mooted question amongst naturalists, but the majority of observers are of the opinion that they do not. It appears that, while their broad side-fins sustain them for a while in the air, they do not enable the fish to prolong its flight materially by any wing-like motion. When they dart from the water, head to the wind, the "set" of the fins tends to give the body a sheer upward for a while. Then on the downward shoot the tail touches the water, is rapidly propelled, and gives a new impetus to the fish. We watched this repeated often enough to carry the fish over the water sometimes five hundred feet before they finally plunged beneath a wave.

With the flying fish come their enemies, the albacore, skip-jack, and boneta, and following these, the "wolves of the sea," the porpoises. The flying fish, poor things! were quickly driven off or caught, but were about as quickly avenged, as after their captors came line upon line of porpoises, advancing in wide spreading ranks, leaping and plunging,

darting here and there, their progress marked by a line of foam resembling breakers.

As they approached the *Julia*, the excitement of the natives grew, until as the fish swarmed about the vessel there were clustered on the bulwarks and jib-boom a hundred yelling savages. Suspended in the martingale beneath the bowsprit one poised a keen harpoon, the rope attached to which, upon the iron being plunged into the glistening back of the huge fish, was hauled amidships, and the creature dragged floundering on to the main deck, and then dispatched. What a feast they had! In colder latitudes, and after a few months' diet of salt beef and pork, porpoise meat is called a luxury; and so, with recollections of the long-ago enjoyment of this kind of sea-beef in the Arctic, we attacked the nicely cooked bits of liver and force-meat balls the steward had prepared. When the creature was hauled on board, Smith remarked that he was as "strong as a bull," and when we tasted the food prepared from his choicest parts we decided that he *was*, and as a goat, too! We finished our meal with sea-biscuit, and for some days thought we could detect the smell of porpoise lingering in the cabin.

During a little experience that we had of rough weather, dining was accomplished under difficulties, inasmuch as we had to hold our soup plates in one hand and help ourselves with the other, bracing ourselves meanwhile to the table by our knees. Those were the days that tried our steward's patience. It was in vain that he urged that his stove would not remain level long enough for him to make soup. Soup we *must* have, our captain said. "And," he stoutly added, "a really good steward will have soup if he has to cook it in the bottom of a tenn-gallon bucket, and we have to drink it out of bottles!"

Our passengers complained a good deal during the few days of tossing and

tumbling on the temporarily stormy sea. All but one, — he was our turtle. From the time that he came on board — was hoisted there in fact as a gift from the high chief of one of the coral isles we first touched at — up to the day of his death, he preserved his angelic temper and aldermanic gravity. During his short stay with us he became domesticated, and a familiar object (not to say obstruction) under foot. He weighed, perhaps, a hundred pounds; and never seemed annoyed, no matter how often any one tripped on his shell or tumbled over him at night. His pastime during the day was to lie on his stomach in the shade where the deck was damp and cool, and dream. Recollection of his past life was the solace of his solitary existence among us, and, from the fact of his getting nothing to eat while on board the *Julia*, it is presumable that his mental vision recalled the cool coral groves in which he was wont to browse on succulent kelp. In fancy he roamed again in those green submarine retreats, while in fact, in the stillness of the night, he moved slowly about the deck, being found every morning crowded in some odd corner, or lying helpless on his back, having tumbled over in his efforts to scale the bulwarks. Sometimes he was found tilted on edge between the cabin and the rail; but wherever he might be found, however awkward might be his fix, he never lost his mental equipoise or looked the least embarrassed.

Our steward understood him, and alternately petted him or made him a convenience. During the hot days Loui would dash water over him, and provide for him a resting place beneath the shadow of his galley, where, through force of habit, he would lie motionless for hours, lifting his lizard-shaped head at intervals, giving a quick gasp for air as though he had that instant reached the surface of his native habitat, and then sink back again to dream.



In the pensive dog-watches Loui, enjoying a hard earned rest, would seat himself upon the turtle's rounded back, and while he smoked would lose himself in plans for utilizing his pet.

At length the time came when our turtle rounded out his quiet life by being served up at our table. In preparing himself for this event, it must have been a source of pride and solace to him to know his tender flesh and luscious fat was to pass under the hands of one who knew the difference between "Callipash" and "Callipee."

The Julia passed from the area of troubled sea that tore away her "head-board,"—beaten from her bows in plunging through the opposing waves,—and then glided over long, glossy swells, whose wonderful translucence and deep tint reminded us of the compliment paid by a grizzled sea-dog to his niece, whose eyes, he said, were "as clear and blue as the Pacific on the Line."

Whether the sky lent its color to the sea beneath, or whether the blue of the heavens over us was taken from the ocean, we could not tell. Nor did we care, for both were beautiful; and where they met on the far distant horizon it would have been hard to say, were it not that there was spread out the base of fleecy clouds whose snowy masses filled the sky above.

In those line latitudes, within a few miles of the Equator, each day was filled with genial sunshine; while the warm dusk of night was rendered semi-luminous by the phosphorescent light that glowed from every wave. We swam in

a moonlight glory emanating from the myriad forms of light-giving animalculæ that crowd these seas so that when we drew a bucketful of water from the ocean and poured it on the deck there spread out a film of flame. Our captain told us that so dense is the multitude of these small creatures that the copper sheathing of the vessels moving through these seas is quickly worn away. Each larger form of life that fled from our plowing keel left in its track a stream of fire. The Julia's wake was marked by a wavering line of light, and every curling wave that broke about us left a fringe of fiery foam.

The crew dragged to the foretopmast head a huge square foresail, and with this spread of canvas we soon drew near our journey's end; so near that one fine morning there was seen ahead of us a few faint points, like finger tips, upon the horizon. Hour by hour they grew in altitude, their summits spreading, till in the afternoon we made them out as cocoa-palms. As night drew on they multiplied and thickened; then gleamed amid their clustered trunks bright specks of fire; the watch aloft called out that there were breakers to be seen, and then, swinging her head off to the northward, the Julia swept along outside a line of snowy surf, ran swiftly by an outlying reef, turned half on her heel, and like a tired racer, slacked her speed in sight of a long line of blazing torches on the sandy beach, when folding her canvas wings we dropped anchor in the smooth coral-built lagoon of Mariki, the most northern of the Gilbert Group.

*F. L. Clarke.*



## THE "GRIZZLY."

It was a lonesome place at the "Grizzly." Mountain upon mountain towered above it, until the most distant peaks seemed to blend into the blue of the sky. The small level place upon which the cabin was built seemed the only resting place for miles above or below. That spot was of itself at a great elevation, but there were so much greater heights to look up to that it seemed almost a valley by comparison. Below stretched vague, deep cañons, filled with mysterious, impenetrable color. Great growths of pine, tamarack and juniper marched in solid phalanx down these cañons, then up the mountain flanks again, until they too were blurred by the distance into a solid mass of perfect tones.

At a short distance from the house, there was evidence of hydraulic mining having been carried on. It looked as if part of the hill had been bared to the heart; and the red clay was left standing at intervals in fantastic shapes, which on a moonlight night looked weird and ghostly, as if the spirits of the mountains had gathered in council to avenge the desecration. Above the mine was a pretty sheet of water, one of those mountain lakes formed by the winter's snows, where evidently sufficient pressure of water was obtained to work the Grizzly.

There was a suggestion of isolation about the cabin, which was built of old logs covered with lichens, that at a distance gave it a venerable, grizzled air. The only signs of human habitation were a dun cow, with her calf, industriously searching among the pine needles for grass, which so quickly follows the snows in the Sierras; and a hen, with a brood of young chickens, scratching the damp earth with hungry eagerness. The garden consisted of a few hardy roses, planted at irregular intervals, which were

just beginning to show the color in their buds, with here and there clusters of sturdy annuals, old fashioned marigolds, hollyhocks and zinnias.

Down towards the river, (the cabin was situated only two or three miles from the American River,) on the trail, the mountain lilies were already royal in orange and gold, the ceanothus feathery with blossom, and the azaleas filled the air with fragrance; but it was colder at the Grizzly. The snow seemed to linger longer at this particular spot, and the winds to sweep with greater force. Old Mrs. Carter used to grumble as she drew her small woolen shawl closer around her shoulders, "'Pears as if Job always would pick out the very worst places on earth."

Poor Aunt Liza, as the neighbors called her,—when she had any neighbors,—had a faculty of finding the hard places in life. She had crossed the plains, coming from Missouri in early days when she was a bride, and afterwards roughed it around from one mining camp to another. It was always Job's luck to get to a place after it had been worked out, or if he struck anything it was sure to prove only a pocket, and he would spend the amount of pay dirt in trying to develop it further. If he had a gravel mine, he never found the channel; if it was quartz, he lost the lead.

But that there was a channel and a lead he firmly believed, and left with reluctance. In fact, he never gave up any of his various enterprises until sickness or Aunt Liza demanded a move. Job was a philosopher. He believed in his luck, and that belief never deserted him, buoying him up after forty years of failures. He remained hopeful and cheerful, while Aunt Liza was peevish and broken down. One after another she had lost the chil-



dren born to them, until only one was left, the child of their old age.

Years before the railroad ran through the mountains or Blue Cañon was named, Job had staked out a claim there, but after alternate success and failure, abandoned it. It was too costly to pack provisions so far up the mountain. But he always had believed in the Grizzly, and only stern necessity made him relinquish it. Through a great many years he secretly nourished the hope of some day going back and reopening it. One day he came in to Liza, who was sitting with little Sue on her lap, and said in a careless fashion, as if the thought had just come to him: "Liza, suppose we try our luck up at the old Grizzly again? I saw Jones yesterday. He tells me they've been strikin' it rich thereabouts lately."

He looked at her furtively with eager anxiety as if dreading her reply.

She pressed her thin lips together, and sat silent for a minute. "It's a living here," she answered shortly.

"A mighty pore one." Job took off his hat, and ran his fingers through his thick gray hair, and sat down.

Aunt Liza folded her hands in a helpless sort of a way, and prepared to listen.

"I've been in the saw-millin' business down here nigh on to five year now, and it's a mighty pore living,"—he looked at her as if to impress that fact upon her indelibly,— "mighty darned pore. And there's little Sue growin' up, and wantin' a sight of things, and all I earn is jest corn bread and bacon, and you and me both work hard. I tell you, Liza, it's in the Grizzly, and I'm going to get it out." He clenched his brawny fist, and brought it down on the deal table. "You'll only have to wait a while, and you and little Sue will be set up like queens."

Job's face quite glowed at the prospect he had conjured up. It always did. Liza had heard the same plans so many

times before that she listened with apathy; but Job still loyally believed in next time, and never gave up. Hope glowed as brightly in his breast at fifty as at twenty. But to Aunt Liza the years had been weary waiting. Hope to her was an unknown quantity. The years of hard work, privation, and all those little graves of long ago pressed sorely on her heart. She had grown sour and taciturn. The mill men used to pity Job as he went whistling home from his work, and say, "Job's bread ought to sour in the bakin' by havin' Aunt Liza to mix it"; but there was always little Sue, and Job's temper was of the sunniest, and "Liza, pore girl, has had her trials," he said, and answered her snappings with a smile.

After Job had taken a run up to the cañon, added on to the old cabin, and stocked it with provisions, he came for his family. Liza packed up their few belongings with many a sigh. She remembered the long winters of snow, and the summers almost as lonely, and she assumed that air of meekness which sometimes drove Job to smoking his pipe out of doors.

"There's a school six months in the year at the Cañon for Sue," he said; for Sue was growing to be a big girl now. "And it's only two miles walk, and you kin hear the train of nights, and the whistle sounds mighty cheerful."

Ten years slipped by rapidly, and little Sue grew like a mountain pine in the high Sierra air. Job worked hard at the Grizzly, with sometimes a streak of luck, and more often long periods of disappointment. He spent his evenings in planning the mill he was going to build, and the methods of saving the fine gold. Nothing except little Sue was so dear to his heart as the Grizzly.

When Liza would fret when he came home after a long day's hard work in the "diggin's," he would say soothingly, in reply to her complaints:

"It's there, Liza; jest wait a mite;

you always was a leetle impatient. Mebbe I'll strike it tomorrow."

Then he would run his fingers through his hair with the old gesture, and unfold before her the old glorious vision, while his eyes sparkled with eager anticipation in the old time way. Liza audibly sniffed in a scornful fashion, and little Sue would break in and hand him his corn-cob pipe, to keep peace in the family.

Little Sue, as he would always call her, had grown to be a fine young woman, tall and slender, with just the same golden gleam in her brown hair that her mother used to have before time and trouble had faded it out; but Sue had inherited the sunshine of her father's nature, and it glanced from the sparkle of her dark gray eyes, and showed in the springiness of her step, and even in the dimple in her chin, until it seemed sometimes as if she had absorbed the beauty and freedom of the mountains in her whole being. It was her hand that planted the flowers and tended the broods of young chickens, when she came home from school. Aunt Liza had decided there was no use in doing anything outside the line of ordinary household work, and talked of starvation when Sue sent to "the Bay" for flower seed; and she received the eggs in silence when Sue brought them in with pride to show her the few speckled hens were a profitable investment.

Sue's chief enjoyment was her walk to the Cañon. On clear June days, when the air was crisp, just mellowed by a dash of summer warmth, it felt as if she was inhaling fresh vigor at every step. The aromatic odor of the pines, mingled with all the sweet woodsy fragrance that clusters around the mountains, makes an old heart quicken, much more makes a young one beat with rapid pulsations. One feels the ozone of the Sierra air to the very finger tips; there is no phase of nature so grand and elevating as the high Sierra on a mid-June day.

Of course this was an every day affair to Sue, hardly a thought of it crossing her mind as she sauntered up the trail. She simply absorbed it, like the squirrels and robins.

The only object that always commanded her attention was the haunted house. The trail ran directly in front of it, and it was about a mile from the Grizzly, in the loneliest part of the woods. She always breathed a little freer when she had passed it by.

The house was only an empty frame, and in the sunshine not a creepy-looking affair. The door was broken off its hinges, the decayed doorstep was covered with green, climbing plants, and ferns grew between the wide chinks in the logs.

The story ran that a miner had been murdered there one night for his gold dust, and that stains of blood were still seen on the floor of the inner room, and at night weird sounds were heard through the house. As the cabin was windowless and doorless, and at places whole logs were gone from the sides of the walls, the wind had a fair sweep to conjure up ghosts.

The school at the Cañon was a great comfort to Sue. She had always been a bright child, and learned quickly, although her mother used to sigh and say she "did n't see any use for an eddication when folks lived among chipmunks and coyotes."

Sue laughed a merry little laugh: it was her usual way of answering her mother's complaints. When she had grown old enough to understand, her father had taken her out under the big sugar pine in the yard, and told her in a half whisper that "her mother was a mighty fine woman, but had seed a powerful lot of trouble, and they mus' n't fret her. You must promise never to fret her, little Sue," he said; and the old man and the little child clasped hands in a loyal compact, and the child always remembered.



Although her mother protested, her father kept her at school, making many little sacrifices to pay for the necessary books, and therefore she was better educated than is usual with young women of her class. And as she climbed up the hill to the schoolhouse, many an eye followed her and the rough station hands would say, "That gal of Job Carter's growin' powerful good lookin'."

She was unconscious of this admiration. As she grew older sometimes she would vaguely feel as if there must be something else in the world, and she would grow restless for a space, but home duties left her little time for brooding. Her mother gradually gave the household work into her hands, and for the past few weeks she had given up attending school.

Her mother did little but sit in the corner, knit, and complain in a monotonous sort of way to chance visitors who walked to the house from the hotel over at the Cañon. The haunted house and the Grizzly were the show places of the neighborhood. The point of view was especially fine at these places, and then the fishing was rumored good at the American; but few of the summer visitors cared to test that report after an exploration, for the trail was so steep that as a young Englishman, who had come to the Cañon with a choice assortment of fancy flies and tackle, declared, "I'll be blarsted, if it was three miles down it was fifty back."

On this particular bright June day, though, a young fisherman came trudging down the trail with a fish basket slung on his back and a rod on his shoulder, whistling a merry tune as if to break the feeling of intense solitude.

At that moment Sue came around the corner of the house with a bowl of scalded corn meal in her hands to feed the young chickens. She heard the whistle distinctly but did not look up; she pulled her sunbonnet closer over her face and called to the chickens.

The whistle stopped and the gate latch clicked. She looked up in well feigned astonishment. "O, it's you."

The fisherman smiled and took off his hat. He was a brown-faced, sturdy looking young fellow, with a cheery smile that matched Sue's own.

"I stopped to see if you would like any fish this evening."

Sue laughed outright. "You are counting your fish before you catch them; and besides, it is rather late in the day to begin. Won't you come in?"

He hesitated. She walked to the gate and opened it, and it needed little urging to make the young man set his basket down on the porch and rest for a while.

Philip Carroll had been night operator at the Cañon for the past six months, and he had very often cut short his hours of sleep to watch Sue Carter as she came up the trail to school every day, and now that her school days were over he strolled toward the Grizzly quite frequently,—to talk to Job, he averred. His interest in mining became deep, and he evinced a desire for instruction in all the departments of mining lore. He was always a welcome visitor to Job, for the Grizzly was a theme he loved dearly to dilate upon, and the young man apparently sympathized with him in his belief in it.

Job was working with a rocker in the old primitive fashion. The law had shut down on hydraulics, and this summer he could not afford to hire men; only occasionally he employed a Chinaman to help him in a little drifting. Day after day, all through the summer, he worked patiently with hardly a show of color; still he kept cheerfully on. He taught Philip Carroll how to handle the pan, and sometimes for amusement he would help the old man for an afternoon; and then there was always the invitation to early supper in the evening, and a chat with Sue before he had to trudge back to his night-work.

Philip Carroll was very rapidly losing his heart. He was young and strong, and was only temporarily filling a vacancy in the telegraph office until something better should turn up. His father was a practical, stern business man, and when Philip left college he insisted upon his learning telegraphy as a trade to fall back upon. At first this position was an awful bore to him, but gradually he grew to enjoy the mountains. He only required the morning for sleeping, and was free to wander all the afternoon, fish or explore as fancy seized him. He stumbled upon old Job by accident on one of his walks, and in a short time a mutual regard sprang up between them. He could not help but respect the old man who worked so steadily and cheerfully.

As Sue and Philip Carroll chatted together on the porch, the old man came walking slowly home from the mine. His blue overalls were stained with clay, his faded red flannel shirt was patched neatly and darned in many places, his face was burnt a ruddy brown and covered with deep lines, his hair was turned almost white, but his eyes, full of kindness showing a generous heart, lit up his rugged face, until it almost looked handsome.

Philip Carroll sprang to his feet. He was always courteous; and while this man was not of the pattern of gentlemen he met at home, he recognized in him one of nature's true hearts built on the finest plan of gentleman.

"Howdy, Mr. Carroll," the old man saluted him in old Missouri fashion. "Glad to see you. Little Sue,"—he turned towards the tall girl who had come down the path to meet him. In these words, almost unconsciously uttered while he stroked the bright hair which was almost on a level with his own, a world of love was expressed. "Where's your ma?"

"I'll call her." She went into the house and left the two men together.

"Take a cheer." The old man offered him the only seat on the porch.

"Thank you, I prefer standing."

"Well, I'm powerful tired; clean tuckered out." He struck a match on the bottom of his boot, and proceeded to light his pipe as he sat down on the door step. "Old bones and hard work don't jog along very well together; but I tell you,"—the tired look disappeared from his face,—*"I believe I'll strike that channel this summer."* He waited a moment to see what effect these words would have upon the listener. "And it will be powerful rich gravel. I'm git-*tin'* into a streak of blue gravel now that pays tolerable well, the channel can't be far off."

Philip was looking at the distant mountain in a far-off sort of way. "By the way, many strangers up to the Cañon now?" he asked.

"A lot of 'em been prowlin' round the Grizzly lately; some fellers with surveyin' instruments. I bounced them yesterday."

Philip hardly heard what he was saying. His eyes were still on the distant peaks, and his thoughts were with Sue, whom he could hear bustling around inside the cabin, singing a merry song as she laid the cloth for supper.

"Do you know anything about them fellers? They were impudent kind of chaps," the old man went on, as he took his pipe out of his mouth, and knocked the ashes out against the pillar of the porch.

Philip stammered out a negative answer.

"Mr. Carter," he said, "I want to ask you something—about Sue,—"*he hesitated.* "I love her, and I want to ask her to be my wife."

Old Job stared at him for a minute, dropped his pipe, and replied in a harsh tone, half of astonishment and half of defiance, "You can't have her, sir,"—then he walked out to the sugar pine and back again, while the young man on



the porch looked and felt decidedly nervous.

The old man came up to him, after a moment, holding out his hand in the old hearty fashion. "Well, who'd have thought! our little Sue!" then he listened, while Philip told him frankly of his family, his prospects and future hopes, how that he was poor now but hoped soon to be able to make a home for Sue.

"How'll *your* folks like this?" Job looked at him with a quizzical air. "Me and ma are plain old folks, jest plain Missouri, but Sue," his face brightened, "there's no man on God's earth good enough for her."

Philip impulsively clasped the old man's hand in a warm grasp, when Sue opened the door and called them to supper.

"I thought as you would have a long walk back we would have an early supper, Mr. Carroll," she said.

The afternoon had slipped by very quickly; the fish basket and rod lay forgotten on the porch. The room they entered looked very attractive to Philip Carroll, after the rustic accommodations at the Cañon hotel. It had a touch of home about it, although a rag carpet covered the floor, and its furnishing was of the simplest. The large fireplace was filled with brakes, and a blue ginger jar full of fresh ferns occupied the center of the pine mantel; some good wood cuts, evidently cut from periodicals, framed in tamarack burrs covered the walls, and the windows were draped with spotless white cotton curtains trimmed with old-fashioned ball fringe made by Aunt Liza. The table looked very appetizing. A glass tumbler filled with maiden's hair was set in the center. The crockery was coarse and chipped, but there was bacon nicely broiled, dainty rolls of Sue's make, and a glass dish of wild blackberry preserves, flanked by a pitcher of cream from the dun cow's milk,—and Sue to serve it, looking tantalizingly pretty in

a pink cotton gown, with cheeks of a deeper pink to match, as if she had overheard a few words of the conversation on the porch.

Mrs. Carter sat at the head of the table with her mouth drawn down, and sighed as she shook hands with Mr. Carroll, and he asked after her rheumatism.

Old Job came in soon, after washing the clay off his hands, chuckling to himself, and saying under his breath, "Who'd have thought it?—our little Sue!"

"Pears to me, Sue, these blackberries have soured," Aunt Liza sighed. "I told you, you did n't put sugar enough in them, and they've worked."

Notwithstanding the reflection on the blackberries, the young people enjoyed their supper, and she walked as far as the haunted house to speed the parting guest. There he told her the sweet old story, and Sue with only the haunted house as witness gave the old, old promise of love and loyalty.

It was growing late, and Philip insisted on walking back again with her, despite the fact that he would be late at his office. The world did not hold two happier hearts that night. It had all been so sudden and so sweet, they felt as if they were alone in the mountains, walking in a new world created for them, where love and peace enfolded everything.

As the setting sun shone through the empty window frame of the old cabin, it looked like a fiery eye watching them in wrath, and Philip drew Sue closer to him as they left the haunted house, and she told him of her childish dread of it.

"Now," she said, stopping before they quite reached her home, "let me go on by myself. I want to think it all over, and I must tell father. It will be hard for him." Her voice saddened, and then she asked in a half embarrassed way, as if she had just realized that the world was not all their own, "Will your father like it?"

Philip looked at her as if he heartily believed old Job Carter when he said "There is no one on God's earth good enough for her," and answered:

"My father is a stern man, more fond of his business and money, I am afraid, than he is of me, but he is just. We have each other, Sue, and nothing can separate us. I came to tell you I am going to leave the office next month, and hope to be settled by next spring, so as to have a home for you."

She stood and watched him until his figure disappeared among the pines. Her heart beat fast. She had hardly known that she had loved him until that day. Now it was all clear to her why she had been so very happy lately. Life stretched bright before her that night as she sat by her father, while he smoked and talked to her of his past life and future hopes.

When she was preparing to go to bed, old Job called her to him. She knelt by him. "Sue,"—his voice trembled,— "you're all we've got, and it goes powerful hard with the ole woman. You mustn't worry your ma, and by spring," his rough hand shook a little as he patted the brown head, "by spring we'll strike the channel. May be Philip will take to mining, and we'll all be happy right here together. I want to die here right by the ole Grizzly. We've seen many a hard day, your ma and me, but there's good times comin' yet, Sue, they're comin'."

The days went by too quickly to Sue. The first of the month came, and Philip left the Cañon, but comforted her with promises of frequent letters. Old Mrs. Carter grumbled that Sue spent more time on the trail to the Cañon after letters than she did at home. Philip wrote her that he had got into business in San Francisco, and was doing well and saving money.

Old Job was hard at work. The Grizzly was prospering better; he had hired some Chinamen to help him run new

drifts, and was getting in as much work as possible before the snows should come.

One day he came home looking worried. "Sue," he said, "those same men who were around here in June have been prowlin' round again, asking the Chinamen questions. I don't like the looks of it."

Sue laughed. "I guess they are Eastern people, who are curious."

"I don't like the looks of it." The old man shook his head.

A few days after, Sue went to the Cañon for the mail, and received a letter directed to her father. Job was not accustomed to receiving letters, and she wondered what such a bulky envelope could contain. When he came home to his noon dinner she gave it to him.

"'Job Carter, Esq.,' that's me," he laughed, reading the address and tearing open the envelope. A fierce expression came into his eyes.

"Sue," he spoke in a voice choked with passion, "read that. May be I don't make it out right. I'm not much on larnin'."

She took it from his hand and read it hastily aloud. It was a letter from a lawyer, stating that he wrote on behalf of his client, Mr. James Carroll, who had obtained a patent to the mining property known as the Grizzly, and he further desired, as the said Job Carter had no legal title to the said property, that he would quit and surrender up possession thereof. Otherwise he would be compelled to institute legal proceedings against him for the possession of the same.

Sue stood as one stunned, but old Job clenched his fist and said:

"Let 'em try to take it,—it will be over my dead body. Carroll?" he said, "Carroll? that's Philip's name, and his folks live down at the Bay."

Mrs. Carter came into the room, and Sue slipped out. A great fear came upon her. James Carroll was the name of



Philip's father. Early in the summer she remembered a fussy old man, who had walked over to the Grizzly and asked a great many questions; afterwards she knew that it was his father.

Job left the house and walked towards the mine,—the mine that his whole soul was bound up in. He felt like a sick man, and his figure looked old and bent as he climbed the hill. Sue watched him from the house anxiously, then quietly followed him.

"Have n't you any papers?" she asked eagerly.

He shook his head: "No. I located here when a man had a right to a claim if he worked it, and when I come back I allers thought some day I would run down to Auburn. But Lord, honey, the Grizzly's mine, and no man on earth can take it from me." But Sue doubted.

"Next week I'll take a run down to Auburn and see that mining lawyer."

When old Mrs. Carter heard the news she took to her bed and kept up a groaning night and day. "We might jest as well turn Digger Indians, and live on roots. Your pa is the most onfortunit man!"

Two or three weeks passed and no action followed the legal document; but Job took an old breech-loading rifle every day with him to his work and gave up the idea for the present of going to Auburn.

October was now well on the way. The mountain winds blew keen and cold, and the first rains had come, presagers of the winter's snows.

Sue grew white and thin from anxiety as she went about her work. She was always listening for sounds from the mine. She knew her father was desperate when roused, and a dead shot. The strain told upon her. Even Philip's letters were a worry to her. She dreaded the confirmation of Mr. James Carroll's identity. Evidently Philip knew nothing about affairs, for he wrote cheerfully,

often alluding in a jesting way to the channel.

One cold evening, after a hard day's work, Sue sat by her mother, who was going over in a monotonous tone all of her old troubles. It was growing quite dark, and her father had not come in. He was working alone in the mine now, early and late. She walked to the door, opened it, and listened. She could hear no sound but the wind through the pines. She generally liked to hear it, but to-night it made her shudder.

After a time the suspense became intolerable. She turned to her mother, who was sitting bundled up in a big rocking chair. "I'll just walk up the hill a piece and meet father." She threw a shawl over her head and started up the trail. The mine was not more than a hundred yards from the house.

She had received a letter from Philip that day, telling her he was coming up to the Cañon for a few days to see her. She had felt that day happier than for some time.

She reached the mine and called. No one answered. She called again. A voice answered faintly from the mouth of the tunnel.

She looked in, and in the dim light saw her father, stretched on the ground near the entrance, looking like death.

"Are you hurt?" she cried. "Not much, I reckon," he spoke feebly. "I was down farther, and a piece of rotten timbering fell on my leg. I reckon it's broke. The timbering was n't heavy. I pushed it off and crawled up here. It happened this afternoon." Here a groan interrupted his story.

"Don't worry your ma, Sue. It hurts powerful bad. I reckon my bones are old and brittle. I've been a long time gittin' this far, but if you help I reckon I can crawl to the house. I feel kind of faint like."

Sue was brave,—there was no human creature nearer them than the Cañon,—she must help him herself. She was

strong of muscle and used to heavy weights, and it was only a hundred yards. She could not lift him, because Job was of a large frame, but gently as possible, and O, so slowly, with long rests between, at last she succeeded in dragging him, with the help he could give by crawling, to the house.

"Mother,"—she went in quietly,—  
"father is hurt, you must help me carry him in."

Old Mrs. Carter did not have time to moan, and something in Sue's face made her follow her.

Worn out by pain and exertion old Job had fainted at the step; but the two women, exerting their utmost strength, lifted him up and carried him to his bed. Sue ran for brandy, and for once Mrs. Carter forgot herself sufficiently to be of service. She had been considered a capital nurse in the old days when she crossed the plains.

"Mother, I am afraid his leg is broken," Sue said, after they had succeeded in reviving him. "I'm going over to the Cañon."

Mrs. Carter stared in amazement; even the sick man made a feeble protest against it.

"Sue Carter," her mother said, "are you crazy?"

"No." Sue smiled sadly as she looked at the lines of suffering on her father's face, and saw how nobly he was repressing all sounds of suffering. "If I go now, I can send word by the engineer on the night train to Dutch Flat," (that was the nearest point where a physician could be obtained,) "and we can get the doctor by the east-bound freight in the morning. If not, father must lie here until tomorrow night, until the passenger comes in."

"But it's pitch dark and beginning to rain!"

Sue tied a warm hood on her head, put an extra log on the fire, and bade her mother wring out hot cloths and keep them on her father's leg. She

bent over him, kissed him, and was gone.

She picked up a lantern and went out into the night. How dark it was! and the wind blew her skirts about so it impeded her walking. Great drops of rain fitfully blew against her cheeks from time to time, telling of a coming storm. She looked up the trail. Rows of ghostly pines bordered it on every side, and they moaned and wailed like tortured beings. The wind shrieked down in the cañons in a wild, eerie way, and the pines echoed it in an unnatural lower tone on the tops of the mountains.

Sue was brave, and it was for her father; but as she drew near the haunted house a shudder ran through her frame. A pale moon was struggling through a bank of clouds, and the frame of the haunted house stood black against the sky. The boards creaked, and a shaft of moonlight flitted for an instant through the empty window-frame, and then, as a cloud swept over the moon's face again, left it in staring darkness. The wind blew harder; she had to clutch her shawl firmer with one hand and hold on to the lantern with the other. It seemed to her as if the horrors of a lifetime were condensed in those few moments; but on she pressed through the storm until she reached the top of the hill. She seemed possessed of superhuman strength. The bark of a coyote was the only living sound that broke the night, and it came to her as a sort of relief through the souging of the pines.

She gained the track, then there was only a half mile more through the snowsheds. Her wet skirts clung to her figure, her head swam, she felt strangely weak. Once she sat down to rest in the dark shed; she crouched down on a pile of old lumber by the track, her limbs felt numb, and a drowsiness seemed stealing over her. Then the thought came to her that she did not know what time of night it was, she might be late



for the down freight, and she rose up with trembling limbs and pushed on.

It was only a bend in the snow-shed, and the welcome lights of the station twinkled before her. She reached the sitting-room of the hotel by the track, and the landlady, who was a friend of the Carters, stared at her with amazement.

"Sue Carter!" she gasped. "What's wrong at the Grizzly?"

Sue sat down. At first she thought she was going to faint; but she was made of sterner stuff. Born and bred in the mountains, she had inherited and cultivated endurance. She spread her numbed hands to the blaze of the fire, and told her story.

A small crowd had gathered around by this time. "The down freight is not due for an hour yet," a man said, consulting his watch.

"You must have flown from the mine; and such a night," the landlady said.

"After I rest and have some coffee I must go back," she said calmly. The color was slowly coming back into her cheeks, and she was feeling the reaction from the strain.

"I'll go with you." "Me, too," "Me, too," half a dozen cried.

"I would like Jim Jones," she said. "He would be of very great help to me."

The station agent blushed at being accorded such distinction.

After an hour's rest, dry garments, with a basket packed by the sympathizing landlady, Sue with her escort started back home.

The storm had cleared away, the moon shone bright and full, and she felt like laughing at her former misery. She glanced regretfully at the telegraph office, where a new man was at work, and longed for Philip with all her heart.

When they reached the Grizzly her father had sunk into a quiet sleep, and she and her mother went to bed, while their good friend watched all night by Job's bedside.

Things did not look half so bad in the morning. Job was suffering, it is true, and Sue felt weak from her exertions of the night before; but friends came over from the Cañon almost at daybreak with proffers of assistance. Mountain people are kindly folk. Living nearer heaven seems to make them feel more deeply the brotherhood of man than do the dwellers in the valley. It is, with them, the thankfulness you give, not the coin they expect to receive.

As if trouble had not fallen heavily enough on the Carter household, a stranger knocked at the door that afternoon and asked for Mr. Carter. Sue opened the door and told him he could not see her father, and then of the accident.

"It won't happen again," the stranger smiled ironically.

"I have been sent by Mr. James Carroll to take possession of his mine. The superintendent will be up on the night train, and we'll have a gang of men at work by next week. If it pays we will put up a mill." The stranger was inclined to be communicative.

Sue led him away from the door, so that the invalid could not hear.

The doctor had arrived that morning, set his leg, and pronounced it a bad break on account of Job's age. The bones would knit very slowly, and it would keep him in bed for two or three months, probably. "The patient must be kept free from excitement and worry he enjoined upon them.

"The boss is going to send up his son to superintend, a young chap,"—he winked in a disagreeable manner at Sue.

"I guess he did n't want to come. I was in the back office, and I heard him and his governor having a row; but what Mr. James Carroll wants to do he generally does, and Mr. Philip has to walk a chalk line. Likely place this for the mountains,"—he eyed the house. "I guess as the old chap has a broken leg, he'll let you stay until it is cured. All

improvements go with the land, you know."

Sick at heart Sue entered the house and flung herself down on the bed. "A broken leg!" she sobbed. "Poor old father, it will be a broken heart, too"; and "Philip Carroll!"—there could no longer be a doubt.

Job was feeling easier towards night, and quite cheerful. "I reckon the channel kin wait till summer, little Sue," he said jocularly, "to buy your wedding gown."

Sue waited all the next day in nervous dread. Toward evening she saw a familiar figure approaching the house.

She assumed an indifferent air in response to his cordial greeting. A hurt look came into his eyes.

"I know things look badly," he exclaimed. Then he began to explain. He told her that he was perfectly ignorant of the whole transaction until a day or two before. His father had then already secured the patent and her father had no real legal title, "though," he interposed, "I believe in his moral right." His father had insisted upon his superintending the mine, and promised him a half interest if he complied. When he still refused, his father said he would send some one else and turn the Carters out of their home as well. "And then, Sue," he said tenderly, "I thought it was better for me to come. I could protect you. I will put up a little cabin at the mine for the men and myself, and I will be near you. I heard of your trouble over at the Cañon. I know it will be hard for your father, but half the mine will be ours. I could give it to you in this way only. In the spring, if it pays, we will put up a twelve-stamp mill, and then, Sue, you must keep your promise."

His arguments sounded well, but she knew her father would not be satisfied with them.

Philip returned to the Cañon and came back next day with a force of men and

lumber to commence building. How blessed it was to Sue to have him near, but she dared not tell her father as yet.

Job improved rapidly. They warded off the fever by skillful nursing. One evening, about ten days after the accident, he noticed for the first time the noise of building.

"Woodchoppers, eh, Sue?" he asked of his faithful nurse, who rarely left him except for an occasional chat with Philip, who was at last established in his shanty on the hill.

Sue looked confused; but, as her father was better, she told him the whole story in her truthful, honest way. "Let me bring Philip to you father; he will explain it better."

The old man's eyes blazed. He could not move himself, but his voice trembled with wrath.

"That viper, that man's son! They're all of a breed, father and son; and I never suspected his creeping ways last summer."

Philip, who had come to the door and heard every word, (Job's bedroom opened directly off the living-room,) entered.

"Excuse me, Sue, let me talk to your father."

Then he retold the story, excusing no one, patiently explaining his motives to the old man. "Mr. Carter," he said "let me marry Sue now, and be a son to you in your trouble."

This seemed to anger the old man more. He stretched his arm out from under the bed-clothes.

"Git out of my sight. You are all thieves, with your sneaky ways. Marry my little Sue! Why, man, there never was a Carter that was a thief or liar. We're plain folks, but the Carters are honest folks."

"Father, you don't understand," she interposed.

Old Job did not notice her. "Go," he motioned to Philip. "You've stole the Grizzly, you and your father between you, but you sha'n't steal my little gal."



Seeing her father's excitement, she motioned to Philip to leave the room.

"Father," she tried to speak.

"Stop, Sue. It's the first time in your life, honey, your father's crossed you, but I forbid you ever to speak to that thief, or have anything to do with him as long as I live. As soon as I can stir we will pack up our traps and move on. May be there 'll be rest somewhere for us."

She saw that he was making himself ill by talking, so she quietly left the room with a heavy heart. She considered Philip's actions noble, but she recognized that her first duty was to her father, and she must abide by what he said until something happened. That something would intervene she believed with all the inherited hopefulness of her father's nature. Old Job took a turn for the worse. The noise at the mine fretted him, and he lay for weeks in bed, until the fall drifted into winter, and work was stopped on the Grizzly.

Although Philip Carroll was so near, Sue never held any communication with him. "It would be unfair to my father," she said, "while he is confined to his bed."

The days were long and dreary. She knew Philip had left the mine, and all the mountains were covered with snow. She had hired a young boy to stay with them all winter to do chores, giving him board and teaching him in return for his services. Twice a week he went to the Cañon on snowshoes for supplies and the mail. Their supplies were scant, and sometimes Sue feared they would never pull through the winter. At nights, when everybody was in bed, she would sit in the corner of the big fireplace, over the embers, and think, until it seemed to her sometimes that she would go mad.

Philip wrote to her regularly, although she dared not answer; and that was all that kept her up during the dreary winter.

Job did not grow strong, even at the approach of spring, and Aunt Liza was taken down with acute rheumatism. As soon as possible the men returned to work at the Grizzly, and old Job would stand for hours at the window that looked towards the mine.

"If it was n't for my leg," he groaned beneath his breath, "the man that stole it would n't be alive." They had finished the new mill, and every throb of the stamps seemed to crush his heart.

When Job looked at Sue and saw how pale and thin she was growing, how fragile she looked, a great fear crept into his heart. Her step lost its elasticity; she no longer sang about her work, and once in the evening he found her crying when she thought no one was near.

All this cut him to the quick. "It's worritin' about that chap," he muttered to himself, when he saw her looking towards the mine with a wistful, heart-sick expression. He made up his mind that as soon as he could hobble around they would leave the Grizzly.

Philip Carroll never came near the house. Job saw this with satisfaction. He had acquired a habit of talking to himself, and one evening, as he sat in the room with his face turned towards the mine, he said aloud, "She's got clear Carter grit."

Aunt Liza had come in unnoticed; she picked up his sentence:

"Yes, and breakin' her pore heart doin' it. Job Carter, you're a wicked sinner." She put the yarn sock she was knitting down on the table. "Women folk ain't as tough as you think, if they are Carters, and Sue's got a look about her eyes lately more like heaven than earth, like my sister Mely had in the States, 'fore she died, and it's you that are killin' her with your obstinacy."

Job stared at her in astonishment. He had no time to reply before a knock sounded on the door.

Aunt Liza opened it and started back

as Philip Carroll walked in, bigger and browner than last year, but with the same cheery smile and manly face.

Sue came in through the kitchen door at the same time. There was perfect silence in the room. Sue first turned white, caught hold of a chair, then a pink flush crept into her cheeks and her gray eyes filled with tears.

Philip stepped forward and took her in his arms, while Aunt Liza picked up the yarn sock and wiped her eyes with it. Old Job stood aghast.

"Sue," Philip said, "I have been watching you every day through my marine glasses up at the mine, and you looked so badly I could n't stay any longer, though I've broke my promise to you. Sue, I came to tell you we've struck the channel."

Old Job involuntarily flourished his manzanita stick over his head and shouted "Hooray!"

Sue looked frightened. She thought her father had lost his mind.

"It has panned out wonderfully well," he continued, "and will buy you a home, Sue, instead of a wedding gown. Mr. Carter,"—he turned towards the old man,— "my father has worked the Grizzly well. I've come to show you my deed to half the mine. I want to share it with you. You have a claim by right of discovery, and with the mill and good machinery, a part of the mine will prove

more to you than the whole ever could if you had worked it alone."

Old Job did not answer for a moment. He drew himself up proudly, as he thought how impossible it would be for him to be beholden to any man.

He covered his face in his hands, and it took but a moment for all this to flash through his mind. He could shoulder his pick and hobble away to new fields up the mountains. He pictured the loneliness of it. Old and broken as he was, he knew life could not stretch out very far before him anywhere; he realized the utter desolation. They could go away: then the thought came to his mind, that if he chose to sacrifice himself it was not fair, not honorable, to "drag the women folks down."

He looked at Sue, at her transfigured face, and then at old Aunt Liza, worn and broken down, who was regarding him with trembling eagerness. He smiled half bitterly as he looked down at himself, and knew how useless he would be to them in the future.

"I will go *alone*," he said to himself; then he walked slowly to where the young people were standing, and put Sue's hand in Philip's.

"God bless the old Grizzly," he said in a broken voice, and turned away.

"Amen," Aunt Liza responded in a quavering tone, for she was crying for joy, her face buried in the old yarn sock.

Mary Willis Glascock.





## A ZUÑI GENESIS.

IN an earlier number of the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, [March, 1888, page 328,] a Navajo tradition of the peopling of the earth has been related. The Zuñi story of origins is different, but bears an evident relation to the Navajo one. As received by the present writer, it is, as will be seen, colored by the Spanish and American conquests, yet not in any essential points.

The Zuñi story-teller enjoys rehearsing his tale of the origin of life to the foreign visitor at the old cities of Cibola, and with the fervor of a dramatist, with his soul wrapped in the all that is sublime in the whole universe, he states how away in the ages past, in the early stage of the beginning, the Zuñis, Navajos, Pueblos, Americans (or people of the rising sun), and all the different species of land animals, found themselves in peaceful company, entombed in the spacious cavern of a great mountain. The walls surrounding them were of solid silver, reflecting light to see by. All within, human and animal, were perfectly developed, active physically and in their various qualities of instinct and reason, excepting one of the males among the Zuñis,—he was blind, but his ears were keen.

Exercising one day, an eagle struck its spread wing against the concave roof of their prison. The blind Zuñi heard the hollow sound caused by the trifling incident, and philosophized on the probability of the existence of a tenantless cavern close beside them, which might be utilized with profit to all. He expressed his idea to his fellows, and a council was held as a result of his surmises. All became interested, and as the glories of the world beyond were set forth as a prophecy by the blind speaker, all partook of enthusiasm. Methods of

action were voted upon, and it was finally concluded to send a solitary woodpecker to prospect for an outlet, while the subject was being further meditated upon.

The bird, proud of his mission, surveyed the entire expanse of the upper walls, working with might and main at all imagined weak places, but to no purpose. The silver did not yield to the thrusts of his sharp beak, and discouraged and exhausted, the laborer reluctantly gave up his task of finding or making an opening in the barrier.

The report of failure entered, the eagle volunteered to use his strength for the possible benefit to all, and swooped against the side of the arched roof so that his beak struck it with sufficient force to crack it as the shell of an egg. The tiny crevice in the silver was only large enough for the egress of a moth-worm, and the moth-worm was sent to explore the world beyond.

The messenger wriggled out through the opening, and found itself on the side of a mountain with endless space before it, and to right and left. It lay still to recover from its amazement, and to reconnoiter the situation. The only living creatures it saw were four swans. These were stationed at the cardinal points, and had an arrow under each wing. The swans pounced upon the moth-worm, each striking an arrow through its body, exclaiming in chorus, after examining the blood upon their weapons: "This worm is of our race."

Then followed a great commotion. The waters covering the valley suddenly parted into four large arroyos with dry land between them, and the worm in terror and pain crept lamely into the cavern, where it told its wonderful experience to its eager audience, and showed its wounds to verify its truth.

The attack upon their messenger had not the power to quell the spirit of enterprise that possessed the human and animal inmates. Eager to know the worst, all were ready to avail themselves of an opening large enough for their outlet. The bear sprang in advance of the excited throng to the crevice in the wall, and with the strength of his earnestness tore away the broken parts and disappeared, the whole mass of prisoners following in a long procession, until all were in the open world, which was sunless, yet not totally dark.

The Navajos were the first of the human prisoners to make their escape from the cavern, and when their first flash of wonderment at the size and form of their new place of abode had subsided, they settled at once back into their happy-go-easy manner, and began playing *patole*,—their favorite game then as it is now. The Zuñis, a suitable time after their release from prison, began to build houses. The Americans traveled east, and were not heard of till this century. The Pueblos occupied themselves in cultivating the soil.

The earth was then small compared with its present size, and even the night, which was constant, had neither moon nor stars; so with a view to getting these conveniences a council was held, embracing the three remaining tribes, to discuss the making of these, and a firmament in which to place them.

As the meeting closed, each tribe had by common consent its allotted part to do in the creative work. The work was divided into three parts, and the Navajos claimed first choice, having been first in the new world. They chose that of making the sun; but as they were not builders, the Zuñis kindly helped them by building their workshops.

This done, the Navajos shut themselves up with tools and materials, and went about their work in good earnest. The Zuñis built the heavens, then made the moon and put it in place. The Pueblos made the stars, and the three tribes

worked with a will, regretting, however, that the Americans had shirked their share of the labor.

The Navajos at last finished making the sun, and the Zuñis helped them hoist it, one Zuñi going up with it. The moon was hoisted in the same manner, and the two Zuñis were left aloft to act as the guardians of the two created lights; and as the world grows yearly, these two Zuñis move their charges farther back into the heavens, that their distance as first placed may remain the same. One of the Zuñis, however, proves less competent than the other, for though the sun and moon were intended to give equal light and warmth, having been made alike, a difference is made because the Zuñi in control of the moon holds it too far from earth, so that we do not get its full force. It is due to his slothfulness also that the face of the moon is sometimes covered and allowed to grow dim, for the moon changes constantly; while the greater watchfulness of the sun guardian keeps his charge always at full brilliancy.

Among the strange lapses in the tradition is its failure at this point to account for the change of day and night, but it is to be supposed that these two guardians grow weary, and so divide their duty. But there seems to be no equivalent for the golden bowl of the classic myth that returns the sun to his starting place every morning.

The Pueblos had the stars all made, and ready for distribution in the form of fishes, bears, birds, and women; but a coyote, looking them over, said impatiently:

"Why trouble so about those stars? Why not stick them up anywhere?"

And bounding upon the heap, he kicked his rear limbs heavenward, scattering the stars promiscuously from horizon to horizon; and the Pueblos concluded to let them remain so.

Thus provided with light for night and day they rested from their labors; but not for long, for new wants arose,



and soon another council was held to discover how to improve their condition and that of their progeny. As they speculated on this problem three jars were produced. One beautifully ornamented was filled with worthless matter, and one of the two plain jars contained agricultural tools and flocks and herds. The other held tools and a variety of useful articles.

The Navajos were again first to choose, and they took the handsome jar. The chairman said that so it should ever be, — the Navajos should roam and lead vagabond lives. The Zuñis and Pueblos, he said, should have fixed homes, should live in comfort and industry, own flocks and herds, and find food in the earth.

One morning the Zuñis saw a hen turkey come from the east. This bird alighted on the spot where now for many centuries has stood the city of Cibola, and she was recognized at once as a messenger from the Great Spirit. While she plumed herself, an ear of maize fell from under her wing. This was picked up by the Zuñis and divided into three parts. The small upper end was given to the Navajos, who even now raise inferior maize; the middle part fell to the Pueblos, who are known to raise a better quality; and the Zuñis kept the butt end of the ear for their own seed, and so raise maize superior to that of their neighbor tribes.

Again the turkey hen came, bringing fruits and cereals, but much of the grain she dropped under her perch, where it was eaten by smaller birds. What remained the Zuñis and Pueblos divided equally, and even to this day these tribes pride themselves on raising good wheat, rye, and other grains, thanks to the kind messenger of that early time, when their needs and inexperience baffled their desires to plan for future comfort and plenty.

One day an old Zuñi called on the Navajo tribe, fearing neither ill will nor

treachery, until taken captive. To avenge their unfortunate choice of the worthless jar, the Navajos put him as an arrow across a bow-string and shot him into the clouds. The Navajos expected their victim would fall again when the ascending force was spent, but to their chagrin he remained in the heavens, and they realized that by their ill nature they had only given the Zuñi tribe a spirit to watch over and guide them: and, after many years, the old Zuñi sent his son to his people with messages of love, and assurance of his fidelity as their protector.

In the time the son remained with the Zuñis, the people prospered to the full extent of their hopes, but one unlucky day he took offense at some unintended indignity, and left them, going south. After a lapse of time he returned, bringing with him a Spaniard, weapons, and firearms, in token of his grievance, yet he was much loved by all of his tribe, who, at his death sincerely mourned his loss. The Spaniard returned to Mexico.

Three days after his death, the youth's body was missing, though a guard of two had kept constant watch.

The body was searched for in vain far and wide, but one day a Zuñi visited the great cavern to westward, the cavern of their former prison, and there found him seated on a silver throne and cutting his hair, as do the Pueblos. The Zuñi saluted him, and expressed joy at his discovery of the missing demigod, but the youth ignored his joyful expressions and his queries, and addressed him in these words, spoken in a low and melodious voice:

"All those who die must come here and live with me in their own first home. Out from the earth they came, and to earth must they return. They shall abide with me, and I with them, for this is our mother home."

And so the Zuñis have always buried their dead.

*Dagmar Mariager.*

## PARTNERS.

HE was a little man from the oil regions of Pennsylvania. He had fair hair, a thin moustache, and deep-set, straight-gazing gray eyes. He came to the camp in its early days, bored wells and timbered mines, and generally had plenty of work at his trade. He never drank or gambled, or balked any man's speculation, or jumped his prospect, but somehow or another Joe Innsley got a nasty name.

It could have arisen from no other thing in the world than that he was a great talker; and in a country where one of the chief virtues asked of a man is to keep his own counsel, this talking was a great offense. It was talking, too, that never did any harm; it was only of himself, of his life in the East, of his modest hopes and plans, of his ideas on general subjects; but in the frankness and loving comradeship of his nature he did not heed that his simple confidences were heard with suspicion and never answered. He sometimes may have inadvertently repeated chance remarks he heard, but certainly never with any idea of making mischief. For all that, men got into a way of saying, "Look out for Innsley," "Don't say anything about that before Innsley"; and finally, "That Innsley is a scoundrel." They did not reflect that no scoundrel ever looks the world in the face with the wide, clear eyes that Innsley did, or declares the honesty of other men as he was frequently heard to do. Thus it came about that Joe had no partners in the camp and was socially avoided; but he was the best mine mechanic in the Territory, so in spite of all he still had work.

After a while Joe built another room to his cabin, bought a new bedstead and stove, and various little household articles that lone bachelors never use; and

soon a little brown-haired woman came all the way from the States, and she and Joe were married.

But trouble did not leave them alone; when the little ones came, one died, and two were delicate, puny things; the climate did not agree with the little wife and she was never well; other carpenters came to the camp, and Joe did not get so much work; and above all he kept the nasty name.

Along the west side of the camp was a deep, ragged gulch; through it rushed a small stream, which was often swelled to a black miniature torrent by the tailings from the mills at its head. On the Flat side of the gulch, near the west end of the bridge where the trail crossed, was Innsley's cabin. On the other side rose steep, rough hills; and snuggled into the side hill, close beside the trail going over into the camp, was another little cabin. In this lived Tom Casmuth, a Canadian, one of the steadiest working men in the camp. He was working a small but very good claim on a lease, and making money; he was a dark, taciturn man, with no comrades and no enemies. Tom had a wife, counted a handsome woman by the miners, for whom she did washing. She had black eyes, a fine color, and a strong, handsome physique; but she was as quiet and cold as her husband was.

One evening in early spring, as Joe Innsley was coming briskly home from his work on the other side of the camp, his attention was attracted by the positions of two figures standing on the slope just above the bridge. One was standing silent, with firmly planted feet and clenched fists hanging straight at his sides. His hat was off, and Joe recognized the tawny face and powerful form of his neighbor, Tom Casmuth. The



other was a slight, dapper figure, dressed in a gentleman's business suit, carrying a small cane in one hand, and gesticulating lightly with the other. In him Joe recognized a young fellow who had recently made his appearance in the camp as the agent of an Eastern insurance company. As Innsley approached, he heard the younger man say :

"See here now, Casmuth, why not come to terms? I have the means to prove against you every word of what I've said. You'll lose that handsome wife of yours, all you've made, and perhaps your life. I don't choose to use these means because they will do me no good; I prefer you to pay me a certain sum for my information. You are making money out of the Rattlesnake and everybody knows it, so you can easily make the bargain."

"Reese Wormser, you know as well as I do that Cora believed Glacier was dead before she married me,—he was never nothing but a dirty dog to her anyhow. And as for me having anything to do with the fire that drove him from the country,—there you're a liar."

At this the man addressed as Wormser struck Casmuth full across the face with his cane. Quick as lightning Casmuth wrenched it from him, broke it in two, and flung the pieces down into the gulch.

"You coward!" he hissed, "if you was n't the little lame cur that you are, I'd throw you after it. I'm not afraid of ye, Reese Wormser, and ye'll not get a cent out of me for your lies. Your father was kind to Cora when she was in trouble, and for the sake of that I'll not touch ye now. But mark my word, if you keep on dogging me and trying to make trouble for Cora, remember, ye'll never see the States again! I give ye fair warnin', ye'd better leave the camp."

Wormser made a slight gesture, half turned and took a step away; then he faced about again and looked at Cas-

muth, who stood quite motionless. Wormser slowly pushed his right hand into the breast of his coat, and rested it there, and so they stood for an instant.

Then Casmuth unclenched his fists, and throwing the palms out with a savage, contemptuous movement, took two or three steps to the side of the trail, and stooped to pick up his hat. Wormser had been perfectly quiet, but now, with a sudden, sharp move, he whipped a knife from his breast, and made a tigerish leap full for the bending Casmuth.

All this had taken but a very few moments, and Joe Innsley was still hesitating near them. At this action of Wormser's, Joe jumped, almost instantaneously with him, and by the force of his rush pushed him from his aim; the knife and outstretched arm passed just over Casmuth's left shoulder, and the three men fell to the ground together. Innsley held Wormser tight in his clasp, and Casmuth recovered himself immediately. He snatched the knife from Wormser, and threw it, as he had thrown the cane, down into the gulch.

"Let him up," he said to Joe. "I'll let him go once more. I don't know how I do it, but the luck's his. Indian! snake! coward! D'ye think I can keep my hands off ye much longer? Will ye go and leave me alone?"

Wormser rose lightly to his feet, flicked the dust from his clothes, and answered softly, with an ugly smile:

"All right, Tom, another time will do as well. I hope you'll pardon the accident."

And without further word or sign to either of the men, he walked quietly back toward the camp.

Casmuth turned to Innsley, and offered him his hand.

"You've done me a good turn, neighbor, and I thank ye for it. I know the boys don't speak over well of ye, and I've got no friends among 'em, either; so, if you'll have it that way, why, we're pardners."

This was the beginning of their friendship. It grew till Joe Innsley and Tom Casmuth were counted almost as one man. Joe found a sympathetic, though somewhat uncommunicative listener for his talk, and from being so accepted by such a silent man as Casmuth, began to be better thought of in the camp. Tom was true as steel to the little man, and echoed him in all he said and did.

That summer Mrs. Innsley was ill a great deal, off and on, and Cora Casmuth came every day to the little cabin on the flat to put things to rights. Molly Innsley's was an affectionate, grateful nature, and Cora seemed glad of the opportunity for such a woman's friendship.

One evening, when the two men were smoking their pipes near Casmuth's door and Cora was with Mrs. Innsley, Tom said :

"Joe, you've never asked me no questions about that fellow that was going to stick me that time ; and it's all the better ; I'm glad you didn't ; but I've got to feeling as though I'd like you to know about it, in case anything should happen any time."

And then, speaking slowly, and stopping now and then to take a whiff at his pipe, or skip a stone down the hill, he told Joe his story.

"Five years ago I was workin' in a lumber camp in Maine. We was all of us Canadians, exceptin' old Glacier, the foreman of the camp, and he hated us all, and called us sneaks and liars. His wife was a Canadian, though, and the finest, handsomest woman in the State. She hated drinkin' and carousin', and he seemed to take pleasure in havin' the roughest crowd around ; she was cook for the camp and she could n't get away from it. Mr. Wormser was the president of the lumber company down in Boston, and he had a son, Reese, who came up to the camp that summer. It was easy to see he was hangin' around Glacier's wife.

"I could n't bear the sight of him ; I

was wild, for I was — well, I was in love with Glacier's wife myself, and though I never said a word to her and would n't 'a' donē it, and I knowed as well as anyone that none but a husban' had a right to take up a quarrel for her, yet when I saw her abused by him as ought to have protected her, and insulted by a young devil that was n't fit to come near her, I went may be too far. One night I saw him with her, and heard some words he said, and I knocked him down. He fell backwards over a log, and he's been lame ever since.

"That very night there was a fire in the yards, and all the lumber was burned ; and next mornin' Glacier was gone with all the cash. Old Wormser was telegraphed for and came at once. It was black days for Glacier's wife. She had nothing, nor no home nor friends. The whole case was plain against Glacier. A lot of the boys could swear they knew he hated young Wormser, and had said he'd have it out of him ; the money was gone and he was gone, so what more ? But Mr. Wormser was kind to Glacier's wife, and took no grudge agin her, but gave her a little money and took her to some friends where she got work. They could n't find anything of Glacier, so they finally gave it up. Another foreman came, and business went on again, but I left the camp.

"In about five months pretty certain news come that Glacier had been killed in a saloon down the river. Then I went to Cora and I asked her to marry me, and we'd go away from all the trouble, and go out in the mountains and live quiet and make something for ourselves, and I'd try and be a good man to her. So after a bit she consented, and we was married and come out here."

There was a longer pause here, and then he spoke again.

"Last spring Reese Wormser chanced on me again and tried to bluff me. He says he can prove that Glacier is still alive, and that it was me that fired the



lumber and took the money. I don't care by what lies he'd make it out, that's nothing to me; but he must keep out of my road from now on. I somehow let him go for her sake, for I did n't want to start hard talk about her, or be the means of bringin' more trouble to her; but I'll kill him for her sake too!"

The short summer went by, the bands of cattle began to seek the bald ridges, the snow drifted among the hills and skirted over the flats, and the winds blew cold down the gulch. The insurance agent was occasionally seen in the camp, and heard of in others more or less distant. He was known in all the saloons, and his sarcastic temper and petty tricks, though controlled far enough to keep him from any open quarrels, had made him thoroughly disliked and distrusted. Plainly he no longer had any business in the camp, and it had been suggested to him more than once that some other climate would agree with him better.

Once only had he come to Casmuth's cabin, and sought an interview with Cora. Tom had long since told her that Reese was in the country, but he had merely told her, and they had never talked of it. She had been much troubled inwardly lest anything terrible should happen between the two men, but she had kept silent, fearing that any words of hers might somehow bring about the very thing she most wished to avoid.

When Reese Wormser came she was washing, with her tubs on a bench outside the door. Cora Casmuth was not more than twenty-eight, and the miners might well call her a handsome woman. The suds dripped from round, white arms, and the hands, though rough and brown, were shapely; the moist forehead was broad and clear, and the black hair, rolled high on the head, waved and curled all about the neck and brow.

When she straightened up and turned about, Reese Wormser stood close by

her door. He extended his hand but she did not dry her own.

"Don't you know me, Cora?" he said.

"I know ye."

The quiet contempt and dignity of her answer showed that she was not a common woman, whatever her place in life.

"I thought perhaps you would recognize me by this limp of mine, if nothing else," he said lightly, swinging his cane down across his leg. "But I suppose Tom prefers you should not remember me. That's natural enough; he knows as well as any one that you could have done better. Come, Cora, will you not shake hands for old times' sake? Perhaps I bring you some news."

"I want no news from you, Mr. Wormser. I tell you open, I never wanted to see you again. I'm Tom's wife, and me and him is livin' happy here. All I ask of you is to go away from the country, and I ask it for your own good, too, for Tom's a hard man when his blood's up."

He put this aside with a little wave of the hand, and went on, trying in every way to win some friendly word or sign from her. He was unsuccessful, and obliged to leave her.

Though he had said he would see her again she did not think he would come back, and she decided she would not tell Tom of his visit. Why should she? It meant nothing, could come of nothing, changed nothing; it would only serve, perhaps, to vex Tom, and put him unnecessarily in the way of this man, who was a proven coward. It was best to say nothing.

But Tom learned it accidentally. One of Innsley's children got to prattling to him of the lame man that struck his doggie with a cane, and that stopped up at his house too. Tom asked no questions of the child or of his wife. And after all, what did the whole matter signify? Nothing, in truth nothing. Business had brought Reese Wormser into the neighborhood of this man who had

once thwarted his purposes; and accidentally discovering him, he considered he might, in otherwise unoccupied intervals, find it profitable or gratifying to annoy him. More than this it was not likely to be. But what it effected was this: Tom Casmuth's greatest natural fault was a jealous spirit, and now, after so many years, it was beginning to grow and burn and torture him.

That was a very gay winter, as gayety goes in a mining camp. Times were prosperous, and the boys were quick for a drink, game, or dance. In January there was a social entertainment of unusual proportions and attractions. The "Smiling Albert" was a newly built house of refreshment, a balloon frame of two large rooms, and this was to be thrown open to a generous public on New Year's night with a grand ball. The Phœbe Band, a minstrelsy organized from the amateur musicians among the workers in the Phœbe mine, was to perform for the first time in public. A professional gentleman from the East was to perform some "thrilling feats" in the bar-room. Altogether, it promised to assemble the whole camp.

Joe Innsley persuaded Tom to go; he said he'd go himself, but Molly was n't very well, and he did n't think he ought to leave her; Tom was getting too glum, he ought to wake up, and to take Cora; it would do them good and put some life in their bones. So finally Tom consented and they went.

The Phœbes were loud and inspiring, the dancing lively, and the drinking fast. Cora did not want for partners, for Tom Casmuth's fine-looking wife was well known, and under the influence of the movement she was bright and gay. Poor Tom did not dance, but loafed gloomily about among the men, sometimes looking at the dancers, and then falling back to the bar-room.

In the middle of a lively quadrille Cora found her partner to be Reese Wormser, whose slight lameness did not

prevent his dancing when he chose. He smiled and spoke, and she, almost unthinkingly at the moment, spoke again. The quadrille ended, and with scarcely a pause a schottische struck up, and Cora, whirling with the breathless crowd, found herself somehow or another dancing with Reese Wormser.

The excitement of the evening was increasing. In the bar-room the professional gentleman was about to begin his "thrilling feats." He was a little, black-whiskered man, with sparkling eyes, a smooth voice, and supple and quick of movement. He stood on an inverted candle-box behind the bar.

"Now, gentlemen," he was saying, "before I begin the wonderful feats of magic with which I am about to surprise and entertain you, I will ask your attention for a few moments. I have here a few small articles which I would like to sell. First, here is a tray of sleeve-buttons. I tell you candidly, gentlemen, they're not worth much, but I'd like to sell them, and I'll take anything from two bits to four bits for them. I'll not take over four bits for them, because I don't think they're worth it; but come now, anything from two to four."

This he kept rattling over in his smooth, half-smiling, frank sort of a way, and several of the men, just for the fun of the thing, picked out a pair of buttons from the gaudy lot, and paid their twenty-five cents for them. And to every man that bought, the professional gentleman gave, along with the buttons, fifty cents, just double what they paid. Pretty soon, however, he put the buttons aside and began again.

"Now, gentlemen, I have some watch-chains here, not very valuable, as men of your good judgment can easily see, but all the same, I'd like to have you buy out my lot, and I'll take anywhere from one dollar to five; won't take more than five,—come, now, gentlemen, give me just what you think they're worth,—you shall have them at your own price."



This time all the men who had bought buttons, and many besides, thinking they would again get back double their money, paid a dollar and received merely a chain worth about ten cents. Among this lot of purchasers was Tom Casmuth. To indulge in any such lottery game was a very unusual thing with him, but his moody and excited frame of mind, with perhaps a stiff drink or two, to which he was but little used, had caused him to catch at this bait. When he found himself taken in his face darkened, and he began cursing the cheat.

A taunting laugh from one side of the room caught his attention, and looking there he saw Reese Wormser leaning against the wall and smiling sarcastically. Tom was already half-crazed, and now, with a great rush, he threw himself on the insurance agent, and clutched his throat fiercely with both hands. The proprietor of the "Smiling Albert" called out he would have no fights, and the bystanders quickly separated the two men.

"Tom, I guess you're a little off your feed tonight; had n't you better go home?" said an acquaintance, with rough kindness.

Tom was more quiet by this time, and after standing silent for a few moments, muttered that he guessed he would go home, and left the place.

Some one observed, "Why, say, boys, that's kinder strange, ain't it? His old woman's here, you know. Tom 'pears to be a little queer tonight." And that was about all the attention given the matter.

Meantime, Cora had heard nothing of all this. It was only a little after eleven o'clock, and the festivities were but just starting into full blast; but Cora had observed Tom's uneasy air, and now thought it would be better for them to go home. She had just pinned on her shawl and tied her scarf about her head, preparatory to going, when Wormser came to her again.

"Not going, Cora? Won't you give me another dance?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wormser, but I'm goin' now, as soon as I get Tom."

"Humph! Tom's gone."

"Gone!" she echoed in surprise. She at once suspected something wrong, but she was too proud to ask any questions. "Then I'll be goin' at once." And she turned away.

"Stop, Cora," he said, pressing close to her, "if you will go, you must not go alone; let me go with you."

"No, Mr. Wormser, I'm not afraid, and I don't want you. You'd best stay here."

She pushed her way out of the house, and hurried off toward home. She was alone for a few moments, and then Wormser caught up with her and walked on by her side. He tried to make her talk, but she had no words for him, and hurried all the faster.

It was bright starlight, and very cold, Cora shivered to the heart as she thought of Tom? What had happened? Should she find him at home? O, if she should n't!

Up from the flat she hurried, out from the straggling main street, with its grocery store and saloons, into the trail to the west; past little cabins, with here a lonely light, and there a growling dog, close to an open shaft, by a cow corral, across a flume, and still on.

But the trail was too winding and too long for her excited haste, and she struck out of it into the snow, tracing her way slantwise up the butte by the line of black bowlders that marked the vein of Tom's claim, the Rattlesnake. Sometimes she struck her foot against a rock, or stumbled on a hidden corner-stake, and the deep snow dragged heavy and wet on her skirts; but still she hurried on, and so fast that Wormser could with the greatest difficulty keep up with her.

As they reached the summit and began the descent toward the cabin on the other side, the midnight whistles sound-

ed out on the thin, cold air. From the craggy side of the great ridge on the east shrilled and screamed the Colossus; in the flat the Night Bird hooted its long, hoarse note; the deep, hollow voice of the Big Grizzly rolled from the head of the gulch, from every side they started up and echoed from ridge to ridge, across and across the hollows and lonely buttes, calling and answering the midnight, then dying away again.

They were now close nearing the cabin, but Cora's anxious eye saw no light. How bitter the wind down the gulch, and how dark and loud the rushing water! This gullied, beaten, worn west side looked rough and cruel, with its bare boulders and deep fissures. They were close to the corner of the cabin, the woman nearer, the man at her left. From the shadow came a bright flash; and face forward, flat in the snow and sand, fell Reese Wormser, a bullet through his heart.

"My God! what are ye doin.' Tom! Tom!" screamed Cora, with a great leap forward.

Tom's hand seized her roughly by the arm, and pushed her from the door.

"Ye must n't go in. Ye knowed I could n't abide him and yet ye would do it. Ye might a knowed it would come to this. I've been a cursed fool for six months, and this ends it. Don't try to say a word; I'd not want to hear ye lie, and I'll not listen to it. Stand where ye be."

He went inside the cabin, and Cora stood, a very stone, frozen with wild amazement, and fear, and horror. Immediately he came out again with two medium-sized bundles, one of which he thrust at Cora and the other he kept himself, saying:

"Them's your duds and these is mine. You'll not go into this cabin again; it's been our home but it ain't for you nor me any more. You go your ways and I go mine."

He locked the door and threw the key

with all his might away down into the water of the gulch. Turning with his bundle he strode over the dark thing in his path and plunged through the snow, south along the rough edge of the gulch, and disappeared around the curve of the butte.

He was gone, and Cora stood there alone; yes, utterly alone,—that something lying there in the trail did not count. He was dead, but that was nothing; it was that Tom had killed him, and Tom no longer believed in her.

The cold, bright stars shone on the dim, distant peaks, and all the reveling camp became a nothing beneath the great emptiness that fell and spread and took possession of the world. To the woman standing alone on the mountain side, chilling through body and soul, there was no life anywhere, nothing but rocks and snow, and the far, cold sky.

Then when her limbs were almost stiff, she went down and across the gulch to the Innsleys' cabin, and knocked at the door. She called out who it was, and sank on the ground, and when Joe opened the door he had almost to drag her in. That night Joe rolled himself in his blankets and slept on the floor of their little shed kitchen, and gave Cora the bed with Molly; and so it was for many nights, for she remained with them.

"Don't ye think of going away, Cora," Joe argued with her; "poor Tom was out of his head, and he'll see his mistake when he comes to himself again. Take heart, woman; we'll get him back again somehow."

There was very little excitement in the camp over Wormser's death; he had not been at all popular, and no particular effort was made to discover his murderer. It was taken for granted that Tom Casmuth was the man, and he had utterly disappeared; but the predominant feeling was a wonder what had come over the poor fellow, and a pity for his wife.



The winter wore away, and the lower hills and ridges lay bare and brown again; the long wood teams brought their loads from the timber on wheels instead of runners; then a delicate fringe of willows showed along the creek; the flat became tinged with the faintest yellowish green, and spring was at her brightest. Still nothing was heard of Tom Casmuth.

Poor little Joe missed and mourned his friend sorely, and had much ado to encourage hope in the abandoned and grieving wife. He was ever on the watch for chance news, and not a stranger was heard of in camp that he did not hunt him out and question him.

Midsummer was beating upon the bare buttes till they seemed to bake and crack open; the sand whirled, the sagebrush flourished, and the cactus bloomed on the south hillsides; when Joe finally struck a ranchman from California, who in answer to inquiries said he was certain he knew the man, and that he was placer mining in a camp down there by himself.

Joe lost no time in writing. "Tom," he said, "you was the best friend I ever had, but you're a 'tarnal fool to leave your wife. Ye need n't stand off about comin' back on account of what happened, for that's all forgot, at least it won't be took up again. You made a big mistake, Tom; you was all wrong about your wife, I can swear to that, an' if ye'll act the man ye'll come back. She's here now, not sayin' much, but just waitin' an waitin', and you're doin' a sin, Tom, every day till you come back."

Late in the fall he got an answer; it was short, and Casmuth would not come. "It's not for the shootin' of Reese Wormser that I'm afraid to come back, but I'm afraid of what come between Cora and me. It's kind in you, Joe, but it's no use; it can't never be made right."

Joe refused to be satisfied with this, and he and his wife talked it over again

and again. He felt sure that if he could only talk with Tom, he could bring him back to reason and right. Cora was silent and uneasy, and they could see that she was thinking of going to Tom. Finally Joe formed a settled purpose, with which his wife heartily concurred; he would go himself and get Tom, and bring him back. He had been doing pretty well lately, Molly's health seemed fairly good, and with Cora to stay with her he could manage very well to leave.

It was the first of December when Joe left the camp by stage for the nearest railroad point, a hundred and forty miles away. He gone, a lonely winter began for the two women. The journey would be a long and tedious one, and Joe was no more given to letter writing than most men of his way of life, so they did not expect to hear from him for a long while.

They did as best they could, though it was sometimes dreary work, when the snow and the winds confined them to their cabin for days at a time. Cora was always patient and kind in her work; but though quiet, anxious and nervous, Molly was bright and cheerful, and full of hope for them all.

As the time passed, however, she seemed to be failing in physical strength. The climate had always been severe upon her, and now she seemed less able to stand it than ever before. She contracted one cold after another, and was often racked with intermittent mountain fever. Gradually she grew so weak that she was obliged to keep to her bed altogether; the fever hung constantly upon her, and the terrible aching never left her. But she always spoke of being better before Joe came home, and had cheerful words of the one he was to bring with him.

Cora's thoughts were all at home now, and a great fear came and lived within her day and night. If Joe should return and find his wife — O heaven! how could she have consented to the purchase of

her happiness at such a risk! Still Molly grew worse; her constitution was too weakened for the medicine Cora finally procured to have any effect, so that all she could do was to care for her as tenderly as human hands could do, and silently await the end. She knew now that it must come, for the burning, racking fever raged uncontrolled, and no human frame could long withstand it.

One cold, gray dawn, as the howling night-wind was slowly dying away, the cheerful, patient, suffering little woman breathed her last. All the camp had known of the sad position of the two women, and sympathetic hands bore poor Innsley's wife to her rest in the little graveyard down in the flat, where from a cañon on each opposite side the winds swept across in icy blasts.

Cora's position was more fearful than mere words can tell; no longer daring to look forward to what was still her soul's prayer, she found each day a month with lonely waiting and sickening dread. She was by nature reserved, unspeculative, and practical, and the strain wore upon her very life more than it can do where imagination lends a certain elasticity and power of recovery. She took care of the orphaned children, and retained the life in her body,—that was all.

A letter came, addressed to Molly, from Joe, saying Tom was coming back, and that they would be home as soon as they could make the journey. The hours

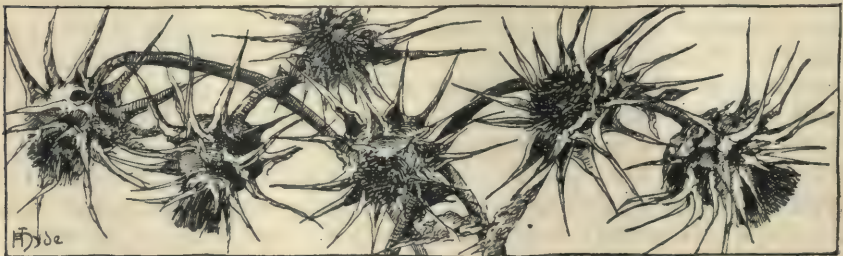
were now, if possible, more torturing than before.

It was February when at last the two men came once more to the little cabin in the flat. Tom Casmuth was old and worn, but the contrition and sorrow and love in the deep eyes made the rough face holy. No words were needed between the faithful wife and him to blot out everything and begin again; each had had a sufficient preparation.

But poor Joe! A more terrible thing — yet perhaps a better thing — than Cora had anticipated, happened. He never asked for Molly; he never even knew that he was at home. The last part of their journey, which they had expected to make by stage, was done on foot. The roads were considered impassable for teams; but the two men were desperate; they could not wait, and they boldly started on. There had been exposure and fatigue unimaginable, and by the time they reached the camp poor little Joe was exhausted. The fever of the malignant pneumonia was on him, and he was either unconscious or raving. The second day he began spitting the black saliva, and the fifth, he died. He was laid beside his wife in the bleak, frozen field, and the camp forgot all its old suspicions, and called him its little hero.

Tom and Cora kept and brought up the two children as their own, and on the little tombstone in the flat is the simple legend: "The truest pardner a man ever had."

*Dell Dowler Ringeling.*





## CHILD SAVING.

ONE need ask no more suggestive text than the two simple words *Child Saving*. The mind starts to action at once,—saved from what?—saved to what?—and how? No time need be spent in arguing the necessity or the importance of saving in general, or that the period of childhood is the accepted time. The question must at once be narrowed if it is to be effectively pursued. First, let us dismiss any consideration of saving in the theologic sense. One world at a time is quite sufficient for the purpose of this discussion, and faith is indeed feeble if we cannot always trust the world to come to the infinitely loving Father of all.

There is something analogous between health of body and health of soul. There are two ways of getting rid of physical ill,—by one we cure, by the other we prevent. Practically neither way is easy or always possible. Whatever may be our private "pathy," we are at times woefully impressed with how much the doctors don't know and can't do, and feel quite inclined to deny them further opportunity for experiment, and to let kind old Nature cure us in her unaided way if she will, or let us sink to rest if she must. Nor can we always escape disease by discreet living and "taking care," but we can do much if we are wise and have ourselves under a good state of discipline. Many ills we can prevent, and we have a profound respect for the physician who studies causes, and with self-sacrifice and nobility of spirit tries to keep us from getting sick.

With the cure or prevention of soul sickness there is vastly greater difference in favor of prevention. The powers of nature make for health, and a man recovers from an ordinary attack, whether he take pills heroic or infinites-

imal in size, whether he uses his own mind or his neighbor's, and perhaps quite as soon if he does nothing whatever. But health of spirit is not so readily restored. "Who can minister to a mind diseased?"—and if not to a mind, much less to a soul. Cure here is indeed rare. The sin and wrong is not an abnormal condition which nature resists, but is the result of growth in the wrong direction, and if it be undone it must be conversely by a growth in the right direction, and we get pretty tough as we get past or even towards middle life.

Dr. Wines, the lamented master in penology, once said:

"Every movement for the relief of society from the fearful burdens of vice and criminality has forced upon thoughtful minds the conviction that the only solution of the problem is to be found in the application of radical remedies in the period of childhood."

Radical remedies, — root remedies, — what are they?

The determining causes of individual status are inherited tendency and development. Which is the more influential is difficult to determine and of little use to ask. We are cut off from amending perhaps the more important of the two. Doctor Holmes is credited with having replied to the question, "When should the training of a child begin?" by the witty but profound saying, "A hundred years before he is born." Unfortunately the grandparents are beyond our reach, and for all practical purposes it is almost as difficult to get at the parents. Our only hope is in the children, but that hope is augmented when we think of them as possible grandparents of twentieth century boys and girls.

We are left then with the development of what heredity has given us. Each new-born being represents great and varied possibilities, with range from

heaven to hell. For one it is easier to reach the lower depths, for none is it easy to reach the heights. With infinite variation in mental and moral endowment all are alike in this, that there is for each a possible worst and a possible best. To the extent that the possible best is reached the true end of being is attained, and the Kingdom of God is advanced.

It is obvious that true education — that is, the drawing out and development of that which is best — is the divinely appointed means of reaching the highest which each life holds.

This is the ideal to strive for. It may not be fully attained, for this is a finite world, and education must be conducted through finite beings, and cannot be perfect. If it is true, it must be slow. If it is false, it may be swift, for

“Ill weeds grow apace.”

But God is very patient with his children. Moral excellence, virtue, love of the best, must be of great value. He waits for them so long. Commonly, when we grow faint and discouraged in striving for moral ends, it is because we have undervalued what we seek. Let us then feel that we can afford “to labor and to wait,” not expecting quick or bountiful returns.

Education — how glibly we speak of it, how little we understand it, and how poorly we accomplish it! We commonly make it synonymous with schooling, which is indeed an important part of it; but education laps over schooling at each end, and runs an intermingling stream, often little modified by it. It begins with the first breath, and ends — who shall say when and where? The best of it is not in response to conscious effort, but is absorbed from every point of contact, imparted unconsciously for the most part.

But, how are radical remedies to be applied to this forming influence that determines character and condition? “Ay, there’s the rub.” Environment,

however, is the first thing to consider. It is both atmosphere and food to the new-born soul. Happy is the child born to good and wise parents. We may dismiss him from the discussion, not that there is no need of saving, but we may trust to the mother’s love and the father’s vigilance and discretion, — and hope furthermore that the saving may be from selfishness as well as from crime.

But this is no sheep and goat world. We get rid of very little when we set off the few who are distinctively wise and good. The most of us are mixed, — much so, — and environing influence is mixed of good and evil. The problem is to reduce the evil and increase the good. It is not easy. Nothing worth anything is, but it is to a degree possible, and therein is our hope. Most parents mean well, but they don’t know how. They need enlightenment, special knowledge, a better understanding of cause and result. They need friendly sympathy, and the respect that fosters self-respect. They need help in many forms, not enervating alms, but wise and loving aid. They need protection from the temptation of their own appetites. Society may not compel any man to be temperate, but it has as little right to compel him to withstand a groggery on every corner as he goes and comes from daily work.

The will to help always finds a way. Study the results of such experiments as the Christian friendliness at Elberfeld, or the various movements of New York and London to reach the poor, by dwelling with them, and forming centers of help and courage. I was much interested to learn from the son of President Eliot, of Harvard, that more students volunteered for service among the poor of Boston than could be used by those having the movement in charge; and his account of his own experience in collecting from poor families small deposits of money during summer and fall to provide for winter fuel, touched me with its significance.



But let it not be imagined that it is only the children of the poor who are in especial danger, or that neglect is the only cause of bad habits and ruined lives. A visitor at a State's prison lately was struck with the large number of young men, and being a teacher, wondered about their boyhood. She asked the warden what kind of boys they had been. He replied: "Mothers' pets,—the last one of them." Indulgence is probably a more fruitful source of the weakness that bears fruit in crime than the neglect that many poor children must receive. But whatever the source, the practical question is, what can be done, and by whom must it be done?

Society recognizes the right and duty of each family to be self-regulated; parents may and must care for their own. For its own interest the State provides schools that its citizens may be intelligent,—or have a chance to be, which is frequently quite another thing. For its further protection it prohibits by law certain overt acts of wrong, and in a clumsy sort of way sometimes punishes offenders. Further than this its policy is one of non-interference. The result is not altogether satisfactory. Our prisons and jails are too full for any sort of complacency, and we cannot doubt that the proportion of those who get the punishment they deserve is quite small.

Now what can the State or the individual do? The causes are plain to see. The germ of true manhood is often very feeble, and the early influences are smothering. Association with the depraved blunts moral perceptions, conscience is undeveloped, vicious instincts wax strong, the mind moves in a narrow groove, and reaches nothing higher than low cunning, the whole upper range of being is a forfeited domain, and a half-human animal is turned loose to prey upon the world.

There seem to be two general methods of treatment. The first, to remove the child from the influence; the second,

to remove the influence from the child. As the first is the more limited in its application, we will consider them in reverse order.

The bulk of children, if saved at all from dishonor and crime, must be saved where they are, in their own homes, and often without the help of their parents, it may be in spite of them. The influence, however demoralizing, can only be removed by modification, or by being over-balanced or supplanted. We have already considered some of the methods or hopes of changing the home influence. There remains the resource of counter-acting or overpowering. It is evident if this effort is to succeed it must be made early. If the devil gains full possession it is, humanly speaking, impossible to oust him. If we are to draw out the good that is in each, we must not wait till it is so overgrown with evil as to require a surgical operation to get at it. If the life-giving plants are to have any decent chance with the weeds, we must not wait till they are choked and out of sight. If innocence is to be led forth and turned into virtue, we must begin before it is all gone.

Herein lies the wisdom of that reformer of reformers, Froebel, and I am convinced that his methods are the most effective to the end we seek. They are effective, because they are the natural and true methods. They are based on scientific laws, and they are informed and quickened by human sympathy and love. Neither is their secondary influence on the parents to be valued lightly. They must be often led through or by the child, and they are unquestionably taught by them. The growth of the free kindergartens is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. I foresee far wider recognition of the wisdom of such training, and believe that either through private gifts or public support such schools will be as general as our common schools are today, so that every child may be reached and given an up-

ward bent some time before the recognized school age.

This will mean much, but to be fully effective must be followed up in the same spirit by more rational training than our present school system provides. Educators are awakening to the fact that human beings are something more than heads, and that true training must embrace also hands and hearts. Neither is the ideal of school acquirements confined to an omnivorous knowledge of useless facts, or to mental discipline that is bounded by  $x$  and  $y$ . It is considered no disgrace to learn something that may be of every day utility. President Davis told me of seeing in Boston two young girls called from their class and asked to fit one another to a dress-waist, and to explain the process, which they deftly and clearly did. He told me, too, that one of the teachers related a touching incident of a mother coming with tears of joy and gratitude to thank her for teaching Mary to sew, adding, "And now Mary has taught me." Girls graduating from this school had no trouble in securing work and good pay. Cooking in the same manner is now thoroughly taught, and the imagination is lost in picturing the misery averted and the comfort gained through the heading off of dyspepsia.

Industrial training is proving its value wherever tried, and is especially fitted for those depending on manual labor for their livelihood. Prof. Adler, that wisest of humanitarians, has established in New York a workingmen's school, which the pupils, having spent three years in the kindergarten, enter at six and attend for eight years, going afterwards for three years to night school. At seventeen, it is claimed, a pupil has gained an education equal to that given by any high school in America.

This industrial training is not mainly for its practical advantage, obvious as that is. That a boy may know the principles and use of a few tools, or that a

girl may cook a digestible meal, or cut and make a well-fitting gown, is an excellent and sensible thing of itself; but the greater gain is in general intelligence, in practical judgment, in applied information. Such an education means something; it has some relation to daily life; it awakens a real interest. It tends, too, to give labor its true standing, and to forestall the silly notion that to work with one's hands is in any degree a disgrace. It fosters self-respect and self-reliance, and paves the way for the thorough trade training which is the best shield against poverty.

With this industrial training, which carries forward the occupations of the kindergarten, there ought to be in some form moral training, which should correspond to the early lessons in unselfishness and love. Temperance, self-control, honor, should be built up, and in every possible way the will should be strengthened and lifted. When the world fully realizes what religion is, and learns to distinguish it from theology, there will be no objection by anybody to its being inculcated in our schools; but in the mean time, and probably forever, it can be most effectively known and gained through the daily faithfulness, the scrupulous uprightness, and the unselfish love of those who serve in these sacred temples.

The reading of Robert Elsmere has re-impressed me with the value of storytelling as a moral and intellectual agent, especially among the young and the ignorant. To awaken the imagination, to quicken the sensibilities, to lift out of narrow surroundings, to connect the aroused soul with the broad universe, is a great achievement. This will lead to reading, and that is a factor of growth apparently not fully appreciated. One plain defect of much of our school training is that it leaves an ugly gap between the individual pupil and the knowledge or love of books; and when schooling stops, the reading habit not having been



formed, from lack of time to cram and read at the same time, intellectual activity stops. A live and discreet interest in what has been written would often be of more value than an exhaustive knowledge, say, of cube root or the celestial parallax.

My attention has lately been called to a proposed National Best Reading Association, which would enlist the teachers of the country in awakening a knowledge of and interest in the best books. It would include the publication of classified catalogues of various sizes and kinds, which would give information as to the nature and rank of standard books in every department. There is a world of difference between the good influence of a good book, and the bad influence of a bad book; and a teacher is often the only one a child touches who is able to distinguish between the two. A start in good reading is the open avenue to a healthy discontent, a true ambition, and the general awakening of the quickening spirit, and these are the surerest reliance we have for bettered conditions.

A source of vicious and degrading influence to children, especially in our large cities, is the saloon or the corner grocery, infested with low, swaggering hangers-on, who are heroes in the eyes of the small boys who gravitate to these infectious centers. They should be fewer in number and held to closer responsibility, and boys should be kept from the streets at night. There is much opportunity for counteracting such evil influence, by substituting healthful amusements and attractive reading-rooms, where boys will find real friends, ready to give them genuine entertainment, not too heavily charged with instruction, and where early piety will not be expected.

These are merely suggestions of a few of the methods that may be used in modifying or overcoming the demoralizing or degrading influences of home or

neighborhood, when the child must remain there.

When it is possible to remove the child the same principles can be applied, and generally with much better effect. Substitution then takes the place of modification or counteraction, and the difficulty is of another kind, namely, to substitute the best. The class of transplantable children is only small in comparison. It embraces helpless orphans, those who have committed minor offenses and are liable to punishment, those who have run away from home, or are waifs from any cause, those who are neglected or cruelly treated by parents to an extent justifying the appointment of a guardian, those whose parents are convicted of crime, those who prove so unmanageable that their parents give them up, and those abandoned by reason of sharp misfortune or poverty. It is this large, peculiarly exposed class that appeals first to our sense of humanity and justice. Friendless and unaided, they gravitate into crime. About them there can be no question. We can get them. They need our help. Every sentiment prompts their rescue and restoration.

Just as every tide deposits on the beach its flotsam and jetsam, so every day the restless ocean of society throws helpless human beings within our reach. The police stations, the courts, the jails and the almshouse form the beach where life-saving stations are most needed. The unhappy children, through no fault of their own, are threatened with ruin. The community cannot afford in any sense to leave them uncared for. Read the startling story of Margaret the mother of criminals; consider the recent statement of English authorities, that of the prisoners undergoing sentence, fifty-eight per cent practiced dishonesty before they were fifteen years of age. So urgent is their need, and so great the magnitude of the work it necessitates that the term "child saving" is com-

monly restricted to the treatment of this class alone. It has become a great trust and responsibility, and constantly makes demands difficult to meet.

The beginnings of the modern movements are hard to trace. We know that the early Christians cared for orphans, and for the deserted, destitute, and especially exposed children. At the hands of the widows and consecrated maidens they received primary instruction, and were taught a trade. This was in sharp contrast with the customs of paganism, which from this unfortunate class peopled its schools of gladiators and houses of shame.

It is recorded that in 1552 the citizens of London petitioned the king for the palace of Bridewell to lodge the poor, and "to breed up children in industrious habits." The famous prison of Ghent, established in 1775, embraced as a part of its system "the care, education, and industrial training of the poor, and of all children addicted to vagrant habits, or otherwise in peril of falling into crime."

But it is of comparatively late years that efforts of this nature have been general and systematic. In Germany, for instance, more than three hundred child saving institutions have been established in the last forty years. England has a very complete system of preventive and reformatory institutions, and it cannot be doubted that they have largely contributed to the gratifying decrease of crime. In 1806, when London had a population of a million and a half, there were 3,000 inmates of her prisons under the age of twenty; while in 1884 in all England and Wales, with their twenty-seven millions of people, there were but 3,226 under twenty, and only 275 under sixteen. Statistics just published show continued decrease of crime, especially among the young. All Europe has been active in such efforts, and with like result. France has been especially successful in reformatory work, its famous

school at Mettray being a model of its kind.

The United States as a whole has not been backward. The older communities have been very liberal in support of child saving work. New York spends over three million dollars annually on her preventive institutions. Massachusetts has a wise and comprehensive system, embracing a State primary school, two reformatories, and a State visiting agency, which finds homes for children and regularly visits them. Connecticut has lately established temporary county homes, where children are kept till permanent homes are found. Ohio is following the same course. Michigan has one exceptionally fine State school at Coldwater; and the Elmira (New York) reformatory for young men is in many respects the equal of any in the world. Much study has been given to methods. Experience has exploded many theories, while comparison and discussion at the annual conferences have thrown much light on this dark and difficult subject.

Independent of these State institutions there have grown up in all our large cities, societies of which the Children's Aid Society of New York is the general prototype and pattern. This society, under Mr. Brace's management, has done a wonderful work. Over a quarter of million of children have been helped by it. Its newsboy lodging houses, day and evening industrial schools, its meals, baths, and savings banks, have been helpful, but its great achievement has been in taking from their vicious surroundings four thousand children every year and placing them in homes, mainly in the West. There is some difference of opinion as to the proportion of these children who turn out well, but it is claimed that not more than five per cent have become criminals or chargeable on the public. A special investigation not long ago of three hundred and forty placed out in Minnesota showed four fifths doing well, and only sixteen



per cent badly. Certain it is that a very large majority of them become good citizens; and it is admitted that juvenile crime in New York has either absolutely diminished, or stood still in face of the rapid increase of population. Twenty years show an actual or equivalent decrease of thirty per cent in arrests for vagrancy and petty larceny.

The general result of experience everywhere has been against continued institutional life and in favor of homes. So far as possible, institutions of the advanced type are modeled on the home, and among those whose reliance for child saving is the placing in homes, the discussion now seems to be the advisability of any intermediate institutional life. The Philadelphia society has given up its home, and boards its waifs in families till homes are found.

The ideal is a good home; the practical effort to get the best possible. Success is largely dependent on the care and judgment in first placing out the child, the faithfulness with which he is visited, and the discretion and patience shown in keeping him there or changing him till he fits. When done thoroughly this work is expensive, and therefore is seldom done as it ought to be, from sheer financial inability.

California has done very little as yet in real child saving. The orphans have been liberally even lavishly provided for, but we have no State school or reformatory, and no visiting agent or board of charities. We are doing doubtful good in so largely sustaining private institutions through our system of per capita allowance. We hold out a premium to keep children in large institutions, where they grow up under an artificial, unnatural influence, and are weakened and unfitted for the struggle of life. If half the money

that is spent to keep them out of homes was used in putting them in homes, it would give far better results for the children.

We need a visiting agent and a corps of assistants, to find homes and watch over the wards of the State,—those who from any reason have no other protectors or guardians.

The institutions which are virtually supported by the State should be subject to the control of the board of charities to this extent: children for whom good homes could be found should be taken from these so-called asylums and placed in them. If possible, matters of faith should be respected, and Protestant children be placed in Protestant families, Catholic in Catholic; but if any denomination or sect consider the religious influence or training of their especial institution so important as to decline to place a child in a home, the State allowance should be withdrawn. The State is interested, and ought to pay to make its children good citizens, but not good Protestants or good Catholics. If a State school after the form of that at Coldwater, Michigan, could be kept free from politics, and honestly and wisely managed, it would be well to establish one.

After all that the State can do, much must be left to private enterprise, and the assistance rendered by such societies as our San Francisco Boys and Girls Aid Society. Child saving is not an easy and simple attainment. It is too valuable and sacred an end to be easily reached. But it is worth any expenditure or sacrifice that may be found necessary, and it is possible. What is most needed, after an appreciation of its momentous importance, is the determined will.

*Charles A. Murdock.*

## WHOSE WAS THE CRIME?

## A STORY OF ROUND VALLEY.

A LONG, low ridge of hills hid the base of the lofty snow-covered mountains, on whose tops the last rays of the setting sun seemed to linger lovingly. A line of thin mist rose above the ridge, faintly betraying the lay of the river. On the highest peak of the low hills stood three tall pine trees, now sharply defined against the evening sky, for there was a break in the mountains beyond, and at this point there was nothing to obscure the vision of the three pines, whose slender topmost boughs seemed to reach almost to heaven itself. The hill whose summit they crowned stood out into the valley, somewhat separate and distinct from the low range, and was regarded by the most superstitious Indians as an object of awe, for in it "Hel-lo-ki," or the Devil, was supposed to make his abode, and all avoided passing it after night-fall.

The curling smoke from the Indian lodges slowly arose, forming itself into a gray vapor that hung like a misty veil round the foot of the hills. It began to be dark, too dark to see the ever-varying tints of green that adorned the slopes of the range. A few clouds shrouded the mountain tops, and from the northwest the ocean fog came creeping slowly and stealthily into the valley, soon entirely to cover the low basin. From the hills in the mornings the whole valley was hidden from view by what appeared to be a sea of fog, ever restlessly moving and changing like the ocean billows.

Down through a cañon into the valley slowly came a drove of pack-mules. The trail was steep, and the sure-footed mustang that the driver rode slipped and sent the loose gravel rattling to the foot of the hill. When the train reached the

level of the valley, the driver hurried them along, glancing anxiously at the fog-banks. He must get to the town before night-fall.

Far behind the last heavy-laden animal, some distance up the trail, was seen the figure of a woman. As she toiled along, a large pack on her back, she too cast anxious looks at the darkening heavens, and hastened her footsteps. But the burden on her back seemed heavy. At the foot of the hill she stopped, and slipping the broad band of braided twine from her forehead, by a dexterous movement swung the large basket round in front of her. Then she took out a bundle, and uncovering one end of it revealed the face of a baby a few days old. It moaned slightly, and she, as she looked lovingly at it, murmured softly, "Gow-ee-a! gow-ee-a!" (My baby! My baby!)

Holding it to her bosom a moment, she began to hum an odd tune, but as its low moan did not cease, she covered it closely with the old shawl again.

"Nothing there for you, gow-ee-a!"

Then she walked on a short distance, her head erect, and a fierce determination shining in her black eyes.

The driver of the mules looked back at her uneasily. Once she saw his head turned, and waited till a turn in the road hid her from his view. Peering through the bushes she saw him glance back again, but she did not hear his muttered words:

"Curse her! What does she mean by following with that brat on her back?"

He drove his mules on at a faster pace. She stood still a moment, then striking her hands together, and beating herself



on the breast, after the custom of Indian women when mourning their dead, she exclaimed, "He hates me! He hates me! And you, gow-ee-a, he hates you, too. Yes, he hates me. Ah, but I love him! I love him! And I love you, too."

She strode on with strange energy, sometimes sinking over her shoe-tops in the mud, sometimes stumbling on the rocks and stones that lay in her path. The little streams, swollen by the spring rains, ran noisily across the road into the creek below, and she waded through their shallow depth with no thought of herself. It seemed that she strove to reach a certain point before darkness had settled over the land, and as she drew near the hill of the "Three Pines" she slackened her pace, and soon stopped at a spot covered with green grass and shaded by a large *madroño* tree.

She sank down on the soft grass, utterly weary and worn out. Swinging the *pic-ka* again in front till it rested on her lap, she lifted out the baby tenderly, and for a moment held it closely strained to her heart. Then she laid the oddly shaped bundle on the grass beside her, and emptied the basket of its contents.

Great strings of Indian beads or money, with many pieces of Indian gold (red rock) strung between them, fell on the ground. It was these that made the weight of the basket so great. There was yet something more in it. A few worn baby dresses, some pieces of white cloth used as underclothes to enwrap the babe after the manner of swaddling clothes, and in a small box a ring of plain gold, a needle, and a small piece of charcoal.

The last article she laid down beside her, and taking the bundle of shawls enclosing the baby began to unwrap the little one. As she took off the last shawl, the infant lay in her lap divested of all its clothing. Its tiny white limbs gleamed like marble in the faint light of the moon that came slowly up

from behind the eastern hills. The mother snatched the babe up in her arms as if fearful some one would seize it. But as though it were a weakness not to be indulged in, she never once pressed a kiss on the tiny mouth, only held the little face lovingly near her own.

Her eyes looked dreamily at the hill-tops, and it seemed as though she were trying to draw new strength or inspiration from them, for a deed from which she shrank.

Finally, laying the babe in her lap, she took the needle and began to prick the tender flesh just over the heart, till the red blood came to the surface in little drops. Into the minute holes she rubbed the charcoal, which she had finely powdered between two small stones.

The piteous cries of pain smote on the air, and seemed to sink into the mother's heart, for the big tear-drops fell thick and fast on the little body, but she did not desist till the work was done, and there could be seen faintly traced on the infant's skin the letters "A. N." She contemplated her work a moment, then baring her own bosom revealed the same initials stamped thereon,—just over her heart. She compared the two to her satisfaction, it seemed, for hastily wrapping a shawl around the baby, she tried for the second time to suckle it at her empty breast, but to no effect, for it restlessly turned its head from side to side, with a weak cry.

"Ah, gow-ee-a! It breaks my heart to see thee, my pretty one, dying for the food that I thy mother cannot give thee. Live but a little longer, precious one, breathe only a few hours more, and perhaps thy father will give thee what thy mother could not. I shall leave thee here where he can find thee, and he will not pass thee by,—ah, he cannot leave thee hanging there to starve and die, for dost thou not have his blood flowing in thy veins? Are not thine eyes like his own sweet blue ones? Ah, thou lookest at me, and I can think it is his own

that used once to gaze so fondly into my own. He loved me then! He hates me now, I think, and all for thee, my pretty one! His love was all my own till thou didst come; yet though I long for a loving word from his lips, though my heart is hungry for one caressing touch, though my lips are thirsty for one kiss from his own, yet my darling babe I would not have it different, if thou shouldst then be harmed, if it could be purchased by thy death. No! rather let him learn to love thee, and I will rest content and forgotten. O, the mother love! How it seems to well up from my breaking heart and overflow my every feeling, till I would risk all, dare all, for thy sweet sake, *gow-ee-a!*"

Murmuring the last words to herself over and over again, she re-adjusted the shawls, after kissing the baby's hands, which were pressed down by its side, and bound by the string that was laced in and out on either side of the baby basket, in which it was finally placed. The long strings of beads were fantastically looped round and round the basket, and it was a curious-looking bundle that she hung on the *madroño* tree, for she enveloped the whole in her shawl, leaving her shoulders almost bare, for the thin calico waist she wore was hardly sufficient to keep out the chill mountain air.

"For thy sweet sake, *gow-ee-a,*" she murmured, and tying the basket securely to the *madroño* tree on the side nearest the trail, she spread a white handkerchief over the shawl. Moving her hand caressingly up and down over the bundle, she sang, as she had talked, in her native tongue, a cradle song:

"The stars are shining, *gow-ee-a,*  
And thou must close thy pretty eyes.  
The moon is peeping, *gow-ee-a,*  
The land in quiet slumber lies,  
But thy mother watches,  
Thy mother sleeps not,  
Thy mother loves thee,  
Thy mother guards thy cot.

Sleep! Sleep!  
Slumber till the morn.  
Dream! Dream!  
Happy till the dawn."

As she swung the cradle to and fro, the low cry of the infant was hushed, and going up the hill, the mother hid in the bushes to watch.

She lay at full length on the ground, and her long hair hung over her shoulders, and was soon heavy with the dampness.

The hours passed slowly by. No sound was heard save the dreary "hoot! hoot!" of the owl, which caused her to shudder with the nervous dread that seizes an Indian always upon hearing the voice of the *sic-ka-ne*. But in spite of her fear, she did not change her position. Her eyes never once wandered from the *pic-ka*, till the sound of horse-hoofs came to her listening ears.

On the alert in a second, she drew yet more closely into the shade of the dense chaparral, now gazing into the road whence the noise came.

The horseman soon came into sight in the bright moonlight on the side of the *madroño* tree where hung the basket. His horse shied violently as he came near it, and he gave it a savage cut, muttering an oath.

"Confound her! I do verily believe she has gone and left the brat hanging here in full view of all passers-by. And it is the image of me,—curse it!—why could n't it be like the other half-breed young ones, just like its mother. Just my luck, however. And now I suppose I must either stay here till she chooses to return, or hide this in the bushes,—though to be sure she may be in town publishing the story of my desertion, and the best plan would be to take it along to town and give it to her, or if she has deserted it, leave it with some of the Indian women on the reservation. I've heard they will always take care of a young one of their tribe, and I can easily make some story of *Ma-ye-a's*



death, and send them money occasionally."

He did not see the fierce smile of exultation on the dusky face hidden in the bush, but rode off with the baby-basket on the saddle in front of him. And she did not hear his softened tone as he got out of sight round a bend in the road.

"Poor girl! How she did love me! I loved her, too, after a fashion, but of course I never could have married her and taken her East as my wife. No, no, that was impossible. She will marry one of her own race and be happy."

Yet on the third finger of her left hand Ma-ye-a wore the plain gold circle that he had told her was just as binding as a marriage rite. And so it was to her, —but to him! Alas for the cruel injustice that condemns the unhappy woman and lets the man go free! God, who punishes sin and rewards virtue, can alone judge who did the wrong.

The mother slowly rose as he disappeared, and shaking her hair over her shoulders, stood there for a moment as if listening. Then she began to mount the hill. It was very steep, and on two sides sloped down to the creek that ran swiftly and silently on, under the overhanging rocks. Pulling herself along by the low bushes that grew out from between the rocks, she at length reached the top.

There, their tall tops waving in the wind, stood the "Three Pines." On a rock directly under them was a stick stuck into a crevice, and held in place by small stones piled round it. On the end of the rod were fastened three white feathers and a string of Indian beads. The string had broken, and but a few remained swinging in the breeze.

Ma-ye-a gazed curiously at the "medicine," and superstitiously avoiding touching it, she began to disrobe, leaving herself clothed only in a short skirt and a sleeveless waist. Her well developed figure showed to advantage, and she stood like a statue of strength and beauty

very near to the edge of the huge rock overhanging the creek. Her hair hung far below her waist in a dusky cloud.

She seated herself on the ground under the trees, and began to cry Indian fashion for her baby. Mournful indeed was her voice, and as she smote herself on the breast and tore her black hair out by small handfuls, rocking herself in the intensity of her grief, she was indeed a picture of woe.

"Ah-wi! Ah-wi!" she wailed, "gow-ee-a, belle hune! belle hune! gwee! gwee! Ah-wi! Ah-wi!"

The long drawn tones seemed fairly to rend the night air, and the tears streamed uninterruptedly down her cheeks, till, quite as suddenly as she began, she stopped.

Tossing her hair back, she stepped to the edge of the rock, and seating herself so that her feet hung over, she sang a weird strain. It seemed an apostrophe to the night wind, then to the moon, then the trees; finally the whole scene that lay spread before her seemed to be included in her motions, as she waved her hand in that direction.

Two old Indians, passing along the road to the reservation, nodded sagely to one another, saying: "Hel-lo-ki is singing a death song," and they hurried on, for it was bad luck to hear the voice of the evil spirit.

The night wind bore a faint echo of the refrain to the ears of a solitary horseman, with a large bundle on the saddle in front of him, and he shivered as we do when we say some one steps over our graves.

The moon rose higher in the heavens. The waters of the creek glistened coldly and cruelly in the bright moonlight. She sang on till the end was reached. Then springing to her feet, she went back to where the "Three Pines" stood distinctly outlined against the sky. She lighted a match, and applied it to the clothes she had taken off. There was no one near to burn her

clothes for her, and it was an Indian custom as old as their language.

She was deliberate in her motions. Standing under the pines, she bowed herself three times to the east, cast a lingering look in the direction whither her baby had been borne,—then ran swiftly to the rock's edge and leaped out into the night.

Like a falling star she sped quickly onward and downward. Floating in the air like a spirit she seemed, then a dull sound, and she disappeared in the coldly glistening waters. There was a ripple, then it flowed calmly on again, bearing

beneath its surface a mangled form, a broken heart.

God in heaven looking down in pity on the scene can alone decide upon whom the guilt lay. Even one less merciful than He might scarcely blame the untutored Indian mother for thus laying down her life, as she fondly, if wrongly, believed for her child. In her ignorance and out of her great love twice she sinned, but He who spake, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much," yet lives; and shall she not too "depart in peace,"—saved by love—next to faith?

*Jean Claude Carlyle.*



## A LEAF FOR MEMORY.

M. E. P.

NOR to the brave upon the battle-field  
 Alone, the palms of victory belong;  
 Nor only to the great of earth the song  
 Of praise and pæan should the singer yield.  
 Greater the souls that, single-handed, wield  
 The battle-ax against the hosts of wrong,  
 Unknown, un-noted, in life's reckless throng,  
 And only in God's day to stand revealed.  
 How many such, in patient, humble guise,  
 Beside us walk their grief-appointed way!  
 Nobly enduring; worthiest to shine  
 As fixed stars in fame's eternal skies.  
 For these, for this, I reverently lay  
 On her dear dust this little leaf of mine.

*Ina D. Coolbrith.*



## TRIP TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849.

A. D. 1660.

My shield is azure, the knightly cross is red ;  
 The coronet a lordly crown, supporting a wolfish head,  
 The motto was for many years a faithful saying true,  
 In French 't was written, then as now, — " Comme-  
 je fus."

IN 1848 I read a lecture in the newspaper given by Mr. Robert Atherton, just arrived from San Francisco, upon the subject of "California and the Gold Discoveries," which was delivered by request to a public audience of high character in New York City. A personal interview later on gave me a continued "California fever." I took the fever at the commencement of the epidemic.

It was some time before my parents held a general family consultation over my case. Most of my relations had never been farther away from home than Washington on one side, and Chicago of the Far West on the other. A very few had ventured to cross the ocean, and they, returned in safety, never dared a second experiment. They pictured to me the great and many dangers of the deep blue sea ; but at last, finding that each day my fever increased rather than diminished, a reluctant consent was given, and I began preparations to enter into my "wild scheme."

From this hour on I was considered the wonder of the family, a prodigy of daring, was likened to my energetic forefathers of generations gone by, as the offspring of the seventh son, and the seventh generation of the American Puritan stock. My relatives, from the oldest to the youngest, from the nearest and dearest even to the fifth cousin, called to see me ; visitors of both sexes and all ages called at the residence as if attending a funeral ; and numerous invitations to dinner were poured upon me.

At last the hour and the minute arrived, and with it the leave-taking, with the sad goodby. From henceforth I was to be a stranger to home.

Once started upon my journey, the novelty of my position moved me profoundly. I now realized for the first time, and fully, the self-willed step I had taken ; that I was alone and hereafter my own master ; that I had to make my own living. I could not but look forward with some dread. I felt the difference between undertaking a project and the imagination of entering into it. But after a few days the thoughts took new direction, and in the end I was anxious to go ahead.

My wishes to purchase a share in some of the many companies forming for the "gold region" were overruled ; it was thought best by family reasoning that I should learn at an early date to depend upon myself ; consequently it was decided that I should travel alone, rather than united with a promiscuous set, whose antecedents were unknown, and who might lead me into uncongenial habits, false position, and the errors of life. Perhaps they were quite correct, but my knowledge of my own mind leads me to think now that I should have been better off afterwards if I had been allowed my own way.

My passage was taken on board the English steamer *Unicorn*.<sup>1</sup> I carried with me in addition to my luggage a large parcel of letters of introduction to people on both sides of the coast of South America and in California. They were neatly tied up with red tape, to be guarded carefully ; but I found out eventually it would have been quite as

<sup>1</sup> Among the passengers of the steamer *Unicorn* were William Hayward, E. Minor Smith, and George Coffee, of Alameda County.

well to have thrown most of them overboard, for such letters only serve to trouble others, in establishing one's identity, or at best to an invitation to dinner, concluding with the dismissal of "Come again, won't you."

The bell rang as a warning for the last leave-taking, but mine had been gone through with, so that I was better able to observe the goodbys of others. The gang-plank was drawn ashore and landed on the wharf, the bow-line was cast off, and as the steamer's bow swung away, the paddles began to move, slowly turning round, and now the stern line was let go, and we were adrift. In a little while the spectators standing on the wharf became smaller and less distinct, until lost sight of altogether.

Steaming down the harbor towards the open sea, we sighted the light ship rolling and pitching with the swell; the dark, hazy weather beyond gave intimation of rough times and high wind. The state of the crew, and the necessity of regulating the between decks and the bad appearance of the weather induced Captain Porter, very wisely, to drop anchor for a few hours. The passengers one by one disappeared from deck; the dinner was over. I alone walked the quarter-deck, with exception of the regular officers of the ship. I was momentarily expecting to be overtaken by Neptune, but beyond a slight disagreeableness I felt no ill effects of motion; it was fear alone that kept me walking backwards and forwards. Somebody below deck requested the steward "to inform that feller overhead to turn in or quit walking." Consequently I retired to my cabin, and turned into my bunk, where I slept soundly all night.

Once well out at sea, an attempt was made to sail the steamer in order to save fuel; this caused a protest from all the passengers. We floated somewhat like a mud-turtle, our sails seemed to carry us as far sideways as ahead, and the attempt had to be abandoned. The course

of the steamer was set for Pernambuco, as it was found there was not fuel sufficient to carry us to Rio de Janeiro. Before reaching our port we were caught up with by a clipper ship which was off the beam and within speaking distance. "What steamer's that?" was duly asked and answered, and as the clipper squared away the yards, the skipper's parting words were, "I'll report you coming into port." And he was as good as his word. This was Captain Jones, after the popular commander of the Pacific Mail Steamship *Costa Rica*, running on the Mexican coast.

Passing over the events on shore at Pernambuco, and those of Rio de Janeiro, where we visited, because the scenery of both places has been ably described by better pens than mine, I will skip over to the time of a memorable Fourth of July just as we entered the Straits of Magellan. Upon this glorious day, with everybody assembled on deck, the American flag was hoisted at the fore with a salute of thirteen guns fired from the muzzles of the steamer's muskets, while at the same time the voices of all joined in "The Star Spangled Banner." Later on a banquet was served up, and all hands made happy.

The steamer entered the Straits in good weather, but at times could barely make progress against the current. With snail-like advance, gradually we made "Port Famine," then a Chile penal settlement. Here the necessary permission was obtained to cut firewood, and the license issued to enter any of the little harbors for refuge in storms or for procuring fuel. The next morning we steamed into the then called Bauganville, or Borgia Bay, which has however many other names. It was found to be commodious, with deep water, surrounded by high hills, and shut in by a large island at the entrance. We tied up at the bank without the least danger of mishap, and remained several days, while the crew and hired passengers cut fire-



wood wherewith to prosecute our voyage.

The side mountains were very steep, wet, covered with underbrush and snow, so that they were impassable. Many of the passengers, myself included, turned our attention to the water, and whiled away our time quite pleasantly in catching crabs in the boat, or fishing on the banks of the island. We built large fires of logs, and fish chowders became the order of the day. Sometimes a sudden hurricane would sweep down upon us, and drenching rains, with hail and snow. This would keep us for hours under the natural shelter of rocks and hills, but night generally found us on board ship again, to enjoy our comfortable beds. Sometimes we had narrow escapes in the boat from a sudden gust of wind, but generally contrived to avoid dangers.

After several days spent in this snug harbor, with no intimation of any vessel being near to us, we were one evening completely surprised by the sudden approach of a boat and crew. With slow measured stroke of the oar, and a pull together, they struck up the song of "In the wild chamois track at the breaking of morn." The voices were clear, harmonious, well blended together, the song well sung. The high peaks of the mountains covered with snow, their bases rich in dark green foliage, the magnificent and varied scenery in all its wild grandeur and solitude, the clear sky, with a bright, full moon, which left its silvery streak reflected upon the rippling waters, the cold, crisp air, only broken in upon by the voices of the singers, and the inward regular dash of the tide-wave against the shore, produced for the moment emotions the impressions of which have never been eradicated to this day.

The new comers proved to belong to a Connecticut schooner anchored around the point and higher up the Straits; they were cordially welcomed and entertained. Our next visit was from the

American steamer Hartford; she tied up astern of us, and we finally left her at her moorings to proceed on our eventful course.

Our progress against head winds and currents was very slow; we left the Magellan in the teeth of a heavy gale. Lack of fuel and the continuance of bad weather compelled our captain to make for the port of Valdivia, Chile, where we arrived with scarce a spare hour's fuel for steaming purposes. At this place and on board one of our passengers died. A permit was requested of the authorities to allow the body to be landed and buried, but strange to say, the law of the land did not allow Protestants to be buried on Catholic shores. All the concession that could be given was the privilege of interring the body between high and low water mark, with nothing but the rolling waves to serve as monuments of a last resting place.

A sufficient supply of coal and wood was taken on board to carry us safely to Talcahuano. There I was introduced to the English consul, a very tall man. It was said of him, that upon his first arrival as consul, and his first night on shore, no bed could be found long enough for him, so he rested his legs on the window-sill of his room, a portion of his extremities protruding from the window, and during the night, a bright moonlight one, he was awakened from his sleep by two turkeys, who had made a roost of his outside surplus length.

Our passengers took the opportunity of thoroughly investigating this seaport town, and visited Concepcion as well. In the end, none regretted leave-taking; each of us was in great expectations of seeing something more worthy of interest in Valparaiso, where we arrived after three days' passage. At this place I separated from the Unicorn, and took a short vacation, proceeding three weeks after in a direct route, as I then supposed, to San Francisco, under the United States flag, in a sailing vessel

called the Magdela, arriving at my destination almost as soon as the steamer did, which had gone by way of Panama. The Magdela sprang a leak at sea, so that we had to put into Callao, Peru.

While in Valparaiso I had the pleasure of seeing the celebration of the Chile Independence Day, the eighteenth of September. I followed the footsteps of the population, every one of whom seemed heading for one point, and soon found myself at "Playa Ancha," where the lighthouse is. On the hill close by horse racing took place, and this was followed by a military parade. The bands of music played beautifully, each in its turn; it was here I heard for the first time the Chilean national air, and I had to confess that it far surpassed my country's Yankee Doodle.

Booths and tents were erected over a large space of ground; everywhere was gayety, pleasure, and seemingly good entertainment. Flags of many nationalities were waving to the breeze. Numerous dancers, decked in their best array, with flowing ribbons, stood up at the sound of the guitar for the national "Samahucca" dance; the singing and clapping of hands, with rappings upon the guitar case, accompanying the tune and time, enhanced the animation of the groups. I had never seen so many graceful figures together before, or prettier movements of hands and feet, more peculiar voices, or larger, brighter, merrier, blacker eyes than were here gathered together. My impressions at the time were no doubt deepened from memory of a far different class of people at home. We are apt to see new things in a new light, and until we get accustomed to the novelty we cannot properly compare the new with the old; we become for the moment prejudiced; but once the mind is settled, we generally find good and bad in all things. Such was the case with me; when I became better acquainted with the customs of these people, and compared them with my own, I

confess I had to give the preference to home productions.

Leaving the dancers and the lively scenes about me, I was drawn, accidentally, towards a group of the commoner class at some distance away, and witnessed a duel between two peons. Stripped to the waist, barefooted, the pants drawn up and rolled above the knees, the left arm wound round with a *poncho*, the right hand grasping a sharp-bladed knife, the two men stood for a moment preparing for the fight. They were strong, muscular, and wiry, both young, and evidently in a drunken, quarrelsome state. They provoked each other with words. I could not understand, but no doubt they were insulting enough to answer the purpose. A circle of spectators formed around the combatants, but no attempt was made to interfere with them, with the exception that once or twice some maudlin, half drunken, crying women tried to make peace, but their presence seemed to add fuel to the flames.

All of a sudden, one struck his first blow, which was well warded off, and then both peons stood eyeing each other like wild animals ready for a bloody feast. One had the right arm partially raised in the attitude of striking, the knife blade flashing in the sun's rays. His opponent stood firmly on both feet, with his left arm covering his chest, his right hand hanging down at his side, the point of the knife from him, and pointing backwards; his knees were slightly bent, and with a startling, cat-like jump, he sprang forward and took his foe by surprise. Before he could defend himself a deep gash was cut across the chest, just above the heart.

The fight now became active on both sides, and continued without cessation for several minutes; occasionally could be heard the clinking sound of the knives as the blades met or were slid from each other, and both men's bodies showed the severity of the fight. Numerous ugly



wounds appeared, and the warm, crimson blood covered the dark, naked skin. Both showed exhaustion, and with one impulse hesitated, to obtain time to gather breath, panting with exertion. Once more they grasped their knives, this time more firmly, with their muscles strained and swelled; without a word being spoken by either, the eyes gleaming threateningly, it was seen by the spectators that a decisive moment had arrived, yet none dared to interfere to prevent further strife. Gradually they drew together, step by step, creepingly and with caution; there was no hesitation, but an evident desire to obtain advantage. Of a sudden, simultaneously, both men sprang towards each other to meet at close quarters; a thud was heard, followed by a second one; then one of the combatants turned slightly on his heel, made a convulsive spring off his feet, and fell flat upon the ground,—the knife blade had pierced his heart. For a moment his adversary stood rigidly erect; his eyes opened and closed; his face became a ghastly yellow; the tongue slightly protruded from the half open mouth, exposing a white set of teeth; he seemed bewildered and lost, suffering with pain, and suddenly, as if realizing the cause as well as the location, he raised his hand to his throat, and grasped the knife handle of his foe. It had been sent with a firm upward blow through the hollow above the chest, cutting the windpipe, and came out at the back of the neck. His limbs began to tremble, the flesh to quiver, and doubling downwards in a heap, he fell on his side upon the turf. In a few moments more his death struggles were over. The spectators slowly dispersed, leaving the dead bodies on the duel

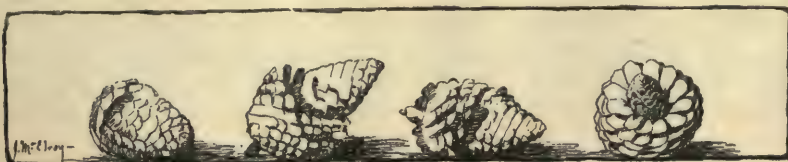
ground, as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had happened. The mounted police made an appearance some time after and had the bodies removed.

The racing, dancing, militia parade and sham fight were concluded for the day, and the populace moved back again to the city, some in carriages, some on horseback, but by far the larger and most boisterous portion on foot. In the evening a performance took place at the large theater in the Plaza Victoria. It was crowded, a perfect jam. When the stage curtain rolled up, it disclosed a group of men and women in symbolical dresses. At the head was an actress dressed as Liberty. Moving to the front she delivered a poem written for the occasion, and waving the Chilean flag with its lone star about her, the signal was given, and she wound up her recitation with the national hymn, accompanied by the orchestra. The people all over the theater stood up and joined in the song; the enthusiasm was beyond description, and deafening were the repeated cries of "Vive Chile."

The performance over, a rush was made for the Plaza, where there were fireworks. It was a great success; everybody seemed pleased; bands of music performed the favorite airs between times, and at twelve o'clock the day ended.

I was surprised how quickly the people dispersed, and how soon the streets remained in perfect silence, only broken by the night guardian as his horse trod the pavement, and his scabbard clanged against his spurred heel; and as each hour was struck from the church tower the notice of passing time was called out in a shrill, prolonged voice, with the usual "*nada nuevo*."

C. W.



## ONE AGAINST MANY.

HOWEVER true it may be that rolling stones gather no moss, some of the human beings addicted to the rotary style of life find it infinitely more enjoyable than the process of gathering moss. So at least it seemed to Henry Raynor, a love of wandering for its own sake was natural to him. Left at an early age master of himself, of his profession as a mining engineer, and of a small but secure yearly income, he promised fairly to climb the ladder of fortune; but his first employment in the mines of Durango, old Mexico, roused a taste for change and adventure that never after could sate itself, and thenceforth his life was one of almost constant movement, with very little excuse for it in the shape of money added to his purse.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Saint Lawrence to the Rio Grande, he explored his own country first, then visited the ancient ruins of Yucatan, gazed into the craters of Central American volcanoes, ascended to the snow line of Chimborazo, clambered over the Peruvian Andes, sailed along the majestic Amazon, had a glimpse of the Patagonian giants, and then came home to New York, temporarily satisfied with the little he had seen of the American continent, and sighing only for new ones to conquer,—as cheerful, strong and respectable a nomad as the world could show.

Conscious of a mind cultivated both by books and wide observation, of splendid physical health, nerves trained to steel-like strength, and of a life singularly temperate and harmless, he could well afford to be only amusedly aware that his sober business relatives regarded him as a sad failure. And indeed a sad failure he was, financially; he had not the means to travel in Pullman cars,

even had his travel been confined to places where those useful conveyances were to be had, and so often "tramped it" in shabby, disreputable enjoyment. In Europe particularly it was frequently "Shank's mare" that bore him from one place to another, picking up no end of queer experiences and adventures as he grew an older, but so far as his tastes went, neither a sadder nor a wiser man.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the countries he visited. Suffice it to say that one spring he found himself in London, just back to civilization from Siberia and China, and possessed by an unusual inclination to rest awhile.

Henry Raynor had never sunk his character among his many strange associates; indeed, beneath his easy carelessness and restless energy there was an almost haughty independence and self-respect. Once more among dress coats and neckties he resumed the conventional customs of a gentleman, and as one he was gladly received among pleasant people as an entertaining and valued guest. Thus he chanced to meet again the former owner of the Durango mine, of which he had been manager. Mr. Agnew was a serious and steady accumulator of capital, wealthy, influential, devoted to business; but he heartily enjoyed the society of Henry Raynor, and being a shrewd judge of character, never attempted to play the patron.

The two men were seated in Agnew's house one murky, chilly evening, smoking and chatting,—or rather, Raynor was indulging a talkative mood by drawing word sketches of strange customs, people, and places, while the elder man was the image of a contented listener, seeing imaginative pictures of the scenes described in the smoke of his



cigar. He broke into a low laugh at the other's account of an adventure more ridiculous than risky, but commented on it by saying:

"Upon my word, Raynor, you have collected materials enough to make a first-rate story teller of yourself; but as that can't be your ambition, may I ask what is your object in being such a phenomenal globe-trotter? Unless you intend to make your fortune by a book of travels, it seems to me you are squandering your talents."

"Am I?" retorted Raynor, dryly. "Are not all my old friends and school-fellows squandering health, vitality, conscience, on more idiotic objects than mine, which has been only innocuous enjoyment of life? I come home, after seven years' travel, stronger, more capable mentally and physically than ever, to find that Fred Lawson, who was at the head of my class in college, has become a mere bar-room loafer; James Gore is now a nervous dyspeptic, who can think of nothing but Wall Street speculations; and you, Mr. Agnew, when I last saw you, were not so rich as you are now, but you did not wear spectacles, complain of being too fleshy, or have all the hair worn off the top of your head by business anxieties."

Agnew sighed, but answered good-humoredly: "I doubt if I could have kept the hair on my head by risking my whole scalp as you have done, but the balance seems in your favor, certainly. The fact is, I wanted to sound you as to the possibility of your going into harness like others,—for a good pecuniary consideration, of course."

A quick flicker of emotion passed over the younger man's face, and he swept the golden chestnut hair back from his forehead,—a trick of gesture habitual to him when moved. He had a fine face, with a broad, frank brow, gray eyes as serenely bright as they were keen, and well-cut features; the firm outlines of his lips and chin, concealed by neither

beard nor mustache, indicating tranquil self-reliance.

"Tell me what sort of harness you meant for me," he said quietly.

Mr. Agnew remained silent an instant, gazing meditatively at his cigar as he knocked the ashes off.

"It is nothing pleasant I have to propose, unless its being profitable should make it so," he said slowly. "In fact, it has proved highly disagreeable to those we have so far employed. I suppose you know I am part owner in a silver-mining venture in South America? Well, it has proved an elephant on our hands,—valuable, but very hard to manage. We have expended over £40,000 there already, and it speaks well for the mine that much of it has come back to us in spite of all disadvantages. The trouble is to find proper men to send out,—not laborers; those are to be found on the spot, poor in quality but cheap and plentiful. What is wanted is a manager with knowledge, energy, and determination. At first we had Follansbee (you remember him, I think). He died, poor fellow, in a most exasperating way, while three large vessels were lying in Puerto Santo bay, and not half ore enough to load them yet brought down from the mountains. Then we sent out Robert Carter, who threw up his position and came home in less than a year; said he did n't want to die like a dog in the woods, among a lot of savages whose Spanish gibberish he could n't understand. All stuff and nonsense, as you know; I was out there myself last year, and it is not so bad."

"Where is this place?" asked Raynor; "and who is in charge now?"

"Piedras de Plata is several thousand feet above the sea, and sixty miles from the coast, in Venezuela. The man now in charge is William Bradford, a Cornishman, who, I fancy, thinks he is to rule the roost out there in future; but his past record was too shady to permit our trusting him. You see we have had

to take what we could get, so far, and this man knows his business. Now you can guess what we want. At present every pound of that ore has to be carried to the coast over a rugged mountain road, on donkey or mule back,—and very sore backs they are too; by George, it made me sick to see some of them. We have plenty of capital, and will build a railroad to Puerto Santo when once we have the mines under proper control,—your control, for instance.”

“I have failed to understand so far why the place is so intolerable.”

“Why, it’s the isolation, the total absence of intellectual society, of any decent amusement, of news. You see, no steamer touches the coast anywhere within a hundred miles; letters and papers sent out by sailing vessels are over a month old when received. The climate is cool and healthy, and there is plenty of good food, except that beef and baker’s bread are scarce. I really don’t wish to mislead you, and I think it is no bad place in which to earn £3,000 a year,—clear gain every cent of it, for your expenses would be nil, and of course you would be master there, as we should trust you absolutely.”

Raynor smiled and glanced quickly at his companion as he said, “My consideration of your offer will be greatly influenced by the fact that I am engaged to be married.”

“Engaged! You? Bless my soul, I would as soon have expected to hear of the Wandering Jew’s marriage!” exclaimed the other, with honest surprise.

“I have no doubt if that person existed, he would be a very much married man,” said the other. “I know no just cause or impediment why I should not enter the holy state of matrimony, and I have a very fair excuse for doing so.”

“O well, I suppose I must congratulate you, and consider my proposal declined.”

“On the contrary, I may accept it, for the sake of Miss Carew.”

Silence fell on the two men for a space, unbroken by Mr. Agnew, because he saw the look of troubled thought on the other’s handsome face. Raynor spoke at last, a tone of strong feeling in his voice:

“The girl I hope to marry has no property of her own, but lives with a wealthy aunt. I will not take my wife from a luxurious home to one of poverty or discomfort. My income though I have made it supply all my own wants, cannot provide what I want for her; still, I know a way to increase it if it can be diverted from my own needs for a year or two. In fact, I had no expectation of marrying in less time,—” he paused an instant, but the habit of quick decision acquired during a life in which hesitation and destruction were often synonymous, carried him on,—“and so, if your company will be satisfied at my stipulating for a two years’ engagement only, I will serve you for that time to the best of my ability.”

“In two years you can put things in such good working order as to save us any further serious difficulty,” said the other, with evident satisfaction; “for, on my word, Raynor, I believe that when you do buckle to anything you will make it a success, if anybody can.”

Raynor only smiled in reply, and rising, took up his hat and gloves. Even in the commonplace action, something in his easy grace suggested elastic strength and freedom of motion, and roused Mr. Agnew to involuntary admiration.

“By George! You look strong and supple as a tiger,” he said.

“I am, I believe,” said Raynor, laughing. “But I am not a blood-thirsty animal. Goodby.”

Raynor’s face was grave enough as he strode along the damp London streets, regardless of the icy wind blowing around him. His rapid steps soon brought him to the house he sought, and scarcely



noticing the maid who opened the door and said, "Miss Carew will be down in a moment," he passed into the drawing-room as one who knew himself welcome.

A fire was leaping brightly in the grate, and before it, on a large fleecy rug, was a low easy chair cushioned in blue velvet, embroidered in silken lilies, and suggesting a feminine form in every graceful line. So thought Raynor as he stood beside it, his eyes going with new feeling over the cozy, homelike room, noting its refined elegance, the subtle perfume from a dish of violets on a side table, the excellent copy of Guido's Mother and Child above them, and the marble "Christ Blessing the World" that shone whitely against dark plush hangings. He had not much time for the musing that brought so softened a light to his eyes, so tender a curve to his firm lips, for a quick step crossed the hall, and Edith Carew, entering the room, came to his side, — a slim girl with a proud look, perhaps because of the stately set of the lovely head on her finely moulded neck and shoulders. She wore white cashmere, the lace at her throat held by a pearl pin; but princess as she was in appearance, only the spirit of a loving woman gazed out of the eyes she lifted to his in some surprise that he held her hand and looked at her so long in silence.

"My beautiful one, you will let me judge for us both, will you not?" he said at last. "What I have to say seems so hard, and your pure self can be such a temptation to cowardice if you choose."

A startled look came into the girl's face, but she answered gently. "You shall judge for us both in all things, dear; surely you can trust me not to make anything harder for you."

He drew a large chair forward for himself.

"Take your special seat, my lily, for I have much to say." She obeyed, and sat there long, making pitiful efforts to hide her grief as she listened to his

plans for a separation that she thought so long and dangerous, but making no protest or denial, which she felt would be both useless and painful. He held and stroked her left hand, on whose third finger shone the diamond and ruby of his engagement ring.

In spite of her efforts for self-control, her voice was tremulous and her red lips quivered in a way ominous of a break-down when she spoke. "I would not bind you by the strength of one of my own hairs against your will,—but, O Henry, you cannot dream how I doubt and fear my own influence—my own power to give an enduring charm to a quiet life for you, who are so fond of roving and danger. Sometimes my very soul cries out the prayer that something may teach you to value above all the safety and peace of home." Tears rose thickly to her eyes, and ashamed to betray so much emotion she bent her head till a soft cheek rested on a strong hand holding hers; but the bright drops were more heavy than she knew, and one fell glittering on his fingers.

He was deeply moved, and his voice was musical with tenderness as he said: "My precious sweetheart, I don't think the prayer or tear can be wasted. If I need such a lesson doubtless I shall receive it, but you should remember I never before had any one to make home dear to me,—any link to bind me to one spot."

THE mighty wings of a condor seeking his native land would weary in their flight hence to the place where we next find Henry Raynor. Across the dark and stormy Atlantic to where the West Indies are scattered, jewels of the ocean, each a different phase of Eden-like beauty and verdure; across the Caribbean Sea, with its warm waves reflecting the opal of the glorious tropic sky above it; and so on to the most solitary portion of the lonely Venezuelan coast, fringed with rocky islets that are the

home of myriads of sea birds, to where, at the wide bay of Puerto Santo, the wharf and storehouses of the English mining company seem only to accentuate the scarcity of human life. Then on once more, and upwards, over the majestic Cordilleras, clothed from deep ravines to topmost peaks in dark green forests. Here Nature is alone in her serene grandeur, untroubled by a sight or sound of men. Men there are near, but their insignificant numbers are lost in that vast solitude, their dwellings concealed by the ridge on whose highest part stands the man we seek.

It is near sunset; work for the day is over, and he has climbed here to find, if possible, rest for a harassed mind in the calm loveliness of nature. The solemn hills rise on every side stretching off into the distance, until the last are sharply defined in purple gray against the azure of the evening sky. The white clouds are stained with prismatic colors by the fast sinking sun,—which is called by the natives, when it rests thus only on the tops of the mountains, “*el sol de los monos*,” the monkeys’ sun, for at that hour the grim red-haired “howlers” set up their evening concert. Their hoarse roar was all that broke the stillness now, save an occasional toll from a distant bell-bird, and the rustle of a gentle breeze through the foliage.

Standing thus, with the glow from the west shining on him, Raynor looked far worse than he did in England. It was not only that his dress was rough and careless: there was in the set of his lips and the glance of his eye a somber hardness much more suggestive of a dangerous enemy than a kind friend. He thought himself alone, but at the sound of a step behind him swung around with the air of one on his guard.

What he saw was harmless enough,—an Indian girl, dressed in the short red calico gown that is the usual and only garment of the female *Indios mansos* of Venezuela. He recognized her as one

of those employed in boiling, grinding, and baking Indian corn into *arepa*, a principal article of the miners’ food.

Poor Isidra was no beauty; there was nothing attractive about her, unless it was the dumb look of trying to think in her sad black eyes. She seemed now in an agony of uncertainty, but as Raynor stared at her in surprise, took two or three steps towards him and said in Spanish, “Señor, take care of your life; beware of traitors,” then vanished, like one of the timid brown *agoutis*, in the bush.

Raynor smiled bitterly. This was but one of several warnings,—some, he believed intended to frighten him; all so obscure that he would have understood his danger quite as well had he received none.

An instant later he descended from the ridge, following a faint trail through the tree-ferns and broad-leaved undergrowth of the tropics, till he struck a road that ran along the inner side of a horseshoe curve in the mountains. It was almost dark here, on account of the overshadowing forest giants on either side; but turning to the right he soon emerged into a wide, open space, where the slope had been cut into terraces, on which were built the manager’s dwelling, the tool and store-houses, blacksmith and carpenter shops. All these buildings were of native lumber obtained in the neighborhood; and rudely constructed as they were, the floors were mahogany, the walls satin-wood, the foundations greenheart.

Raynor’s house was of two stories, his sleeping room being upstairs, while his personal attendants slept below, where he also had his private office. In this office he found waiting for him a mild, sheepish-looking mulatto, who called himself an Englishman because he was from Barbadoes. He was one of the overseers in the mine, and took off his hat respectfully on the manager’s entrance.



"Do you want anything, Parker?" asked Raynor.

"Only the key of the store room, sir, to put in the blasting powder, as we did n't use it."

"Did not use it! How comes that?"

"Why you see, sir, the men had just got to work this morning when Mr. Bradford came round, and he said it was no use wasting the company's time driving through that rock, and he sent the men to work on the new road."

Raynor turned very white and deliberate, as he was apt to do when greatly angered.

"And so you took orders countermanding mine?"

"I thought you must have sent him, sir," said the fellow, looking scared and helpless.

"Go and tell Bradford to come to me at once," said Raynor curtly, and the man went off.

When Raynor first came out from England he found Piedras de Plata in, to put it mildly, a very demoralized condition. Not that such work as was carried on was badly done, for Bradford was a first rate practical miner; but disorder, waste, and license, ran riot outside the shafts and galleries. A number of the men were West Indian negroes, imported by Robert Carter because he wanted people he could talk to; the rest were Venezuelans, who were more temperate and quiet than the negroes, and the greatest thieves. Besides the couple of hundred workmen were some fifty utterly worthless fellows, who lived on the wages of the others by pandering to orgies as wild as the worst of that lawless gang had ever indulged in. Raynor's steel hand could drop its velvet glove with amazing ease, and it established rule and order very quickly, while winning for its owner the intense hatred of the evil men whose profit or pleasure he interfered with. The most objectionable among them disappeared from the mining village on his orders, but not, he had

reason to fear, from the neighborhood; and there remained Bradford and his favorites, outwardly accepting the new government, inwardly more virulent and dangerous than the departed vagabonds. From the first Raynor had to meet a spirit of furtive insubordination, a system of thwarting and annoying him, so underhand and elusive that he could rarely discover its originators; as if they expected to frighten or drive him away by making his position intolerable to him.

He was a just and kind-hearted man, but he was fearless as a lion, and opposition simply roused him. It was the mistake of a brutish brain in Bradford openly to raise the question of who should be master, and so any intelligent observer would have thought who saw the expression on the manager's face as he sat there waiting for the superintendent.

Bradford came at last,—open mutiny did not suit his purpose,—a burly, broad-shouldered man with heavy jaws, dark eyes, and close-cut crop of hair on his bullet head. He touched his hat sulkily, but did not remove it on entering.

"What induced you to contradict my orders regarding the west level?"

"It's no good, that drift; it'll never strike the lode."

"I asked a question, but not your opinion. Since you do not choose to answer, at least understand me clearly," said Raynor with stern distinctness. "If you ever again disobey my orders in the smallest degree, or interfere with them, you shall form part of the cargo of whatever vessel may be loading at Puerto Santo at the time. You can go now."

Bradford stood silent a moment, all the malignant dislike in him at boiling point; but the cunning that had prevented his giving his superior any clear reason for his discharge was still dominant. He turned and walked away without saying anything.

The hard look on Raynor's face deepened as he watched the sturdy retreating form. Close observer as he was, he had noted the covert sneer, the expression of derision and defiance on the man's coarse face.

For weeks past he had been living under a strain that would have broken down a weaker man, not the less hard to bear that while he felt danger closing around him, it was with a shadowy menace he could not meet or resist. For some days past he had noticed a great increase of bold insolence, especially in Bradford, although today was the first time that his commands were openly set at naught, and he regarded it as a token that a long brewing conspiracy was drawing to its end.

Among the many bitter disadvantages of Raynor's position was the fact that he was hundreds of miles from such centers of civilization as the country had, and that while surrounded by a crowd of men, the most evil and reckless of whom regarded Bradford as their patron, he had not one in whose courage and loyalty to himself he could rely. By the time he had realized the character and aims of his nominal assistant, he had realized also that the attempt to get rid of him might precipitate a catastrophe. The man's look of stubborn disrespect had never before blossomed into action, and Raynor had been at a loss for anything he could specify as a reason for discharging from the company's service one whose thorough knowledge of mining was so useful to them. His last letter to England had been written a month before; no opportunity to forward another was at hand, for a vessel, long due, had not yet arrived.

Raynor ate his supper with an appetite that did credit to his nerve, then went up to his bedroom, and seating himself at an open window looked over a peaceful scene. His house was situated on one side of the horse-shoe curve already spoken of, so that he gazed

across a deep ravine, full of heavy timber, to a large and comparatively level slope on the other side, where the pale brown, palm-thatched dwellings of the miners and their families were built in straggling lines, one above the other; the largest settlement of human beings within many miles, but looking insignificant enough in its frame of dark forest. It was so near that the barking of dogs, braying of donkeys, crowing of cocks, and bleating of goats was plainly to be heard as the creatures settled themselves for the night.

Darkness comes on rapidly in the tropics, and in a few moments more only red points of fire indicated people's habitation amid the gloomy mountains that raised their grand masses against the starry sky, with white shreds of cloud and mist floating slowly across their black bulk, while the wind, though not high, roared through ten thousand trees like the surf on a rocky shore.

Raynor rose, fastened his window, lit his lamp, changed his boots for a pair of the noiseless *salpargatas* worn by the natives, drew a sombrero low over his fair head, and wrapping a large *cobija* around himself, locked the room behind him, and emerged into the open air. He was bound on a trip that he had taken nightly for the past week, and uselessly so far, but it was a matter of the most extreme importance to him to escape from a cloud of suspicions by discovering something of his enemies' plans, — of whence and where he must expect attack, — and he had to defend himself as best he could, one against many.

He plunged at once into the forest-darkened road, where the winged crimson lights of the great *curcullo* beetles alone illuminated the swaying shadows of the rustling trees. Walking with swift, silent strides he soon reached the clearing in which was the mining camp. Candles being scarce but wood superabundant at Piedras de Plata, every household had a bright fire burning in



the open air, around which picturesque groups, rolled in *cobijas* of every color, reclined at ease, the leaping flames shining on their brown faces as they talked with animation, or listened with grave approval to a childish fairy story, — strange combination of harmless simplicity and reckless passion that most of them were. In one place a Venezuelan, the happy possessor of a guitar, sat enthroned on a stump, surrounded by an admiring circle as he drew out the plaintive notes of a favorite Spanish melody, which had traveled from old Castile to this her lost province; and now a voice rose on the chill air, under the calm solemnity of the stars, in the pathetic strain

"Pajarito, tu que vuelas  
Por todo el mundo de Dios,  
Dime el día que veas  
Alguno mas triste que yo."

Not wishing to be recognized, Raynor skirted the edge of the little town, barked at by more than one mongrel cur, and taken for a peon by the few people who noticed him, until he passed in under the projecting palm-thatch at the back of Bradford's house. This was much larger and better finished than the others. It was divided into three rooms, but a part was left open and unfloored; there the usual fire was burning. It was one of the outermost of the primitive structures, and the bushes grew up close behind it. Raynor was not at all likely to be seen as he moved cautiously along the cracked mud wall to the corner, and stopped just within the shadow beyond which the flames reddened the ground, and for the third time found his unamiable subordinate in conversation with other men.

But tonight he did not have to listen to mere idle talk. They spoke very low, but he was within three yards of them, and his hearing was keen. Indeed, the first words in Bradford's gruff whisper were enough to awaken the acutest attention:

"— no, I tell you. Things have

come to a head, — he's roused, and if I don't do something desperate, he will. He looked savage as a meat ax this evening."

"You're always putting off," said another voice, whose peculiar way of speaking English Raynor recognized as that of a yellow, worthless fellow he had meant to dismiss; "guess you're 'fraid to tackle him."

"I have n't put off, you fool. In time is the time, ain't it? Wait till I ask a bold chap like you to do the job for me!" raising his voice in ireful satire.

"Come, now, don't let's quarrel for nothin'," spoke up a third person, a big Trinidad negro. "We must all hang together.

"No, we mus' n't; they don't hang nobody in this happy land of liberty. Say, Mr. William, what makes you think time ripe now, especially?"

"I know it is," sinking his voice low again. "There's the ship *Thetis* expected every day, and if he sends on a letter abusing me to the company it may cook my goose. I must keep in with them, for this place is going to be the biggest sort of a concern, and I mean to be boss of it; so I must send on the next letter myself, saying that "the most painful and distressing death of Mr. Raynor has compelled me to take charge, while I respectfully wait their further orders."

At his chuckle of satisfaction, Raynor's hand rested on his revolver, and he drew a quick, deep breath, well nigh overcome by the intense temptation to take a step forward and send a bullet through the skull of the callous scoundrel who could sit there planning a murder as coolly as if it was a question of killing a goat for next day's dinner. But Bradford did not guess his danger, and went on with comfortable tranquillity: "You and Reyes had better keep close together for the next day or two, — I may want you to help handle him. You know the old shaft round the spur?"

Well, if Raynor should go too near the edge he might drop in, and the dreadful accident would rid us of him. Mind, what I expect of you and the other fellows is that you be all ready to back me if I want it. If I get into limbo of any sort get me out double quick, and I'll attend to the rest. He might try first thing tomorrow to shut me up, or send me down the coast, if he got a suspicion."

The speaker's voice, sunk to the lowest pitch at which he could make himself heard, here broke off, for a crowd of excited Venezuelans, rattling out *carambas* at a rate that would have baffled the most expert stenographer, rushed into the place, demanding that the superintendent at once settle some petty dispute among them.

Raynor silently retired, and passing once more unnoticed into the mysterious whispering woods regained his quiet room. Here he was sure that he would not be attacked; but it was not that which made him feel somewhat relieved from the tense strain of the past week. Suspense and uncertainty were of all things most intolerable to him. Now that he knew in some degree what he had to expect he no longer seemed fighting in the dark. In fact, he felt certain that if he could but secure the time and means necessary to bind and subdue Bradford, he would have nothing more to fear from his followers; they would have no cohesive power once deprived of their leader, and nothing to gain by the death of Raynor, since his removal, if there was no person to take his place, would only stop work and wages for the whole community.

As Raynor stood in deep thought for a few moments, the harsh, cynical expression of his face did not look like that of one likely to be a helpless victim, unpleasant thing to see as it was. Indeed, in this man of strong passions, stubborn will, and fearless nature, the peril and treachery surrounding him had aroused in overwhelming alertness and force all

the most cruel and savage instincts that could move a human being, differing in nothing but the rigid self-command that controlled, from the concentrated fury of some powerful wild beast driven to bay, and fully willing to rend his pursuers. Yet he looked quite cool as he blew out the light and threw himself on his cot bed, with a last thought that he would crush his enemy or be crushed by him before another night.

He was right, but the end came still sooner than he anticipated, and in a way he did not expect.

Owing to the many turns in the mountains and the dense forest covering them, the mining works of Piedras de Plata were out of sight both from the manager's house and the mining village, these having, perforce, been built on the most level ground that could be found. But by following eastward the road from the coast one soon came to a deep cleft in the hills, whose sides were disfigured by the slides of yellow earth that had been dumped out of the galleries and wells. Close at hand was a large shed in which hung a sonorous bell, whose notes called the men together, announced the dinner hour, and dismissed them in the evening. Here the glittering masses of silver-lead ore were weighed and sacked for shipment, and here the manager met his people every morning to receive reports and give orders for the day.

The bell was ringing next morning when Raynor stepped out into the brilliant sunshine and fresh morning air of a climate that is a perpetual spring. There was besides the road a narrow path that led to the mines from his house, steep and rough, but shortening the distance a little; therefore he generally used it. Both ways were equally solitary today, and Raynor had no intention of needlessly risking his life, so he stood for an instant hat in hand, with the sunlight gilding his fair head and noble but rather grim-looking face, considering the safety of taking either road alone;



but he naturally drew the inference from the talk he had overheard the night before that he need not expect danger this morning. Moreover, it was necessary to his own plans that he should meet his men as usual. So after that brief pause he took the narrow path.

It led him first up and around the shoulder of the mountain, then precipitously downwards, the projecting roots across it making the walk risky for any but a practiced mountaineer. The undergrowth along the track was not very thick, nor the trees very large. Raynor's sight and hearing, naturally acute, and sharpened by the constant risk, took keen note of everything on his lonely way,—of the bright gilding placed by the level sun-rays on one side of the serried ranks of tree-trunks, and on the still dew-wet leaves; the strident scream of an eagle circling in the blue sky, answered by an invisible mate; of the sweet, exclamatory notes of distant wood doves, repeating with soft persistence, as the natives fancied, the words "*Fal-ta-po-co! Fal-ta-po-co!*"—words that today might have been a warning.

Perhaps Raynor's watchfulness of his surroundings made him more careless than usual where he placed his feet. Providentially for him he made a misstep on a gnarled root, and grasping at a sapling to save himself from falling, swung slightly around in the effort. The sudden movement saved his life; for the sharp crack of a rifle in the hands of a first-rate marksman, and at very close range, rang through the tranquil air, and the bullet cut the flesh of his arm.

Owing to his stumble, Raynor was almost facing his would-be murderer at the instant of the shot, and he saw the faint puff of smoke among the tree boles on the hillside above him. A few deer-like bounds carried him up to the place,—not before another bullet, less steadily aimed, whizzed past his ear. The whole thing was over in a flash of time. He was met by an uplifted arm brandishing a long knife. Catching the descend-

ing wrist with his left hand, with the other he grasped his assailant's throat.

Raynor's blood was bounding with a fiery joy at thus meeting at last face to face and hand to hand his long secret and treacherous foe, even while frightfully conscious that he might in a second receive a stab in the back from one of the man's accomplices. The savage dormant in him as in others had free course now, and there was little room left to any feeling but the fierce delight of victorious battle. For, although the two men were apparently of equal height and weight, there was only a short, furiously desperate struggle against vastly superior strength and skill before Bradford lay on his back amid the pale pink and dark green ferns that carpeted the soil, Raynor's knee on his breast, and his own knife in the victor's hand.

He looked up at his conqueror, and then, brave scoundrel although he was, a spasm of terror convulsed his dark features, for he read his doom in the ruthless, marble-hardened face, in the pitiless light of the stern gray eyes, and from his gasping chest came a piteous cry of "Mercy! Mercy! I'm down!"

"You have not left me free to afford you mercy,—take justice!" came from between Raynor's tightly closed white teeth, and the knife was buried to its hilt in the heart of the miserable wretch. A gurgling scream echoed through the dim seclusion of the woods, and Raynor, rising to his feet, looked gloomily down at the hideous distortion of the dying man's last agony, passing rapidly away into the calm of death. Then turning, he went quickly on to the mines.

The men were all collected there as usual, talking, laughing, hanging the *mapiris* containing their dinners in safe places, as a preparation for the day's work. They parted to right and left as the manager came among them, making way for him to a long table and some chairs in the middle of the shed. A silence fell at the swift glance with which he seemed to seek some persons

in the crowd,—and found them; for his voice rang out in the tone of uncompromising command that had so often both overawed and enraged the worst of the gang.

“Pedro Reyes and Joseph Jones!—take that board, and with two other men go along the short path until you see the body of superintendent Bradford; bring it here, and his rifle also.”

A loud murmur of surprise and dismay swept over the throng; then silence again as the multitude of faces, showing every shade from yellow to black and as many different expressions, turned curiously on the two men who, more livid and reluctant than any one there, stepped forward in obedience to the imperious order. They signaled two companions, and the four vanished up the path.

True to the character of the people and country, not a man was there who did not think a prudent reserve his proper course. Not a whisper was exchanged as they waited until the four bearers returned, carrying the stiffening frame that had so lately been a man, the horn handle of his own knife projecting from his breast. Raynor motioned them to place their burden on the table, and standing beside it, his clear, cold voice once more was heard, giving “goose flesh” to more than one of those who pressed forward to gaze at the corpse.

“My men, I fancy from your looks you think I am going to give you some account of how this person met his death. You might as well expect him to sit up and tell you himself;—perhaps he would say it was by a ‘painful and distressing accident.’ Anyway, I consider his last wishes in giving ‘the body’ into the charge of his friends Reyes and Jones. Not to throw it into the old shaft, however; let them call on some of the ‘other fellows’ whose help Mr. Bradford expected, and give him a decent burial.” He paused an instant, reading cowed consternation in more than one dark face, a malicious amusement and comprehen-

sion in others, then went on in a more quiet and conciliatory tone: “I know that many among you have had a grudge against me. If you are content to bury that ill-will in this man’s grave, I shall be satisfied to forget it. Now, let us go on with the work as usual. I will assume Bradford’s duties until I can get another assistant.”

So, driving all before the influence of courage and a strong will, he soon had the mine resounding with the tokens of labor, the rolling of wheelbarrows, ringing of steel, and explosions of blasts, as if no tragedy had disturbed the routine of daily duty.

It was not before Raynor found himself alone, having gone home to dress the slight wound on his arm, that the inevitable reaction set in. Not until then did he perceive on his fingers a dull, red smear; and the idea struck him, with a curious thrill of horror, that it was on the very spot where Edith Carew’s tear had fallen. That pure and lovely figure had been driven from his mind by the terrible thoughts of the last week, and its return seemed to bring with it at once his better nature and a great regret. Never before had he willingly hurt a living being; he would step aside to avoid crushing an insect; and as he looked at that stain of a fellow creature’s blood, his soul revolted with intense loathing from the lawless life in which such an act, such fury, as that of the morning could become possible to him. Assuredly, it was not remorse he felt; he believed the killing of Bradford absolutely necessary and justifiable, and yet—O, that some other hand had done the deed!

Raynor could never bear to tell his wife of that dark episode. It was the only shadow of reserve on the perfect confidence between them; and Edith Raynor often wondered why her husband was so much graver a man than he had been before going to Venezuela.

*S. Desmond Segur.*



## OUR NAVAL NECESSITIES.

"Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities."

WHILE we should be exceedingly grateful for the manifold benefits which we enjoy as a nation, it is clearly our duty to take all proper measures to insure a continuation of these blessings, and to avoid that shortsighted policy which takes no account of the coming morrow. We cannot expect to have peace for all time. Wars are certain to come along at intervals, and we should be prepared for their arrival. If it be generally known that we are in readiness and fully able to protect ourselves and our interests, many vexatious and bloody conflicts which might otherwise be forced upon us by envious rivals may be averted. And moreover, if in spite of all our efforts such wars do come upon us, a proper amount of previous training and preparation will evidently conduce to a speedy and favorable termination of the same; whereas, should we be caught unprepared, the final settlement would be long delayed, and even if in our favor, enormously expensive in property and lives.

The future naval policy of the United States has of late received marked attention all over the country, especially in New York and San Francisco, and there are many indications that the mass of the people are awakening to the urgent necessity that exists of providing for the proper protection of our wealthy coast cities; and that public opinion, naturally slow to move, has at length become aroused to an appreciation of our woful naval weakness.

The pulse of public sentiment, as voiced by the press in all portions of the country, is also beginning to be felt in Congress, which exhibits signs of interest in coast defense matters, the navy,

and the proposition to organize an efficient naval militia. Judging from our past history however, and the peculiar nature of our government, the present interest in providing for the national defense will be apt to prove to be a mere spasm of patriotic alarm, and apathy will soon follow, unless a united and determined effort shall be made by all those in position to command attention, to procure the enactment of the necessary legislation at the next session of Congress.

The policy of the United States has always been opposed to the maintenance of large naval and military forces, and this policy, for a country with an extensive coast line and important interests at stake, necessitates the establishment and training of powerful auxiliaries in the shape of naval and military reserves.

The army has such auxiliaries in the State militia or national guard, which furnishes large bodies of well equipped and excellently trained troops, prepared to take the field at short notice, and become a part of the national army whenever required.

The navy, which will be expected to bear the brunt of any foreign war, on the contrary has no such auxiliaries, and it is very evident that no time should be lost in providing for, organizing, and training some such forces. The past few years have been prolific in promises to the navy, but so far very little has been done.

A strong public sentiment calls for the creation of a naval reserve. The Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco has several times passed resolutions urging upon Congress the advisability of establishing such a force, to furnish a supply of men and vessels for the navy upon the outbreak of war, and as a means of providing for the protection

of our coasts. Complete information regarding the various systems of organizations for naval reserve and coast defense purposes existing in foreign countries, has been obtained by the Naval Office of Intelligence, and has been utilized in formulating a general plan for a similar organization, adapted to the conditions of our own institutions. The governing idea is that it should resemble that of the national guard, and depend upon the strong foundation of local interest. It should also provide for the employment and rapid mobilization of merchant steamers; and be so arranged as to afford the very best results possible upon a comparatively moderate annual expenditure.

Mr. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives, to provide for the creation of such a naval reserve, and the Secretary of the Navy has earnestly recommended that the measure should become a law.

This bill is not only in line with the views of the Navy Department, but it also has the sympathy of all the friends of the movement on the Atlantic Coast. It is therefore very desirable that the people of the Pacific Coast, who are, if possible, more vitally interested in the early organization of such an auxiliary naval force, should cordially unite in the effort to bring the merits of the measure to the attention of our legislators, and urge the prompt consideration and passage of the bill. Some diversity of opinion may perhaps exist regarding the various provisions of the bill as it is now drawn, but it will always be easy to adopt any improvements which may be brought to light after the practical operations of the scheme have begun.

Attention has frequently been invited to some of the incidental consequences of the naval reserve and coast guard policy of foreign powers. In time of war, coast guard vessels, commerce destroyers, transports, ammunition vessels, colliers, and other supply vessels, are

absolutely necessary and must be provided. The leading European nations pay an annual retaining fee, based on tonnage, etc., to steamship companies constructing and maintaining appropriate steam vessels. There is always a counter-agreement, permitting the government to take the vessels for service upon the outbreak of hostilities, upon terms specified in the contract. Such subventions, together with liberal payments for the transportation of mails, etc., go far to keep a powerful fleet of fast merchant steamers afloat in time of peace, as a reserve naval force for service in time of war.

In notable contrast with our apathy in this matter is the energetic foresight of Great Britain, as exhibited in the furtherance of her shipping interests in the North Pacific Ocean. The trade has heretofore been principally under the American flag, but the British and Canadian governments have adopted measures which, unless met by prompt and intelligent action on our part, will soon drive the Stars and Stripes from the Pacific, as a somewhat similar policy has already done from the Atlantic. It is reported that the subvention to the line of steamers put on in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railroad will amount to as much as the annual payment which, under the proposed system, the United States will make for its whole naval reserve of steamers.

That the contemplated measure is in line with the traditional policy of this country to foster the sources which supply seamen, is shown by the Act of Congress, passed in 1792, to exempt seamen from militia duty, and likewise by the bounties at one time paid to the fishermen; the object in view always being to secure the services of seamen for the navy in time of war.

The provisions of the Whitthorne bill not only provide for manning the navy in time of war, but include also the careful instruction and training, in time of



peace, of the officers and men of our mercantile marine, always the great support of the country. Without the services of the officers and men of the merchant service who volunteered for duty in the navy during the Civil War, it would have been impossible to carry on those extensive naval operations which astonished the world and revolutionized naval warfare.

Admiral Porter, in his annual report to the Secretary of the Navy, writes as follows regarding this bill :

I urgently recommend that Senator Whitthorne's bill should be enacted into a law without delay. Its passage would have a most beneficial effect upon the Navy, and there are features in it looking toward the re-establishment of the mercantile marine. Besides, if in time of war we should issue letters of marque and reprisal, which it is always our policy to do, we would have a class of vessels on hand already officered and manned by persons instructed in the management of naval ordnance, and familiar with naval regulations.

And in another place he observes :

This would be the simplest plan for resurrecting the mercantile marine, and the Government would have at its disposal a class of vessels little inferior to the regular cruising ships of war. In fact, the chances are the steam merchant vessels would be superior in speed, which would be the chief desideratum with commerce destroyers.

There was a time when our merchant marine was unsurpassed, both in personnel and in the capabilities and performance of the vessels. Within the last quarter of a century, however, it has decreased to such an extent, that many of those persons interested in the subject express fears that our shipping interests are buried beyond the hope of resuscitation. All the leading nations are making strenuous efforts to increase and amplify their ocean commerce, and have already made great progress in that direction, leaving our own country so far behind in the race that there is no prospect of again catching up until the government shall supply the aid necessary to make a fresh start. The most feasible plan for restoring is undoubted-

ly by the enactment of a tonnage law, which will provide for a payment of a certain compensation per ton for every vessel, for each thousand miles sailed or steamed, the contract to be based on the capabilities of the vessel, and to hold for a definite period. By affording such encouragement, the government will also greatly stimulate many attendant industries : those of iron and steel making, iron and steel ship building, engine building, boat building, coal mining, canvas weaving, hardware production, etc., etc.; in brief, all the various branches of industry which are drawn upon to construct and equip a vessel.

Mr. Whitthorne's scheme is capable of excellent results and is worth a trial. Its success on the lines indicated will greatly depend upon the people's appreciation of our present defenseless condition, and their wish to remedy it. Mere details should not be allowed to stand in the way of a hearty support of the measure by all patriotic citizens. It must be remembered that it embodies a principle higher than all details,—that of the "national defense and common welfare."

In framing our policy for the future with regard to naval matters, proper consideration should be given to the general direction which is being followed in naval preparations and armaments in other countries. An eminent statesman once remarked : "In dealing with naval affairs, political partisanship should be forgotten." If this be accepted as sound doctrine in ordinary times, how vastly more important it is that such a principle should govern today, when a navy and a mercantile marine are to be reconstructed.

The public has been impatient, and not unreasonably so, at the delays in the completion of our modern war vessels already authorized and provided for. These delays, however, have been caused principally by the difficulty experienced in settling many complicated details relating to construction and armament in

a period of rapid transition, and are in a measure attributable to those demands of the navy for perfection which it must always be difficult to refuse. Still the department has managed to make material progress, and if the progress has at times been slow, it is possible to assign a reason for the delay, and in many instances the apparent delay has resulted from the desire to proceed with calmness and judgment. In measures of such great importance, care must always be exercised to avoid the fatal error of deciding too soon. Viewing the policy of the navy department in the light of the results obtained therefore, it cannot with justice be said that undue hesitation has been exhibited in the construction of the new navy.

The national anxiety, as expressed by the public journals, has been awakened, however, by the obvious necessity which exists of making immediate provision for the adequate defense of our sea and lake coasts; and it is contended that while what money has already been spent on vessels has been well applied, Congress has not appropriated enough, in view of the enormous interests involved.

It has become vitally necessary to strengthen the navy in battle ships, coast defense vessels, and torpedo appliances. The long delay in the adoption of high-powered breech-loading rifled ordnance can only be compensated for by increased activity in construction. Then, perhaps, with powerful floating defenses, and a proper torpedo system for our enormous extent of coast line established, we may consider ourselves and our homes as reasonably secure against any attack from abroad.

The American people are not inclined to favor a policy of parsimony in naval matters, as they are well aware that the best, as it is in the end the most economical, course of procedure is to maintain the navy in an efficient condition. The form of economy that would be really popular in this country is one

which consists in energetic efforts to insure the most effective application of the money appropriated.

There is scarcely any question of greater moment to us than the future of our navy. Our national strength is almost entirely dependent on the efficiency of our naval force, and we ought to watch the various improvements in the construction and armament of ships of war as closely as a general watches the hourly movements of a hostile force in his front.

When the question of war comes up, the country will be forced to realize the magnitude of the interests at stake, the defenseless condition of our enormous coast line, and the enforced distribution of our small naval force about the world, while the enemy is at liberty to concentrate on a single point of attack.

Those persons who remember the panic which swept our Northern States when the telegraph brought the news of the Merrimac's first day's battle in Hampton Roads, will not consider it necessary to enlarge upon the effect that would probably be produced by the knowledge that fifteen or twenty infinitely more powerful war vessels were hastening to the destruction of our coast cities, with all the speed of modern quadruple expansion engines.

Then, beyond a doubt, should we realize the full significance of the important adage, "In time of peace prepare for war."

The present system of shore fortifications dates back to the year 1816, and may in truth be considered as "a relic of barbarism." Even if placed in thorough repair, these forts will not offer any great obstacles to the destruction of all of our most important cities and commercial centers by a hostile fleet, or to the successful landing of a large number of invading troops upon some portion of our coast.

The immediate point for careful consideration is the means available for



protecting our coast line in general against possible sudden attack and bombardment. Our country being without any system of interior fortifications, it will require no argument to demonstrate that it will be infinitely preferable to fight our battles outside instead of inside, —on the threshold of our home than on the hearthstone,— and for this purpose we must rely principally upon a strong naval coast defense force.

There are not wanting persons who argue in favor of depending mainly upon shore forts for the defense of such cities as New York, Boston, San Francisco, Philadelphia, San Diego, and fifty others that might be mentioned, all of which can be shelled and destroyed by projectiles from the guns of an enemy's fleet from a distance of several miles. It is not long since one of the daily papers gave a distinguished army officer as authority for the statement that if sufficient money were but appropriated to put the fortifications about San Francisco Harbor in complete repair, the city would be safe. One of the arguments advanced has been that the shore forts could be given armor of greater thickness than any coast defense vessel could possibly carry.

It appears to me, however, that the admiral in command of the attacking fleet, if desirous of bringing this country to terms promptly, or failing that, to inflict as much damage as possible in a limited time, would so maneuver his vessels as to receive as little of the fire of the guns in the forts as might be possible, consistent with being within effective range of the city itself, and would devote his attention to destroying the enormous amount of destructible property embraced within the city limits, and which could not be protected from the effect of the projectiles by any feasible amount of armor. In other words, unless desirous of entering the harbor for some other purpose, the forts might continue to guard the approaches, while

the enemy's fleet destroyed the infinitely more valuable city. Especially would this be the case, if the forts were so heavily armored that the fleet would be liable to considerable loss if the attempt were made to reduce them.

A fleet of hostile war vessels lying off Point Lobos would have within range of its guns nearly three hundred million dollars worth of destructible property in the city and bay of San Francisco. Should the enemy resort to bombardment in order to enforce his terms, the result, under existing circumstances, would be terrible beyond description. And in such a case the shore fortifications would be absolutely powerless to prevent such a result, even if armed with guns of as great power as those carried by the opposing vessels. It will be readily understood that the ships being in motion, and offering at long range but comparatively small targets, will receive but a small proportion of hits; while almost every projectile from the guns of the fleet can be thrown somewhere within the vast area of the city, and if explosive, will inflict more damage than would the sinking of a man-of-war.

But it would not be possible for an enemy's fleet to carry out such a plan of attack, in the presence of adequate floating defenses. Suppose it should be decided to station at San Francisco three powerful floating batteries, carrying guns of the heaviest effective caliber, in turrets of heavy steel armor. These floating steel forts, upon the threatened approach of a hostile fleet, would take station outside, and so far off shore that the enemy could not by any possibility damage the city itself with his guns, unless he should first sink the armor-clads. He could not hope to run by them or elude them, for each battery would be supported by a number of handy rams and swift torpedo boats, on the lookout for just such a favorable opportunity to use their deadly weapons. Then perhaps the officer charged with

the defense of this coast might have remembered (presuming that the navy is given such vessels) to station a couple of heavy battle ships and some rams at some neighboring anchorage along the coast, and these vessels being notified by telegraph that the enemy was hovering off San Francisco, would so time their arrival as to catch the would-be ravisher between two fires, and probably capture or destroy his whole expedition. In this system of providing for the coast defense, our fast cruisers and naval reserve steamers would also have an important place, as, in addition to harassing an enemy's commerce, they would be utilized as vidette or lookout vessels, well off shore, and thus insure timely notice of the approach of an attacking force.

In order that the advocates of a system of shore defenses may not assert that I am presupposing a greater strength of the floating batteries than is warranted by the facts of the case, I will mention that all competent authorities concede that coast defense vessels, which are not intended to operate far from the land, can be constructed of much greater strength and power than would be possible with cruising fighting ships, the armament and armor protection of which must necessarily be limited, to obtain proper sea-going and sea-enduring qualities. The coast defense vessel may have all the weight usually allowed for coal and stores thrown into additional weight of guns and armor protection; and it will therefore be quite fair to suppose that our vessels of that type will be vastly superior in strength and resisting power to any cruising man of war which may be sent into the Pacific to attack San Francisco.

Let us have a sufficient armored shore defense provision for our cities by all means, and the sooner we set about building it the better; but we must bear in mind the fact that any attack upon our principal commercial centers will be by a naval force, and that its object will

be to inflict damage, in view of which we must have a strong naval force afloat to oppose and beat it off.

In addition to the rams and torpedo boats, it may not be amiss to refer to another class of vessel which should be provided, and which may be termed a torpedo-gunboat. This type of vessel should be fitted with a modern torpedo equipment, and be capable of projecting torpedoes in any desired direction; she should in addition be armed with a long range high-powered rifle and some rapid-firing guns of suitable caliber. She should have twin screws in order to obtain the maximum of handiness, and should have a steel conning tower or pilot house. There should be plating abreast the engines, and the coal bunkers should be arranged abreast the boilers, so as to afford proper protection against the projectiles of rapid-firing and machine guns. Besides being inexpensive, such vessels possess several advantages over the existing light torpedo boats. They may be given high speed and an effective torpedo equipment, and in addition have sufficient offensive gun armament to do material damage to all but the most heavily armored ships. In the matter of sea-going qualities, and of comfort for the crew carried, such vessels are far in advance of any torpedo boats yet built, while there is absolutely no comparison between the two types in the matter of protection.

After adopting a definite policy with regard to the regular fighting vessels for the navy, it may be pointed out that for the auxiliary defense of our seaports, a formidable flotilla of torpedo gunboats might be extemporized out of our large steam tugs. These handy vessels are admirably suited for being driven at full speed over booms and torpedo defenses, indeed, perhaps they are better adapted for such service than the fragile foreign torpedo boats. The number of steam tugs which could be fitted up for such work in the harbors of the Pacific Coast



is surprising, and a naval officer charged with the defense of our ports would well know how to utilize to the fullest extent the services of these handy craft, in the general scheme of coast operations.

The development of the quick-firing system of cannon and its rapid application to guns of larger caliber, has once again effected a revolution in the character of naval ordnance, and that before our new guns have been tried in actual warfare.

There is now ready, in England, a 6-inch, quick-firing gun, which throws a projectile weighing one hundred pounds, and there is every reason to expect that satisfactory results will be obtained from it.

Of the 36-pounder, quick-firing guns which have already demonstrated their great superiority to the 4- and 5-inch guns with which the English cruisers are now partially armed, and which have been adopted by the British Admiralty to replace the 4- and 5-inch guns in the armaments of all vessels, 126 have already been constructed and delivered.

A significant fact is the announcement that no more 110-ton guns will be constructed, and that while those vessels already building to carry such guns will be completed, the Admiralty has no intention of attempting any others of their class.

Any effective system of seacoast defense must fulfill the following conditions: 1st. Cover the important coast cities and naval establishments, ship-building plants, and valuable manufacturing establishments, from attack and destruction by bombardment. 2d. Close all harbors against an enemy, and secure them to our own vessels; prevent all the great avenues of interior navigation

from being closed, and protect as far as practicable, the coastwise trade. 3d. Deprive an enemy of the possibility of holding strong positions along the coast, where protected by a strong naval force he might be able to maintain himself for an indefinite period, and inflict irreparable damage upon the surrounding territory.

After a careful consideration of the foregoing conditions, it can hardly require any argument to convince intelligent men that we are in urgent need of several powerful coast defense vessels; that immediate provision should be made to create an auxiliary navy; and finally, that the navy and naval reserve must be the main dependence of the country for the complete protection of our coast line in the event of war with any maritime power.

The following table gives a summary of the prospective condition of the armored fleets of England and France in the year 1890, as made up by British authorities.

ENGLAND.			FRANCE.		
CLASS.	NO. OF SHIPS.	DISPLACEMENT.	CLASS.	NO. OF SHIPS.	DISPLACEMENT.
		Tons.			Tons.
1st.....	22	210,560	1st.....	10	105,314
2nd.....	24	141,920	2nd.....	18	126,740
3rd.....	12	98,380	3rd.....	4	19,887
Coast Defense....	14	41,530	Coast Defense..	19	42,212
Total.....	72	492,390	Total.....	51	294,153

*Edward F. Qualtrough.*

[NOTE.—This article was prepared before the recent alarm caused by the reported sinking of the Nipsic at Samoa. Were it to be rewritten today another potent argument would be available.—*E. F. Q.*]

## THE KANSAS EISTEDDFOD.

THERE is in a certain part of Kansas—I will not indicate the spot too accurately—a considerable colony of Welsh people. They are not all settled in the same place, but small clumps of them have affiliated in a group of neighbor towns. They are a hard-working, frugal, parsimonious set of people, keeping well to themselves, and having their own churches, schools, and amusements. Chief among their amusements ranks the cultivation (?) of music; they love music—I was about to add, intensely, but that is not an adverb which applies happily to the Welsh. Every Welsh settlement has its singing-school, which is numerously attended, and were the quality of their voices but equal to the quantity of their zeal, the effect of their performances would be sublime; as matters are, however, the effect is—something else.

The Eisteddfod, which is celebrated yearly, and which is similar in conception—though not in execution—to the German *sængerfest*, is of old and honorable origin; its objects are to encourage skill in bardic poetry, in music, and knowledge of the literature of their people. In the American sprout of this institution about which I am going to tell, however, little time was devoted to competition for prizes in two of the departments; the main effort was exerted in the department of music.

It chanced one winter about five years ago that I was stopping for a few months in the part of Kansas I have mentioned. I believe it was during the early part of my stay that the Eisteddfod was celebrated, probably some time in the month of January. The town in which I was stopping contained quite a proportion of Welsh people, and consequently I heard much about their preparations; and busy

enough they were, too, for a few weeks preceding the great occasion.

In the various singing-schools of the place great was the excitement. The masters were in a state which defied all powers of description, and their powers of sleep; they knew no rest, nor did their classes.

The soloists were drilled and re-drilled, and drilled again, until their voices were for the time quite lost. The upper notes of the sopranos had degenerated into shrieks; the altos were so husky as to justify the inference that they had been crying papers on the streets; the efforts of the tenors were so prodigious that they looked like victims of chronic apoplexy; while the basses had grown so used to stumbling about in whole catacombs of low notes, that they could hardly persuade their voices out of those gloomy regions.

Then the juvenile classes, what tortures they endured in their Eisteddfodic zeal! They stood in dismal rows before the frowning master, like disconsolate chickens,—first on one leg and then on the other,—digging their dirty, chubby fists into their blue eyes in awful despair, as they regarded the rows of notes which staggered across the well-thumbed page in an imbecile manner especially contrived to reduce them (the infants) to the extreme verge of lunacy. The small victims never dared, either, to solace themselves with a bit of orange or a piece of sticky confectionery; if they did they were seized by the hair or ears, and by those delicate and sensitive appendages dragged forth for public punishment.

Then the violinists and 'cello players; how they worked! How they perspired and wriggled and contorted their faces, as they strove with some refractory



strain, and how the violins and 'cellos squeaked, and moaned, and growled, and rumbled! Positively, there was not a sane instrument among the lot of them; all were ready for an insane asylum for musical instruments long before the rehearsals were over.

There were no listeners worth mentioning at these rehearsals; what they would have been ready for it is hard to conjecture. Murder and suicide would probably have been mild deeds for them.

But I have not related all the agony of preparation even yet. Think of the mammas and the daughters—or, no, don't; the thought would be distraction; but I will just venture to suggest mildly that they bore up under an amount of planning, cutting, fitting, and fig-leaf making generally, which would deserve a separate chronicle.

At last the great day arrived, strange to say! The sun actually rose on the opening of the Kansas Eisteddfod. He was very discontented about it, too, was the sun, and behaved himself in a most extraordinary manner. Talk of female caprice, indeed! Phœbus, in that one day, outdid in fickleness all the goddesses that ever I heard of. He began his reign in the morning in a feeble, undecided manner wholly unworthy of him; then for a couple of hours he drove his chariot most gallantly toward the meridian, shedding on the whitened plains an honest blaze of light delightful to see; but after that he pouted behind a fleecy pile of clouds in a most tantalizing manner until the afternoon was almost spent, and then capped his misdoings by prevailing on the clouds to pour down a shower of most disheartening length; and this, I can assure you, was his manner of going on through all the days of the festival.

But a fig for weather, anyway! Do you think for one moment that it could damp the ardor (if it did the clothes) of these sturdy descendants of Celtic chieftains, whose rude ships plowed the north-

ern seas so many centuries ago? Bah! never entertain such an idea. They were wholly undaunted by the unsatisfactory state of affairs out of doors.

Early in the morning of the opening day, wagons came creeping in across the prairie outside the town from half a dozen directions at once; which wagons were freighted with music-loving Welsh of every age, size and variety. The trains, too, brought loads of them from the smaller towns around. All were steering straight for the same objective point; and that point was—strange how the names of places can escape one so, but I have lost this one apparently; never mind, it can be re-christened with very slight mental strain; we will call it Byzantium. The Kansans will not object; they are as fond of giving a fine name to things as the rest of the world.

But to return to the town, for I was going straight away from it, when it was on that morning the center of attraction to a pretty large number.

By nine o'clock in the morning the crowd had begun to fill the hall with mud, and the Apollo Opera House with the luster of their presence. What a confusing thing it was, just to listen to the mounting footsteps. All new boots and shoes,—I give you my word and honor, on the evidence of my own ears, and my hearing is still unimpaired I hope, at least it was before the Eisteddfod.

What a noise they made! First, a full chorus of creaks go up the staircase, (family,—children in juvenile class; all expecting a prize); duett of creaks, (pair of lovers; sit in audience, giggle, eat gingerbread, and blush); solo creak, very weighty, fortissimo all the way, climaximo on the top stair, (Professor Consonants, leads orchestra, and frowns at blunderers in chorus); small; airy solo creak, runs a cadenza all the way upstairs, (soprano soloist,—she expects a prize).

Well, well, I must not linger here. There is something upstairs more impor-

tant than creaking shoes, (although you might not have thought so if you had heard them,) so I'll mount with all convenient speed, as I did on that morning.

Once inside the "Apollo," a curious scene presented itself to my eyes. The drop curtain still preserved an air of mysterious reserve, that is to say, it was down. But "coming events" could be prophesied by the feet which clumped to and fro below the somewhat abridged curtain, and by numerous billowy wavings of the aforesaid curtain, as it was strained to its utmost capacity by the anxious, perspiring crowd behind it.

The room was decorated with evergreens, and filled with a social throng, who made the air vocal with consonants. I have always noticed a painful degree of poverty in the matter of vowels at all Welsh gatherings; still, I never was able to detect any diminution of noise resulting from these omissions in their alphabet.

A programme was given me, which I determined to preserve in a modest collection of hieroglyphics I possessed, but which I found of little use at the time, I having unfortunately been taught to read by the aid of vowels.

By and by a bell tinkled, the curtain rolled up, and the audience was subdued into comparative silence, which was broken only by the occasional shuffling of about twenty boots, or the crackling of a few unusually hard nutshells.

The view on the stage was truly imposing. The scene-shifter, with a happy inspiration for artistic harmony, had enclosed the stage with a marine view. As a result of this, the highest and rear rank of singers had the surprising appearance of having risen from the very large, green ocean waves in the back, like so many decorously clad mermen and mermaids. Professor Consonants (whom I recognized at once by the creak of his boots) stood on the edge of a bold and rocky cliff to lead his chorus,

while various urchins and small girls rose between the side-rocks, like the mountain goblins that enticed Rip Van Winkle into joining their gloomy revels.

After the first applause of the audience was over, Professor Consonants raised his violin bow, as the signal for the orchestra to begin the overture, which composition, I judged by the sound, was the work of a native composer. During the overture the singers were attacked by such a general and severe fit of coughing that I became quite alarmed, fearing that their rehearsals had thrown them into consumption, or that they had been seized on the spot by a malevolent influenza. I was reassured by degrees, however, for I noticed that they all suffered in the same mysterious way at the beginning of each performance, and as mysteriously recovered when they began to sing; it seemed, in fact, to invigorate them, they sang the more lustily in consequence. When the overture was finished, the chorus fastened their anxious and distended eyes on the severe and lofty countenance of Professor Consonants, whose eyes, in opposition to theirs, rolled warningly up and down their bashful rows. They began to breathe hard, as though they were each drawing loaded wagons by their unassisted strength. Finally the signal was given, and their voices broke forth in one mighty shout.

How they sang! each one evidently imbued with the idea that the chorus was to win the prize through his or her individual efforts. How they rolled their heads in time to the music, some of them, while others furtively beat the floor with one foot.

The volume of sound was tremendous. But—I don't know exactly how to explain the effect—there seemed to be the same lack of vowels in their music as in their language. I cannot say that I enjoyed it. I looked about me; the faces of all expressed the keenest delight. I was wrong, evidently. The music was probably good, but it being



in a foreign language, I failed to appreciate it.

Well, there were choruses throughout that entire session, at the conclusion of which I was pleased to note that the class led by my friend, Professor Consonants, was awarded the prize, and I remembered with great complacency that it had made much more noise than any other of the classes.

At the intermission between the morning and afternoon session, a number of the audience encamped on the battlefield, so to speak, and partook of refreshments to such an alarming extent that it would seem as though their lives must have been imperiled, and people's certainly were who attempted to walk across the floor after refreshment time.

During the afternoon, between various labored performances in a solo direction, I amused myself by watching two or three of the auditors who interested me. One of these was a young girl, apparently about eighteen years old. She was exceedingly pretty, with an abundance of sunny curls, a transparent complexion, and laughing hazel eyes. She had a more refined face than any of her surrounding countrywomen, and a wayward, arch manner which was even more attractive than her prettiness. Evidently the young man that hung about her neighborhood was at least as much charmed by her as I was. He was a tall, slender, dapper youth, smartly dressed, and having a sort of barber's-block beauty. He did not leave the little beauty's vicinity during the afternoon, but I am sorry to record that in spite of his devotion she treated him with the most provoking coquetry. She would make up her mouth at him into what was no doubt intended for a horrible grimace, but was in reality a charming pout; and sometimes she turned her back on him and refused to talk to him altogether.

I soon discovered a reason for the young witch's behavior; I saw that those bright eyes were fixed furtively and fre-

quently on a certain large, grave, ungainly young man, who took no notice of her at all; and I noticed that when she was so occupied her eyes were no longer full of sunny laughter, but were darkened by a look of quite serious pain. It appeared that there was a fourth party to this little drama, in the person of a large, dark, handsome girl, — the entire opposite of my little beauty. She was the chief singer among the women, and had, as I found later, a rich, sweet voice. She was evidently in love with the dapper youth and bitterly jealous of the little girl. By the time I had made these discoveries, however, the afternoon session of the first day had drawn to a close, and I was obliged to defer further observation until the next morning.

Kicks, vigorous and many times renewed, at the doors of the "Apollo" heralded the approach of the crowd, and of the second day of the Eisteddfod. The same motley procession, with faces glistening from recent applications of yellow soap and friction. Big fiddles and boots out in full force; mud and baskets of luncheon, likewise.

The noisy audience being once more appealed to, they subsided, as far as in them lay, and were informed by a very large, stout man with a very red face — said redness being probably induced by bashfulness — of something or other which sounded like: "Ilb chtmsz mtyng prggt, lt uzb dugt chying mrp yt," with a few more sentences to the same effect. These formidable remarks appeared to afford the highest satisfaction to the audience, and even to contain matter of delicate wit, for the ladies laughed immoderately when he had finished, while an occasional guffaw was heard from the men as well.

When the large man had subsided with an air of great self-complacency, caused by the brilliant success of his effort, a row of boys stood up, each one of whom appeared a shade more bashful than his neighbor. I have no reason to suppose

that these misguided youths possessed more than their natural allowance of hands, but the effect of their gestures was quite as bewildering as though they each been as liberally supplied as so many statues of Brahma. They recited a colloquy from their native literature with voices not all impaired by their bashfulness, and at length sat down covered with glory, perspiration and smiles.

A very small, thin man, whose clothes were several feet too large, next mounted the stage, and advanced to the front. He was evidently trying to appear easy and dignified, but succeeded instead in acquiring with accuracy the look of a convicted criminal. After he began to sing, however, he became quite exhilarated with his performance, and grinned delightfully throughout the latter part of his song, which, I am happy to state, had an intelligible title, "Betty Wynne." The little man's "chef d'œuvre" in this song, which contained, on a moderate computation, about ten verses, was to fetch "a deep breath, raise himself on his tip-toes, lift his eyebrows, stretch his mouth, and crane his neck, at the same time clutching his coat wildly with both hands, and shout at the top of his lungs, and at the end of each verse:

" Betty Wy-n-n-e,  
(Climax.) Betty Wy-n-n-e !  
Mryp opt gly imp.  
(Descending.) Betty Wynne !"

As the little man became more hoarse and more enthusiastic after each shout, I felt relieved when he sat down, amidst applause quite as tumultuous as that bestowed on a fashionable prima donna.

During one or two numbers which followed the superb triumph of "Betty Wynne," I became interested in watching a quiet pair who sat just in front of me. They were a man and a little, fair-haired girl. The weed on the hat which lay by the man's side showed him to be a widower, and the fond and absorbed care he took of the little girl showed her

to be his only child. His face was a good, strong Celtic type; his placid forehead was full, high and broad; gray curls clustered not ungracefully about his large, shapely head; his blue eyes looked shrewd and intelligent, while thoughtful, sad lines furrowed his strong, ruddy face. The child did not resemble him in the least, which made me fancy that the look of a fair young mother, long dead, lived in her sweet young face, that his eyes dwelt on her so much and so fondly. She was evidently expecting to take part in the performance, although in what way I could not guess, until I espied below her feet a violin case.

Presently I knew by their manner that it was nearly time for her number. The father smoothed her curls with his work-roughened hands as gently as a woman could; the little girl was a trifle frightened, and hung bashfully around her father's neck. Finally, however, she straightened herself with a stern little air of resolution, took her violin case, shook back her curls, and walked firmly up to and entered the stage-door. After an interval of two more numbers, during which the father was evidently in a great state of sympathetic anxiety, and heard nothing, the little girl came upon the stage, led by a pleasant-looking lady, who accompanied her upon the piano.

The child looked so small to play on a violin at all, that I was startled when she began to tune her instrument at the fine full tone I heard, and at the dexterity of her slender fingers. There was a profound hush as the audience watched the calm, pale little creature while she stood awaiting the end of the prelude. Then a lovely theme from a German composition sang beneath her bow, clean in execution and true in expression and in the difficult variations of the theme which followed. To see the fairy movements of her fingers and to hear dainty cadenzas and strong, rich chords executed by her with such skill, was strange enough.



The audience applauded with the utmost ardor, she acknowledging it with the air of a mild little princess returning the homage of her subjects, nor was she allowed to leave the stage until she had repeated her performance, to the renewed delight of all.

I went towards her father: "Your daughter plays beautifully. Where has she studied?" "In London," he answered, and then turned a proud, beaming look on her as she returned down the aisle to his side. I felt curious to know more of them, but controlled myself with the pretty sight they made as she, mingling her soft, flaxen curls with his crisp, gray ones, whispers gleefully to him that she "did n't miss but one note," and he, smoothing her hair and returning her whispers, looks at her in a way which proved that she is, to him, the sweetest sight on earth.

On the third day the morning session was dull and sparsely attended; everybody was waiting for the evening concert, the grand finale of the Eisteddfod.

The audience gathered early in large numbers, and their very best clothes.

It is not necessary for me to dwell in detail upon the splendid triumphs of the evening. They are preserved, no doubt, in the archives of the numerous singing schools. I might expatiate at length, telling how the hero of the "Betty Wynne" performance renewed his shouts to the delight of the crowd; how Professor Consonants's class acquitted themselves with superhuman vigor; how the statues of Brahma reappeared in all the glory of a new recitation,—but I will be lenient.

In the English programme one number was advertised, "Nancy Lee, by a gentleman from Chicago," but the description did not apply to him in either particular. He came upon the stage wearing an air of high confidence, also a pair of white kid gloves. How he smiled; how he roared on the "yo-ho"; how he enjoyed himself generally; but when on

the highest note, the climax, after stumbling in a most bewildered manner all over the immediate neighborhood of the note, he suddenly alighted with tremendous force, and a tone several inches below the proper pitch, and there hung for several seconds, on his tiptoes, the effect was wonderful! The audience was filled with conflicting emotions at the end of this performance,—with the exception of the small boys in the gallery, who experienced unmixed delight, and expressed it through the happy medium of yells.

One number which interested me was another violin solo by the little fair-haired child, who made so pretty a picture in her soft white dress, with her curls shading the delicate, absorbed face she bent to the violin, that I have never been able to forget her. The audience listened to her, hushed and amazed as before, and when she came back to acknowledge their applause with her former pretty grace, I saw her shining eyes seek a certain corner where her father sat watching her with happy, foolish pride.

The last number of the concert was a duett between the large, grave young man and the dark beauty whom I had observed on the first day. I have forgotten the name of the duett now,—something about moonlight on rippling Venetian waters, a gondolier, love, and all the rest,—but the harmony of their rich young voices was sweet indeed after some of the musical travesties that had gone before, and the romantic effect of it was enhanced by a harp accompaniment, added to that of the piano, by the nimble fingers of a picturesque Italian boy.

Very near me sat the little beauty, watching her unconscious idol with furtive adoration, she unconscious of the lovesick gaze of the dapper youth, who still attended on her, and the smart one, in his turn, cold and indifferent to the glowing eyes of the dark beauty which sought his so eagerly throughout her

passionate song. I watched in turn the four faces, reading the foolish, sad old story they betrayed.

At last it is over. "Put the lights out; the Eisteddfod is dead for a year to come.

What do I hear the child-artist saying, as she twines her father's neck in her innocent arms? "I shall be famous, some day, sha'n't I, father? O, how happy that will make me." And her father answers with a sigh, "We don't know that yet, for sure, little one; any way, I'm afraid you won't be both; folks never are, they say."

And the little beauty says to her idol: "How beautifully you sang! It was so — that is, I — it seemed like another world!" And he, bowing awkward thanks, sees her pretty confusion, — and nothing else.

Last, the dark beauty says to *her* idol, low and eagerly: "Did you like my song, Jack? I sang it for you." And he answers her, coldly and carelessly, with longing eyes turned on the little beauty, "You did well, Liz; I never heard you sing better."

I read the other day in the paper with a shock of surprise that the dark beauty I remembered so well had committed suicide by throwing herself in front of an eastern-bound train. "Cause unknown," commented the paper. I wondered, remembering the bitter look of pain I saw on her face that night of her lover's rebuff, whether I knew the cause; and I thought, "Can it be possible that the girl thought her life too poor a thing to keep, only because she lacked the love of that worthless little idol?"

A. W. G.

## LOVE À LA TURQUE.

[Translated from Coppée's "La Tête de la Sultan."]

SULTAN MAHMOUD, son of the great Murad,  
Waking or sleeping hungered in his soul  
For one thing only, for Byzantium.  
Sometimes, reclining in his light caïque,  
Rowed o'er the tide by twenty stalwart slaves,  
With brooding heart he heard across the wave  
The city's droning hum, and saw afar,  
And cursed to see so far, the city's domes  
All mirrored in the azure Bosphorus.  
The thought tormented him as the gadfly's sting  
Torments the courser. Well the sultan knew  
His need of soldiers, and he lavished gold  
Upon his janissaries; but long peace  
Had wasted all their valor, and their greed  
No gifts of gold could ever slake or quench,  
But ever grew the clamor, "Give, give, give."

Wise was Mahmoud and knew the ways of men:  
One day, with deep intention, wearying  
Of all their venal cries, he furious smote  
Their aga on the mouth, and shut himself  
At Broussa, in the walls of his harim.



Then swift to anger was the soldiery :  
Soon mutiny with sibilant hiss and hoot  
Roared like a sea around the ancient pile  
That towered aloft, dumb, blind, and terrible.  
The rebel soldiers thronged before the wall,  
Browned by the blaze of centuries of suns,  
To fume and rave in stormy discontent.  
For rumor had been busy,—he, their lord  
That cast such scorn upon them, far within  
Deep in the shady coolness of a bower  
Where scarce at noon a sunbeam glimmered, lay  
Lolling on cushions, an effeminate wretch  
Drugged by a philtre. Yes, 't was said, a girl,  
A blue-eyed slave girl from Epirus bought,  
Had triumphed over all his old desires  
Of battle and of conquest. He Khalif,  
Mahmoud the Second, careless of his fame  
Would henceforth live for nothing but delight  
Of sensual ease, and his guitar in hand,  
Trill Persian love songs. As the great sea-tide  
Swells to the flood, so swelled their rebel wrath.  
“Shame on the lecherous dastard! Shame, shame, shame!”  
Their angry murmurs rise on every side,  
Like the loud buzzing of the summer flies.  
The largesse, late demanded, now no more  
Is in their thoughts. “Blood, give us blood,” they cry.  
“We want red war and battle. Othman’s sword  
Has rusted in the scabbard. Does he think  
To fatten us on rice and flesh for nought!  
Three farthings daily would be pay enough,  
Had we a chief that dared to draw the sword  
And not the slave of woman’s wanton eyes.  
Let him come out, for we must speak with him.  
We will, by Allah! and we will not wait  
His leisure for an answer. Ho, the gate!  
Open this instant or we’ll burst it in;  
We are no dogs, that they should say ‘Begone.’  
The sultan! Ho, the sultan! Have him out!”  
Thus with clenched hand and mutinous shout they rave.  
Nathless the massive golden-studded door  
Within its Moorish arch remains fast shut,  
And still fast shut is the seraglio.

At last Khalil Pasha, the grand vizier,  
The sultan’s well belovèd, who alone  
Of all the courtiers durst approach the door  
Of that harim and call his master’s name,  
Knocks without cease and will not be denied.

Stretched on a broad divan luxuriously,  
 An aigrette gleaming 'mid his turban folds,  
 In his most secret chamber, where perfumes  
 On golden tripods steam, he found Mahmoud.  
 Soft and voluptuous o'er his favorite's lute  
 His nerveless fingers idly wandering strayed,  
 While she, the queen of him the empire's lord,  
 Now cause of such disloyalty to him,  
 Lay at his feet upon a lion's hide,  
 With scarce a veil to screen her ivory limbs  
 Except the masses of her raven hair.  
 With deep obeisance and submissive hand  
 Khalil awaited grace vouchsafed of speech.  
 "What would my faithful vizier?" said the king.  
 "Ill-chosen is the time to come unbid  
 And trouble me in this my privacy:  
 For my sultana's eyes are wondrous fair,  
 And I was telling o'er her matchless charms  
 In verses Hafiz's self need not disdain."  
 "By Allah, noble son of great Murad,"  
 Answered Khalil, "worse chosen is the time  
 For amorous dalliance and for poesy.  
 Thy rebel troops will burst the palace gates!  
 Still them, O master, with thy conquering eye.  
 Show thyself. By thy presence call them back  
 To duty and obedience. Seeing thee  
 They will bethink them of their homage due:  
 But thou must show thyself, or be undone."  
 Gravely the old man spoke, but all the while  
 Mahmoud, scarce heeding, smiled upon his slave  
 Who, with a shyness that did but enhance  
 Her beauty, hid herself behind her lord  
 Claspng her arms about him, wild affright  
 Dilating eyes blue as the violets are,  
 Her soft throat pressed regardless of the smart  
 Against his caftan's rough embroidery  
 Crusted with rubies upon cloth of gold.

"Gentle as lambs I'll make these mutineers,"  
 Answered the Sultan. "Well I know how true  
 The love and honor of my janissaries.  
 It pleased me to be sullen,—nothing more.  
 They wish to see their Sultan,—that is well."  
 Then beckoning to the Nubian chamberlain,  
 To Djem, who tastes each dish before his lord,  
 Who licks the very stone on which to spread  
 His lord's prayer-carpet, gently he unwound  
 With all a lover's amorous tenderness



Her arms around him lovingly entwined,  
And two words whispered in the negro's ear.  
Then followed by his gray-bearded vizier,  
With stern and gloomy majesty that seemed  
Too proud even to hear the distant roar,  
Straight to the danger's front he passes down  
The porphyry stair, whose stone-wrought balustrade  
Was writhed about with dragons, confident  
In his great self and all-sufficing word.

A roar of voices! Lo, the heavy gate  
Has turned upon its hinges, and displays,  
Resplendent in the sunset's misty gold,  
Fezzes and turbans surging in the square,  
A sea of color. Mahmoud stood erect,  
The archway's shadow framed his jeweled form,  
On him ten thousand flashing eyes were fixed,  
And myriad voices joined in one acclaim.  
Full cautiously Khalil, the old vizier,  
Followed his master; then the chamberlain,  
Coming a little after took his place  
Behind them gloomily, and in his hand  
Was something hidden in a leathern sack.

Three paces to the front the Sultan strode  
And stood upon the threshold, looking round  
On the base herd that roared and seethed below,  
With such disdain that straight the human tide  
Ebbd backward. Curt and terrible his voice,  
"What would ye?"

At his word the mutineers  
Felt all their high-flown insolence fade away.  
Dead silence fell upon them for a space.  
Again, his voice now vibrating with wrath,  
"What would ye?" asks the padishah.

At length  
A veteran soldier, tried in many a fight,  
Bearing three poniards girded in his sash,  
Trained in the wars of Bajazet Pasha,  
Stepped from among the foremost of the crowd,  
And came anigh the Sultan where he stood,  
And lifting up his face, seamed with old scars,  
"Commander of the faithful," he began,  
"Head of Islam, both body and soul to thee,  
We all belong forever. We demand  
Nothing; our wages are enough; we hope

Only to win thee glory by our death.  
Suffer the oldest of thy father's guard  
Who under him, not without honor, fought  
Iskander-beg, Hunyadi and Drakul,  
To speak the truth in all sincerity.  
Commander of the faithful, thou art loved,  
Thou art revered; and, if thou seest here  
All these thy people swept by passion's gust,  
It is because they hear that thou art sunk  
In wantonness and soft effeminacy,  
A woman's slave. Oh, prove to us, my lord,  
This rumor but a slander. Mount thy steed;  
Put on thy warrior harness once again.  
Thy falcons know their quarry. Show it them  
In Greece or in Albania. Cast them off,  
And they shall stoop and bring thee back the prey.  
And here speak I for all thy janissaries,  
As true as I am Muslim and Hadgi."

"But for thine honorable scars ere now  
My hand had spilled thy blood upon these stones,"  
Exclaimed Mahmoud. "'T is true then, they believe  
A fancy weighs so much with Murad's son.  
O fickle mob, to think a woman's kiss  
Had sapped the courage of this dauntless heart.  
And ye believed it too, O herd of fools,  
Soldiers who vaunt and wrangle, ye believed  
The lion fettered in a flower-twined band.  
Good! Ye shall see the mark his talons leave.  
Ye dare accuse me, Sultan, me, Khalif,  
Me, upon earth the visible image of God!  
Ye sons of dogs, take my reply.—Behold!"  
He spoke in clarion tones, and as he ceased  
He plunged his hand, the white hand of a king,  
Into the sack of leather offered him  
By Djem the eunuch, kneeling. Then he drew  
Suddenly and brandished at the staring crowd  
A bloody head just severed from the trunk.  
It was the violet-eyed Sultana's head,  
Which in his foul, abominable sack  
The obedient eunuch brought to him still warm.  
Cut to the neck-bone from the throat across,  
Below the masses of the raven hair,  
Blood-soaked, where toyed a little while ago  
Mahmoud's soft hand, the white hand of a king,  
That dreadful head, still seeming half alive,  
The eyes dilate with fear and lips drawn back,  
Dangled in his firm grasp. He held it up,



And hideous drops spotted the marble's white.  
And for a moment's space the crowd, struck dumb,  
Stared at the monstrous trophy, which distilled  
Unceasingly great gout of crimson blood.  
Sudden, the sun slow sinking in the west,  
Who from of old beholds the crimes of men,  
Flushed to a bloody crimson in his turn;  
Fell murder's red reflection lighted up  
The landscape and the waves of Marmora;  
His orb seemed like a vision weeping blood;  
And all at once the vast horizon round,  
The circling ring of forest-covered hills,  
The sea-port bristling with a thousand masts,  
The minarets whence at eve the praise of God  
Resounds, the cupolas of the massive mosques,  
The markets and the quarters of the town  
Where sounds the hum of toil, the Sultan's self  
Before the door of his seraglio,  
The horse-hair ensign streaming on the wind,  
The crowd, the sky, the sea, were all one red,  
Presaging hideously the seas of blood  
Mahmoud the Second was about to shed.

Small heed of that dread symbol took the herd  
Of miserable dastards. With a shout  
Of wild enthusiasm and savage love  
They cheered the prince who played a headsman's part,  
Tickling their mood with such a spectacle.  
With shouts of "Allah!" and the Prophet's name  
The soldiers groveled at their Sultan's feet,  
Kissing with rapturous lips his caftan's hem,  
And fixing eyes of transport on his face.

But when in scorn he would withdraw himself  
From the caresses of the ruffian horde,  
As one who flings his hounds their carrion raw  
To mouth and rend, so Mahmoud flung the head  
Far in the midst of that infatuate crowd,  
Which took it with a yell of horrid joy.

Well pleased then turned Mahmoud to his vizier,  
And pointing with a gesture to the mob  
Whom his all-powerful presence and his crime  
Had roused to frenzy, "Now," said he, "'t is mine.  
For me the dogs will take Byzantium."

*R. B. Townshend.*

## ETC.

THE past month has not failed in excitements in the news of the world. The dramatic disclosures before the Parnell Commission in England, the inauguration of a new administration in this country, with such interesting foreshadowing of the future effect of these events on the history of the respective nations as may be discerned,—these have been the two subjects most in the minds of English-speaking people the world over during the last few weeks. Meanwhile, the State legislatures have been in session; and it is a pity that so few people in any one State pay any attention to the transactions of other legislatures than their own, for it is in these State councils that the greater part of the government of our country is carried on. To read about the dreary wilderness of bills, resolutions, speeches, jobs, that several dozen legislatures at once are creating, would be a terrible task. But newspapers, according to that high view of their functions that obtains in toasts to *The Press*, should keep an intelligent eye on the governments of all these federated republics, and inform us better than they now do wherever proceedings of real interest to our life as a people are going on. For instance, the New York State election turned upon the questions of high license and ballot reform,—both matters of the most overwhelming interest to all the other States, in each of which, once the Empire State made the experiment, the pressure to follow would be strong. The candidate for governor pledged to the two reforms, was defeated; but a legislature went in committed by its party to carry them as its principal business. The veto of the governor was the only thing that threatened them. Yet the New York legislature has been at Albany long enough to have finished all its work and gone home; but the two reforms in question lie neglected, and the subject that overshadows all others is an investigation into a \$100,000 scandal concerning the ceiling of the Capitol. Our own legislature was not elected on any reform issue, or, indeed, on any issue at all (known outside the councils of party managers) save that of the party names at the head of their tickets. Our people therefore,—having made not the least effort to secure a good legislature, and raised no demand for any reforms,—have no such ground for complaint as the people of New York. They have themselves and their journals to thank for it, that the most important measure that was brought forward,—one of the most promising reform measures ever proposed in the country,—the ballot bill of the Federated Trades, was defeated on a reconsideration. Meanwhile the Democratic legislature of Indiana

has placed itself with the Republican one of Massachusetts, a similar ballot bill having passed both houses, and received the Governor's signature. Of fourteen States that attempted this most important reform this winter, Indiana is the only one thus far reported successful.

SAN FRANCISCO has demonstrated over and over that there is no such difficulty in dethroning a boss and smashing a machine, if people are only willing to throw aside the superstition of party names. Oakland has just demonstrated it again. Oakland is the second or third city in size in the State, (we do not know how by a competent census it would now compare with Los Angeles,) and though a quiet place of residences and churches, has been gradually becoming the property of the machine,—a Republican machine, as in Philadelphia's case, instead of the Democratic one more common in cities. All our readers in this part of the State know what happened in Oakland; but it is worth while for those at a distance and in other States to know how like a flash it proved possible to throw off the chains, once the party superstition was waived. It was the first election under a new charter, and the increased powers given to the mayor made the determination of each element within the party to control the nomination unusually sharp: the more as a conflict had already occurred under the old charter between the citizens of Oakland and the mayor on one side, and the councilmen and liquor interests on the other, in which the liquor interests, though strongly in a minority, had come out victorious through their political weight. At the primaries occurred some gross frauds in the interest of the candidate favored by the machine,—who was understood, also, to be the candidate preferred by the saloon. When the convention assembled a vigorous protest was made against receiving the delegation from this ward, and a new primary there was called for. This the convention refused; whereupon the protestants, including the entire delegations from one or two wards, with a strong following from others, quitted the hall, organized an independent convention at another, called a mass meeting of citizens, arranged a coalescence with the Democrats in a satisfactory "citizens' ticket," after the Brooklyn model, and swept the city with it a few days later. Not a single candidate of the machine was elected, and the citizens' candidate for mayor, a popular young Democratic ex-congressman, went in by an unusual majority. The whole political structure, close-knit and firm as steel though it may have been, (as in this city,



at least, it certainly is,) but founded on the airy superstition that Mr. Glascock's views on the tariff or on certain closed questions of a quarter-century ago could injuriously affect his supervision of streets and police and licenses, went over like a house of cards when a breath of common sense independence shook this foundation. Under excitement people will disregard such superstitions, as a peasant will go past a graveyard, forgetting the spooks; yet in cool blood again peasant or citizen is clutched by the returning superstition. We can only hope that as repeated defiance of the spooks in time free the peasant from his bondage, they may free the citizen from his more harmful one.

If we may trust the papers, Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, who is soon to lecture in San Francisco and other places on this coast, is an attractive woman, who engages fashionable interest in sensible dressing by showing its possibilities in the way of beauty. Doctors, and of late especially woman doctors, have been pointing out to women the dangers—sometimes no less than horrible dangers—that attend their style of dress; and have not failed to urge that it is inferior from an artistic point of view to more natural lines. But women have not to any extent believed this. It is not in either man or woman to believe easily where it is a question of something that one fears will lessen his acceptability and power among his fellow-beings. And while a good many women have discarded the deforming compressions and dragging weights of the Parisian dress code without in the least making guys of themselves, these have been mostly quiet, studious women, not given to much display or elegance in dress in any case. Until the woman arises who can show that it is as possible to make dress a great object without crippling or exhausting weights and constrictions as with these, the world of fashion will continue to cripple and exhaust its women's bodies; and the world of aspiring unfashion to imitate to the best of its ability. It is said that Mrs. Miller is that woman. Her lectures probably contain nothing the doctors and studious women have not been saying for years; but she has the happy idea—a courageous one certainly—of proving her point by displaying upon herself a succession of rich and beautiful dresses, which it is said the most fashionable woman in the audience has to admire, but which are nevertheless thoroughly reformed as to healthfulness and comfort. Everyone that has given attention to the subject knows that this is perfectly possible: by an expenditure of care, time, and money no greater than a woman must, in any case, give in order to dress beautifully, she can dress both beautifully and comfortably. Certain elegances of the rigid Parisian style must be surrendered, but in their place can be achieved a sort of distinction quite as attractive, even to women of fashion; the softening of the rigid lines at the waist,

and a dozen similar improvements, are soon recognized as a distinct artistic gain. For instance, Mrs. Miller says, "If we had such a hump on our back naturally as that made by a bustle, we would travel the world over to find a means of removing it." Everybody who heard "Patience" will remember its curious involuntary demonstration of the superiority of the Greek dress,—even in the extreme followed by the æsthetes,—when the beautiful and graceful maidens of the earlier scenes suddenly turn into such commonplace persons on resuming conventional garments. But a more important result yet of such preaching as we understand Mrs. Miller's is to be, is that it teaches the woman to really acquire beauty through physical health and training, instead of dressing to appear to have it. The fashions of riding, rowing, mountaineering, and the like in England and the East have gone far toward giving fashionable women this physical vigor, and some emancipation from compressions and weights, bands and steels, are going still farther. On this coast the whole subject is newer.

### Cuban Night Song.

[From the Spanish of José Ybarra.]

WHEN from out thy casement glancing,  
Thou look'st down upon me,  
All the air is fragrant  
With breath of jasmine flowers.  
If I fear that form entrancing,  
Flouting love, may scorn me,  
Blame not a poor vagrant  
Who lingers mid fair bowers.  
How can I my passion show,  
And how my secret anguish?—  
Throw a flow'r to me below  
For that alone I languish.  
Bid it to me say,  
Bid it to me say,  
I love thee and will love thee ever!  
I love thee and will leave thee never!

Cruel one, ah! wherefore shun me,  
Wherefore leave me waiting,  
While the dews are falling,  
And shadows deepen round?  
Why has not my music won thee?  
Even birds are mating,  
 wooing with their songs entralling,  
Winning by sweet sound.  
I will clamber up the vine  
That to thy wall is clinging.  
Leaps my blood as stirred by wine,  
My heart within me singing—  
While I murmur low,  
While I murmur low,  
I love thee and will love thee ever!  
I love thee and will leave thee never!

Maria Chaler.

### A Word on Pauperism.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY :

WE may be thankful that this land of our birth or our adoption, but surely of our hearts, should have started on its career with all the advantages of older countries, and with all the accumulated knowledge and experience of past ages. But this should not make us blind to the fact that, with all the blessings of modern civilization, is introduced the evil which has been an element of trouble and dissolution to other communities, namely, pauperism.

But if anywhere anything can be done to check the progress of this evil, it is in this privileged country where it is yet in an incipient state, and where the conditions of life are so exceptionally favorable that the wonder is that it should exist at all. In old and thickly populated centers, the combined efforts of the legislature, the moralist, and the wealthy may prove of little or no avail. But here our climate, our commercial, mineral, and agricultural wealth, our limited population, which for the whole State does not amount to one-half the population of the city of London alone,—all this offers possibilities which would seem to render comparatively easy that which elsewhere baffles all human efforts.

These may seem idle remarks in presence of all the good work that is done in our community ; when charity conferences yearly meet and organize ; when the rich — and those who are not, for that matter — have their purses and their hearts ever open to alleviate human sufferings ; and when the charitable institutions are well conducted and more numerous in proportion to the population than anywhere else in the world. Nevertheless the question will remain a vital one as long as we find a large class of sufferers for whom nothing has yet been devised but the pernicious habit of alms-giving, as demoralizing for the giver as for him who receives. We should not rest until we have found something more effectual, if possible, at any rate something more worthy of human dignity. Money, at best, can only humiliate and give but temporary relief, while it should be the means of procuring what alone can reform the bad, and help the honest poor without destroying his pride,—namely, work. The aim of philanthropy is less to provide institutions for the relief of sufferers than it is to decrease their number and render these institutions useless, if possible.

Not that I presume to enter here upon the discussion of labor problems or the faults of existing social systems. I do not wish to deal with the causes of pauperism and their suppression, but merely to consider its effects, and how we can palliate them by softening, for humanity's sake in general, and our own honor and security in particular, the hardships of the stragglers of humanity, whether they are the victims of faulty social systems, of adverse circumstances, or of their own improvidence and misconduct.

Immense strides, no doubt, have been made in our times towards bettering human condition. Never before was there such an earnest movement towards leveling the barriers that the chances of birth have raised between the different classes of society, and towards raising the moral and intellectual standard of mankind. In this land of churches and schools, especially, the true principles of charity and human solidarity have taken deeper root than elsewhere. Sanitary laws, free public education, help and shelter for the disabled, slavery abolished, war waged against alcohol and tobacco, co-operative and fraternal societies of all kinds, joined to the intelligent generosity of Peabody, Lick, Pullman, and hosts of others, have bestowed upon the lower classes a security and comfort unknown to previous ages.

Nevertheless there remains a lower stratum, a class of sufferers who have not profited one iota by the beneficial changes wrought out in our age ; men who live from hand to mouth, and in spite of all their efforts are unable to save enough to join any of the mutual aid societies, whose province it is to provide for their members. These men live in constant danger of swelling the ranks of the destitute who are a burden to the community, and who in turn furnish the majority of their recruits to the criminal classes, who are both a burden and a danger.

It follows that if we help the first category of men, by far the most deserving, we shall proportionately decrease the number of the other two. These people, new Tantaluses in the midst of the luxuries of large cities, struggle day by day, year after year, to find the scantiest pittance, living with the phantom of destitution staring them in the face. Timid, friendless foreign immigrants, who often have known better days at home, widows, family men, weak-minded and weak-bodied youths, these are the deserving ones, and these the ones for whom the least is done. The numerous loan offices, garnished with the spoils of these unfortunates, are tokens of many unknown miseries and humiliations. The first and most elementary thing to do would be at least to open some *Mont de Piété* or public loan office, where they could borrow on their portable goods without having to pay ten per cent a month, often extorted by unscrupulous pawnbrokers in spite of the law.

But our object is to spare these people the necessity of resorting to such expedients, and compromising the future by being involved in debts and obligations. How can this be effected ? By reducing to a minimum the cost of living ; by enabling them to bridge over hard times under conditions which will by no means be exempt from hardships and privations, but which will save them, at least, from extreme distress, despair, and perhaps crime ; by opening for them a shelter where they can live at such low rates that their earnings, however small, may suffice, with enough left to enable the managers of the institution to levy a percentage thereon, with



which to procure to these people a policy in some mutual aid society. For the poor, like children, have need of a guardianship.

As for those who are entirely without means of support, the same advantages may be extended to them, by making them work,—work, as a matter of discipline whether any profit can be derived from it or not,—work, as a safeguard against impostors and idlers, and so that the proud may accept the proffered help as a right, and not as a favor that they must stoop for. Then if this work can be made remunerative, so that the organization may be self-supporting and not a burden to the community, in short, if it can be based upon regular business principles, all the better. This would indeed be ideal charity; that which extends a warm grasp to our fellow sufferers, not alone the cold metal,—the charity of co-workers and partners, not the patronizing and more or less Pharisaical pity.

When we consider what the community of life and labor has done in former times for the monasteries and missions, and the countries they have reclaimed, and how the same system today enables governments to maintain their large standing armies, we wonder why the same system may not be applied in the case of the unemployed, keeping them out of mischief, under the wholesome discipline of camp life, and with a certain task to perform, so that they may not be a burden to themselves and others. If such a measure had not the effect of entirely clearing our streets and door-steps of vagrants, at least one great result would be sure to follow,—it would show just which were willing to work and be honest and which were not, that we might deal with them accordingly.

One of the finest innovations wrought out by our local enterprise and energy is the splendid system of cable roads, whose cars we see in all directions gliding silently and smoothly up the hill in spite of the laws of gravity. They offer by far the most rapid mode of transit in and out of town that any city can boast of, and seem to invite us to spread our suburbs, and take all the space that sanitary laws command for the public welfare; they invite us to clear our thoroughfares of all encumbrances, and of the demoralizing sight of vice and poverty.

At the terminus of those roads vast tracts of waste land and sand dunes stretch in the distance. Instead of imitating the dingy workhouses of England, or the tenement houses where, in Eastern cities, the poor are huddled together, why not, in the barren places which outskirt the city, build spacious wigwams or caravanseries, where the poor could find shelter, cleanliness, and fresh air? Flour and provisions could be supplied to them at wholesale cost price, as is done by some societies in England, and the poor lead there a sort of camp life, under proper control and discipline, safe from the temptations of the city, and at one-third the cost, or less. Those who earned something could pay their share of the

mess, the others work for it, until employment was procured,—the society being at the same time a free employment office. Think what an advantage it would be to select our servants and workmen from among people who had been put to the test, and given an opportunity to show their willingness and aptitude.

To those who may think that such an establishment might increase the influx of pauper immigration to our shores, I will say the picture is hardly attractive enough for that, and the class of men who would submit to its *regime* would not be such as ever harmed a country; while, on the other hand, such a place would offer a ready refuge to unhappy ones who lost their little all in consequence of some catastrophe, such as the conflagrations that periodically sweep over the poor quarters of the town.

As to the nature of the work by which to keep such a fluctuating and heterogeneous crowd busy, this is a question that time and experience alone can decide, and all we can do here is to give a few ideas concerning our conception of the scheme. Two large circular buildings or pavilions might be built, one for the men the other for the women. With hammocks and blankets they could serve as dormitories by night, and in the day be converted into a vast workshop, wherein all those who knew a trade could find and be loaned the tools and materials to ply it; all the stock thus manufactured going to supply the wants of the inmates of the camp. Half a day's work ought to pay for a man's keeping for the twenty-four hours, and the other half go to his credit, in order to give him an opportunity to look for an employment, or to study English if he is a foreigner, or learn a trade, especially if he is young. Or if they choose to put in their full time, this additional work would be repaid to them in clothing, blankets, tools, car tickets,—in fact, the money's worth but not the money, which they could not use to the same advantage, even though they spent it judiciously. All contributions by the patrons of the society ought likewise to be in the nature of food and supplies of all sorts, rather than money. This system might even be carried out with the managers and staff of employees, so as to secure none but disinterested, honest persons. Instead of paying them wages, keep them, settle their bills, and allow them but a nominal sum for petty expenses, placing the balance of their earnings with interest to their credit, until they leave the employ of the society.

A great number of hands could be employed in tilling and cultivating the soil, so that cattle might graze, and vegetables and fruit grow, where land is barren today, and the camp become in time self-supporting. Those who were not fit for skilled work could perform the heavy tasks, such as hauling the material for the constructions, roads, aqueducts, and other improvements. The weaker men would clean the premises, do messenger duties, drive the wagons, and

collect from hotels, stores, private houses, and markets, a great deal which now goes to waste. The old and the cripples could serve as overseers and watchmen. All would be managed on a co-operative plan, the paying members of the camp contributing to the support of the destitute, and the latter, in turn, attending to the wants of the former.

This, some timorous people will say, is rather a communistic scheme; no more, however, than the system of penitentiaries is a form of slavery. Society has a right to make laws of exception for exceptional cases, and our scheme would only prevent those whose raggedness makes them partial to communism from experimenting among us and to our detriment.

*E. B. Lamare.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### **Higginson's Travelers and Outlaws.<sup>1</sup>**

It goes without saying that anything that Colonel Higginson writes is full of charm in its literary style, interesting in its matter, and right in its purposes. Not, to be sure, that the reader always goes with him in opinion, but when one differs most widely from him none the less is he worth reading. His latest book is a collection of essays on episodes of American history, all of them delightful, but of widely varying importance. The first, "The Old Salem Sea Captains," is a study of the group of remarkable men that gave such a tone to the American marine that the naval triumphs of 1812 were but a logical sequence from it, and the immense strides of our foreign trade in the early decades of the republic the natural outcome. A brave lot of sea-dogs they were, beginning their service as mere boys, often in command of ships at twenty, and continuing in their seafaring for scores of years. America then as now had a scanty navy as compared with foreign nations, and the merchant captains had often to rely on their unaided courage and address to make their way. The amusing instances that are given of this are good reading.

"A Revolutionary Congressman on Horseback" is an abstract, with pleasant comment of a diary kept by William Ellery, on his way from Dighton, Massachusetts, to York, Pennsylvania, in 1777, to attend the sessions of Congress. The keen and humorous observations of the old worthy on the things he saw and the men he met give fine side lights on the pages of more sober history.

The third is drawn from another diary of Revolutionary days, and gives a view of those times from a standpoint not covered in any other writing known to us. It is the diary of one Henry Tufts, a vagabond, a thief, a bounty-jumper, a man that could give instruction in villainy and knavishness to any rascal in San Quentin, or, for that matter, in San Francisco. His exploits, set down with the most charming frankness, give a picture of the seamy

side of morals and manners in his day most valuable; for it is not a side that lives much in record, and we, seeing the rascality of nowadays, and reading of only the patriotism of the fathers, are apt to draw inferences of degeneration and "devolution" that Tufts can help us to correct.

The remaining five essays are all studies on the effects of slavery and of negro character. Two are on the Maroons of Jamaica and of Surinam, showing how runaway slaves congregating in mountain fastnesses and tropical jungles formed outlaw communities that for years kept at bay the troops of England and of Holland, and compelled those governments to treat with them on terms dictated by the blacks. The argument is, that by the assertion and maintenance of their liberties when circumstances favored, these Maroons proved the fitness of the African for freedom.

But going still deeper into this question, and of the utmost historical value in any study of slavery in America, are the last three articles in this book, each an account of conspiracy and outbreak among the slaves in the attempt to gain their liberty. The first was a conspiracy of one Gabriel, a black John Brown, who schemed, and came not far from accomplishing, a descent on Richmond in the year 1800. From the information obtained by Colonel Higginson's careful search into contemporary documents and files of old newspapers, it seems probable that only a violent storm that made rivers impassable and the roads of Virginia nearly so, saved Richmond from massacre at the hands of an organized conspiracy of more than a thousand slaves.

The second of these plots and the most formidable, was the work of one Denmark Vesey, in the neighborhood of Charleston in 1822. It was shown that thousands of negroes, put as high as nine thousand and by one witness, had been enlisted in a conspiracy lasting in time some four years; that an attack was planned with the greatest elaboration, every detail being carefully thought out, and that a chance bit of information and prompt action on it by the authorities alone prevented a bloody outbreak.

"Nat Turner's Insurrection" completes the vol-

<sup>1</sup> *Travelers and Outlaws.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: 1889. Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



ume. This was in 1831, in Southampton County, Virginia. Here there was less of preparation and organization, and more of action. Nat Turner was a religious enthusiast, a prophet among his race. With six followers he began his outbreak, attacking house after house, killing every white man, woman and child, and being joined at every plantation by the negroes. Fifty-five whites were killed in the forty-eight hours that the insurrection lasted. When his followers had been dispersed by the whites, Nat hid himself and eluded capture for six weeks in the immediate neighborhood of the scene of his outbreak. It had been intended that he and his followers should take refuge in the Great Dismal Swamp on the approach of any large force against them, but this they were not to do till the capture of Jerusalem, the county seat, had given them arms and ammunition. In this they failed, owing to a delay and division of forces which Nat did his best to prevent.

Each of these plots was followed by bloody vengeance, by trials and executions, in the first two, and by indiscriminate slaughter of negroes, in addition to these slower methods, after Nat Turner's insurrection. Details of all of them are hard to get, and the printed accounts of them meager and rare, because of the fear of the whites of anything that could possibly suggest to the slaves a repetition of such plots. Herein lies the explanation, too, of the laws against teaching negroes to read.

But how are we to reconcile these facts with those pictures of the slave relation, as undoubtedly founded on fact, wherein master and slave are bound together by the closest ties of affection and devotedness? Instances of this occur in profusion in Thomas Nelson Page's stories, or those of Joel Chandler Harris. Perhaps a light on this may be cast by Denmark Vesey's instructions to his subordinates to take no house servants into the counsels of the plot, and the fact that the betrayal of the secret was by one of those very house servants. House and body servants must, in general, be distinguished from the field hands in any picture of the condition of the slave. And yet again it must be remembered that in all these three plots the prime mover had no special personal grievance: Gabriel and Turner belonged to most indulgent masters, and Vesey was a free negro.

Sure it is that any study of the negro question from the historical side cannot afford to neglect the line of research that Colonel Higginson has opened.

#### Briefer Notice.

A pleasing little volume is *Winter Sketches from the Saddle*,<sup>1</sup> wherein Mr. Codman dilates on the pleasures he has had in applying his favorite system of treatment, "equestrianopathy," in mid-winter.

<sup>1</sup> *Winter Sketches from the Saddle*. By John Codman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

Nothing in the way of snow or cold weather seems to have daunted this brave septuagenarian, and he mounts Fanny, his mare, on the coldest of days, and goes galloping off into the country to find within twenty or thirty miles of New York City nooks hardly disturbed since old colony days. He rides from New York to Boston on the old stage road, and many are the shorter trips, in several of which he follows, picking up many stray bits of legend by the way, the footsteps of André from his landing at Haverstraw to his capture at Tarrytown. Of all these trips and the adventures they bring he chats with an old man's garrulity, and in a style that any age may envy,—pleasant, wide awake, full of a genial humor. Present matters do not lose their hold on him in his searches into the past; for even on the traces of André he often stops at sight of a deserted farm or of a country factory to give sly shots at the tariff. — In the "Cambridge Series of English Classics" we have *Readings from the Waverley Novels*<sup>2</sup> and *Readings from Jane Austen*.<sup>3</sup> These books are intended for home and school use, as introductions to the works of the authors treated. They consist of a biographical sketch, critical notices by various persons of authority, and selections from the various novels, with sufficient of explanation of plot and character, to make them intelligible. The scheme is well carried out; the notes are not too numerous, the introductory matter not too cumbrous, and the selections are well chosen. If there is fault to be found with the books at all, (barring such slips as that which puts the date of Scott's birth 1771 and of his marriage at 1767,) it is with the idea that Scott needs introducing, and that *Ivanhoe* and the *Talisman* cannot be trusted to make their own way with the boys of the coming generation. If they cannot, it is a marked evidence of that mental flabbiness of young minds that grows more and more noticeable, due perhaps to the superabundance of babyish books. — In *A Blockaded Family*<sup>4</sup> is given an account of life in southern Alabama during the Civil War. The lady who writes it was governess in a planter's family near Eufaula, in a region not itself the scene of active military operations, but which felt in the fullest degree the hardships consequent on the continual narrowing of the Union lines by sea and land. The territory within these lines in the later days of the struggle was painfully inadequate with the cultivation it could be given to the sustenance of the people, the armies, and the large body of Northern prisoners at Andersonville and elsewhere. The ladies

<sup>2</sup> *Readings from the Waverley Novels*. Edited by Albert F. Blaisdell. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> *Readings from Jane Austen*. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *A Blockaded Family*. By Parthenia Antoinette Hague. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

in this family were driven to their wits' end to supply the various needs of food, clothing, medicine, and all the necessities of life. Their expedients are set forth in detail in the book, and win admiration for the ingenuity, versatility, and cheerfulness with which Southern women faced their hardships. — Among the legion of "Birthday Books" few are prettier in design and execution than that arranged by Mrs. Richards, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, from her mother's writings.<sup>1</sup> The binding is dainty, the vignettes good, and the selections probably the best that could be made. This last must have been rather a difficult matter, for Mrs. Howe's writings are not voluminous enough to make it easy to get three hundred and sixty-five quotable passages. — Doctor Stock-

<sup>1</sup>The Julia Ward Howe Birthday Book. Arranged and Edited by Laura E. Richards. Boston: 1889. Lee & Shepard. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

ham's little book<sup>2</sup> will not prove acceptable to the people that usually read books on "temperance," for he does not use his word in the popular sense of total abstinence, but in its better use of moderation. His position is that the use of the distilled liquors and fortified wines should be discouraged, while light wines and malt liquors should be allowed to come into the most general use. He would close saloons, but put no obstacle in the way of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors to be drunk off the premises where sold. These positions he fortifies by argument from many sources, and sometimes by dogmatic assertion in place of argument. Many Californians, with an eye to our wine industry, will be glad to accept Doctor Stockham's position as a compromise between uncomfortable extremes.

<sup>2</sup>Temperance and Prohibition. By G. H. Stockham, M. D. Oakland: 1888. Published by the Author.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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## THE HERMIT LEDGE.



“WELL, gentlemen, if such is your decision, I wash my hands of the whole affair.” The speaker was a young man, dressed in the usual flannel shirt, duck pants,

high top boots, and slouch hat of a miner, and as he spoke he made pantomimic ablutions with a vigor that would have cleansed the hands of a coal heaver.

“Now, Doc, yer ain’t goin’ fer t’ go back onto us thataway, be ye?” asked one of his auditors, of whom there were two score or more, dressed in all essential particulars like himself.

“No, of course not; I will take great pleasure in plugging up any holes that may find their way through your cuticles because of your inquisitiveness, but as for badgering that harmless individual any more, I am not going to do it.” And as he spoke he turned away and sat down in a corner of the dirt-carpeted room.

The others indulged in sundry jocular remarks of disapproval, for the Doctor

was a favorite with them all, and after “the committee” had departed on their errand, turned to the various forms of amusement the place afforded.

While they are thus engaged, and while the gentlemen of the committee are toiling laboriously and somewhat wrathfully up the mountain trail, let us see what was the occasion of this difference of opinion between the Doctor and his fellow miners.

A quarter of a century ago there stood in the heart of the Siskiyou mountains a rude cabin of poles and brush, thatched with closely packed branches of young firs. The iron finger of time has long since effaced every trace of its existence, and demonstrated the mutability of all things terrestrial, even in those mountain solitudes. Many years ago the poles and brush were swept by a landslide in to the noisy, dashing stream flowing through the gulch at the base of the hill, far up on whose side the cabin stood; while a giant fir, whose grasp upon the earth was thus weakened until it succumbed to the power of the west wind and toppled to the earth, now lies prostrate and broken across the site of that humble habitation, its rotting trunk almost obscured from sight by giant

ferns and trailing vines. Even the rude trail that wound tortuously through the forest along the bank of the stream at the base of the hill is now so obliterated by the elements, so blocked by fallen trees and masses of earth and rock, brought down the mountain's steep sides by the melting snows and copious rains of each spring, that he would be well skilled in woodcraft who could trace it from the old and vanished mining camp whence it started until, some four miles up the stream, it passes the site of the demolished hut.

Time was when this desolate spot was the center of an absorbing interest; when, using it as a starting point, hundreds searched the surrounding mountains in the vain quest of a marvelously rich ledge of gold quartz; but now few know that it ever existed, while the incident I am about to relate was long ago relegated to the domain of fiction or legendary romance, save by the few survivors of those whom the shifting kaleidoscope of life brought into that immediate neighborhood during the brief period the cabin had a tangible existence.

The Siskiyou Mountains lie on the border line of California and Oregon, stretching from the Cascades to the Coast Range. They form the dividing ridge between two great rivers, both of which have cleft deep passages through the obstructing coast mountains, and pour their annual floods in deep, rapid, and turbid streams between the lofty walls of rock that confine them to their narrow channels. The Klamath in California and the Rogue in Oregon are alike in their essential features, swift, turbulent, and unnavigable. From the dividing ridge of the Siskiyou, each receives a multitude of affluents, both small and great, which pour down in noisy haste from their birthplace amid the springs and melting snows of the mountain summits. On many of these streams gold was discovered early in the "fifties," and for a number of years every

bend and flat was the scene of mining operations of the primitive rocker or long sluice character.

In some of these places, where the extent of mining ground was comparatively large, or the situation such as to be a convenient central point for several outlying districts, quite extensive camps sprang up, and flourished for several years. Some few of these have still a sort of *post mortem* existence, but the great majority of them have lost all material being, and have nearly all faded into the obscurity of things forgotten.

During this mining period, one of these evanescent camps stood in the angle formed by a bend in one of the larger tributaries of the Klamath, flowing down the southern slope of the Siskiyou. This locality was first known as Sailors' Bend, because of the fact that color was originally found there by two adventurous seamen who had deserted their vessel in San Francisco harbor, and had made their way into the northern mines, to experience the hazards, privations, excitements, and golden hopes, that made up the sum of the pioneer miner's existence. Later, when half a dozen brush and shake shanties clustered around a larger and more pretentious structure of logs, shakes, and canvas, which did duty as a hotel, saloon, store, post office, gambling hall, and general social rendezvous for the miners along the stream for several miles above and below, the architectural aggregation was christened "Betsyville" by some facetious miner in a moment of witty inspiration the exact source of which he could never satisfactorily explain. It wore the title proudly until its last occupant tramped away with his blankets on his back, and left it a prey to the elements, which have long since devoured and digested its every component part.

Betsyville, though not very populous, nor yet a commercial mart of much importance, was a lively place in its own peculiar way. Although a night never



passed without a display of considerable animation, Saturday night was the one bright particular star of the septuary round. On that night the entire population of the neighborhood assembled at the "tent," and partook of such good cheer as "Big Johnson" was accustomed to dispense. It was an occasion of much good-natured hilarity, sometimes merging into boisterousness on the part of some of the convives, whose supply of brains was not sufficient to keep down the Cain-raising tendency of Johnson's whisky. All such were endured as long as there remained a shred of virtue upon which endurance could hang, and then were summarily squelched by the brawny proprietor. Cards, jokes, stories, yarns, cigars, pipes, frequent indulgences in whisky straight, supplemented at times by the rasping tones of a tortured fiddle, squeaking out its enlivening accompaniment to a real hornpipe, or genuine "stag dance," made up the sum of the night's entertainment, which seldom ended before the brightening of the eastern sky heralded the approach of the Sabbath sun.

Sunday was a day of rest, if not devotion. Avaricious indeed was he who worked in his claim on the first day of the week. They obeyed the fourth commandment, so far, at least, as to remember the Sabbath day, but sad to relate, almost to a man they neglected the vital supplementary injunction to keep it holy. Sunday was set apart for doing all sorts of odd jobs, for washing clothes, splitting wood, mending tools and clothing, buying provisions, and finally, in the afternoon and evening, picking up at Johnson's the broken thread of enjoyment of the night before.

Late one Saturday night, while the fun was fast and furious, a stranger gazed into the door, feeling, no doubt, much as Tam O'Shanter did when gazing upon the enlivening scene in auld Alloway's haunted kirk. Upon such occasions as this, especially in summer-

time, the door stood hospitably open,—though if the truth be told, Johnson was guided in opening it less by hospitality than by a desire to exchange some of the foul, whisky-laden air of the interior for the fresh and uncontaminated breath of the mountains.

The newcomer stood for some minutes watching the gay scene within, and then entered and approached the rustic bar, made of a slab sawed from the side of a cedar log and turned with the bark



JOHNSON'S

side downward. He spoke a few words to the bulky proprietor in a low tone, which caused that worthy to draw himself up to his full height and gaze upon the stranger in mingled suspicion and astonishment.

"So yer wants to borry a blanket, does yer?" said he, after a careful scrutiny of the applicant. "Well, I don't lend blankets to nobody."

"I'll give you a dollar for its use to-night."

"No yer won't do nothin' of the kind. If yer wants to buy a blanket fer twenty dollars, all right, but I don't lend blankets to nobody."

Johnson's loud and gruff tones attracted the attention of every one in the room, and all eyes were turned to see who it was that had ventured up into the

mountains without that most necessary article. A man in the mountains in those days without a blanket was as rare a sight as a man on the plains without a horse, and was necessarily an object of suspicion.

The stranger was tall of stature, dignified in bearing, of refined features and expression, and polite in speech, all of which points were in his favor; but the fact that he was not possessed of a genuine prospector's outfit created a suspicion of his character, which he could plainly see depicted on the faces of the landlord and his guests. He at once turned on his heel and quitted the caravansary as silently and unexpectedly as he had entered, while the revelers again turned their attention to the convivialities of the evening.

"Say, boys, who owns the bresh shanty jest off 'n th' trail 'longside o' Noisy Creek?" asked a miner the next Saturday night, when he had refreshed himself in the usual way after his brisk walk along the somewhat rough and tortuous trail leading from his claim to Betsyville.

"Whereabouts?" was the almost unanimous query.

"Jest up th' hill 'longside o' th' creek."

"Never seed it," said Wabash Joe, — the name that Mr. Joseph Coombs had earned in that community by his incessant praises of Indiana's muddy stream, on whose malarial banks he had sported in his youth. The name was the only one known to belong to him by any one in the camp, save Johnson in his official capacity as postmaster.

"No more hain't I," chimed in Bud Jackson, a lanky Missourian, who in his days of adolescence had preferred rabbit hunting to grammar. "What are she like?"

"Spit 'er out, Doc," said the first speaker, turning to a young man who had been his companion on the trail. Doc was a young medical graduate from New York, who had spent two years in the mines in an unsuccessful effort to

acquire riches from the bosom of Mother Earth, and in doing so had poured into her lap all the proceeds of his occasional professional efforts to cheat her of her final human prey. He immediately began to enlighten them on the subject.



DOC.

The substance of Doc's narrative was that while following the trail down the stream on whose banks Betsyville was situated, they had noticed smoke rising through the tree-tops on the side of a little gulch leading up the steep hill, down which flowed in alternate foam and crystals the little brook known to most of them as Noisy Creek. Curiosity led them to follow up the stream, to learn who was camped in that lonely but beautiful spot.

Ascending a few hundred yards, they saw a rude cabin of brush and poles, standing a little way back from the brook. From a clay chimney protruding from one corner of the structure issued the column of smoke that had first attracted attention. They climbed the steep bank and entered the cabin, in that uncereemonious manner characteristic of the mines, expecting to find the owner within, having seen no signs of his presence on the outside.

The hut was empty, not only of the



owner, but of all the customary crude furniture and utensils usually to be seen in a miner's cabin. A few freshly cut fir boughs, covered with a matting of ferns, which had been evidently used as a bed, and a rude clay fireplace, were all



THE BRUSH SHANTY.

the hut contained. A fire of dried branches was burning briskly, apparently having just been replenished with sticks, whose rough edges showed them to have been broken by hand.

It was evidently no miner's cabin, as it contained not a tool of any kind, and none had, apparently, been used in its construction. It was just such a structure as an intelligent man could erect with the aid of an ordinary pocket knife, and was but two or three days old, the fir boughs showing no signs of withering. The thick branches that formed corner posts and cross pieces, among which the lighter ones were entwined to make the sides and top, had been sharpened with a knife and driven into the ground with a large stone, as the whittlings, discarded branches, and discolored stones scattered about plainly testified.

There were signs of a meal having been cooked at some previous time, and the charred ends of broiling-sticks and

the scattered bones of fish and birds proclaimed both the nature of the food and the style of its cooking.

Though the fire gave evidence of the recent presence of some one, the intruders waited in vain for him to return, and at last took their departure, expecting to learn who the man was when they reached Johnson's tent.

Considerable speculation was indulged in by the assembled crowd as to the identity of the owner of the hut, and the Doctor, his curiosity now thoroughly aroused, determined to pay him another visit. Accordingly upon his return to his claim the next day, accompanied by a regular resident of Betsyville, he again ascended the gulch and climbed the hill to the hut.

Again he found the shanty deserted, though there were observable traces of the presence of some one in the hut since the day before, not the least of which was a fire burning so freely as to indicate that it had been replenished within the last few minutes. It seemed certain that the owner had purposely retired upon both occasions, when he saw his visitors approaching.

When this intelligence reached Betsyville, it created considerable discussion among the frequenters of Johnson's establishment. There was nothing remarkable in the fact of some stranger having built a hut, for prospectors were continually locating and housing themselves temporarily in shanties of brush. It was not the democratic character of the domicile, but the mysterious conduct of its owner, that roused both their curiosity and their suspicion.

When Saturday night came, and with it the usual influx of miners from the more distant claims, the subject of the mysterious person who had built a cabin with a jack-knife, and went into hiding to avoid visitors, received more serious attention. Sluices had been robbed at times, and this was an offense that rivaled horse stealing in gravity. It was

the general opinion that a man who built a hut with a knife, and had neither tools to work with nor blankets to sleep on, could not be a genuine miner, and must be making his living in some illegitimate way.

The result of the discussion was that the next day, Sunday, an informal committee of half a dozen miners paid the new comer a visit.

As before, the occupant of the shanty was not at home, and the unbidden guests were compelled to act as their own entertainers. They could find nothing but the bare walls of the hut, the bed of fir and ferns, the charred remains of a fire, evidently several hours extinct, a few crude utensils such as could be easily fashioned with a knife, and the remains of birds and mountain trout.

There was but meager satisfaction in contemplating this kitchen debris, and a general feeling of irritation at having their curiosity baffled deepened their already unfavorable opinion of a man whose house gave no indication of his method of gaining a livelihood.

"This hyer is onreasonable," said Bud Jackson, whose long legs had carried him farther than any others in search of the missing host. "No man hain't got no right to live this away. In Meezury a man hez t' give a 'count o' hisself, ur he's made tu. I'm th' last man in th' world t' interfere with a man's nat'ral rights, but this yer is agoin' t' fur, an' I move we make 'im quit it."

"What ye goin' to do about it?" queried Wabash Joe.

"What 'ud I do? I'd pull his dern shanty up by the roots, and stick up a notice to clear out'n this hyer diggins."

"Don't you think that would be rather summary," quietly asked the Doctor, who had come with the volunteer committee as a restraining influence, as well as from motives of curiosity.

"A which?" asked Bill.

"I mean that in my opinion we ought to find out a little more about this mat-

ter, before we take such decided action as you propose."

"Thet's all right, Doc, but how ye goin' t' find out? This makes three times now, an' he ain't never t' home."

"O, yes he is; this fire shows that."

"Wall, he ain't yere when nobody else is."

"That is because we do not come at the right time."

"Wall, w'at 'ud ye do?"

"I think, more than likely, he is the man that wanted to borrow a blanket from Johnson a few days ago. He was an honest-looking man, and I move we pin a notice on the outside of the cabin, telling him to come down to Johnson's and see us."

"Keerect!" exclaimed Wabash Joe. "That's the ticket. You write 'er, Doc."

Taking a letter from his pocket, and tearing off the envelope, Doc turned the latter inside out and wrote as follows:

You are respectfully requested to come down to Johnson's immediately, and make a few explanations to the citizens of Betsyville. This invitation is very urgent, and a compliance with it is recommended by the

COMMITTEE.

"That's the cheese! Stick her up, and let's travel," shouted Joe Bud, who, though somewhat mystified by the long words, some of which he had never seen in the columns of the *South Branch Gazette*, (which, it must be confessed, had oftener been used for wadding for his gun than for intellectual food, and had more seriously affected the heads of rabbits than his own,) understood enough of its import to give it his unqualified assent; in which he was unanimously sustained by the other members of the committee.

The notice was accordingly affixed to a twig and then fastened to the door-post, where it could not fail to be seen, and the committee departed in far better spirits than they had felt a few minutes before.



Their informal report, made in alternate speeches by Bud and Joe in their characteristic way, interrupted by frequent queries from their auditors and an occasional full stop for refreshments, was satisfactory to the Betsyvillers, inasmuch as it seemed to assure them that the mystery would soon be cleared up.

Time passed, but the invited guest failed to appear at Johnson's. Thus the matter stood for two weeks, and then, after a somewhat heated discussion, it was decided by an almost unanimous vote to send a regular and duly indignant committee to the brush shanty, with full authority to "do something." It was to this step in the direction of personal violence that the Doctor, after arguing against it as earnestly as he could, made the speech absolving himself from all responsibility for consequences, quoted in the first paragraph of this narrative.

His suggestions of possible evil results to the members of the committee themselves had no more effect than his previous arguments that the man was leading a quiet and inoffensive life, and they had no right to interfere with him. In defiance of his objections the committee, with Bud and Joe at their head, moved off resolutely in the direction of the object of their wrath. As on former occasions, the shanty was found untenanted, but with evidences of recent occupancy.

"I reckon he saw us a comin' and cleared out," said one of the committee, as he contemplated the freshly built fire and preparations for breakfast, for it was early on Sunday morning.

"Thet's it," said Bud excitedly. "Thet's w'at he allers does, an' I move we give 'im jest ten minutes to come back agin, ur down comes his shebang."

This proposition was received with varied and characteristic expressions of approval, and during the period of suspension of sentence, the more curious critically examined the cabin and its surroundings.

A trail, not yet made very distinct by use, the shanty having been built less than a month, was found leading up the gulch, and was followed with much eagerness until, about three hundred yards from the hut, it became too indistinct to be easily traced. Careful inspection showed that the person using it branched off from the main trail in a score of directions, and the committee came to the conclusion that this was done to avoid making a beaten track by which the maker might be followed to his destination. This opinion served to fix them in their previous conviction, that the cabin was a nuisance and ought to be abated.

More than three times the stated period having elapsed, judgment was taken against the stranger by default, and the sentence was quickly executed.

It took but a few minutes to demolish the hut completely and pile its constituent parts in a heap, with half a dozen large boulders placed on top for a weight; but the work of writing a proclamation of warning to the absent owner was one requiring more time and effort, since the Doctor was not there to help them out. Wabash Joe, having seen the Doctor write the other one, was looked upon as the most competent to undertake this literary effort, and to him the task was unanimously delegated.

This question settled, the more practical one of what to write with and what to write upon now claimed attention, since neither pen, pencil, nor paper, was in the possession of any of them.

After much deliberation, and while numerous suggestions of a highly impracticable nature were being showered upon him, Joe suddenly sprang up from his recumbent position at the base of a large fir, and exclaimed:

"You fellers jest hold your clack a minute, and I'll fix this thing in no time," and he began hastily to descend the hill towards the stream below.

"Go it while you're young." "Why

don't you spread your feet?" and other facetious remarks followed him, all joining in a laugh at his expense, as the momentum he acquired in his descent caused him to plunge about like a ship at sea. The laugh deepened into a roar, accompanied by catcalls and shrill whistles, as Joe lost his footing entirely and rolled like a log to the bottom, only saving himself from plunging into the stream by grasping a bunch of willows growing on the bank.

Spending but a moment to take an inventory of his scratches and bruises, Joe began walking along the bank, peering intently into the water, his movements closely watched by his companions above, who were full of curiosity as to their meaning.

"Reckon he's comin' some trick ur 'nuther," suggested one of them doubtfully.

"Neow don't yeou fret," said a quiet little man from the Granite State. "I guess Joe did n't tumble himself deown that hill without knowin' what he was about." And so it proved, for soon the object of their solicitude stepped down to the margin of the water, and was lost to their sight for a moment, when he reappeared bearing in his hand a large, flat stone, worn smooth by the water. With considerable puffing and grunting he succeeded in climbing the hill with his burden, and throwing it down upon the ground, seated himself upon it to rest.

"W'at ye goin' t' do wuth that 'ar?" asked Bud, with a sniff of contempt; while a shaggy-whiskered Tennessean, who had watched the entire proceeding with ill-concealed disgust, took occasion to remark that a man was "a dinged fool w'at 'ud roll down hill arter a stun, w'en th' mountain was full 'v'em."

"Never you mind," said Joe, with a look of wisdom and confidence beaming from his eye, "you fellers keep your wind, and I'll show you a little Injun business I learnt whilst I was a kid in the Wabash."

So saying, he gathered an armful of dry twigs and made a fire. He then propped the stone upon edge, the smooth side turned towards the blaze, and sat down again, filled his pipe, and reclining on his elbow, began to smoke in the most unconcerned and contented manner imaginable.

"W'at's all thishyere funny business?" exclaimed Bud, who could not help feeling that the committee's secretary was taking too many liberties with that august body.

"That's all right, my boy. Just you wait a few minutes and you'll know all about it."

Thus admonished the remainder of the committee followed their scribe's example, and soon each several individual was industriously engaged in sending up a little column of light smoke to mingle with the darker variety from the fire in contaminating the pure air of the mountains.

In about ten minutes the stone became sufficiently dry to suit the scribe, and he arose from the ground, knocked the ashes from his pipe, put the pipe in his pocket, drew out and opened his knife, and deliberately sharpened the end of a stick he had previously selected. This he thrust into the fire, and held it there until it became charred on the sharpened end.

"The human mind," he said with much gravity, as he critically examined the stick, "is so constertuted that it grasps picters quicker than it does writin'. I hain't as much of an artist as I uster was," he continued, as he propped the stone up against a log at a convenient angle for drawing, "and I never was quite equal to them old master fellers the books tell about; but I reckon I can sorter put somethin' on this 'ere stone as that sneakin' feller can understand."

With this remark, and with the committee standing in a close circle about him, Joe, after much effort and several recharrings of his stick, succeeded in



executing the following brief but intelligible pictorial inscription :



This met with strong expressions of approval from the entire committee, and the successful artist, now raised to a high niche in their esteem, was so vigorously thumped on the back in their excess of joy and congratulation, that he lost his temper and came near precipitating genuine hostilities. Good feeling, however, prevailed, and after fastening the pictured rock between two of the bowlders that crowned the heap of brush, the committee departed in high spirits for Johnson's, where they related the details of their expedition to a large and interested gathering, the narrative being long and intermittent, and frequently interspersed with libations.

Thus the matter stood for several weeks. No more smoke was seen to rise from the site of the demolished hut, and no one doubted that the mysterious stranger had heeded the warning of the committee and taken his departure.

One day, not long afterwards, there came up the trail from the direction of the Klamath a man with a pack mule, whose load consisted of a blanket, a few provisions and cooking utensils, but no mining tools of any kind. He passed Johnson's without stopping, a somewhat unusual circumstance, and returned the "Howdy?" of the brawny proprietor, who sat on a bench outside the door, smoking a much-used clay pipe, with a cheerful "How do you do, sir?"

The next day he returned, coming down the trail from the direction of the demolished hut, but this time his mule

had a large canvas bag across his back in addition to the load of the day before. He stopped at the "tent" and purchased a few articles, offering in payment a small lump of gold, such as was common in the diggings.

This time Johnson recognized him as the man who had interrupted the Saturday night convivialities two months before to request the loan of a blanket, and who had been suspected of being the architect of the suspicious brush shanty. As it was not an infrequent thing, however, for a miner to be broke one month and have plenty of dust the next, and as no one had been robbed to his knowledge, —and he would have been one of the first to learn of such a crime, — he had no right to assume that the gold was not procured honestly.

His natural curiosity to learn where it came from led him to remark :

"Pears like you hit it right smart, stranger."

"Yes, I have been fairly successful," the man replied quietly, as he busied himself adjusting the pack.

"Whereabouts?"

"O, a short distance up the creek"; and with this unsatisfactory answer the stranger said "Good day," and resumed his journey down the trail towards the Klamath.

A few days after this incident Wabash Joe felt an irresistible prompting to visit the scene of his recent artistic labors. This impulse was not an extraordinary one, but simply the natural desire felt by every new candidate for literary honors. He was extremely anxious to learn what had been the fate of his literary effort at the hands of the stranger for whose benefit he had given it birth. Accordingly he took no companion with him on his visit. Upon arriving at the scene of his debut into the world of letters, he went at once to the pile of brush upon which the tablet had been deposited.

There it was, but it had been laid

down flat between two bowlders, and lying upon it was a piece of paper, held down by a weight.

As he drew nearer and recognized the nature of the article used for a weight, his eyes bulged out like bullseye lanterns. He seized it, and eagerly turned it over and over in his hand. It was a piece of partially decomposed quartz as large as an apple, and threads and ribbons of pure gold were matted and twisted about it and through it in a way to bewilder the senses.

After somewhat recovering from his astonishment, and having estimated the value of the specimen at not less than two hundred dollars, he turned to the paper to see what was the character of a document of so much importance as to require a weight of such a nature to keep it from being blown away.



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

He opened it, and read with deepened interest and astonishment, the following letter :

*To the Extremely Curious and Gentlemanly Citizens of Betsyville, at Johnson's assembled, Greeting:*

Not in compliance with your most kind and urgent invitation, but because I have made enough in the past few weeks to keep me in comfort the remainder of my days, do I take my departure, and leave you this farewell message.

At the time you so valorously captured and destroyed my vacant hut, I was on my way to Yreka, to procure a pack animal with which to convey my gold out of the mountains. I have just returned for that purpose, and now take my leave of your hospitable neighborhood, I hope forever.

In consideration of your many acts of courtesy dur-

ing my brief sojourn among you, I present you, jointly and severally, my ledge of decomposed quartz, which has made me rich, and will make you equally so,—if you find it. In witness whereof, I hereunto affix this specimen of its contents, and my name, this third day of September, in the year of grace, 1854.

JAMES WATSON.

As soon as Joe fairly comprehended the import of this document, he hastened back to camp with all speed, and showed the letter and specimen to the excited Betsyvillers, who had collected at headquarters in the usual Sunday crowd.

The excitement was the greatest ever known in camp, and was intensified when Johnson related the incident of the man with the pack mule who had passed down the trail a few days before, and it was ascertained that the date of that event corresponded with the date of this deed of gift.

Then "there was mounting in hot haste," not steeds of war, but the steep trail leading to the abandoned shanty; and for two weeks the mountains in that vicinity echoed to the tread and eager shouts of the Betsyvillers.

But it was all to no purpose; no trace of a ledge of decomposed quartz, or of any mining operations not previously known, could be found within a radius of several miles.

Inquiry made at Yreka by the man who made periodical trips from Betsyville to that mining center for the mail of Johnson's patrons, revealed the fact that a few days after the date of the letter a stranger entered that city with a pack mule, which he sold at auction on the street. He then purchased a Wells, Fargo & Co. draft on San Francisco for \$70,000, and departed southward on the stage. The gold paid for the draft was coarse and somewhat mixed with quartz.

Such gold as this and the specimen he had left were not found in any claim in the vicinity of Betsyville, and this was conclusive evidence to the minds of many



that the "hermit," as he was now called, had stumbled upon a ledge of quartz so decomposed at the surface as to enable the easy separation of the free gold from the rock. Search for the ledge was renewed with vigor by many miners who felt confident of its existence.

The most persistent prospector was Wabash Joe, who kept the specimen nugget as a perquisite of literary genius. He devoted his entire time to the work of discovery, until having exhausted all his means, lost his claim, and even been compelled to sell his talismanic specimen to procure "grub," upon which to live while prosecuting his search, he abandoned the camp in disgust, and was seen

among the convivial crowd at Johnson's no more.

From that day to this not a year has passed that some one has not made an effort to discover the "hermit ledge," as it is known to old-timers, but as yet without a shadow of success.

A quarter of a century has brought great changes even to the wilds of the Siskiyou. Farms, orchards, schools, and mills, have appeared, and with them a new people and the shrieking locomotive. Under the new order of affairs, and under the excitement of more recent events, the story of the "hermit ledge" finds few to relate it and fewer still to give it credence.

*Harry L. Wells.*

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## TWO SHASTA DESPERADOES.

WHEN I was a boy I used to borrow a book about pirates, and take it into the garret to a retreat of my own, where I spent hours in reading about a very hard gang. My retreat was a dry-goods box turned on its side, into which I crept and pulled it nearly up to the wall, and in front of a small window. A rainy day, a basket of apples, the aforesaid book about pirates, and I was reasonably well contented. I wish I had happened to find Defoe's immortal book in the pirate line, so as to have known his admirable villain, Captain Singleton, (who quite spoils me at present for Russell's Frozen Pirate, or even for Stevenson's Master of Ballingtrae). Somehow, the literature of the "knights of the road" never seemed half so interesting to me as that of the "free lances of the sea." But if I am not woefully mistaken, the stories of outlaws from society and frontier desperadoes touch a kindred string in every man's nature. *We* are not stage-robbers or Robin Hood dwellers

in greenwood, or happy-go-lucky tramps, but then, to be honest with ourselves, how easily we might have been!

Here in California, where the stories of sea-faring villains are few and dull enough, one is forced to traditional outlaws of the land, for suitable literary material. We may dismiss as hardly worth notice the vague legends of a Spanish pirate of last century, who hid his spoils in the La Jolla caves of Southern California; and that of "the great Portuguese vessel," that went ashore on the Mendocino coast with a black flag flying. If one only knew how often, perhaps, some freebooter of the sea hung far off the coast, watching for the annual galleon from the Philippines! But the deep seas, the drifted sands, give no sign; no pirate story of indisputable truth lingers about the Californian coast; we are forced to the minor and meaner outlawries of the land.

There is no part of the State more prolific in "mountain-terror" stories

than the region that lies under the shadows of Shasta. A few men once dominated a great territory, and justice was long in overtaking them.

One of the desperadoes, of whom a book might easily be written, is now in State's prison for murder, but for years he was the evil spirit of a whole community. He was a red and burly giant, twice the size of ordinary men. He lived with his brother in a castle-like and fortified house on the head waters of Cow Creek, and they with their hangers-on terrorized the whole region. The place was a resort for idlers and thieves, or worse. Cattle were shot in the woods. Calves were stolen, fences were broken down, and men who expressed themselves too freely on the subject had been known to hear a bullet whistling past while they were milking or wood-chopping.

"Big Sandy," for so he was called, had been a slavedriver in the palmy days of his business, and he had a bad reputation even among slavedrivers. Early in the fifties he came to this State from a Louisiana sugar plantation, after narrowly escaping lynching in a mining camp, settled down on Cow Creek. The story is told against him, gathered partly from his own admissions and boasts while drunk, that some years later he went East, and hunted up two orphan nieces in some Indiana village. He told them that he was rich and held a county office in California, and he persuaded them to place their property in his hands for sale, the proceeds to be re-invested in California, where he offered them a permanent home in his own house. Big Sandy had a certain air of extreme and unstudied honesty that would have deceived the very elect, and no one in the little Indiana village seems to have felt doubts of his reliability. But having obtained all the property of his orphaned relatives, he took them down the Mississippi, and deliberately abandoned them in New Orleans, with a week's board paid in advance at the hotel. Nothing

whatever is known of the fate of the two village girls, thus left unprotected, alone and penniless in the great city; for the war broke out a few months later, and interrupted all communication with New Orleans, so that the letters they must have written to their Indiana friends failed to reach their destination.

I once had an interview with Big Sandy. It was an early spring day, and I had just dismissed my little mountain school. The children were scattering through the pine trees and chaparral on their homeward way, when I observed a flutter and excitement among them. I heard cries of "Here comes Big Sandy," "Git into the bushes, quick!" and several of the children ran back to the schoolhouse.

Big Sandy was on horseback, riding slowly over the hills, and he turned into a bridle path that led past the schoolhouse. He looked at the children hurrying away, and perhaps heard their cries, but his face was perfectly expressionless. As he rode up I stood under the pine by the schoolhouse door, and he stopped his horse and we looked at each other a minute.

At first sight there was nothing dangerous about Big Sandy. He was a man of immense size, but of quiet and almost sleepy demeanor. His head was round, his chest very deep and solid, his whole body, in fact, like nothing else so much as the trunk of a huge oak, so round and solid and strong it seemed. Any one who has read Lorna Doone, and has heedfully considered the physique of John Ridd, the wrestler and fighter, can be said to be prepared to realize the muscular build of Big Sandy. When I first saw him approaching across the hollows of the hill and through the pines, I thought he was a man of medium size and short in build, mounted on a pony. When he rode up close to me I saw that the animal he rode was really one of great size and strength; what I saw then was a huge, red-bearded John Ridd,



mounted on a square-shouldered Percheron or Norman saddle horse; but his look was not the look of the kindly hero of Lorna Doone; no man could help feeling a little nervous under it, for it seemed to say, "I am the fellow that runs this region whenever I take a notion to." He wore an old army cloak, but neither coat nor vest underneath. In a leathern belt about his waist were a pair of revolvers and a huge bowie.

One would suppose that something especial would follow his drawing rein under the pine in front of my school-house. But his remark, in a slow and deep chest voice was:

"Them's skittish children. Reckon they know who I be."

His eye fell upon an Indian bow and arrows which I had bought some days before, and which the older boys, after practicing archery a while, had left on the doorstep. To my surprise he asked for the bow, examined it carefully, and at once proceeded to speak very interestingly and intelligently of the differences between the arrows of the various Northern California Indians. Then he handed it back, and riding up to the schoolhouse door looked in.

"Big Sandy, as they call me, never went to school a day in his life," he remarked. "Afternoon, teacher," and so rode slowly off.

A few years later the two outlaw brothers — Big Sandy the leader — shot and killed an old Frenchman, said to have been a soldier of Napoleon. He lived on a lonely mountain ranch, his sole companion a magnificent thoroughbred horse he owned, and stabled in a small building about fifty feet from his house. The outlaws came one moonlit night, and hid behind trees on the hill. They threw stones against the side of the stable and made the horse restless, until the old man walked out in his shirt-sleeves and slippers. As he crossed the moonlit strip of turf they shot him with buckshot, and accidentally shot the horse

also. The bodies of man and horse lay for nearly a fortnight before any one passed that way.

When the murder was discovered the community was aroused, and the two outlaws were arrested by the county sheriff with a large posse. They felt so certain that no witnesses could or would appear against them that they gave themselves up at once, and told stories, and made themselves generally agreeable to their captors.

But, as it happened, the State had a witness, a rough sort of a blue-eyed mountaineer with a picked-up education; a man who had hunted, farmed, led exploring parties, taught school, run a store, and done a little of everything. This man, though not an eye-witness of the murder, had discovered and welded together the chief links in the evidence against the outlaws. With him out of the way they would probably have escaped. They had the prestige of long authority over the simple settlers of the hills, and it was not until after they were safe in jail that they realized the situation. Then they managed to get word to their adherents that this ex-school-teacher must be got out of the way.

He lived in a small cabin on the western slopes of the Sierra, below Shingletown, some forty miles from the county seat. He owned a tough little mule, and since the days were very sultry, he often took long journeys at night. The road he usually took was well known to hundreds of people, and as he rode along this trail by moonlight, a woman, to him unknown, met him and said that he had better go some other way. He took the warning and reached the county seat in safety. But it is said a couple of men lay on the trail they expected him to take, and waited all night there, with their buckshotted shot-guns and sharp bowies.

Well, justice overtook the two mountain terrors. They received a sentence of ninety-nine years, and with the lead-

ers in evil gone, the few families that had terrorized the region lost their influence. Today the district is quite civilized. No one could now believe, riding along the beautiful streams or over the hills where field and orchard are taking the place of sheep, goat, and frontier hog, that twelve years ago the burly, muscular, red-haired, stolid giant, as clumsy and yet as brave as the Cornish giant whom Hereward slew, rode lonely and self-contained as a grizzly bear along the highways or across the trails, with an arsenal's supply of guns, pistols and knives, bestowed on his awe-inspiring person. Slow, grim, deliberate, I can see Big Sandy once more as he used to look, reining his horse before the chief saloon in the mountain town that he most frequented, and alighting to stride in and take a drink with the crowd of loafers.

That he had plenty of grit there was evidence enough. Once he had a long and finally successful running fight with seven or eight men, they on horseback, with guns and pistols, he in a wagon, likewise armed, and making the best of his way to his home. But now, whether he was head of a band of horse thieves, or chief of secret regulators, or merely a swaggering bully, tradition itself is not sure, and grows obscurer as years pass.

Thus much of the Big Sandy crowd. A rather older tradition of the Shasta region, so prolific in good stories, relates to a certain "Sheet Iron Jack," a more merry and less deliberate outlaw. Many a criminal as interesting as Black Bart, or even as the Spanish freebooter, Vasquez, has only a local fame, so large is the State and so easily do traditions grow in a congenial soil. Of tales of buried treasures—this by a stage-robber, that by a repentant murderer—California is positively crowded full. You will find the story localized in almost every district of the State. In Northern California it is of Sheet Iron Jack, an audacious brigand, whose real name is involved in obscurity.

He flourished some twenty-five or thirty years ago, a well educated, handsome, tall desperado, the "son of a minister," so all accounts agree, and he gained his name from the immunity from bullet wounds that he seemed to possess. Men did not hesitate to say that they had seen rifle shots fired point-blank at his breast, and "heard them strike hard." Another form of the story, however, was that no one could hit him, even with buckshot at short range. He had a way of getting out of a place when it became too hot for him, in a sort of zig-zag style, that was "very deceivin' to the sheriffs," as an old settler once told me.

Sheet Iron Jack became known as the most expert horse thief in the region that mounts Shasta, Yallobally, and Lassen overlook. On one occasion he threw his pursuers off the track, assumed some apt disguise, met the sheriff's posse, delighted them with songs and stories, staid with them at a little village on the Sacramento in the only hotel the place afforded, and beds being scarce, slept with the sheriff. During the night he arose, slipped out of the room, and drove a knife into the doorpost so as to hold the sheriff imprisoned in case he woke. A few minutes later he was mounted on the best horse in the sheriff's party, and was leading two others; the rest he drove to the river, and into the willows and swampy bottoms.

Moreover, to emphasize the affair, he stopped at a settler's cabin a mile distant, begged for a candle, and wrote a very neat letter of thanks to the sheriff,—whose wrath was of such an abiding sort that brief would have been the robber's life-lease if he had been overhauled; it was a land of oak trees, and every one of the posse had their stake-ropes handy. But the picturesque Jack swam the Sacramento with his horses, and it was weeks before he was heard of again, and then on the northern borders of Trinity.

One of most characteristic feats of this freebooter was performed at a moun-



tain ball, in a log cabin. The ball had hardly begun when a tall, black-haired stranger appeared, and his air of command and intelligence created an immediate stir. A very pretty girl was just being led out by her partner, when the tall stranger stepped up with great politeness, and whispering his name in the young man's ear, said that since he was not permitted to remain with them long, he would do himself the honor of dancing with the young lady. He led her forth, "danced like an angel," and won the hearts of all the girls. The thirty young men present yielded precedence, and Sheet Iron Jack danced with all the prettiest girls. Then he looked at his watch, and remarked that it was time for him to go, as some friends of his would interrupt his pleasure if he stayed longer. He stood in the doorway, looked over the crowd, bowed smilingly, and said that it was "a pity that the men were not as brave as the ladies were handsome." Then he sprang into his saddle and rode off, just half an hour in advance of the sheriff.

Stories of his generosity are still told in the mountains. Sometimes a poor fellow, hungry and footsore, trudging along the roadside, heard the rattle of hoofs as a man on horseback approached, was halted, questioned, and flung a five, ten, or twenty dollar piece, with the injunction, "Don't you drink whisky, and don't you loaf. Get some work." Like a good many of us, Jack could preach much better than he could practice.

The following incident was told by one of the principal actors. It happened one August some twenty-five years ago. A young German had spent most of his money for a fine horse and riding outfit, and started from Sacramento to ride to Portland, Oregon. He was in northern Shasta when his horse began to go lame, and in an hour could hardly put one foot before another. The German was young, excessively ignorant about horseflesh, and had a not unwarranted impression

that most people managed sooner or later to swindle him. So when his horse went lame he began to feel that the honest old farmer of whom the purchase was made had sold him a worthless animal. He had invested one hundred and fifty dollars in the creature, and now, perhaps it was not worth twenty!

About this time a benevolent old mountaineer came along, and the German appealed to him about "dot horse." The old mountaineer was one of the shrewdest of horse traders, and after a long examination he pronounced it a severe case of "founder."

"No godd, that horse, for a year. Turn him out to pasture. And he won't be the same horse ag'in, even then."

"What shall I do?" cried the tenderfoot.

After a long talk the trader offered the German thirty dollars for the horse, saying that with care he could make him worth fifty, but that a foundered horse was practically worthless, except for a little farm work.

The ignorant German consented, took the money, handed over the horse, took his saddle, and started to walk to the nearest stage station. The sharper waited until his dupe was out of sight. Then he took a pair of blacksmith's pincers from his saddle-bags, and in five minutes had wrenched off all four of the new steel shoes from the horse's hoofs. In half an hour the animal began to walk easily.

"Thar, I thought so," he muttered. "Tight shod by some valley fool of a blacksmith, that's all. That hoss is worth two hundred dollars, at least. Lord, I wish I could find such a durn fool every day."

The German walked along for several hours, more and more suspicious about his late friend, and slowly discovering that even a lame horse was better than no horse at all. Suddenly a man rode out of the bushes, and demanded where in the devil was his horse.

He told his story briefly and mourn-

fully, more than ever certain that it had two sides. The man listened attentively, broke into fits of laughter, sitting sideways on his great brown horse, and pulling at his black mustache. He began to ask questions. When was the horse shod last, and where? Then he asked more questions about the aged and benevolent stranger. Finally he said:

"You've been swindled. This is my beat, so I suppose I must help you out. You walk up to the creek till you come to a camp. There's bread and dried beef. Then you lie down and go to sleep."

Some time within the next six hours Sheet Iron Jack overhauled the new owner of the horse, and leveled his pistol at his head.

"You made a mistake a little while ago, Phillips." (For he knew the old mountaineer very well.) "You obtained my German friend's horse on false pretenses,—you pseudologized about it. Now climb down, and climb on your own plug."

Phillips looked at the pistol, then at the horse, then at his own pistol.

"Don't be a fool, old man."

"But I oughter have back that thirty dollars I paid that infernal Dutchman."

"My honest friend, that goes for my lawyer fees."

Phillips lost his temper, and swore roundly, but it was a foolish proceeding, for Jack replied calmly,

"After all, lawyers take all there is to be had: turn out your pockets, you old horse-doctor!" And he took six hundred dollars from the trembling and conquered sharper, surveyed him a minute, tossed him back half of it, and rode back.

The young German was roused after a while by Jack's return. "Here's your horse and outfit," he said. "I've put some dried meat in your saddlebag, and here's a pistol. If another blacksmith lames your horse, pull on him. That's a good horse. Don't you come back this way, or I shall probably take it myself.

And don't you tell about this, or you'll be laughed at. The thirty dollars?—'tain't mine; I've got my own fees out of the case. Goodby."

Sheet Iron Jack, with a mere bagatelle of twenty or thirty warrants out for his arrest on various charges, once ventured into Red Bluff, it is said, to call on a sick friend. He had a world of disguises, but on this occasion he was recognized, and pursued by a crowd of armed men, cut off from his horse, and forced to run "across lots." He ran into a stable, jumped on a horse's back, cut the halter, twisting the fragment around the animal's lower jaw, and rode for all he was worth. He managed to reach the river, swam his horse over, and escaped; as it was late in the season and a heavy rain-storm set in almost immediately after, obliterating his tracks.

Legends of this sort linger about the buttes of Shasta, and the slopes of Yalobally. Sheet Iron Jack's treasures are said to be buried somewhere near Igo, or on the Whisky-town trail. Sheet Iron Jack himself disappeared without any of those unfortunate occurrences that usually mar the disappearance of worthies of his kind. The legends end as suddenly as they had begun. He dawned on the rural communities a full grown Jack Sheppard, handsome, and well up in the Robin Hood theories of life and of political economy. He found that an ungrateful community made his system of regulation dangerous, and, as he said to a rancher a little before his mysterious disappearance, "A fellow has to move his camp too often." Then he disappeared. He either reformed or died,—the reader may select the most reasonable hypothesis. If he had merely moved to pastures new and pursued his old business, something would have been heard of it; but from the time of his Red Bluff affair Sheet Iron Jack was never heard of again in Northern California.

*Stoner Brooke.*



LA TIBURONA.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

## SIMÓN.

THE "*Real de Las Aguilares*" is situated near the very summit of a *creston* in the Sierra Azul. It is called the Mine of the Eagles, partly no doubt because its situation is so rocky and difficult of access, but more particularly, perhaps, because on the very crest or summit of the peak, where the vein crops out like the comb of a gigantic cock, there are two or three blasted pines, upon which the eagles sometimes perch to devour or secure a better hold of the prey which they have seized. Although the outcrop of the vein follows the very backbone of the ridge, the mine itself is situated lower down, on a kind of shoulder which the mountain forms. Here in a sort of cup or basin the works are located, and here can still be seen the entrance to the tunnel in which the Condé de las Aguilares found the first great bonanza, which secured him an immense fortune and his title. No bonanzas have been found in the mine of late years, but being worked with great prudence and economy by Don Antonio Mendoza, it still continues to pay small dividends, though the days of its glory have long since departed, probably never to return.

Simón was the *capataz*, or foreman of the *planilla*, and later had been promoted to exercise a general foremanship over the mine. He had risen from the ranks; had been first a boy cleaning metal from the dump; then, as his strength increased, a *tenatero*, then a *barretero*, then an underground *capataz* and timekeeper, and finally, general foreman.

Don Antonio, the manager, a shrewd,

long-headed old Spaniard, believed in promotion from the ranks. "No expensive college graduate for me," he would say. "Give me the raw material, *el hombre crudo*, and I will make what I want to suit myself."

He had early marked Simón, and destined him for promotion. The young fellow had been very bright as a boy at the metal cleaning, and from earliest manhood had avoided the peonage which enslaved his fellows. Not a dollar of advance would he accept; no rum or mescal, no monte, trecillo, or fandango for Simón, and thus he had come to be the *capataz* of Las Aguilares. Don Antonio, finding him trustworthy, had taken a good deal of pains with him, had taught him the elements of surveying, assaying, bookkeeping, etc. He wrote a good hand, did the leveling, took all the average of the richer metals for export, kept the mine accounts, and occasionally even made a few assays under Don Antonio's supervision. But though thus exceptionally fortunate, Simón was the saddest-looking, most silent man about the place. There seemed to be no joy in his nature. Though he had escaped peonage, the sad fate of the peon seemed to be stamped upon him.

It was while a *tenatero* that this blight seemed to fall upon him. In these Mexican mines, worked by the old methods, the ore is not hoisted as with us, but packed out of the mine by men, in *tenates*, which are leather or rawhide sacks borne upon the back and secured by a strap around the forehead. The ladders consist of notched palm timbers, up which the *tenateros* climb, even from the greatest depths, bearing loads of a hundred and fifty pounds or more. When the summit is reached, the *tenate* is discharged by a sudden inclination of the

<sup>1</sup> *Tiburón*. A tiger shark. Tiburona is the feminine.

head and motion of the shoulders ; then without a moment's delay, the poor creatures, still wet and panting, return to the bowels of the earth for another load. Simón, naturally of a refined, superior nature, had barely endured the employment, suitable only for a beast of burden ; but he submitted,—what was there for him but submission ? But he could and did escape slavery by keeping out of debt. He at least avoided making his condition perpetual, and so was in a position to profit by the one slender chance which his destiny afforded. The pay was miserably poor. Sixty-five cents a day and a trifling ration ! This was raised to seventy-five and eighty cents when he became a *barretero*, to a dollar as *capataz* of the *planilla*, to a dollar and a half as underground foreman, and two dollars and a half as captain of the mine.

Simón was now thirty. He had been foreman several years, but he was still called "*Simón el triste*," the sad ! It is not surprising that a sensitive man should thus be moulded by his sufferings and endurance. The Mexican miners still retain the arbitrary methods of the Spanish conquerors. In itself, the occupation is toilsome to the last degree. The men work naked, only a cloth around the loins. Bare feet or thin sandals are necessary to climb the slender, notched palm timbers under the burden which they bear ; only bare arms swing the long, heavy steel bars used by the *barreteros*. But the physical endurance is not all, by any means ; the condition of peonage into which ninety-nine per cent fall, the vigilant supervision, the arrogance of the superintendence, the slender ration, the insufficient pay earned by such oppressive toil, the coin passed to them through a grated window, the peon exposed to the rain or sun the while, the miserable *sueldo*, hopelessly mortgaged, perhaps, in consequence of a single indiscretion. It was these sufferings which had saddened Simón. He

had escaped them, it is true, but he seemed to carry with him the burdens of his class.

Nevertheless, Simón was much beloved by his fellows. To Don Antonio he was deferential in the extreme. The superintendent was imperious and high tempered, but his *capataz* disarmed him by unflinching submission and patience. As is often the case with such imperious men, he would frequently be in the wrong ; but wrong or right, Simón submitted without a murmur ; not like a man without spirit, but like one trained to submission, as one to whom the right of self-assertion is denied in presence of a superior. This submission suited Don Antonio, and explained the wisdom of his aversion to high-bred, expensive, and independent college graduates.

A mean or cowardly mind in Simón's position would have compensated itself by retaliating severely upon those under his control. But Simón was gentleness itself. Firm to inflexibility they knew him to be. Their duty they must do ; but so long as they did that, all that kindness, sympathy,—yes, even old-fashioned courtesy, could do to make their lot bearable Simón was ever ready to offer. His courage and character being well known, this gentle spirit made him very popular, and gave him great control over his men. The manners of Mexicans even of this inferior class are very gentle toward one another, and this most admirable trait Simón did all in his power to cultivate.

One morning Don Antonio was surprised to receive an address from Simón, sombrero in hand, requesting two weeks' leave of absence. Such a request had only been made once before, and then because of sickness. Upon that occasion he had gone away to some distant ranch, and had returned quite recovered. Don Antonio looked at him sharply, saying in his brusque manner :

"You are not sick again ?"

"No, señor."



"Then you must be going to get married!"

"Si, señor," (twirling his sombrero and looking rather sheepish.

"Well!"—after a pause,— "away with you and get done with it, then. What are you going to do with her, bring her here?"

"Si, señor, with your permission."

"Why not?" said Don Antonio sardonically, "it's a pretty safe place. You will be able to take good care of her. When do you want to go?"

"Tomorrow, señor."

"Well, two weeks to a day, remember! There will be a cargo of ore to dispatch then, and you must be here to look after it. Take care that you do not fail!"

"I will be here, señor."

Two weeks from that day, in the evening, Don Antonio, who had been detained later than usual at the mine in consequence of his foreman's absence, saw Simón approaching, "riding double," with a female on the mule behind him. She was so closely wrapped with shawl and *reboso* that Don Antonio could not distinguish her form or features, only that she was slight and active. They had come a long journey evidently, for the mule was jaded and travel-stained. In a few minutes Simón hurried over to the *planilla* to receive his instructions.

"So you have done the deed, Simón!"

"Si, señor," deprecatingly.

"Is she good looking?"

"*Así, así*, señor."

"Only so, so,—from a bridegroom! Humph!—so much the better for you. She will not require so much looking after, and you will have more time for the *planilla*. See that the cargos are ready for tomorrow. If your wife were pretty, I should feel impatient to be presented; as it is, until some more favorable opportunity, Simón." And nodding his head good-naturedly he rode away laughing.

## II.

### LA VOZ DEL PUEBLO.

THE pueblo or town of Las Aguilares is situated about half way down the mountain, at the foot of the *picacho*, or butte, as we should call it. It is, or was, quite a place, containing perhaps two thousand inhabitants. On Saturday afternoon and Sunday, when the miners came down from above, and rancheros and other visitors up from below, it used to be very lively, sometimes a little too lively. The streets, ordinarily so quiet, were then thronged with gay caballeros in brilliant serape, broad-brimmed sombrero with wide binding of silver cloth, perhaps with silver cord and tassels, embroidered shirt, brilliant sash, the national pants, open from the knee down, with a line of silver buttons from waist to toe, huge silver-mounted spurs, happily not so cruel as they appeared. Frequently the horses they rode were also gayly adorned, the saddles heavily plated with silver, the bridles covered with silver ornaments, the saddle cloths richly wrought in colored silks. These gay caballeros never permitted their horses to trot, but paced them with a stately grace which displayed horse and rider to equal advantage, the steed being compelled to carry his head well up, neck arched,—to step high, and exhibit all his finest points and paces. Sometimes the rider would have a señorita, as gayly attired as himself, perched on the saddle behind him, her lustrous black hair uncovered, hanging in rich double plaits below her waist, a bright-colored, gayly embroidered shawl thrown over her shoulders, her short skirts displaying a neat foot and ankle in silk-wrought stockings, and dainty shoes with silver buckles.

The laborers and peons thronged both road and sidewalk, their earnings for a month, perhaps, expended upon a bright serape, linen of spotless white, frequently embroidered, the workday sandal re-

placed by shoes of untanned leather. Trains of mules, and thin, undersized donkeys, packed with vegetables and fruits from the neighboring ranches, stood patiently in front of the stores, or *tiendas*. Itinerant venders of *tamales*, fruits, and *dulces*, pressed in amid the crowd to sell their wares, or stationed themselves at the street corners. The wine shops were all open, doing a thriving business. Gambling, principally monte, was carried on openly, and minor games in nearly every house. *Tienditas* devoted exclusively to the sale of mescal, a potent fiery liquor distilled from the agave, were crowded to overflowing. Occasionally disputes arose at these places as to the speed of their horses, perhaps, which were ranged in the streets or upon the sidewalks, tightly reined, neck arched, champing the bit, and pawing impatiently at the prolonged absence of the riders.

Then perhaps a dozen or more of these caballeros would ride out together more or less elated, causing their well trained animals to perform all sorts of daring feats, — riding full speed at a stone wall, then reining in their horses suddenly, their fore feet planted against its base. Frequently they would ride into the stores and up to the counter, pushing in among the drinkers and revelers, to drink again with some friend. Sometimes these escapades would result in a disturbance and a breach of the peace, but it was rarely that anything serious occurred; nothing but what the *alguazil* could quell by the exercise of his authority, or at worst, by the energetic application of the flat of his sword.

About the time of which we write, a short period of peace and respite from the strife of faction in Mexico had given a strong impulse to the development of all industries, especially that of mining. Capitalists were visiting the country bent upon developing its resources, and large sums of money were being invested in various enterprises. Numbers of active young fellows, Germans, French, and

Spaniards, were flocking into the country; graduates from the mining schools, surveyors, engineers, and others. Several of them had made Las Aguilares headquarters, it being the center of a considerable mining region, and thus affording facilities for their explorations. They were a gay, jovial lot, attacking with unbounded energy whatever they found to do, and devoting their leisure to enjoyment with equal zest. They were a cultivated set: among them excellent musicians, amateur performers, artists, fine voices, wits, and mimics. Many a good song and admirable performance enlivened the evenings over their wine and beer. The varied nationalities seemed to lend zest and spice to their enjoyment, and nearly all being at an age when the cares of life vanish in presence of the pleasures of the hour, many a gay scene was witnessed in the quaint old town.

They congregated principally at the *Hotel de France*, a French house, kept by a Madame Bonard. Why it was said to be kept by Madame and not by Monsieur Bonard is not known. However, so it was. Monsieur Bonard was sometimes spoken of as Madame Bonard's husband, but he was more frequently ignored altogether. Madame was sprightly, of good figure, and rather pretty, always dainty in costume, vivacious and coquettish. She was careful, however, to exhibit no decided preferences, but distributed her smiles and glances with commendable impartiality. She was a very shrewd, active business woman, managed the affairs of the house with consummate tact and skill, and was exceedingly popular. To do her justice, she was as gracious to Monsieur Bonard as to everybody else, though certainly Monsieur yielded her implicit obedience, and knew on which side his bread was buttered.

The hotel was an adobe of one story, long and rambling in front, and built into a sort of square at the back, leaving space for a wonderfully productive bit of garden. Here an old Frenchman might



be seen dibbling around occasionally, and this seemed to be the only source of the apparently inexhaustible wealth of salads and spring and summer vegetables with which the place was provided. There was a spacious corridor surrounding the rooms bordering on the garden, up the pillars of which were trained strong vines, and this corridor furnished with large, easy German and American rockers, tables, etc., was a favorite place of resort, sheltered as it always was from the burning sun and the glare which prevailed without. The residence of Don Antonio was situated at the corner of the block in which the hotel was built, and thus he was in the habit of passing the Hotel de France every morning and evening on his way to and from the mine, when he often indulged in a little gossip with madame, his fair neighbor.

One evening Don Antonio was riding past the hotel on his way home at about the usual hour, when he was accosted by Madame Bonard, who appeared to be even more carefully attired and coquettish than usual. Don Antonio saluted and reined up his horse, nothing loath, evidently, to enjoy a few words with the fair Frenchwoman.

"I hear, Don Antonio," she said archly, "that you have a señorita of surpassing beauty locked up at your mine there on the mountain."

"Yes, madame," said Don Antonio, laughing and bowing, "several of them, only they are rather dark. They are useful to make *tortillas*, gather sticks, cook the *frijoles*, etc."

"No! You sly man, do not try to effect a concealment from me," she said, shaking her finger at him. "I am speaking of the beauty recently imported, the wife of your sad, long-faced *capataz*, Simón."

"Oh, Simón. Yes, he has been married recently, that is a fact, *pobrecito*! But I have heard nothing of her beauty. Who told you that she is beautiful? I have it from the highest authority that

she is only so so. Somebody has been imposing upon you."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have seen her, and that she is not beautiful? *Parole d'honneur*, now, Don Antonio. Tell me the truth."

"I have seen her, certainly," said Don Antonio, looking a little surprised, "but she had just arrived, and was so bundled up in shawls and *reboso* that I could not see her face, and but little of her figure. Who has been telling you that she is beautiful?"

"Ah! You are not so bad as I thought, then, since you have not seen her. I thought you were a party to the concealment of this beauty."

"Beauty, beauty," said Antonio, puzzled. "Will you do me the favor to explain from whom you received your information, since I have heard nothing of it."

"Don Mauricio Castro, who keeps the *Rancho Piedrajoso*, told me. Simón stopped there with the bride on the way home. One cannot get anything reasonable out of him; he simply loses his head the moment he begins to speak of her. You would think her an angel to hear him talk."

By this time two or three of the young fellows at the hotel had strolled up, lifting their hats respectfully to Don Antonio, who returned the salute with old-fashioned dignity. They did not attempt to conceal their curiosity as the conversation progressed, and one of them even ventured to express a hope that Don Antonio would not permit Simón to keep the beauty locked up, should the rumor of her charms not prove unfounded.

Don Antonio replied laughing and with a jest, but appeared considerably puzzled, and looked sharply at Madame Bonard, as though to decide whether she was making fun of him. Seeing her in earnest, he called suddenly to one of his *barreteros* whom he saw passing at the moment. The man approached as though

afraid of his imperious *patrón*, — as was really the case, no doubt, — and taking off his large, broad-brimmed sombrero, stood bare-headed, saying, "Your commands, señor."

"Have you seen *la muger de Simón*?"

Don Antonio asked, in the manner of a judge questioning a criminal.

"Sí, señor."

"What is she like?"

The man hesitated and seemed confused, being at a loss for words, perhaps, and embarrassed at the many eyes now turned upon him awaiting a reply.

"Speak, man," Don Antonio added, still more sharply. "Is she white or black, fat or lean, tall or short? What does she look like? Tell us, if you have eyes and a tongue!"

"*Patrón*," said the man suddenly, "she looks like the picture of the Virgin over the altar in the church of the old *condé*."

They all looked at one another significantly. All knew the picture, an exquisite figure by Esquibel, light, airy, and graceful. The students especially admired it. They had formed a choir, had studied the chants, and the full church services. They sang them divinely, to the great delight of all laymen, but to the scandal of the priests, who had been accustomed to hear them drawled through the nose, and otherwise murdered.

"That will do, Manuel," said Don Antonio, dismissing the man. Then turning to Madame Bonard, he said, "You must be right, madame, as always, although I assure you it is news to me. Madame, gentlemen, I wish you good evening."

"Stop, Don Antonio, pardon one moment's detention. I must exact a promise from you before permitting you to go. Pledge me that you will see this saintly beauty, and tell me if she is indeed so ravishing as is reported."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, madame," said the old gentleman, bowing gracefully. "My own curiosity is

aroused, I assure you, and if it were not, I should be only too happy to execute your commission," and once more bowing he rode on to his residence.

The following morning Don Antonio called up two of the more intelligent among his men, who had their cabins at the *planilla*, and asked them concerning the wife whom Simón kept so carefully concealed. They confirmed Manuel's story. "Señor, she is very beautiful," they said, "but it is difficult to see her, Simón guards her so jealously."

"My woman," said one of them, "went over to see her at her request. She is already beginning to feel lonely. Simón locks the door while he is absent, and will not permit her to open it to anybody. I went down to get some candles of Simón for the night watch; that is how I saw her."

That evening when the men were leaving work, Don Antonio said to his *capataz*:

"Simón, I should like to see that 'rather plain' wife of yours. Suppose you present me!"

"Sí, señor," said Simón hesitatingly, but without any movement to comply.

"You don't appear anxious to present me, Simón. You are not afraid of an old man like me? I am old enough to be her grandfather."

"No, señor," said Simón deprecatingly, but still without moving.

"Nonsense," said the old gentleman, taking his *capataz* vigorously by the arm. "You must let the sun of heaven shine upon her some time, at least, and if you don't want all the men to be running after her, and her running after all the men, let her see at least what other men look like. *Vamonas! a la navia, Simón!*"

They walked over to the house, a good sized, rather deep adobe, with two small windows only, placed near the eaves, — sufficient to admit some light, but almost inaccessible from within or without. When the door was opened Don Antonio



saw that the back part of the room was curtained off, thus making a private apartment. Simón called gently, "Roberta!" A sweet voice answered promptly, "Si, señor," and at once a young girl, probably between sixteen and seventeen, stepped from behind the curtain, and stopped and hesitated to advance upon beholding a stranger.

"Come, *querida*," said Don Antonio kindly, evidently almost discrediting his own eyesight, her beauty was so remarkable. "Come, my dear, do not be afraid of me. I am Don Antonio Mendoza, *patrón* of Las Aguilares!"

Roberta looked shyly toward Simón a moment, as though asking his permission, and then advancing gave Don Antonio her hand with the utmost grace and ease of manner, and smiled sweetly without a trace of diffidence or restraint.

"Where are you from, my dear?" asked the old gentleman, taking her hand and looking at her with undisguised admiration, but in a manner which invited her confidence.

"Señor, I am a daughter of Don Tomaso Lopez, of Las Chureas. My father and mother are both dead. My step-mother only is alive. I lived with her on the ranch until Don Simón came and married me."

"A very lonely ranch it must be for us not even to have heard of such a beautiful bird," said the old gentleman gallantly. "*Adios, niña*. Simón, you must not keep this lovely girl locked up too closely. Meanwhile, I felicitate you." And bowing low, sombrero in hand, as he never would have thought to bow to the wife of his *capataz*, Don Antonio waved her a respectful adieu.

When he reached the pueblo he saw Madame Bonard awaiting him, evidently with impatience.

"*Eh bien, mon ami*, what of the bride?—is she beautiful as described?"

"Madame," said Don Antonio gravely and with emphasis, "she is the most beautiful being I ever beheld!"

"Nonsense! You are joking, Don Antonio!"

"*Parole d'honneur*, madame. I have never seen anything so beautiful either in life or in a picture. The Creator never fashioned a more lovely face or perfect form."

"Miracles!" said madame, surprised and not a little chagrined evidently. Can it be possible she is so beautiful as to justify such enthusiasm, such reverence almost, of tone and expression. You are no longer a youth, Don Antonio, to lose your head in presence of a rustic beauty. I beg you alight a moment, Don Antonio, and take a slight refreshment. You have aroused my curiosity, and are too gallant, I know, not to appease it."

"True, madame," said the old gentleman, dismounting. "I am always your humble servant."

An attendant promptly served a glass of champagne, while madame said, coaxingly, "Now, Don Antonio, tell me all about her; what she really looked like, how she was dressed, what is her age, where does she come from, and who is she."

"Madame, I have not the gift of describing beauty. I can only say that she is surpassingly beautiful, so much so that I am very much impressed, as you see. She is young, certainly not seventeen, but mature in form, and in judgment, I have no doubt. Her figure is perfect as her features, and she is gifted with a most subtle grace and dignity of manner. She has great self-possession, and received me," said the old gentleman, twirling his moustache, "as though she were the *condeza* of Las Aguilares."

"How was she dressed?" asked madame eagerly, "you have not described her dress."

"No, madame," said Don Antonio, "I cannot describe it. Some piece of light cambric, no doubt, with a sash, which perhaps all told cost but a trifle, but worn with such a grace that no costume could have been more becoming."

"You surprise me, Don Antonio. What a paragon! You awaken my curiosity more and more. Is she good, think you, — is she virtuous? Is she a proper person?"

"Madame, I have no doubt she is spotless. She has never seen anything of the world, never been away from her father's ranch, probably never out of her mother's sight."

"That is the innocence of ignorance and complete inexperience," said madame. "That is not very safe. It is well she is married."

"I agree with you, madame!"

"Yet you have described an angel, monsieur!"

"That is what she certainly is at present, madame."

"At present! Ah! You distrust the future then?" said she quickly. Tell me, if she is such an angel what does he lock her up for?"

Don Antonio shrugged his shoulders as he rose to go. He was in the saddle and had turned to salute her, but she detained him, saying in a pretty, imperious way, "Answer my question, sir!"

He raised his hat, saying with a curious inflection of the voice, "What is it you call the angels in French, madame, after they have fallen?" But without waiting for a reply he put spurs to his horse, and was gone before she had fairly grasped his meaning, or had time to frame a reply.

### III.

#### THE WAGER.

THE excitement occasioned by the many rumors concerning this wondrous beauty, among the high-spirited young fellows at the Hotel de France, may be imagined. Shut up in that little mountain town, leagues and leagues away from the nearest portion of the outside world, the arrival of a train of mules, or a stranger interested like themselves in mining affairs, was their only source of

novelty. Young, gay, and full of life, they wove all sorts of wild romances concerning the mysterious beauty, talked of her incessantly, questioned everybody about her, and toasted her over their wine. Don Antonio found that suddenly a remarkable interest had been awakened concerning the vein of Las Aguilares, its surroundings, formation, and general characteristics. Small scientific parties of two and three, sometimes of one only, climbed the *picacho* to study it geologically, to get its course, its dip, to define the country rocks of the vicinity, or to sketch it from various points of view. Don Antonio did not discourage this scientific awakening, but welcomed the young men in a business-like manner, and generally contrived to set them at some healthy work. So far as getting even a glimpse of the beauty was concerned, they might as well have stayed at home, and this of course only made them still more ardent and curious. Perhaps it would have been much wiser of Simón not to lock his wife up so closely; that was Don Antonio's opinion, yet it would have been manifestly improper for her to receive visitors of this class; and by what other method was she to avoid it, — or rather, was Simón to avoid it for her? Some of them indeed pushed the matter with great temerity, knocking at the door of the house, — though they never received a reply. The more daring even climbed to the window, which they found closed and curtained. Several waited until Simón entered the house, and then walked over to ask a cup of water, or engage him in conversation for a few moments; but the inner curtain frustrated all their hopes of catching even a glimpse of her, and they were forced to retire baffled, and truth to say, somewhat shamefaced. Simón received them with the utmost gravity and courtesy, handed them the water in a gourd, and replied briefly but politely to any question their ingenuity could devise.

Madame Bonard, whose curiosity was



greatly excited, and who was perhaps somewhat spiteful and mischievous, tantalized them not a little concerning these failures. "Just to think," she said, "a lot of young cavaliers from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and the capital, cannot even get a glimpse of a little *ranchera*, to tell us whether she is as beautiful as she is painted. Only one mature caballero of all my friends has even secured the privilege of looking upon her, and that by the exercise of his authority as *patrón*. Why, this man Simón must be a perfect Bluebeard, — a dragon! We shall have to send for Saint George or Saint Denis to vanquish him."

Meanwhile Don Antonio noticed a marked change in Simón. His dullness, heaviness, and sadness seemed to have vanished. His duties were even more punctually attended to than formerly, if that were possible, but with a zest and elasticity which had been wholly wanting before. His figure became more erect. He was more particular about his person; always appeared scrupulously clean and neat, and changed his dress daily immediately upon retiring from the mine. He became cheerful, frequently smiled, and even laughed aloud.

"Why, Simón," said Don Antonio one day, "You are getting fat! Your wife must be a first rate cook. She evidently takes good care of you!"

"Sí, señor," said Simón seriously, "but I think, perhaps, it must be partly attributed to the fact that I also have some one to care for."

"Don't you think you lock her up too closely, Simón?"

"Sí, señor, perhaps so. But what can I do? She does not complain, and you see how it would be if I were to leave the house open."

Don Antonio nodded. He was not quite prepared to say that it would be better or wiser to leave the house open. If she had been accustomed to liberty and society, yes. But it is not safe to open the cage of a bird bred in captivity.

It will rarely return while the garden without looks so charming, though it is certain to perish, if only because it has never been called upon to protect itself.

"Follow your own judgment, Simón," said the *patrón*. "You know your business best."

At the Hotel de France, however, matters were transpiring which threatened Simón's peace of mind. There was one young fellow, a tall, fair-haired, handsome German, who had listened attentively to all that had been said concerning "the mysterious beauty." He had questioned closely the unsuccessful scientists, and had matured a plan which he felt assured would prove successful, gain admittance to the house, and enable him to see and speak to its fair occupant. It was an unscrupulous plan, but as he did not mean any harm by it other than the gratification of his curiosity and the triumph over his fellows, he did not pause to consider the exact nature of the adventure in which he was about to engage.

Having all his arrangements completed, he gave a little dinner to his set, and after the courses had been removed and the wine freely circulated, one of the toasts being, of course, "the captive beauty," as they now called her, Ernst taunted his companions with their want of success. To tantalize them still more he insisted upon Madame Bonard's presence to participate in the toast in question, well knowing that she would be unsparing with her satire. In this he was not deceived, for no sooner was the ceremony concluded than she said:

"*Messieurs*, I too will propose a toast, to the representative youth of the great capitals of Europe, the *jeunesse dorée*, who have so industriously explored the *picacho* of Las Aguilares in vain!"

Shouts of laughter greeted this sally, in which Ernst indulged louder and longer than the rest. This nettled them all, more particularly a young Spaniard named Sebastiano Manriquez.

"Ernst is very loud in his laughter against us," he said, "but he knows too much to undertake the venture himself. 'Let them laugh who lose,' but not them who dare not even try to win."

"Not a bit of it," cried Ernst scornfully. "Madame is quite right. You must be a poor lot indeed to fail in so small an adventure. Pledge me, madame and gentlemen:—I wager you a hundred dollars, Sebastiano, that I will see this captive beauty, speak to her, and kiss her, within a week!"

"Accepted," cried Sebastiano joyously, while all sprang up in a riotous manner, crying, "Pledge me too, Ernst!"—"And me!"—"And me!"—"Yes, all of us."

Some one shouted, "Take down the names!" Finally, amid much laughter and confusion, this was done, and the party separated. Madame Bonard whispered, "Tell me your plans, Ernst." But Ernst only shook his head, laughing good naturedly and saying, "I will submit the plan to you, madame, after the victory."

Ernst did not think it necessary to tell his friends that he had already secured a great advantage in being engaged by Don Antonio to examine Las Aguilares carefully, in order to decide upon the best plans for a modern *hacienda de beneficio*, it having been decided to build one, either upon the American or European plan. He had determined to camp up at the mine a night or two in pursuit of his investigations. Being actually engaged on the property he knew would disarm any suspicions which Simón might form on account of his presence, and he trusted to secure the key of the adobe, if necessary, and enter while he kept Simón engaged in the mine.

This plan succeeded to perfection. Don Antonio gave him full liberty to do as he pleased, and placed Simón under his orders. Ernst secured a cabin belonging to one of the peons, in which he

placed a cot. The first day he kept busy all day, and for an hour or two after the men had left their work. That night he spent quietly in his own cot maturing his plans. He had remarked that Simón kept the key of his house in a light jacket which he left hanging at the entrance of one of the tunnels. He had also observed that the *capataz* kept the candles for the use of the mine at his own house, and that he went there occasionally for them. This would be sufficient excuse for him, he thought. He could easily contrive to leave Simón in the mine alone for a few moments, call at the house for some candles, see the imprisoned beauty, snatch a kiss, and away. If Simón should hear of it,—why he had wanted a light, and had not cared to call him out of the mine for such a trifling matter. Simón might suspect that he had wanted to see his beauty,—but what if he did! What right had any man to lock his wife up in that absurd manner?

The second night, watching his opportunity, he left Simón in a distant part of the mine sampling a portion of the vein; hastily climbed the palm sticks, took the key from the jacket, and walking over to the adobe, boldly opened the door. Roberta, naturally enough thinking it was Simón, pulled aside the curtain and advanced to meet him. Both seemed to be for a moment struck dumb with astonishment, he at her exceeding grace and beauty, she perhaps, at his, taking her as he did so completely by surprise.

Ernst was a princely looking man of his type, — a blonde, very tall, of a figure at once commanding and elegant, with blue eyes, pink cheeks long flaxen moustache which curled naturally, and a skin fair as a Saxon woman's,—just the type which is irresistible to the woman of a southern clime. He was handsomely though suitably dressed, in a light Norfolk jacket, long, soft leather boots reaching above the knee, and a broad, soft felt hat. This he doffed with an air of



profound respect. Then he accounted gracefully for his presence and intrusion by saying that he had lost his light in the mine, and not wishing to disturb Simón, had called over for a candle.

Could he have been content to carry out his plans without delay, all might have been well, but lured by her exceeding beauty and manifest intelligence, he lingered to converse with her, until finally he forgot all about Simón as he pressed her with questions and compliments. Meanwhile Simón, who had worked on quietly enough for a while, missed his companion, and finally impelled by some vague misgiving, he too climbed the ladders and proceeded to the mouth of the tunnel. Looking across to the adobe, he saw the door of his house ajar, and a light in the front room. Feeling in his jacket for the key and missing it, he divined immediately the trick which had been played upon him. He ran swiftly over to the house, and stealing noiselessly to the door, entered just as Ernst was kissing his wife!

She screamed in terror as she beheld her husband's face, pale and rigid with rage, while Ernst stalked out, red and embarrassed. As Ernst walked toward the little cabin which he occupied Simón followed close to his side, saying:

"With your permission, señor, a few words in private."

"Certainly," said Ernst haughtily, "when shall it be?"

"Excuse me for a moment, señor," said Simón, entering hastily the cabin of one of the peons, "I will join you in an instant."

He reappeared almost immediately with a serape thrown over his shoulder. They walked side by side in silence a few hundred yards, and turned off the trail into a spot which seemed to have been cleared at one time, and leveled for a *planilla*, but had long been disused evidently, for it was partially overgrown with brush. Here Simón suddenly handed Ernst a serape and a knife, and telling

him to defend himself, assumed an attitude of offense.

Ernst had not gone ten steps before divining the purpose of the *capataz*, but his pride would not permit him to hesitate or explain. Indeed, either would have been useless or worse than useless. He therefore took the knife, and throwing the serape contemptuously aside, prepared to meet his enemy, who instantly advanced upon him.

Ernst in rejecting the serape preferred to trust altogether to his superior strength and length of arm, hoping to seize Simón, knowing that he could easily overpower him should he succeed. He knew nothing of the use of the knife, with which all Mexicans are adept, and he had in reality adopted instinctively his only chance for safety. But his adversary was too quick and supple for him. After two or three feints and passes Ernst did indeed succeed in closing, but the knife was passed into his body half a dozen times ere he relaxed his hold in death.

Simón hesitated a moment upon beholding his fallen enemy, then walked deliberately down to Las Aguilares and surrendered himself. There was no civil tribunal there competent to deal with so serious a case, so the authorities turned him over to the military. The officer in command, a grim old colonel, disposed of the matter in a very summary but characteristic Mexican method. "Killed his man in a duel, has he? Well, we are in want of just such *valientes*. He shall have all the fighting he wants. Put him in the ranks, and see that he goes to the front whenever there is an engagement."

#### IV.

#### LA TIBURONA.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding chapter. Every portion of Mexico has been ravaged by war. The Conservative party,

seeking to secure a permanent triumph, had invited Maximilian to the throne of Iturbide, and the French, in pursuit of their own designs, sustained his pretensions. For a while apparently successful, the tide turned at length, and events gradually shaped themselves towards the last acts of the terrible drama. The American government forwarded the celebrated protest and menace to Napoleon the Third, and the French sullenly concentrated in anticipation of the final evacuation.

It was then that the fiercest fighting took place. The Liberals, emboldened by the certainty of ultimate success, harassed their enemies by a series of daring attacks; while on the other hand the French and Imperialists, gradually concentrating their lines, frequently turned to inflict crushing blows upon their opponents.

Among the Liberals one cavalry regiment had particularly distinguished themselves. They were called the "*Machéteros*," in consequence of a short, heavy sword, or *machète*, which they carried. It was their custom by stratagem or surprise, if possible, to get to close quarters, when their terrible weapons proved most effective.

The colonel of this regiment was still a young man comparatively, but his name had already become famous throughout Mexico. Many a trap the Imperialists had set for him, but their efforts had always resulted disastrously to themselves. The *Machéteros*, mounted on small, wiry horses, not a few of them of Arab stock captured from the French,—frugal, active, indefatigable, indifferent to shelter, content with a few beans and *tortillas*, knowing every corner and pass of the sierras,—would make extraordinary marches, and surprise their foes when perhaps they were supposed to be a hundred miles or more away. Their colonel, always at the front, seemed to be invulnerable; but in fact his attacks were always made with such

consummate skill as to expose his men to the least possible danger, while inflicting the deadliest blows upon his enemies.

One evening his command had been ordered to occupy a little town in the mountains not far from Pueblo, in order to intercept a body of Imperialists in retreat from the capital to the coast. On the way he received information that a plan had been laid to capture him, and that he was in imminent danger of being surrounded. He was expressly cautioned to beware of a certain house, in the town he was about to enter, a full description of which was given. It was noted, he was informed, as the resort of characters of the worst description, some of whom were supposed to be in the pay of the Imperialists. It was kept by a woman of dangerous reputation, known as "*La Tiburona*," or the tiger-shark. The house was frequented by spies, informers, gamblers, and assassins. The woman, it was said, showed traces of great beauty, disfigured by a scar across the face, as from the slash of a knife. She was described as of fascinating address, and the most dangerous conspirator of all. A plan of the house was enclosed in the dispatch, and also the names of some of the more formidable of its customary occupants or visitors. But great caution was enjoined, as many were said to be friendly to the Liberal cause, and it was thought that with tact much valuable information might be secured. The house was described as built on the edge of a precipitous ravine, in which there was a tunnel affording secret means of ingress and egress.

The colonel studied the plans of this place with much attention, and committed them carefully to memory. Arrived at the *cuartel*, he made cautious inquiry relative to the disposition and antecedents of *La Tiburona* and her guests, and appeared to be deeply impressed and even agitated by the information which he received. For hours he paced the long corridor of the *cuartel* in pro-



found meditation ; and then, arming himself to the teeth, but carefully concealing his weapons, he once more studied the plan of the building he was about to visit, and covering his uniform with a cloak which reached nearly to his feet, he started out alone.

The town had recently been the scene of several conflicts, and had been occupied repeatedly by both factions. Thus upon the arrival of the troops the inhabitants confined themselves closely within their houses. The storekeepers, in dread of a raid upon their merchandise, or a "*prestamo*," as they term the forced loans which it was customary for both parties to exact, had closed and barred their heavy doors. The windows were already protected by the customary iron gratings. Thus these low, one-story buildings of adobe, or Mexican brick, the walls several feet in thickness, were really susceptible of a prolonged defense against anything but artillery, and sometimes very bloody conflicts ensued, the combatants fighting from house to house, piercing the walls for musketry, and firing from the roofs, generally protected by a solid parapet. No quarter was shown by either party in these conflicts. The French troops, as well as the Austrians and Mexican regulars, treated their adversaries as guerillas, and the Liberals treated them in return as guerillas are in the habit of treating their victims. The prisoners captured by either party were almost invariably shot upon the spot, regardless of their rank, nationality, or condition, for never during any war, ancient or modern, have greater barbarities been committed. As the colonel trod the silent streets once thronged by a gay, peaceable, and pleasure-loving people, he could catch occasional glimpses of faces peering at him through the bars of the windows, or peeping over the parapets, withdrawn the instant they attracted his observation.

He had no difficulty in finding the house. After knocking at the massive

cedar door for some time, he obtained admission, and entered without hesitation as one familiar with the premises. The front apartment was a bar-room, in which a number of men were engaged in drinking, and some in playing cards and dominoes at small round tables. Walking across this chamber without pausing, he passed beneath a curtain to an inner room which was unoccupied, and appeared to be a store-room. Having traversed this, he descended a steep flight of stairs, and passing along a narrow passage reached a heavy door, at which he gave a peculiar knock. It was promptly opened, admitting him to another passage way, which he entered without pausing to answer the inquiries addressed to him. He walked resolutely to the end of the passage, and pushing aside a sort of portiere, found himself in what was evidently the sanctuary of the establishment, communicating no doubt by some other outlet with the tunnel opening into the ravine.

The apartment was brilliantly lighted, and comfortably, not to say richly, furnished. A dozen or more men sat at a long table gambling. They were evidently desperadoes of the higher class, a price probably upon the head of every man of them. Some were scarred and bandaged, as though they had been engaged in some recent conflict. Others were dressed in the height of the fashion of their class : wore glittering diamonds upon their linen and in rings upon their fingers. A remarkably handsome woman, whom the colonel could not doubt to be *La Tiburona*, sat at a side table playing cards with a dissipated-looking, foppish young fellow, who seemed to pay more attention to his companion than to his game. In an alcove at the end of the apartment was a small but richly furnished bar. The room was filled with tobacco smoke ; all were drinking and smoking, even madame enjoying a cigarrito.

There was a start of surprise and

uneasiness at the entrance of the unexpected visitor, and no friendly glances were cast at the intruder, who, however, strode coolly to the table, saying, "God save all here!" which he had learned was the entrance or password. Then addressing the company he said quietly: "Continue your game, gentlemen; I beg you do not disturb yourselves. With your permission I will look on a few moments."

But shortly *La Tiburona*, who had been eying him keenly, approached, saying, "What can we do for you, señor?—to what are we indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"I should like to take a glass of wine with you, señorita, if you will be so good, and if I am not depriving you of more agreeable company," said the colonel, seeing that her companion had resigned his seat.

"Si, señor," was the reply, "with much pleasure; Don Luis can enjoy my company at any time, and you I think are a stranger, and not likely to remain long. Felicio, bring some champagne and a couple of glasses."

For a moment they sat, apparently unconcerned, but in reality watching each other keenly; but after drinking her health and the prosperity of the establishment, the colonel, apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, drew his chair close to hers, and leaning forward, said in low tones, "Señorita, I am colonel of the *Machéteros*, who have just arrived in town; I have been informed during my march that the Imperialists have been advised of our movements, that they are advancing on this place from several directions, and therefore practically have my command surrounded. My men are completely worn out, and are sorely in need of refreshment, and at least a few hours' repose. I have been directed to you, as one who can give me positive and reliable information concerning the movements of the enemy."

During this address they still looked

at each other steadily. *La Tiburona* paused, but said at length, "Does Colonel Palacio place implicit reliance upon any information which I may be able to obtain?"

"Implicit!"

"Then, colonel, I thank you and appreciate the honor you have done me. Let your men refresh themselves, and meanwhile repose yourself in absolute security until you hear from me. It is true, the enemy are advancing as you say; but I will not fail you. Rest assured you shall have ample time for preparation." Thus saying she arose, as though to bring the interview to a close, and calling to the attendant said, "Felicio, conduct the gentleman to the outer door." Whereupon saluting madame, and bowing to the company, the colonel took his departure.

Some thirty-six hours later, he received a note by the hands of Felicio saying:

A strong body of French and Imperialists, distant some five leagues, are advancing upon the town from the north by the Apizaco road. They aim to reach here about dawn. Ambush your men in the wood at the *arroyo seco*, some half-mile out of town. Let them pass you; then attack. When they turn, the *Tiburones* will take them in the rear.

This party defeated, the road is open to you. The other bodies of the enemy are distant ten leagues or more. God be with you. *Viva Mejico!*  
*La Tiburona.*

The colonel followed these directions implicitly, the place being an admirable one for the concealment of his men, affording unequalled advantages for an ambush.

The "*arroyo seco*" is a moderately broad, generally dry stream, liable, however, to sudden floods in winter. Owing to the banks rising abruptly and to a considerable altitude on both sides, the bed of the stream forms the main road from the point where Colonel Palacio stationed his men to the entrance to the town, where a sharp fall carries it suddenly below the pueblo. At the point where the Apizaco road strikes into the



ravine there is a broad bar, covered by a dense growth of underbrush, mesquite, and low timber. Thus the narrow portion of the ravine as it enters toward the town and the bars at the junction of the road form a sort of funnel, at the entrance to the neck of which the colonel posted his men, concealed by the dense undergrowth. He had disposed them on both sides of the road. Here they sat silently upon their horses, their carbines cocked, ready to fire instantaneously and charge at the word of command.

From this point to the town the *arroyo* is about level, the hard granitic sand being packed solid by constant travel. It is in fact a favorite racing ground for the caballeros of the pueblo, and in happier times was thronged on Sundays and feast days, for the spot affords unusual facilities for a favorite game of the Mexican horsemen, wherein a cock is buried to the neck in the sand, and the riders, racing past at full speed, lean forward from the saddle and seek to pluck the head of the unlucky bird.

Just about the gray of the dawn, the advanced guard of the Imperialists appeared. They were marching rapidly, in loose order, no doubt confident of surprising their adversaries at that early hour.

At a given signal the *Machéteros* fired a terrible volley from their carbines, and then charged. The Mexican Imperialists fled at the first onset, but the French infantry, disciplined veterans, faced about, formed, and stood bravely at bay. This moment, the French heard loud shouts in their rear. "*Que viva Mejico, que viva Los Machéteros,*" and before they could turn back to back to face their new opponents, the *Tiburones* were upon them.

Even at this terrible disadvantage the French preserved their discipline, fighting desperately. Twice both *Machéte-*

*ros* and *Tiburones* were repulsed; but the latter were rallied by a woman, superbly mounted, who led them to the charge again and again, while Colonel Palacio led his men into the thickest of the conflict, cutting down the French commanding officer. At length the desperate valor of the assailants prevailed. Fresh and thoroughly rested, the *Machéteros* and their allies had the advantage of their enemies, who were fatigued by their long march. But they fought until all further resistance was hopeless, only a very few of them escaping.

Colonel Palacio was slightly wounded, but forgot his injury in his anxiety to express his obligations to *La Tiburona*, without the aid of whom his command would certainly have been destroyed. Seeing a group of the *Tiburones* beneath a tree beside the ravine, he spurred his horse toward them to make inquiries, when he was shocked to find *La Tiburona* lying wounded and unconscious. A bullet had struck her just above the heart. The colonel applied his flask to her lips, which restored her to consciousness, but evidently she had but a few moments to live. Taking her gently in his arms, and raising her head so that it rested upon his breast, he kissed her tenderly.

"Did you know me, Simón?" she said faintly.

"The moment I beheld you, *querida*."

"I am dying," she said, with difficulty able to articulate. "Raise my head a little more. Oh, Simón, *that poor fair-haired boy!* he meant you no wrong. It was a boyish freak,—a wager. . . . Dear Simón, it might have been so different if—if . . . Forgive me . . . —I was alone, and crazed with grief. But oh, *querido mio*,—raising herself with a final effort to look upon him,—I have saved you, and it is blessed even to die—thus—at last!

Henry S. Brooks.

## HALE-A-KA-LA.

## "THE HOUSE OF THE SUN."

AGES ago there ruled over one of the "seven isles" that now form collectively the kingdom of Hawaii, the powerful demigod Maui. So great was he that the island which he governed is known today by his name, and is second in size and importance of them all. The island was originally but one huge peak, rising ten thousand feet above the sea, and Pele, the great goddess of volcanoes, had her fiery home in the huge crater on its summit. To the westward rose another peak, where formerly Pele had dwelt; and when, in the course of centuries, the goddess abandoned the great crater on the eastern half, and took up her abode in Kilauea, on Hawaii, where she yet rides on waves of liquid fire in the incandescent lakes of Hale-mau-mau, "the house of fire," — the slow-moving debris from the vast slopes of her former homes drove back the sea, and formed the low-lying peninsula uniting East and West Maui.

The great demigod, from whom the island takes its name, saw each day the sun rise from out the vast crater on the eastern summit; and he resolved like Joshua of old to stop it on its course. So he prepared a net and had it carried on the shoulders of a thousand men, and in one night spread it from one peak to another, until it covered the great crater. Then he watched: and when the sun-god again arose from out the depths of that profound abyss, he found himself entangled in the spreading mesh. In vain he sent his fiery shafts abroad; they passed through the deftly woven meshes without weakening them; and so at last the sun-god prayed to be released.

Maui exacted but one condition: that

was that for all future time the sun should shine with warm but gentle power on the islands, never shrouding his rays in mist or fog, or causing them to beat too strongly on the favored land. The promise given, the net was cut away, and since then the sun has kept its pledge. The year around it sheds its light and life over the "seven isles," never too warm or cold, never obscured by fogs or mists, always beneficent and bland.

Such is the legend of the House of the Sun, which we now intend to visit.

Amidst the grand and varied scenery of the Hawaiian Islands, there is nothing in vastness and sublime beauty that equals this great crater. The wonders of Kilauea, the crater where the fire goddess now has her home on the eastern slope of Mauna Loa, Hawaii, are concentrated in the living, glowing, terrifying, but fascinating lake of molten lava seen in its utmost depths. The surroundings there are weird and picturesque; but so completely do the mysterious vapor-shrouded fires in the crater hold the vision and fill the mind, that while traversing the black flow of cooled lava on the way to the fiery lake, one fails to realize the rugged grandeur of the surrounding cliffs and walls.

Not so is it with the silent abyss of *Hale-a-ka-la*. There the eye dwells on the stupendous structures reared and reduced to ruins by ancient volcanic forces. From the vantage ground of the surrounding cliffs, ten thousand feet above the sea, one looks down more than two thousand feet upon the abandoned workshops of the Titanic powers that raised this huge cone from miles



below the surface of the encircling sea to other miles above its sparkling surface.

There are seen on the flat flow of this great crater hills of volcanic scoriæ and sand hundreds of feet in height, that are but the burnt-out ash-heaps of the huge vomitories from which, untold ages since, issued the material forming the basaltic cliffs of the Kau-poo coast on the east, and the long point of Ke-au-ai on the north. Broad areas of dense black lava still mark where the fiery currents poured from out those mounds. Heap-ed-up, impassable streams of rough, ragged *a-a* (the "clinker" of the flowing stream) traverse the length of the great passes through which the lava rivers sought the sea. From out the beetling cliffs that wall the crater there have burst torrents of liquid rock, that cooling have left wondrous colossal figures cast in jet black lava, to which the superstitious natives have given names connected with their strange mythology. One area of black sand, set all about with curious upheavals of black lava, is said to be the "*Paa pua o ka Pele*," where the fiery goddess penned the huge pigs she sometimes feasted on. The *paa*, or pen, is still there, but the unwieldy *puua* (the pigs) have, like their prototypes of old, long since rushed violently down into the sea and perished.

We have attained our present standpoint—on the margin of the northeast wall—after a most delightful horse-back ride of fifteen miles from the bay, where we landed from the inter-island steamer which had carried us from Honolulu the day before.

Kahului is the port where we have landed, and the temptation has been strong upon us to explore first the grand valley of Iao, that penetrates far into the deep recesses of West Maui. But that is a trip we promise ourselves on our return from Hale-a-ka-la; the climbing of whose purple crimsoned slopes fills our imagination and claims our whole attention.

Packing about the ladies of our party, as they bestow themselves for the carriage ride of ten miles in the broad-seated "stages," with blankets, coats, and lunch baskets, and we of the sterner sex climbing into our deep-seated saddles, all start gaily forth on the road following the windings of the coast, having upon our left long lines of snowy surf, and on the other hand broad fields of sugar cane. From this main road there branch inland other highways, leading to plantations and pretty hamlets on the middle ground of the six-mile-wide peninsula.

But while we glance at these as we ride over the swelling uplands, there is demanding our attention the grand old mountains, whose sides are seamed with a thousand lines traced by the mid-winter torrents pouring from the storm-breeding summit. We cross deep cañons, narrow gulches, and profound ravines, and so go on until we turn for the ascent. Then through Makawao,—where grass lands take the place of corn fields,—up by the rocky glens of Maliko Gulch,—four thousand feet in depth,—and so to the cool altitude of fair Olin-da, four hundred feet above the sea. Here for the night we rest; and in the frosty dawn commence again our journey.

The way leads over successive terraces that on our left are heavily clothed with forest trees, and on the other hand afford pasturage for herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. As the sun rises the details of the mountain slope are brought out clearly, and the uneven sky line of the summit is drawn sharply against the clear sky. The dark forest on our right is bordered by fine clumps of the acacia, and the still loftier *eugenia* (the *Ohia lahna* of the islands, studded with crimson pompons). The trail—for it is no longer a road—dips into hollows where sparkling streams are seen amidst banks of tree ferns, or crosses smooth bits of pasture land, where we find cattle

still lingering under the shade of the mimosa-leaved *mamane* trees, or clusters of the palm-like *lauhala*, and shrubby sandal-wood.

At an elevation of six thousand feet we pause beside a deep rocky pool, and resting on a bed of fern fronds eat our lunch. It was high noon then, but the sun had only an agreeable warmth. Before us was the dark mountain coast, below which drifted patches and tatters of cloud, that crept over and half concealed the outstanding cones and peaks. The route now lay through a wilderness of shrubbery covering a rock-strewn slope, on the left of which was the barren peak called *Puu-ni-ni-au*.

From thence to within a short mile from the crater's edge our guide Jack was called upon to exercise all his skill and knowledge of the mountain to prevent our getting lost. A thousand cattle trails covered the broken country with confusing tracks, and the occasional cloud of mist that swept over us made still more difficult his task. Our own attention was distracted too by the sight of strange and beautiful forms of vegetation, peculiar to this altitude and soil. The bushes were clothed with close glittering leaves, amidst which glowed clusters of crimson berries, and climbing up through their dense masses was a charming little geranium, with smooth, silvery white leaves and pure white starry blossoms delicately fragrant. We gathered sprays of this plant, the "silver-leafed geranium," as souvenirs, and cut with satisfaction the bright red berries of the *ohelo* (sacred to Pele) that Jack gathered for us.

Our horses, never getting beyond a walk now, wound their way over fields of lava crossed by rough slides of scoriæ and huge blocks of basalt, ever nearing the summit that in that clear atmosphere always seemed close at hand. Sometimes we walked into clouds and found them, as Mantalini would say, "demmed moist, unpleasant bodies." Out of one

of them we emerged to find ourselves at the mouth of "the cave,"—a broken open lava bubble,—where empty tins and bottles and the traces of campfires indicated that it was at times a resting place for travelers like ourselves, or hunters. But not for us; in spite of the evident disinclination of our horses to go farther we pushed them on, and by four o'clock we all stood on the summit, ten thousand feet above the sea.

Our day's ride left us on the very edge of the great "House of the Sun," and dismounting we stepped forward but a pace or two and looked into its depths.

There lay before us a tremendous pit ten miles in width and nearly half a mile in depth. To the north and east there open two huge gaps, dividing the summit of the massive mountain. On the north the gap extends into a profound gorge, with perpendicular walls continuing fifteen miles to the sea. On the east the gap opens wider, its flow sweeping rapidly down and spreading out to form the Kaupoo district of the island.

Immediately opposite where we stood we could see the whole of the magnificent eastern wall, rising in a massive peak at the point where it bends to the north. The faces of the boundary walls are strengthened by grand buttresses of ancient basalt, and here and there torn and blackened by terrific outbursts of lava. The rim on which we stood trends away about three miles to the south, and then turns abruptly to the east. In the angle thus formed the fallen debris has formed a long slope extending to the summit, and midway in this stands the ruins of a cone from which has poured out a great stream of lava, the cooled masses of which can be traced out through the north gap, and for a long distance down the gorge.

In the angle formed by the south and east walls are three remarkable peaks, called White Hill, Red Hill, and Magnetic Peak. The trail into the crater



winds around the base of White Hill, which is half covered by rude stone shelters, built ages ago by the soldiers of a famous Hawaiian warrior while on their way across the island. The ride along the edge of the crater to the trio of hills, and from them down the long debris and sand slope, is a weary one ; but still it is undertaken by those who have the time to spare — which we had not.

We turned again and again to the scenery in the crater below us, for it is wonderfully fascinating and altogether strange. We were looking down on to a plain quite large enough to contain the city of San Francisco in one half, and the city of New York in the other, and still leave room enough for the probable extension of both for years to come. Rising from the plain are some forty cones, from which once belched out incandescent and liquid lava. Since that remote period they have been worn by the elements into smoothness of outline, yet each retains the characteristic depressions of the summit, where the lava rent once existed. Their colorings are rich but somber, dark red, or brown, or even purple, and these tints contrast finely with the intense blackness of the streams of lava that sweep around their bases, and spread over the plain on which they stand. The height at which we were above them, and the distance from which they were viewed, dwarfed their actual size, but we knew that they range from one hundred to seven hundred and fifty feet in height ; and yet in the vast area of the crater they are relatively no larger than ant-hills in a stone quarry.

Darkness crept over the scene, and we reluctantly turned to where Jack had built a cheerful fire, under the lee of a massive ledge of lava close at hand, and there we passed the night. It was cold, but what with the hot tea we drank, the heated stones against which our feet rested, and the thick blankets in which we were rolled, the smooth black sand

on which we rested, and the saddles under our heads, we were not so very uncomfortable. The stars over us shone with a steady, brilliant light in the steel-blue sky ; the air, though keen, was so transparent and pure that it was a pleasure to inhale it, and we had too the selfish pleasure of knowing that we were much (two miles) nearer heaven than thousands of our fellow creatures could ever hope to be.

And so we slept until the cold of the gray dawn of another day aroused us. Jack (who though a Hawaiian had snored in the purest English the whole night through) was roused out to rebuild the fire, while we with our blankets around us mounted to the summit of the ridge to see the sun rise. Eastward we gazed over a vast expanse of clouds stretching from the mountain side three or four thousand feet below us far away to the horizon. God's canopy was spread over the slumbering land and sea, and the sensation of isolation and utter loneliness we all felt sent other thrills than those of cold to our hearts.

On all sides the snowy masses encircled the mountain, and the crater itself was filled with the gently undulating billows. The stillness too was something so far beyond what we had ever imagined before was possible, that we fancied all animated creatures were dead but ourselves. But soon this phenomenal silence was broken. Across the wide crater came the weak bleating of a forlorn young goat. A bird nesting high in the cliffs whistled softly to its mate, and then Jack's mule began a dismal braying which "set the wild echoes flying." The voice of its master was next heard crooning out a Hawaiian *mele*, and thus animated nature awoke.

Far off on the horizon a faint flush deepened into rose, which tinged the snowy forms standing in close array upon the vast cloud-plain below. Soon long shafts of silvery light were projected heavenward from the brightening

horizon, piercing the cold gray veil of dawn, and driving before them the chill night vapors.

And then the sun arose. As his disc displayed itself above the cloud line, a flood of light poured over the vaporous plain filling its hollows as it ran, beating against the mountain's rugged slope, and flinging the peak's dark shadow over the western sea.

And that "shadow of the mountain" was a sight worth seeing. So was the magnificent expanse of bright blue ocean in which are set those lovely isles, which was revealed to us as the clouds rapidly melted away. There lay the cultivated plains of the peninsula, the deep recesses of West Maui, and the varied outlines of Molokai, Lanai, and Kahoolawe; while over beyond the crater there rose the twin, snow-clad peaks of

Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea on Hawaii. From gazing seaward we turned to again view the crater. It was filled to the brim with snowy clouds, which slowly swelled into superb rounded masses and then melted in the warming air. Thinner and thinner grew the fleecy covering, until there appeared the majestic cones, the lesser peaks and "chimneys," and, finally, the gloomy blackened floor. The sun's rays lit up all the details of the grand scene, giving us with its morning beams effects of light and shade unseen in its evening rays.

After a cup of coffee, hot and strong, and while the horses are being saddled, we take one last look at the ruined, deserted home of the great fire-goddess Pele, and then turn for our downward ride, echoing Jack's farewell salutation, "*Aloha Hale-a-ka-la!*"

*F. L. Clarke.*

## TO YOU.

### A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

THE evening falls

With its long shadows; creeping gray and chill,  
The stealthy mist steals in from sea to hill,  
While down the cañon, plaintively and shrill,

The tree-frog calls.

Day has a noisy glamor all her own,  
That blinds the eyes, outsounds the heart's hushed groan,  
Regret floods back but when the sunset's flown,  
And evening falls.

As daylight dies

In solemn glory in the cloud-lit West  
I see through tears, that what now is, is best;  
Yet backward through the years of self repressed  
Our sorrow cries.

For what is best is hardest to be borne;  
Each night (do you?) I pray the coming morn  
May never break but as th' Eternal Dawn,—  
And daylight dies.

*Herbert Kenyon.*



## LORD JOHN.

IN July, 1878, Senior First Lieutenant Robert Brown, of the — regiment of United States Infantry, then serving on the staff of the commanding general of the Department of Arizona, in the capacity of engineer officer, received an order emanating from the headquarters of the Military Division of the Pacific, at San Francisco, directing him to proceed without delay from Prescott, Arizona, to Portland, Oregon, and join — on promotion — his new company, then operating in the field in Idaho and Eastern Oregon under the orders of General Howard, against the Bannock and Pi-Ute Indians.<sup>1</sup>

These Indians had that summer broken away from their reservations, and were on the rampage in that section of the country, amid the hue and cry of the alarmed settlers, and with all the available military forces of the three departments of Arizona, California, and the Columbia, — constituting the Division of the Pacific, — on the run after them as fast as the legs of men and horses could carry them.

Lieutenant — now Captain — Brown lost no time in complying with the order. Filling a small sole-leather trunk with his field outfit, consisting of a black slouch felt hat, two blue flannel shirts, and one pair each of gray corduroy trousers and cowhide knee boots, together with a few other indispensable articles, he locked it, buckled up its straps as tight as he could, ordered it to be taken to the stage office, and when the time came for the California buckboard to start on its trip towards the Colorado River and the "inside" civilization, as

it was then called, he jumped up into the seat of honor, near the high-toned driver, and away he went with it towards the seat of war.

Up hills and down again, winding in and out, along and across shallow alkaline streams and deep, rugged ravines, through steep-sided dry gulches — the long since slept-in beds of ancient pre-historic rivers, dried up for ever — whose thick, black and white sands shone star-like here and there under the burning rays of an Arizona sun with the tiny, myriad sparkles of infinitesimal particles of fine gold dust. Thirst-parched, with cracked, swollen tongues, too thick and cottony to waggle even weakly in spasmodic, half-choked curses on the country and the stage company, — which insists on retaining on its line crazy, springless, discordant, nondescript vehicles, instead of the usual Concord coaches; — through Wickenburg, Cullen's Well, and Desert Station, to Ehrenberg, where the Colorado River was crossed on a rickety rope ferry, as stubborn and self-willed as its thick-headed owner, and on *terra firma* once more, after bidding a fervent "May we never meet again" blessing on the cross-grained Charon and his muddy, Nile-like Styx.

More break-bone jogging along — catnapping up and down at a lockjaw dog-trot, dropping a hat here, a handkerchief there, and a passenger anywheres, in abrupt awakenings from jerky noddings, — across the alluvial sands and detritus of cactus-strewn Chime-hue-vis Valley, with its gigantic, multitudinous *saguarras*, pointing their one horizontal arm from their vertical stem, ghost-like under the moonbeams, as sinister mementos and warnings of past hardships and worse misery still to come farther on.

<sup>1</sup> See series of articles by General Howard in the OVERLAND MONTHLY from May 1887 to February 1888.

Past euphonious and malodorous, disease haunted Chuck-a-walla, with its solitary, God-forsaken adobe station, where *frijoles* and small-pox were dished out together at famine prices to the half-starved travelers, who by this time, like sea-sick, ocean-crossing passengers, did n't care a Continental whether or not they caught the disease, if it only ended their sufferings the sooner,—like those of the poor Indian squaw dying of it under the shed next to the dining room,—and at last, after days and nights of constant exposure and killing endurance of the modern Spanish inquisitorial mental and physical torture, yclept buckboard traveling, into Dos Palmas,—without one palm, let alone two, unless those of martyrdom,—the then terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad, without having been, for a wonder, “held up,” and cursed and kicked about by gentlemanly “road agents” on the way.

Forward again, — this time, thank heavens, in a blessed Pullman car, with lots of cool water to drink and to wash with, and praise be to the Lord, with oranges and grapes and bananas *ad libitum*, — towards Los Angeles, where Brown struck off at a tangent on a branch road for Wilmington and San Pedro, where he found the good ship *Orizaba* awaiting with steam up the arrival of the last train to take its passengers to San Francisco.

Onward afloat with the perfumed semi-tropical sea-breezes of that delightful clime, past San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, with their blue frontal waves thickly covered with oil from submarine petroleum springs underneath; doubling Point Concepcion, with its disporting seals crawling awkwardly over one another in play, or basking in the sun, in *dolce far niente*, on the slippery, moss-covered flat rocks, jutting out from the cape, and left high and dry by the receding tide; and through the Golden Gate to the amenities and frivolities of the Pacific Heaven!

But duty called apace from among the blue mountains of the “*Grande Ronde*” in Eastern Oregon, and Brown — much as he would have liked to — could not delay, like another Hannibal, amid the delusive snares of the modern Capua, and he secured his berth on the steamship Oregon, and turned his face northward up the coast; past Punta Arena’s fiery glowing eye, around Cape Mendocino and redwood-bound Humboldt Bay, until he turned into the mouth of the Columbia, between forts Stevens and Canby, and crossed its notorious bar, so feminine in her variable moods, — smiles or tears as the wind blows, angel or devil as you happen to take her.

At Portland he found the air full of more or less true rumors of the doings at the front, which was shifting away northeastwardly rapidly day by day under Howard’s energetic advance and pursuit, and in order to proceed without delay to the fountain-head, for news less adulterated with the mixed driftings from Eastern Oregon, he hired a buggy, crossed the Willamette — with the accent on the penult and not on the ultimate — over to East Portland, — with an English tourist lord for a companion, — and cut across the promontory between the two rivers to Vancouver, where he ate his dinner, flavored with sparkling imported champagne, at the expense of his traveling friend, who had taken snowy-domed Mount Hood, looming up iridescently in the far away distance, with its white cone rosied by the reflection of the dying sunset, for a thunder cumulus sailing over Columbia’s blue waves, with their somber fringes of dark green pines, and who, English-like, hammered his opinion with a betting nail which Brown clinched at once, much to the after depletion of his lordship’s pocketbook.

At Fort Vancouver, Brown was informed, by the acting adjutant general left in charge of the office, that his station would be at the Umatilla agency,



which was temporarily occupied by a mixed battalion of infantry and artillery, and to which General Howard was hastening from the northeast, in order to meet the chiefs of the Umatillas, Walla-Wallas, Cayuses and other Oregon and Washington Territory Indian tribes, whom he had summoned in council at that point with the view of ending the hostilities, and effecting an amicable arrangement of the future relations to exist between the much incensed whites and the no less indignant Indians, — for the mutual griefs were about even on both sides.

Brown started up the Columbia River at daylight the next morning on the steamer Wide West with his English friend, whose mouth opened in interrogation and exclamation points at the magnificent river scenery all the way to the Dalles.

My lord was gradually growing up with, and to, the country, and as he got safely over one surprise in time for another, his plethoric memoranda multiplied thick and fast with information more or less to be depended upon; and when he reached home again in old England, he was prepared to write a book of his American experiences as full of truths and wonders as many others gathered up in like manner by world-seeing Britons since Dickens's American Notes.

His first experience of Oregon weather is worth relating, although the difference was not so great, after all, between it and that of the smutty little island in which he first saw the light of day, as through a glass, darkly, owing to the medium of a London fog.

When he first came to Portland, towards the end of the preceding autumn, he happened in his strolls about the city to enter a dry goods store to procure some trifles he needed, and as he was about to leave the place he was surprised by a fine, thick drizzle, which would have wetted him thoroughly if exposed to it

unprotected for any length of time. He therefore waited like a sensible man for the sky to clear up once more before going out.

After whiling away half an hour or so looking over the store, he started once more for the door, only to find the drizzle changed into a tolerably heavy rain. "I wonder," he asked of the counter-jumper who had waited on him, "if this shower is going to last long?"

The salesman went to the door, took a look aloft, and came back with the prognostic that he thought it would last about three months, and advised him to buy an umbrella and a waterproof coat and leggings.

The Englishman stared at him in astonishment, turned his back on him, and took a few more turns up and down the long floor, and then, to kill time faster, selected and bought neckwear enough to last him a year.

Lunch time was coming on and he was getting hungry, but the rain still kept coming down. He bought an umbrella and went back to his hotel. The next morning on getting up he found the rain still falling, with an ominous, monotonous sort of drip, which denoted a considerable amount of "staying power," and Jupiter Pluvius kept him cooped up for a week at the Clarendon, without any signs of "letting up," he walking up and down its long upstairs hall for a constitutional, without even an old copy of his oracle, the London Times, to fall back upon for some interestingly true items. For such he craved like a schoolgirl for pickles; for the people thereabouts had already told him so many wonderful Munchausen stories about Oregonian things in general, that he felt assured in his own mind that about the only reliable informant he had met so far in Portland was the hotel bootblack, who never opened his mouth except to eat. So — *tante de mieux* — he sent for the man to question him about the weather and have something sure to depend upon, and the bootblack, who

had already received more than one shilling *pour boire* from the noble lord, and expected more, came up on the run, with a shoe brush in one hand and a half polished boot on the other.

"Beastly weather, Boots, insufferably beastly! How long, do you think, it is going to last?"

"Six months," replied Boots, without the slightest hesitation.

"Six months!" repeated my lord, with an exclamation point which stretched his mouth wide open. "How long have you been here, Boots, if I may ask?"

"Me," replied Boots, very much gratified at the lordly interest in his humble person, — "Me? Le'me see," scratching his head with the shoe brush, — "I've been in this here house ten years!"

"Ah! indeed, — ten years — a long time that, in such a beastly hole. Would you mind — as a special favor to me, Boots — to please take off one of your shoes. Boots," he asked, as he brought his glass to bear upon the bootblack's foot, "did you say ten years?"

"Yes, my lord, over ten years," replied Boots, who began to wonder what was coming next.

"Over ten years," mutters my lord unto himself, in an audible soliloquy, — "over *ten* years, in this blasted, black swamp of a bottomless country, and not yet webfooted? This evolution business must be wrong, or else it's a question of natural selection, — at any rate, it beats me!"

He gave up his projected trip up river and went to Victoria, Vancouver Island, where he found the same old rain, fully as persistent, at least, as in Oregon. There he housed himself for the rainy season like a hibernating bear, and he had but lately come out of his hole, after sucking his literary paw, to have a recording look at the upper Columbia, when he met Brown, struck up an acquaintance with him which soon ripened into quite a friendship, and determined to accompany him to the field to see the

country and the wild Indians, and meet, as Brown's *compagnon de voyage*, the American officers, of whom he had rather queer English ideas. But he took care to have his hair cut very short before he started on the trip.

The voyage up river, with its ever changing succession of wild and picturesque scenery, — great rocky capes jutting out boldly into the broad stream, basaltic crags and mist-wrapped domes, kissing the clouds that rested lovingly upon them, sunny vistas up the river, changing like dissolving views in a panorama, with added beauties at every turn; with their borders and fringes — lace-like in the far off distance — of columnar and mural trap formations projecting far out beyond the perpendicular face of precipices into verdant promontories covered with pines and firs, aflood with golden sunshine out of a deep blue sky, — made a fairy picture of lights and shadows, rose-tinted and iridescent, whose calm, majestic grandeur delighted the artistic soul and æsthetical taste of nature-loving Lord John.

Every once in a while, as the steamer rounded some point into a new reach of silent blue river, a bare, rocky island full of Calypso caves would rise in the near distance, with some finely formed, sculpturesquely athletic Indian, struggling on his rude pole scaffold that jutted far out into the stream, with a powerful salmon fastened to his barbed spear, every muscle and sinew of his wiry, naked frame standing out in its turn in unveiled relief.

Occasionally the lonely river stretches caught a sudden romantic human interest in a gracefully modeled canoe, propelled by a square, swan-like sail, gliding out with a crew of Chinook Indians from the shadows of some giant promontory, like the re-animated ghost of the *bateau de rivière* of the long dead and gone Canadian *voyageurs* and *courreurs des bois*, who first discovered and navigated the Columbia from its source



downwards, long before its reputed English and American discovery from its mouth upwards; and whose memory still lives in the beautiful French names they have left behind them in remembrance of their lost, English-stolen Acadia, and of still more distant, beautiful France, as they glided down the river with their oars and voices keeping time in the warlike boat song of

Ma France, ma France, si belle et si valiente!

They came and went, the brave and gallant, cheerful and untutored *courreurs d'aventures*, in the same way that we came and eventually must go; but their romantic and truthful "*les dales de la belle rivière bleu*"—the flagstones of the beautiful blue river—still remains in *memento mori*, although degenerated from the *patois Canadien* into the very natural English corruption of the "Dalles of the Columbia," and "Dalles City," six miles below them.

At the Cascades—*Les Cascades de la Cascadille*—Brown and his friend made the portage by leaving the Wide West and boarding the railroad train, which rounds the obstacle to navigation by following the course of the river until smooth water and a clear stream are reached once more some six miles above the foot of the falls.

From the windows of the slow-going train they enjoy an almost uninterrupted view of the rapids, which are only less grand and forceful in their impression than those above Niagara. They are broken up into narrow channels by numerous bold and naked islands of trap. Through these the water roars, boils, and, striking projections, spouts upward in jets whose plummy tops blow off in sheets of spray. It is tormented into whirlpools; it is combed into fine threads, and strays whitely over a rugged ledge like old men's hair; it takes all curves of grace and arrow-flights of force; it is water doing all that water can do or be made to do. Where the

river bed is narrow the great body of water rushes over the rocks, roaring, trembling, foaming in impatient rage, a wild sight which gives an idea of impetuous, resistless force almost impossible to describe.

The Cascades are considered impassable, but Indians often venture down them in their light canoes, and several small steamers have shot them, leaving of course behind them all hopes of ever going up again. The Indians have, as usual, a tradition in regard to them. They hold that the Columbia once followed a uniform level from the Dalles to the sea. That Mounts Hood and St. Helen's are husband and wife; that in comparatively recent times there existed a rocky bridge across the river at the present site of the Cataract, and that across this bridge Hood and St. Helen's were wont to pass for an interchange of visits. That while this bridge existed there was a free subterraneous passage under it for the river and the Indian canoes,—and this tradition is so universally credited as to stagger the skeptic by a mere calculation of chances,—that, on a certain occasion, the mountainous pair, like others not mountainous, came to high words, and during the altercation broke the bridge down. Falling into the river, this colossal Rialto became a dam, and ever since that day the upper river, in Eastern Oregon on the other side of the Cascade range, has been backed to its present level, submerging vast tracts of country far above its original bed. And as nearly all Indian legends, like all ancient poetry, often contain a scientific truth embalmed in the spices of metaphor, excellent geological authorities treat this legend respectfully, as containing in symbols the probable key to the natural phenomena.

At the upper end of the portage they found an elegant steamer, the John R. Thompson, awaiting them to take them to Dalles City. Above the rapids the river banks were bold and rocky. Un-

der the clear blue water could be seen a submerged alluvial plateau, studded thick with drowned stumps of primeval forest, here and there lifting their splintered tops above the water like another memorial of what once had been.

The climatic change between the Dalles and the Cascades is as marked as the abrupt change of scenery above the Dalles, which is the isotherombrose dividing line between Western and Eastern Oregon, for the upper side of the last stupendous mountain range has a distinctively dry climate, and the lower a wet one fully as clearly defined. The Cascade range is a continuation northward of the Sierra Nevada. Near Dalles City it stops the water-laden winds which rush up from the sea. Western Oregon, lying between the Cascades and the ocean, has so much rain that it does not know what to do with it, while Eastern Oregon, a vast grazing region, does not know what to do for the want of it. If a *juste milieu* between the two could be struck, Oregon would be the finest, richest State in the Union.

They left the Thompson at Dalles City and boarded a train once more for another portage around the "dalles," which are simply a succession of waterfalls and rapids over immense flagstones, descending gradually into long, narrow troughs, — like canal locks, — compressing the river between ragged walls of trap blocks until it looks as if it turned up edgewise.

At Celilo — not a town, but simply a geographical point consisting of a long shed for the temporary storage of goods in transportation and a landing wharf — they boarded a steamer again which took them to Umatilla — a mushroom frontier town once booming, but just then apparently dying in the lingering, gradual consumption of a fungus death, with a prospective phoenix-like fate however as a consolation, in a projected railroad of which it was to be the terminus, — where they left it to proceed to the end

of its route at Wallula, some sixty miles farther up river, and took the stage for Pendleton and the Umatilla reservation.

At Umatilla they began to see the remaining signs of the late Indian scare. People had been what they call "forted up" in fortified houses, waiting for the hostile Indians, and prepared to defend themselves against them as best they might. The air was full of sanguinary rumors of bloodshed all around, — of freighters murdered with their animals on the roads, of solitary ranches sacked and reduced to ashes after their occupants had been compelled by the red devils to submit to all sorts of outrages.

Sitting on the stage box next to the loquacious driver, rolling over the gently undulating plain towards Pendleton, upon a smooth prairie road, which follows the sinuous windings of the Umatilla River, with its soft green belt of cottonwood trees and willow shrubbery, Lord John was amazed at the probable — and not at all problematic — magnificent future of the country spreading itself in immense vistas on all sides.

By this time he was as thoroughly convinced of the great possibilities of the United States as a lately landed Irish emigrant whom he had had the pleasure of meeting in Portland without the tedious formality of an introduction *en règle*, as the San Francisco steamer came in at the landing wharf.

The self-exiled peasant from the emerald isle stood laboriously spelling the name of the ship — Oregon — spreading itself in large gold letters over its stern, and when he got through he was so elated at the practical result of an otherwise neglected education that he turned around toward Lord John, standing by, slapped him familiarly and not at all gently on the broad of his back, and exclaimed loudly with a gratified grin:

"Be jabers! but this is a great country intirely! I have n't been in it three weeks yet, and begorra, here's this fine boat named after me already! To the



divil with the old dart and its blasted landlords. America is the counthry for Patsy O'Regan!"

But his lordship was somewhat dismayed at the blood and thunder stories the stage driver told him in a sort of free trade exchange for his traveling anecdotes, and every once in a while he rubbed his shingled hair to feel if the roots were still there. But good fortune was on their side, and the stage reached Pendleton safely, without being held up by general revenue road agents, or jumped by yelling red Indians with bloody scalping knives flourished suggestively in each hand, and another between their teeth.

At the agency, situated on the Umatilla River a mile or two above Pendleton, they found the artillery and infantry bivouacked under the trees, held in hand for whatever might eventually turn up, and Captain Brown assumed command of his company. General Howard, and the Governor of Oregon and other notabilities, had arrived, and the chiefs of the neighboring friendly and half-hostile Indian tribes were hastening from all points to the forthcoming council.

The Umatilla reservation, established by presidential order under the treaty of June 9, 1855, had been partly surveyed, and contained 420 square miles, 150,000 acres being tillable out of its 268,000, — 7,000 of which were being cultivated by the 900 — more or less — Walla Wallas, Cayuses, and Umatillas, gathered within its bounds, who had fully 9,000 acres fenced in.

The approximated yield for that year — according to Lord John's note book — of the numerous small farms held by the Indians had been 22,853 bushels of wheat, 5,000 of corn, 35,975 of barley, 3,519 of assorted vegetables, and 1,500 tons of hay. The total amount of live stock in their possession — according to the same authority — was 6,269 horses, 15 mules, 400 cattle, 360 swine, 500 sheep, and a very large number of domestic

fowls, — many of which were sold to the troops temporarily encamped on the reservation at the time.

The position of these Indians — taking into account their different nationality and tribal relations, language, habits, religion, etc., — was one requiring extreme tact and moderation on their part, to keep out of trouble with their neighbors of the alien race. Surrounded on all sides by the whites, the greater part of whom looked with longing eyes on the reservation acres, almost every means were resorted to in order to get a chance at the land which is perhaps the best in Oregon.

Many disputes — often accompanied by bloodshed on either side, especially when intoxicants were component elements — were continually arising, owing to the encroachments made by the whites on the Indian lands. The reservation boundary line, hurriedly laid out and indistinct at first, had gradually become completely obliterated in many parts, and was a matter of much debate and acrimony between the contestants.

A certain divide between two creeks had been designated in the original treaty as the boundary line on one side, but the whites claimed to have found this line far inside the reservation side of the divide, and plats of this land, which had heretofore been considered as a portion of the reserve, were on file in the office of parties engaged in the land business in Pendleton, and several locations had been made on it. The Indians claimed the ridge as the dividing line, and they were undoubtedly, morally and legally, right in their insisting that they were the owners of the land in question.

A re-survey had been asked of Congress by the Indian authorities more than once, but true to the axiom that large bodies move slowly, the matter has not yet been attended to at this date, which is more than ten years afterwards; neither has the land been appor-

tioned to the Indians in severalty, as they have most earnestly desired and asked for some time, in order to assimilate sooner with the white race; for no one appreciates the fact better than they do, that the Indian must be taught to work for his own support, and to speak the English language, or he must give place to people who do. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in reference to many questions of policy as applied to the Indian tribes, that question may be now considered as settled beyond controversy.

The most effective weapon in the hands of the whites in their struggle for Indian lands was whisky and other intoxicants, which took a prominent part in all real and personal estate disputes. For the last fifty years sad experience has proved—absolutely beyond the shadow of a doubt—that the use and the bringing into the Indian country of intoxicating liquors, has been productive of more disease, crime, and loss of life than all other causes combined. As an Indian said on the subject: “We don’t make whisky ourselves, and we tell our young men not to drink it, but we can’t help it so long as white men sell it to them. We don’t know how to make the white men take the whisky away, but the great men at Washington do. We hope they will help us.”

How have they done it? By the enactment of laws so ingeniously constructed to work both ways, that tender-hearted courts in construing the law in accordance with their sympathies have sentenced—after an expenditure of much time and money by the indicting parties—the wretch who furnishes whisky to Indians to a fine of one dollar, or imprisonment for one day; and as a natural consequence the violator of the law laughs at the farce, and goes on with his nefarious business, to the peril of both body and soul of all those—white and red—who come in contact with him, and are too weak to resist his snares.

Between the Charybdis and the Scylla of land and drink, the evil influence of the native medicine men rose like another rock in the troubled waters as one of the greatest obstacles to be overcome in the civilization of the Indian. These native doctors—both seers and physicians—realize that the advance of civilization means a termination of their power; and they employ all their arts, and work upon the superstitions and fears of their people, in order to prevent them from applying to the white men’s doctor, preacher, or priest, hoping thus to perpetuate their own influence and sources of revenue. Hence, the task of inducing the Indians to abandon their ancient customs in religion and in their treatment of physical disease is a difficult one, and must of necessity be the work not of years only but of generations, as they adhere tenaciously to the faith of their fathers in the power of the medicine men to exorcise the evil spirits, to whose presence they attribute all disease. It is gratifying, however, to note that as the older Indians pass away to the “happy hunting grounds,” their time-honored remedial rites gradually die out, and that the younger generations are evincing more faith in the medicines used and the treatment pursued by white physicians of the soul and body.

But the power of the medicine men—the term being used in contradistinction to that of the mere doctor—is all powerful. It is not too much to say that had it not been for the deleterious influence of their seers and prophets,—especially that of Smokhollah,—the Nez-Perces, under Chief Joseph, in 1877, and the Bannocks and Pi-Utes, under Ehégant and Oits, in 1878, never would have broken out and given the trouble they did.

Smokhollah was—and probably is still—remarkable as an Indian who, without bravery and never having exhibited daring, had yet raised himself to a pre-eminent position, and exercised a wide-



reaching power. He was the high priest or chief *tooat* of the "Dreamer" or "Drumming" religion. Just how much of this mysticism he himself originated, how much was existent in the mythology of the tribes, and how much, if any, distorted from the missionary teachings, Lieutenant Wood, at that time aide-de-camp on General Howard's staff and who knew him well, is unable to say; but as gathered from the Indians themselves, he understood his history to be substantially as follows:

He was born a member of the Walla-Walla tribe, and grew up under the chieftainship of old Pu-pu-mox-mox (Yellow Bird). As a young man he was counted of little worth as a warrior or hunter, but wishing to marry a young woman of the tribe, he one day sought out the youngest and favorite wife of his chief, and begged her to help him get the woman he loved. This interview took place in a lonely corner among some bushes, where the woman was gathering berries, and a false account was brought to Pu-pu-mox-mox. This awakened his jealousy, and he accused his wife of sinning with Smokhollah. This she denied, but the old savage, who by all report was an unusually cruel and iron-willed man, listened only to his own jealousy, and tied her to a post and flogged her with lead-loaded thongs.

"Now, will you tell the truth?" said he.

"I have told only the truth, and if you cut me to pieces I can tell nothing different; if I did I would be telling a lie," she answered.

He then lashed her till his grown son by another wife took the whip from him and said the woman should be whipped no more. The old man had one of the few rifles then among the Indians. He got it and swore he would shoot any one that interrupted. So then he brought up Smokhollah, and flogged him till, as an Indian expressed it, his backbone had nothing to cover it. Then Pu-pu-mox-mox sprinkled salt on their wounds

and left them tied under the hot sun for two days.

When news of these doings reached the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at old Fort Walla Walla, — now Wallula, — he sent out and ransomed the victims. Both recovered. The woman stayed at the fort, but Smokhollah, instead of taking revenge, carried his distorted back and injured pride into the mountains, where he lived a sort of solitary.

Peculiarities of any kind are quickly noted by Indians, and soon vague whispers of witchcraft came from Smokhollah's retreat. Pu-pu-mox-mox died very suddenly, and it was said Smokhollah's sorcery had killed him. Smokhollah, it is presumed, aided this belief, and took advantage of everything that would add to the superstitious reverence for himself. He was not only not a stupid man but was an unusually shrewd and intelligent Indian. Soon after Pu-pu-mox-mox's death, Smokhollah predicted or subsequently claimed responsibility for the death of two hated white men, and now he was credited with the evil eye. Mothers covered their babes when he passed. Men and women feared to meet him alone, and every one tried not to offend him.

Among any race of savages it is, of course, not rare for these supernatural attributes to be accredited to some person. But Smokhollah saw how to use this to the end of creating a chieftainship in himself. He would go to his spirit lodge, kept inviolate by the great dread which hung over it, and there he would begin to chant to the Great Spirit, accompanying himself with the drum (like most primitive drums, a piece of skin stretched over a hoop).

When this ceased he was known to be in a trance, and the Great Spirit was talking to his spirit. During this time a disciple kept guard about the lodge; the sacred boundary was marked out by little pegs. This was to prevent interruption by ignorant strangers.

If necessary, Smokhollah was summoned by a peculiar signal. In any case, when his spirit returned to him he left the lodge, and announced to the people the orders or promises of the Great Spirit. Afterward the drumming and chanting became a popular religious rite; at least, the men all participated, and the service was held usually on our Sunday. Lieutenant Wood tried very hard once to go into the long spirit lodge while the chanting was going on, but the Indians signified to him, in a very courteous way, that it would not be proper to have him in there.

Like the Veiled Prophet, or the Old Man of the Mountain, Smokhollah was wise enough to reserve the women as rewards for true believers. When young followers joined him, the maids, at least, of his own immediate band were paraded in a sort of mystic circling promenade, and she whom the new comer selected must accompany him to his lodge as his wife. He could afterward, by the usual methods, take to himself as many other wives as he saw fit.

The creed which Smokhollah offered was very inviting to the Indian mind. It made idleness and extermination of the whites religious duties. So far as Lieutenant Wood understood its features they were somewhat thus: There is a Great Spirit and Smokhollah is his prophet. The earth is the mother of our bodies. The earth and the body belong mutually to each other, and no one has a right to drive a man from the place where he was born and must die, but he has a right to expel invaders. The great mystic principle of the earth being the mother of us all is deep-rooted and runs through every other idea, but of course did not originate with Smokhollah. It is almost universal, but among these Indians it takes the highest place, and they cling to it with a fervor that makes one wish that somebody would investigate thoroughly just what their belief is. Agriculture is prohibited, for they say

the earth has given us fruits as she sees fit, and it is annoying to try and wrest more or better from her, and cruel to tear up her face with the plow. Settled habitations, churches, schools, are forbidden. The white man is an intruder on the Indian's birthright, but when the time is ready, all the dead will flock from the happy spirit land, and joining their children, will sweep the white man into oblivion.

So congenial a creed spread like wild-fire. It gave squat little Smokhollah—who was a large-headed, hump-shouldered, oldish-looking, little wizard of an Indian—a power over many different bands; for his spiritist followers had been embraced in a score of tribes. His teachings inspired resistance, and added numbers to the wars of 1877 and 1878.

Oits, the second chief of the Pi-Utes in 1878, was their tooat and Smokhollah's disciple. Carried away by too credulous a fanaticism, he told his warriors at Birch Creek not to fire a shot,—that when the soldiers had sufficiently advanced, he would wave his blanket and they would fall dead. Probably to this is due our easy partial ascent to their stronghold; and when he waved his blanket it was too late, for a cavalry charge was such a rationalistic argument that a skepticism crept in as to Oits, but not as to religion. In the same way Smokhollah himself fell by those traps to a false prophet, miracles and prediction, till in the general scattering of 1878-79 he was left in the mountains with only one faithful follower, a young daughter, and at last these two delivered themselves up, and he took a place with Sultashkoshah in the Chélan country.

But the drumming and the dreaming still goes on, the wind still whispers from the spirit land, the thunder is the voice of God, and the fanaticism is kept alive by the superstition of the "dreamers," who industriously teach that if they continue steadfast in their present belief, a leader will be raised up in the East,—the



Unkoito<sup>1</sup> of the Concow Indians of Northern California, — who will restore all the dead Indians to life, and who will unite with them in expelling the whites from their country, when they will again enter upon and repossess the lands of their ancestors. Under the sunset sky these children of the desert clothe its rocks and wastes with unseen life, or give to the mountains a monumental terror. Earnest in their belief that the wished-for wilderness will return to them, they forget their false prophets in the pleasing delusion itself.

Lord John met the American officers, and as he shared their hospitality under the greenwood tree, and became hail fellow well met with each and all, his old English prejudices dropped away one by one, until at last he was quite positive within himself that he had never met such a set of good fellows before. He was especially pleased with General Howard, and as he looked upon the empty sleeve he remembered what his friend Brown had told him of the maimed soldier, — for the Captain had served under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and all the galaxy of brilliant stars which shone so thickly around the American flag in the great days of '61-'65, — and he ranked the one-armed general second to none in modest, unassuming courage in the field, and wisdom in council.

My lord had been told how as Brown, then a young colonel of Indiana volunteers, hardly out of his teens, held the first line with his regiment on Kenesaw's stormy brow, with the enemy less than two hundred yards from him, mowing away his men with shot and shell like swathes of green grass, so thick and fast that he ordered the line to lie down, the General came up alone with his full dress-parade coat on, and slowly walked up

and down the long, low-lying line, as cool and composed as if going to church with his wife. And when Brown shouted to him amid the awful din, "For God's sake, lie down, General; nothing can live standing!" the pleasant answer came back with a satisfied smile, "I just wanted to see, Colonel, how long it will take the old Fourth Corps to capture their works when the time comes," — which the old Fourth did, sure enough, when the time came shortly afterwards.

He was also more than pleased with Indian Agent Cornoyer, a sprightly Frenchman of the olden time, thoroughly conversant with Indian matters, for he had married a daughter of one of the tribes, who gave him in exchange two bright daughters of his own, in their upward teens, who were as beautiful in their dark beauty as they were accomplished in every way; for neither money nor care had been spared in their education. And how they were courted and waited upon by the young officers of the artillery and infantry!

The council met in an open glen hidden among the forest trees and surrounding shubbery, under an immense shed constructed of cottonwood poles with green boughs laid across them for a roof to ward off the sun's rays.

Nearly all the whites in and about Pendleton, together with the Indian chiefs and sub-chiefs and many warriors, General Howard, the Governor of Oregon and staff, and the army officers, were packed underneath, sitting on hastily hammered-together benches, or standing all around, while Lieutenant Wood sat in a quiet corner sketching with facile pencil the Indian faces.

It was a genuine old time powwow, in which the Great Spirit of the Indians and the Great Father at Washington of the whites held prominent places. The Indians' hearts were all good, but many of their young men were very bad with the whisky of the whites and the bad counsels of the medicine men, whose

<sup>1</sup> See *OVERLAND MONTHLY* for August, 1884, and "Chronicles of Camp Wright," in the November, 1887, number.

promises had all proved false; while all that the whites had done in the way of stealing land which did not belong to them and poisoning the owners with bad whisky had been done for the good of the Indians,—probably in sending them, before their time, to the happy hunting grounds!

The General, despite his kind heart, looked very stern, for he had not forgotten the long marches that had been made in the hurried pursuit, and the sights he had seen by the wayside. He reminded the Walla-Wallas, Cayuses, and Umatillas, that probably, had it not been for the prompt arrival of his troopers on the reservation, nearly all their young men would have joined the hostile Bannocks and Pi-Utes, whose advance was checked right there; and that the Umatillas, although claiming to be the allies of the white soldiers, were kept by them in the rear because they were afraid to trust them on the line of battle.

He remembered also that if the Cayuses, although sought by the hostiles as allies, remained quietly on the Umatilla reservation through the faithfulness of their chiefs, one of their number, bold Umapine, with a band of kindred spirits, joined the enemy, and countenanced and assisted them until dissensions broke out among them, and Umapine and his followers, turning double traitors, tried to atone for their broken allegiance to the whites by murdering the Pi-Ute chief Ehegant, and bringing in his head as a peace offering.

Promises were well enough in one way, but he must be assured that they had not been made to be broken again as so often before; and at a sign from him Captain Brown, who was officer of the day, swooped in six of the most prominent chiefs—Smokhollah, in tarnished gold epaulets on a cast off army uniform among them—to be held as hostages until all the renegades came back, like prodigal sons, to eat the fatted

calves on the reservation. And *hic finis fandi*,—here was an end to the discourse,—and all of them went home where they belonged, the Indians to their little farms and wigwams, the soldiers to their tents, and the majority of the whites to Pendleton, to paint the town red.

During the night the tum-tums were heard beating away to the left and rear where the Indians were camped, and guns fired off in sign of rejoicing at the prospect of peace. But the General was suspicious of what might come next, and the troops were held well in hand, sleeping on their arms throughout the night, which, otherwise, passed off quietly; while Lord John, who had taken Smokhollah to his room, after passing his word to Captain Brown to keep an eye on him, plied him with tobacco *ad libitum*, and sat listening with constantly growing amazement to the Indian's religious theories, which were surprisingly like some of those he had heard among the Hindoo sects when he was in India.

As time whiled away, and things in general became quieted down and settled once more in their proper places, the relations between Lord John and the Indian seer became quite intimate and confidential, for their heads were often seen in close proximity to one another as each was absorbed, turn about, in the other's words; while Captain Brown, who was something of an observer, became very much interested in Indians gathered on the Umatilla reservation, for he found them very different, in every way, from the Apaches and other southern Indians of California, Arizona, and New and old Mexico, with whom his duties had made him familiar. The "Pierced Noses"—the *Nez Percés* of the Canadian voyageurs—are remarkable Indians, with very few, if any, North American aborigines superior to them.

He noticed among those he met that a marked contrast exists between those



who have accepted Christian teaching and others who still adhere to their heathen customs and superstitions. The unselfish work of religious teachers, both Catholics and Protestants,—Catholics especially,—has produced fruits illustrated—as General Howard has placed on record—by those who remained on the reservation during the war, and kept the peace in happiness with all their needs supplied; while murder, loss of country, and almost complete extermination have been the results of the superstition and ignorance of the renegades and “non-treaties” among them, who broke away from it.

The Cayuses, Walla-Wallas, and Umatillas,—the Cayuses especially,—still retained a trace of their old fierce and treacherous expression; but it was being toned down very fast under the teachings of Father Conrady, the French Catholic priest on the reservation. The usual Indian breech-clout was remarkable for its utter absence, for nearly all the Indians were dressed as white men,—many of them with their hair cut short, which made them look very much like Mexicans.

The women invariably wore long skirts and cropped their straight jetty hair by a square cut at the neck. The shawl was habitually drawn up over the head, so that one had to be in front to see a woman's face, which Mexicanized them also. On Sundays and gala days, bright handkerchiefs often took the place of bonnets, shawls, or hats, as headgear. The children were dressed much as among the whites, at times in fanciful attire but oftener plainly clad.

The men were generally tall and strong, graceful in their movements, and remarkably fine horsemen. The women were shorter in stature, but had bright, intelligent faces, and a healthy, not uncomely appearance, and they rode on horseback almost as well as the men.

Father Conrady had a small frame church, at a little distance from the

agency buildings next to his schoolhouse; and on Sundays it was crowded to overflowing with Indians, the men on one side and the women on the other, while all the neighboring fences were lined with their waiting saddle horses. He preached to them in the Chinook jargon, part French, part English, and part Indian, and very often also in the idioms of the different tribes, for he was quite a linguist. It was almost amusing to one accustomed to the ritual and the grand ceremonial of the Catholic Church, to hear the Indians make the responses in the original Latin. It was not amusing, but tenderly touching, to see them, when about to quit work in their small fields and return homewards in the gloaming, uncover and cross themselves piously while murmuring a prayer, when the angelus, ringing from the humble church steeple, came floating melodiously above the trees, like sweetly sounding monastery bells in the far distance.

The *tout-ensemble* on the Umatilla reservation reminded him far more of the happy, industriously civilizing life of the old California mission Indians of which he had read in books, than the disgustingly shamefully brutalizing manner of “improving” the Indians which exists, and which he had seen, on the San Carlos Apache reservation in Arizona, and in other places.

Smokhollah, in his frequent visits to Lord John after he was liberated and free once more, was often accompanied by a tall, proud, distinguished-looking young woman, whose comely face bore a striking resemblance to the noble head of the otherwise insignificant-looking old wizard, and the English lord appeared even more interested in her than in her father.

Brown often wondered what they found to talk so much about together, but the few snatches of their conversation that reached his ears now and then were all about Hindoo and Indian dreaming, drumming mysticism, which he did

not understand, and which Lord John jotted down in copious notes in the diary on which his forthcoming book was to be based.

Finally one day my lord informed his friend that Smokhollah had asked him to take his daughter back with him to old England, and educate her there as he thought best, away from the American despoilers of his ancestral Oregonian hills and valleys, and that he had promised to do so when the time came.

In the meantime, everything being over until the next breaking out, the troops on the Umatilla were ordered back to their proper stations in Arizona and New Mexico, California and Oregon, and wherever else they belonged; but Captain Brown was ordered to proceed to Umatilla City, and break up the field quartermaster and commissary departments at that place, ship back to Portland the large amount of stores accumulated there during the hostilities, and having accounted for them in their multitudinous assortment, to go back to his new station at Fort Grant, in Southern Arizona near the Mexican frontier, as best he might.

While performing that duty, which took him about one month and well on into October, Lord John, who was with him, noticed one evening in the gloaming an abnormal excitement among the good citizens of the place, — or at least many of them, — and he set his inquiring English mind to ascertain its cause. He found that Smokhollah, his daughter, and quite a number of his immediate drummer-dreamer following, were on their way to cross the Columbia and visit their co-religionists on the other side, and that they were encamped for the night in an old abandoned house on the river bank, some two miles above town, and that the citizens were collecting arms and gathering for the purpose of "jumping them and wiping them out," in retaliation for the murders the Indians had committed during the late hostilities.

He at once imparted this information to Captain Brown, who was very much disturbed, for he had no troops at hand to prevent it, and the act if accomplished would in all probability set all the neighboring Indian tribes on the war-path again, for a fresh campaign with its attendant bloodshed and unspeakable horrors on both sides.

The friends deliberated anxiously about the matter, and the result was that Lord John, after loading his pistols together with those of his friend and two Winchester repeaters, went up in the dark to the house where the Indians were camped, and remained with them to see fair play; while Captain Brown summoned the most prominent citizens and made them the longest speech in regard to the matter that he ever made in his life, amid praises from some and vituperation from others. But those who told him to mind his own business were by far the more numerous, for many among the assemblage had lost brothers, friends, and relations during the late fray.

Finally things quieted down and everybody went home, — many of them to old Theodore's whisky saloon, — and Brown sat up in his little room very anxious and on the alert with both eyes and ears wide open, and his horse, bridled and saddled, hitched to a post outside ready for immediate use.

He heard no firing during the night, and at dawn rode up to the old house. He found it deserted, with footprints of white men's boots and shoes in the damp soil all around, as if a large party had surrounded it and returned disappointed; for word came to him, in signals from across the river, that Lord John and the Indians were there and safely away from their would-be destroyers.

Brown heaved a sigh of relief, and telegraphed the matter to General Howard at Vancouver, who answered, "Well done, — thanks!"

A few weeks more, and the friends



floated once more upon the blue waves of the Columbia, this time downwards on their way to Portland. At the Clarendon Lord John—much to his surprise and elation—met a party of Englishmen, officers of the Coldstream Guards on leave, and just returning from a hunting trip in British Columbia, and he hastened to make his friend Brown acquainted with them.

When the City of Chester started on her trip down the coast towards the Golden Gate they were all on board,—hail fellows well met,—and when the steamer reached San Francisco safely,—which was a wonder, for a more rickety, rotten old tub of a boat never floated so long before,—the Britons turned their faces towards the Atlantic, homeward bound for old England, with many hand pressures and cordial invitations to the American to come and see them at home; and Brown stepped on board the cars of the Southern Pacific to go to his duty in Arizona, among other and far different Indians than those he had met on the rolling prairies of Eastern Oregon.

HAMPTON MANOR HOUSE, BERKS, DEC., 1888.  
*My dear old friend Brown:*

Your last letter came duly to hand, and found me as well in body and spirits as it left you.

I shall take Dakota in on my next trip to the States, so that you may introduce me to the Sioux. Then I'll board the Northern Pacific for a dash through the Yellowstone Park, and then westward again to the scenes of ten years since for the sake of old memories.

Is that North American pundit, old Smokhollah, alive yet?

His daughter, Umadine, has been thoroughly grounded in more than the rudiments of a good English education; but although outwardly complying with the Presbyterian ritual and discipline, she still holds on in her secret heart to the old dreaming and drumming theories of the father of her being,—of which more anon.

She probably will make one of my available disposable tenants happy shortly, and it will not be long afterwards before she makes a regular Hindoo out of him—if he wants to keep any hair on his head—or I am very much mistaken.

Remember me to our army friends when next you write to them, and look out for me about Easter,—that is if you have such things in the, as usual, outlandish country in which you are stationed.

The first edition of my book is exhausted, having traveled all over England like wildfire on the plains, although, I regret to have to state, our people don't believe half that's in it.

Always your friend,

JOHN MONTAGUE AUREVOIR.

*A. G. Tassin.*

## THE FRAGMENT OF A LIFE.

*Dear Edwin:*

"Just how to say what I want to tell you, I don't know. Perhaps it will be best to say only this, that I want to see you tonight very much; and to ask you to put off, in my favor, any engagement you may have. I hope nothing will interfere to keep you away, for you don't know how much I want you with me tonight.

*Henry Talton.*

When the note was brought me, I was dressing to go out to dine, and I find it hard to express the unpleasant sensation it gave me as I glanced first at the signature, though I knew the handwriting perfectly well, and then hastily read these few lines.

Talton and I had known each other

almost from the cradle. As boys we were inseparable companions, and in all our thousand and one plans we used to make for the future, there was not one in which we were to be less near to each other in manhood than we had been in the days when we played at marbles and peg-top. How differently things were turning out.

We had entered college together as chums, but at the end of the first six months I was called home in consequence of the failure of my father's banking house, and forced to begin life in earnest. Thus we were parted for

the first time. In his summer vacations I saw more or less of Talton, though he spent a good part of the time in yachting along the coast or in holiday jaunts to some mountain or seaside resort. After his college course was finished, came his three years at the law school, and in all that time we spent hardly three weeks together.

The old saw about the boy being father to the man certainly did not hold good in Talton's case. As I looked back, what a contrast there was between Talton the boy, and Talton the man; as a boy, I never knew a heartier, merrier fellow than he; but before he had fairly passed the threshold of manhood he seemed to have outlived all his light-heartedness, was reserved and thoughtful, even morose at times.

In his last year at the law school he became engaged to Alice Dane, whom we had both known all our lives. This was the realization of one of my boyish dreams. I had always pictured Talton and Alice as the occupants of a cosy little house, where I was to be forever visiting,—that is, always except the few times when I pictured the dream in reverse, with myself the proprietor of the snug establishment, and Talton as the ever-welcome guest. It was so delightful either way that, had I heard of the engagement in those days, I should easily have swallowed any disappointment I might have felt on my own account, and hailed the announcement with the utmost satisfaction. But when I did receive Talton's letter telling me of his happiness, I confess my mind misgave me as to what their future was to be. Would Talton, as he was, be the man to make Alice happy? Did he love her as a man should love a woman before he asks her to be his wife? Shortly after his engagement Talton went abroad, and on his return he and Alice were married. I think it was the saddest wedding I ever saw. I don't know exactly why, only that I had that vague feeling that they were not to be happy.

Talton had met with a serious accident on his homeward trip from England. The steamer on which he was a passenger was burned at sea, and Talton was one of the few who were saved. He had a long fever after he reached home, and though he completely regained his bodily health, he was more inclined than ever to this moroseness. His gayety never seemed to come from the heart; it had an unnaturalness about it that was peculiarly disagreeable to me.

Whether Alice and her husband were happy in their married life I could not make out, for Talton continued to be as undemonstrative as he had been for the last few years; and as to Alice,—well, she was always quiet; sometimes I fancied she had a sad look in her eyes; but then we all have our troubles, and whether hers were in any way connected with her marriage was at least doubtful. Talton and I were still fond of each other, and I visited often at his home; but it was plain that we had grown away from each other, and that the old friendship in all its strength could never be revived.

If my invitation had been for anything but a dinner, I should have set it aside and gone to Talton at once, so great was my uneasiness. It seemed foolish, however, to disappoint my hostess on what might prove to be a mere whim of Talton's, so I decided to go to the dinner, and take the earliest opportunity for getting away. I began to feel vexed with Talton for writing as he had. Why could he not have told me what he wanted of me, instead of leaving me in this uncertainty? From another person I should have thought nothing of such a message, but from Talton it worried me.

The young lady whom I had the pleasure of taking out to dinner must have thought me very ill-bred, or else exceptionally stupid. It was utterly impossible for me to keep my mind on the conversation; and what with my abrupt changes of subject, and the frequency with which I entirely missed the point



of what she was telling me, she had a sorry time of it. As soon as we had risen from the table I said good-night, and was on my way to see Talton.

Apparently there was no light in the house when I drove up the side street, but on turning the corner, I saw that there was a light in what Talton used as his smoking-room. He came down to the door himself to let me in.

"I thought you were not coming," he said. "I hope you did n't put yourself out to come to see me tonight. It struck me after I sent the note that perhaps I had made the case rather too important. I was going to be alone tonight, and thought I'd like to have you drop in on me. You see I am a bachelor once more. Alice went out to Hillsborough yesterday to visit her mother."

He spoke in such a matter of fact way that for the moment I was convinced that the urgency I had seen in his note was entirely of my own imagining, and thought myself a fool for getting into such a fret about nothing. But when we were up in the smoking-room, and had drawn our easy chairs to the fireplace, I had a better opportunity to study his face, and I could see at once that something was wrong, in spite of his efforts to conceal it.

We were both at a loss for something to say, and when we did fall into a conversation, it was not unlike the one I had taken part in at the dinner, for no matter of what we talked, I was busy with my own thoughts.

Talton ran on from one subject to another, trying to carry off his trouble, whatever it was, under an attempt of gayety, his agitation showing itself only too plainly. I thought I could see that he had something on his mind that he wanted to tell me, and gradually I led the conversation back to his note.

"Yes, your note was a little misleading. I did think when I read it that you wanted to see me about something in particular."

"No, — there was nothing of importance. I thought perhaps we might go to the theater. I had forgotten all about the theater. Shall we go now?"

"Go now? Why, it is almost eleven. The clock struck half past ten when I came in."

"That's true; I had not noticed how late it was." He laughed nervously, and settled himself back in his chair, beginning again to clasp and unclasp his fingers above his head.

"Ah, I see you are admiring my latest acquisition," he said, though I was not conscious that I was even looking at the picture. "It is a picture of Napoleon in his early life. I saw the original in the Louvre, and could n't rest until I had a copy of it. It is a wonderful painting of a wonderful face. I hardly know whether to admire more the face of the man or the art of the painter. Did you ever see a portrait before that showed so faithfully its subject's whole life? It is not only the life he has already lived you see there, but the life he is to live. You see Jena and Austerlitz in that face; and perhaps strangest of all, is foreshadowed Waterloo and St. Helena. I have looked at it until it is no longer a picture to me; it is a man whom I can know and sympathize with."

He ran on excitedly, talking of Napoleon and France in a wild, brilliant way. His manner was so strange that it startled me, and I could only sit and watch his face, hardly heeding his words. Suddenly his eye caught mine.

"For God's sake, man, why do you look at me like that? What is it? I'm not mad! Your face is as white as that marble!"

"And yours is white, too! What is the matter, Talton? Tell me. You asked me to come here because you wanted to tell me something; you can't hide it from me. You don't know how glad I will be to serve you in any way. You remember the old days, Talton; how happy they were! Let me share your trouble with

you now, as we often shared our troubles then, if I can help you by knowing it."

"Help me? — I wish you could!" His bitter laugh died in a moan. He stopped in his pacing to and fro, and turning to me,

"You are right," he said; "I did mean to tell you something. If you had come earlier I could have told you, — I was nerved up to it then; but while I waited for you my courage ebbed away, until when I heard your carriage at the door I was decided to keep my secret to myself. That can't be, though; I must tell it to some one. I will tell you, only let me think."

He sat down in a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"They were happy days, Edwin, and my life then was as innocent as yours; I had as much to look forward to as you, but I have marred it now beyond repair. The meanest beggar in the street has something still to be thankful for, if he is not as I am.

"My misery began in college. I was fascinated with the study of philosophy, and plunged into it deeper and deeper. I read the works these wise fools have written until I believed in nothing; I knew no God; in the world there was no truth for me. I threw aside the Christian law of morals, and the world's as well. I lived my life according to my own beliefs, and what a mock I have made of it! Edwin, if you could but take one glance into my soul, how you would loathe me! If I had harmed no one but myself, I might begin anew, — perhaps, — but when I think of the misery I have brought into the world, the thought of life is unbearable.

"After what I have said, perhaps you can understand what follows. You know about my shipwreck on the way home from England; that is, you know that the steamer was burned and I was saved. I am going to tell you the rest of the story now.

"It was just a year ago last month

that we sailed from Liverpool on the Andalusia. There was an unusually large number of passengers on the steamer, but we soon divided up into little cliques, and in our own circles became very well acquainted. Among these chance acquaintances was a boy of twenty or thereabouts, named Orville. He had light curling hair, and a pale face with that delicacy about it that we call effeminate. There was something remarkable about his eyes; whether it was their color or what it was I don't know, but if you had once seen them you could never forget them — never. I saw him for the first time on our second day out. We were having rough weather and nearly every one was below decks. I had been quite sick the night before, but was feeling stronger, and thought I should be able to stand the motion of the vessel better on my feet than while lying in my berth, for the steamer was pitching terribly. The bow would rise until it seemed as if it would never stop rising, and then, with a lurch forward, down would go the bow until the screw was thrown out of water with a horrible buzzing sound. I was feeling my way along carefully, trying to reach the saloon, a much more difficult task in my weak condition than I had foreseen. While I was in the passage-way there was an unexpected lurch, my hand let go the railing by which I was supporting myself, and I fell headlong to the floor. Orville was entering the passage just as I fell, and ran forward to help me to my feet. He insisted on bathing my forehead, though I was not much hurt, and would not leave me until he had seen me made comfortable in the saloon.

"He was not a very hardy fellow — his trip abroad had been in search of health — but he was always in the best of spirits. If a lady wanted her deck-chair moved, or her rugs adjusted, Orville was at her side to do it before she could ask for aid. He showed a woman's tact, deeper than ordinary politeness, in



his intercourse with the other passengers, and many a little jar born of the very monotony of the voyage was smoothed over or averted by his readiness. He made himself agreeable to everyone, though I think the ladies liked him better than the men did. I used to get angry with him sometimes for having no will of his own. It was impossible to argue with him: he always sought out the good points of your side of the question, and put himself into such entire sympathy with you that there could be no issue. He seemed afraid of hurting one's feelings by holding a contrary opinion.

"At the end of the second day the weather cleared off, and we had two as perfect nights as I ever knew. On our last night—the last on earth for most of them—a few of us were gathered where the deck-houses sheltered us from what little wind was stirring, to enjoy the rare beauty of the evening. Orville sat in the center of the group, singing to the accompaniment of his guitar. The moon was up full and red, and shone over the water gloriously. It grew late, and still we sat there in silence listening to the music of the guitar, for Orville had stopped singing, though his slender hand kept on fingering the strings gently, the notes mingling with the swash of the water in a sweet, sad melody that chimed in well with our mood.

"My sleep was a troubled one that night, vexed with strange fragments of an ill-defined dream. Gradually these fragments knit themselves into a more connected form: I was in a vast cathedral through which a train of priests and choir boys in white robes was winding. They were chanting a processional as they passed in and out among the pillars, and the voices rising in unison blended so perfectly, that from the hundreds of throats there seemed to come but a single voice, and that was Oroville's; while above the deep tones of the organ I could hear faintly the tinkling of a gui-

tar. The silver censers, swinging in the hands of the choir boys, gave forth puffs of smoking incense, that floated out over the heads of the kneeling congregation, and collected above them in a cloud, filling the air with a heavy, stifling odor. The droning of the organ grew into a sickening hum that made me giddy. Through the smoky atmosphere I could see the tiny lights twinkling at the tops of the tall candles on the altar. Soon these little points of fire shot up into long flames. The flames increased, and spread abroad through the cathedral, wrapping themselves around the pillars, and playing fearfully over the arches; the organ broke into wild peals; there were shouts from the multitude of worshipers, and a great bell, clanging discordantly, added its noise to the din.

"All this time I had that peculiar consciousness that I was dreaming. I knew that if I could but shake off my slumber I should be rid of this disagreeable hurly-burly, and it was a relief to me while dreaming to know that it was only a dream. Suddenly I awoke, and found my dream was a reality: the steamer was on fire. A red glare shone through the transom at intervals, and the state-room was quickly filling with smoke, which streamed through the cracks around the door.

"Mechanically I turned the key of the electric light beside my berth, but there was no answering current within the glass bulb. The floor was hot to my feet when I sprang out of the berth. Outside I heard the mighty roar and crackle of the flames, and the thuds of falling timbers. Overhead was the trampling of feet, the shouts and shrieks of men and women, and the sound of the boats lowering away from the davits.

"Before I could get to the door some heavy object crashed against it, bursting it open. It was like opening the door of a furnace; I was surrounded by flames. I tried to shut the door again,

but was prevented by the blazing beam that lay just across the threshold. My only chance of escape was through the port-hole. I feared every second that the heat and smoke would overcome me before I could open the thick glass plate that closed the port, for in my extremity my hands trembled and I was fumbling helplessly with the fastening. The plate swung back at last, and I crawled through it and dropped into the water.

"When I came to the surface I struck out blindly. I had seen one of the boats while I was opening the port, but all idea of direction was lost with my plunge into the water. Apparently the machinery of the steamer was disabled, for she moved slowly through the water. She passed me, and then I could make out the rest of the boats, loaded to the gunwales, pulling away from me. I swam after them with all my might, and shouted and shouted; I was sure they saw me, but they would n't turn to save me. I was only wasting my breath, which was too valuable to lose.

"Suddenly I spied a man clinging to something in the water. I changed my direction and swam toward him. He was not very far from me, but the excitement had so told on my strength that it was with great effort I got to him. The man was supporting himself on a cask, and as I reached out and grasped it, it tilted down, and both of us losing our holds, we sank. We came up at once, and threw our arms over the cask, and I saw that my companion was Orville.

"I asked him if all the boats had been lowered; I hoped that if there were any still on the steamer they might come our way and pick us up, for it was plain we could expect no help from the others, which could now hardly be distinguished.

"Orville said he had been in the next to the last boat that left the steamer, and that the last one was lowered immediately afterwards, and capsized in the launching. In the struggle for places in his boat he had been pushed overboard,

and the men refused to pick him up. He had seen a man throw the cask from the deck of the steamer and jump after it; the man, however, did not come up, and Orville had reached the cask just before I got to it.

"Had the cask been water-tight we could not have wished for a better support, but we soon found to our dismay that it was not. Orville was the first to make the discovery. He called my attention to a sound of dripping water that he fancied he heard inside the cask. I pressed my ear close down and listened intently. The sound was unmistakable; the water was trickling in slowly through some leak. We turned the cask in the water until the dripping stopped, and held ourselves as motionless as it was possible lest the leak should get below the surface again.

"The steamer had come to a standstill at about a mile from us; the fire, which had now broken through the deck, was raging furiously, lighting up the ocean for miles around. If only we had been nearer the burning vessel, we might have found some piece of wreckage better able to keep us afloat; where we were there was not even a plank to be seen. I scanned the waves over and over again, to no purpose.

"'Hark!' said Orville, at length; 'it is leaking again.'

"Yes, there was the same slow drip, drip, of the water oozing through some crevice in the cask. Again we turned the cask, and again the sound ceased. The constant lapping of the water against the cask made it hard to distinguish the sound of the dripping within, so that if we should relax our watchfulness in any degree, or our ears become dulled, there was great danger that the water might flow in without our knowledge. Then, too, it struck me that as we knew nothing of the location of the leak, except by judging from the sound, the turn of the cask that silenced the dripping, instead of bringing the leak above water, might



have placed it in such a position below the surface that the water would fill the cask noiselessly, not so much as giving us warning. It was a precarious situation, with nothing between us and eternity but a leaking cask!

"We passed what seemed to me hours, speaking scarcely at all, straining our eyes for a sight of the boats, listening always for the fatal drip, drip, drip. As soon as we caught the dreaded sound the cask was turned, or we shifted our positions, until we stopped it. There were probably two places where the water could get in, for we were too careful to allow the cask to turn much, and the leaking could be heard now on one side, then on the other.

"I tried to remember just how deep in the water the cask had floated when I came to it, and to compare it with the position it now held. I showed Orville that the difference was at least an inch or two. When the leaking commenced once more, we were not so successful as we had been; turn the task as we would, we could not entirely stop the dripping. We each looked at the other aghast.

"Are you a good swimmer?" I asked of Orville.

"Only a fair one," he answered, looking at the steamer, as though he read my thought. 'In this condition it would be an impossibility to swim there. No, the only thing to do is to hold to the cask until it sinks. It may last two hours more; if we are not picked up before then—' His voice trembled a little, and he did not finish the sentence.

"Then we were silent again, or rather our tongues were still; the mad thoughts that surged through my brain spoke to me so boisterously that it seemed Orville must hear them. At last I spoke to him:

"Orville," I said, 'it is true, as you say, that the cask must sink in an hour or two at most, and what chance is there of being seen by any vessel while it is dark? The boats are gone; even if any of them should come this way they would

not take us in,—they are overloaded already. It will be two or three hours yet before it is light enough for a vessel to see us, and by that time the cask will have sunk with us, unless—' I stopped, not knowing how to put my thought in words.

"Unless what?" he asked, his face becoming eager, as though for an instant he hoped for life in the face of such odds, and then the look changed to one of horror as he guessed at what I had left unspoken.

"Unless there were but one of us for the cask to support.'

"It was hard for me to collect my ideas, while I felt his eyes upon me, searching into my very soul. I felt that he, of all men, would be the last to share in beliefs such as I held, but I thought to convince him.

"If there were but one of us, the cask might keep afloat for hours longer, perhaps even for a day, and the one would have that slender chance of being saved. As we are now, our two lives must be lost to the world in as many hours;—I put aside the chance of our both being saved, it is n't worth the considering. Against this certainty put the chance, small as it is, of one of our lives, with its infinite possibilities, being saved. Is n't the chance worth taking?"

"Orville's face still wore that vague look of horror.

"O, Talton, why do you speak of a thing like that!' The words sound fair, but they are of the devil. God knows, my life is not worth much, but He gave it, and it is for Him to take it away. I could never make worthy use of it, if I had gained it wrongfully; nor could you, I believe, look forward to your life, knowing that you had taken God's will into your own hands,—for if we consented to this, the sin would be on us both.'

"You don't understand me, Orville; you have your religion, I have mine. To me, the mere act of stopping a life is no

sin, unless the consequences of the act are evil. If it is the cause of a benefit to mankind, in any way greater than the advantage that would have come from the lost life, how can you look at it as a wrong? If one of us gives up his life for the other, he really transfers his life into the other's; the life that results is a combination of the two, and it will be possible only through such a combination. Whether that life be for good or ill will determine whether or not this act of ours is a sin.'

"I can't answer your philosophy with philosophy, Talton, but I know that you are wrong. It cannot be right to take our lives into our hands in this way. Let us stick to the cask while it floats, and then, if God wills, we will die together. It will be for the best so, I am sure!'

"'You talk like a child, Orville,' I said angrily. 'Be a man for once, and have a man's thoughts. How can it be right for two to die when one has a chance to live? There is a possibility of good in any life, but in death there is none. Doesn't your religion give you examples of the nobility of man laying down his life for man? Is n't it founded on such an act? It seems to me there is only one question to decide, and that is which of our lives will be of more use to humanity. Let us judge the question honestly, and when we have decided, one shall stay here, and the other swim toward the steamer, for we will not overlook the least chance. Let one live and the other die, doing his duty.'

"He did not answer me.

"'What is the life that you have planned out for yourself?' I asked.

"'I don't know that I have any planned out,' he said.

"'But you have something to live for, something you are looking forward to, surely.'

"'Not in the way you mean, I think,' he said quietly. 'I have n't any grand

aspirations or plans for bettering society, as you have. I have only my sister to live for,—to do what I can to make her happy is all I have ever thought of doing. Your plan is grander than mine,—probably nobler,—only —'

"Tears stood in his eyes, and I heard him mutter a name. He knew me better than I knew myself. He saw through the glamor down to the sham of my ideals.

"'And that is all?'

"'Yes.'

"How pitifully cramped his 'all' seemed beside mine, when I compared it with what my lifework was to be, and thought of my system of philosophy that was to show men the true meaning of life. I was not insensible to the friendship that had sprung up between Orville and me; in a way I had come to care much for him in spite of his weakness; but in my mind there was no question as to whose duty it was to take the chance of living. Was it less hard than the other duty, less hard under the circumstances to live than to die? Surely, were the world to judge, it would give its honor to the one who died; the other would have to bear its stigma for living at such a cost. Yes, I had judged honestly and had decided. Would I not have given up my place had my reason told me that he ought to live? I asked myself the question, and could truthfully answer yes. I was not deceiving myself? No, for I could think of hundreds of men, who, were they in Orville's place, should keep it while I gave way.

"'Orville,' I said at last, 'I have thought it all over, and have decided. You have only your affections to live for. To be a companion for your sister is really all you aim for. If I understand you, she is not in need of support; everything is provided for her in that way?'

"'Yes.'

"'I have a claim on my affections, too. I have a promised wife, Orville, but I have not let that influence me in de-



ciding. Don't you think we ought to look higher than these selfish reasons in determining which is the more worthy life? Is n't it narrowing the meaning of life a good deal when we make the most important consideration in it one which at best can affect the happiness of but four persons? It is natural that a man should consider his own happiness and that of his intimates before all else; but is it right to do so? When it comes to a case as vital as ours, should n't a life be considered in its broadest possible relations? Perhaps I don't love — Alice — as you would love a woman, yet it would be hard for me to give her up; but were this all I could see before me in life, were it between my affection and yours, I swear to you I would give place to you. Do you believe me, Orville, or do you think it is all a lie to gain — a few hours of torture, probably?

"I do believe you, Talton. I know that you are sincere in what you say; but have I not a right to my belief, too? I cannot agree with you, however plausible your words sound. I believe it is wrong for either of us to drown willfully."

"He believed me, but I was not so generous with him."

"You are afraid to die," I cried.

"Don't say that," said Orville. "I am not afraid to die. I would sink in this water as willingly as you would, if I felt assured it was my duty to; but it is not. It is my duty to live. Do you think that I more than you would sell my soul for an hour or two of wretchedness on this cask, or for a life of wretchedness, either?"

"I had not looked for such strength of character in Orville. Any man might fight for his life, but that Orville should cling to his on the ground of morality alone was strange to me. And yet I should have known it. I can see now that it was only in small things that he was so plastic; that where a principle was at stake he could be firm. I had misjudged him; still I believed I was in

the right. And, Edwin, I swear to you, as I did to him that night, that I was sincere in my belief; that I did what I did, not through fear of death, but through perfect submission to my reason. I have lived to see my crime in its hideousness. I have unmasked myself to myself.

"I went over my grounds again."

"Orville," I said after a time, "I cannot alter my decision."

"Nor I mine," he answered.

"Then since we can neither of us give way in our beliefs, it must be will against will, and mine shall be the stronger. I give you one minute to decide: if you are still bound to cling to life against reason, I shall use force."

"I bowed my head, shutting my eyes that I might not watch his face while I slowly counted out the minute. I had counted to thirty; there was a splash in the water, the cask gave a lurch and rose buoyantly. I looked up and Orville was gone. I am not sure whether it happened by accident or through intention. I think it must have been purely an accident, for the instant he rose to the surface, a few feet from me, he struck out for the cask."

"I knew what I had to do when I saw him coming. He reached out with his left hand, and grasped the edge of the cask. With one hand I prevented him from getting a hold with his right, and with my other I tugged and wrenched at his left to get it loose; he struggled fiercely, but I succeeded, and he sank again."

"It seemed an eternity before his head broke through the water, and he swam toward me, choking and gasping for breath. He caught hold of the cask with a drowning man's strength, and held on desperately, against my utmost efforts to loosen his hands. I could no more do it than I could have pried open an iron vice with my naked fingers. Then — Edwin, I must have been a fiend incarnate — I reached across the cask and struck that poor pale face, up-

turned with closed eyes, struck it twice, full in the temple. The head dropped back farther; then one hand let go its hold, and the body swung round heavily in the water, tearing the other hand loose from the cask, and sank out of sight, and I was alone.

"No one but I can ever know the horror, the brutality, of my act. I wonder I can sit here and tell you of it, and keep my reason. Often when I think of it, it is as if some one else, and not I, had done it. Sometimes I ask myself if I have not, in truth, lost my reason, and if all this is not come of a diseased brain. It has never seemed wholly real to me until now, when for the first time I hear it put into words,—Quick, Edwin!—that wine—there—now let me finish.

"The rest of that night, and of the time that followed until I was found, is almost a blank to me. I remember that my strength left me when I saw the water close over Orville, and that I clung listlessly to the cask. There was an explosion on the steamer, and I think I saw her heel over and sink, but the real and the unreal became so tangled in my mind that I don't know whether this was so or not. Now I was on the steamer again, shut in by fire; now I was in the burning cathedral, with its priests and music; and always in the midst of the flames I saw Orville. His body took on a thousand fantastic shapes, but his face was ever the same, and always with its eyes fastened on me. Then the eyes became two balls of fire that were burning their way into my head; and all around me was a fleet of blazing vessels, the flames rising with a heat that scorched me and a thundering, rumbling roar that made my ears ring.

"I opened my eyes to find that the fire was a huge red sun rising from the water. Sharp pains shot through my head, and I could scarcely move my tongue, it was so parched and swollen. I shut my eyes again, and tried to rest my head on the cask. In a little time I became aware that it was growing darker,

and then I noticed that the sun was setting instead of rising.

"The wind, blowing in my face, cooled my head; I began to think, and to realize where I was, and how low in the water the cask floated. The sound of the water lulled me to sleep. The next thing I recollect is that the sun had gone down, and it was dark once more, except for a faint light that the moon gave through the clouds. For hours I watched the clouds passing over the moon, the big ones rolling slowly by, the small ones hurrying across it. There was a spar or piece of plank floating near me, and I watched it rise and fall on the water for a long time, before my sluggish thoughts suggested that there was something to take the place of the water-logged cask.

"My whole body was stiff and numb with the cold, and the few strokes necessary to bring me to the spar seemed more than I was capable of. I began to move my legs about, feebly at first, and then more vigorously, until I saw that by making a great effort I might get to the spar. I dreaded to let go of the cask, but at last I struck out. My head sank low in the water at every stroke, and the strokes came faster and faster. I felt as if every jot of my strength had gone out of me, but the spar was only a few strokes ahead, and I kept on by dint of sheer will power until I got to it. At the same instant that I laid hold of it with my hand, the moon broke through the clouds and shone full on Orville's body, the white dead face close to my own.

"Alone in mid-ocean, with nothing to hear me but the wind and the waves, I screamed aloud in terror, again and again. In my frenzy I had no thought of regaining the cask; I took no heed of where I was swimming; my one thought was to get away from that dead man. How I kept above water is a miracle. I swam against a huge piece of timber and crawled up on it, and after that I knew nothing clearly until I found myself in the hospital ward.



"That is my story, Edwin; it was to tell you this that I asked you to come to me tonight."

What could I say? What words of mine could bring him peace? I don't know whether my face showed him my feelings; but to me it seemed that it must be a reflex of his own, haggard and horror-stricken as it was. I pitied him as I have pitied no other man, but my horror held me silent. He did not look at me; his eyes were fixed on the embers dying on the hearth.

"Yes," he went on brokenly, "philosophy has been my master, and I have been a good slave. 'If I had but served my God with half the zeal I served my king.' My staff has indeed proved a reed. And now what is left me? I have no hope; I don't know whether there is a God or not.

"Now let me tell you about Alice. Don't tell her what I have told you; she must never know it. In some ways, perhaps, it would be better if she could. I have no desire to stand in her eyes for what I am not, but this thing would blight her life. You wonder how I could marry her after I came back. Well, those long weeks of fever that followed dulled my remembrance of what had happened; else, how could I have married her? I am convinced that if I had returned a well man we never should have been married, for I know now that she loved some one else; but I was ill, perhaps dying, and to have broken her engagement with me then would have seemed to her like deserting me, and when did a true woman ever desert a man in trouble? She pitied me, and forced herself to believe that her pity was love. She herself urged an early marriage, and so almost before I had recovered from the fever she was my wife.

"Edwin, there is not a nobler, better woman in all the world, and see what I have done to her in uniting her life to mine. Her life, so pure and true, and

mine! Think of the misery I have brought into the world,—misery that, but for me, never would have been; and not one has ever been the better or the happier because I have lived. Think of that other woman, Orville's sister. I have seen her,—a little, sad, lonely figure in black, with his hair and eyes."

He rose tremblingly from his chair, steadying himself by the table, and crossing to a cabinet, poured out a second glass of wine and drank it at a gulp. I tried to talk to him, and he listened quietly for a few minutes. Suddenly he leaned forward from the sofa where he was lying, and caught my hand in both of his. The wine seemed to have excited him.

"Edwin," he said, "I know your secret. You loved Alice. Don't start,—it is true,—and she has loved no one but you. You two were meant for each other."

"Hush, Henry, hush; think, man, what you are saying!"

"Ah, Edwin, these words are not wrong now. You don't understand. Look," he said, pointing to the glass he had emptied so hastily; "it was not wine. I was prepared to tell you, you see.—Don't go,—Edwin, don't leave me alone! You can do no good now; it is too late.—Yes, put your arm around me,—so.

"You think that this is a last sin added to my heavy record; but this is right. There could be no other end to my life than this.—Turn me so I shall not see his face there." He was looking steadfastly at the picture over the mantel.

"Edwin, you think this was right? Tell me so! I could not have begun anew, could I? I could not have separated what was past from what was to come? Goodby; I can't see you now.—Remember—Alice and —"

He struggled for a minute in an agony of pain; then he became quiet, his pulse fluttered feebly once or twice, and was still.

*Allan Endicott.*

## REALISTS IN PROSE FICTION.

IT is proper at the outset to consider some of the perversions, of meaning which the word "realism," as applied to prose fiction has suffered. Zola, for instance, writes realism in large letters over his collected annals of the slums. His pictures are probably just as real, and no more so, than Victor Hugo's sketch of life within the convent of the Bernardines of Martin Verga in the Petite Rue Picpus. Each of such phases of existence is extreme and one-sided; neither is fairly representative or typical. Almost as deceptive is Mr. Howells's conception of realism. According to his view, the warfare between realism and idealism is as implacable as the ancient one between religion and science. The terms "truth," "reality," "simplicity," and "naturalness," occur with constant reiteration in Mr. Howells's recent reviews, and it does not require acute observation of the context to perceive that he uses each of them as a synonym for conventionalism. This last word gives the key to Mr. Howells's whole doctrine of realism. Novels which portray ordinary people in ordinary situations with graphic fidelity to nature, constitute the only class of fiction which is in the main current of the world's literature. If he singles out a scene from a story for special commendation, it is usually one representing the average man and woman in one of the trite dilemmas of civilized existence. The actors and scenery are everyday and commonplace, but the verisimilitude is perfect.

Now it will not do to disparage all conventional fiction. If it be good of its kind it has its proper function of entertainment or amusement; and moreover, Thackeray has demonstrated that a novelist may be great, though conventional. Thackeray's world was Pall Mall, and he

used to say of himself that he had no head above his eyes. But in addition to making you acquainted with people he made you love them, and this is the secret of his still growing fame. He was reviled and misunderstood by superficial critics during his life. Great-Heart was branded as a cynic. But is it cynicism or the infused love of humanity that makes you take up year after year with perennial pleasure the annals of Amy Sedgwick, and Major Dobbin, and Clive Newcome, and the Colonel, and even Rawdon Crawley? They are trite, and often homely; but you feel towards them as you would towards worthy people who had lived in the same house with you, or who had done you a kindness when you were in sore need. Let others laugh at their mental deficiencies, or their eccentricities of manner and dress. As for you, you love them, and therefore you never grow tired of reading about them. There is the same large-hearted philanthropy pervading the Roundabout Papers; and these essays prove that it was his heart, not his head, that saved Thackeray from becoming a snob. He had the middle-class Englishman's veneration for aristocratic society. He parades his valet and all the personal luxuries in which he was able to indulge with ostentation and bad taste. But we pardon his over-assertive gentility, as we would the harmless vanities of Colonel Newcome, because we love him. Thackeray's success is by no means an argument for conventionalism in art. He could not have accomplished what he did if he had not become a consummate realistic artist. But what makes him an infinitely greater figure in literature than Anthony Trollope, for instance, is that in spite of egotism and vanity he loved human kind, and his affection for his



race is woven into and become organically a part of everything he wrote.

There have been three artistic heresies, each of which in turn has had an influence on prose fiction. The first was the most potent of all, and is the same didactic heresy which in its baleful effect on poetry Edgar Poe exposed nearly a half century ago. Charles Dickens, Charles Read, and Wilkie Collins, are among the chief heretics of this order. They wrote novels to expose social and political abuses. We all know how art suffered, and how it must necessarily deteriorate, under such efforts to make it teach morality by object lessons. The second of these schisms is Zolaism, which is at the very opposite extreme from the former one. Its fundamental tenet would seem to be that prose fiction must not only abstain from preaching ethics, but should vividly picture and thereby actively inculcate vice. The realism of Zola is not typical portraiture of life; it is eclectic nastiness. It singles out the dregs of a community, and passes by in silence all the other elements which go to make up a complete world. It is therefore as objectionable to the absolute standards of criticism as it is repugnant to common decency. The third heresy is that of conventionalism. Of the conventional school Count Tolstoi is the most conspicuous exemplar, and naturally Mr. Howells considers him the greatest genius who has ever written novels. Some little study of his methods and ideals will be attempted hereafter; and meanwhile, it will be well to get a basis of general principle for this discussion.

It is not necessary to go beyond the colloquial sense of realism in order to get its true significance in literature. Realism is simply the state of being real or true. A work of fiction may be both didactic and conventional, and yet be realistically true. On the other hand, it may be romantic, and filled with imaginary beings and situations, without los-

ing its realistic verity. The only test of realism is whether in a given work the portraiture of character is consistent with the life the author himself creates. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* is a work of the most absolute realism. Granted Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, living under the shadow of their concealed crime in that Puritan community, and nothing they do or say seems improbable. The prevailing weirdness only adds to the graphic reality of the work, because it is produced by natural means. Who is there among us able to say with truth that he has not a vestige of superstition in his soul? The tendency of the imagination to people mysterious recesses of earth with shapes of beauty or dread is ineradicable. That supernaturalism which proceeds from the spontaneous effort of the imagination is as real as applied to man as admiration and awe themselves, and with such supernaturalism the *Scarlet Letter* abounds. The forest where the minister and Hester Prynne wander, with the elfish child dancing at their side, the scaffold upon which he stands in the silent blackness of midnight, that same scaffold upon which he makes his confession to the people in the glare of noon, are all haunted by the phantoms of his overwrought imagination. So conscious was the author in his purpose that he often explains away the illusion and attributes it directly to imagination, as at the time of the minister's death, when he tears aside his garments for the multitude to behold the scarlet letter, which he imagines to be branded on his breast, and which many of the bystanders imagine they actually see there. Manufactured weirdness deserves all the censure the conventionalist can pronounce. Hawthorne has had many unsuccessful imitators, and the master himself was guilty of much eccentric writing which has neither the dignity nor beauty of supernaturalism, although that was evidently his aim. I have never wondered that the Twice

Told Tales remained so long without recognition. They of course exhibit occasional flashes of genius, but for the most part they are grotesquely fanciful, being saved to respectable literature only through their excellence of style. Even in the Marble Faun there is a large element of the theatrical. The same style, here grown more perfect with maturity, would in itself be sufficient to retain the work as a permanent English classic. But even this cannot blind one to the fact that the long-bearded, long-cloaked individual, who dogs Miriam's steps about Rome and appears like a *diabolus ex machina* at unexpected and inconvenient moments, is actually nothing more than a lay figure from a studio. The Marble Faun is in many respects as unreal as the Scarlet Letter is intensely real, though the latter contains almost as much of the supernatural element as the former.

The point of the illustration cannot be missed. Truth and naturalness are indispensable requisites to any position in literature whatsoever. Then truth and naturalness being presupposed as rudiments, the relative rank of any work of fiction becomes a question of how deep it goes, how much of life it portrays, whether intentionally or otherwise on the author's part, what are its limitations. Many literary productions are, of course, partly true and partly false, and in such cases the distinguishing of the genuine from the meretricious is one of the functions of criticism. Here the matter of comparative truthfulness will affect the verdict upon the book, because its merits depend at the foundation upon whether the genuine portions outweigh the fustian; whether the falsity to nature attaches to only unimportant elements, or pervades the whole composition. But truth itself is simply truth the world over and in all departments. It is absolute, not relative, and has no gradations or comparative degree. If a character or a situation in a novel is true to nature,

you could not make it more so by minute elaboration of details.

The attempt of the conventional school to set up fidelity to life, no matter how trivial the particular form of life may be, as a universal touchstone, is about as shortsighted as it would be to make truthfulness a social gauge. Can a liar be admitted to your circle of friends? Certainly not. Every person who enters it must, as an unthought-of matter of course, be truthful. But fancy going through a set of men, and assigning them comparative rank in your regard and appreciation by what you consider to be their greater or less freedom from mendacity. They must all be lovers of truth and haters of lies, else they are out of the question in any capacity of friendship. But you esteem your friends according as this or that one has keener insight, more charming conversational gifts, or greater capacity for loving. Similarly, writers of fiction are to be graded, not according as they paint the shallows of life with greater or less fidelity, but according as they are able to portray truly the more ordinary or the profounder phases of human existence.

Mr. Howells, being a widely read novelist, is the most prominent American exponent of his own theories. Early in his career he created the character that may be termed the kittenish female, and that will probably prove his most lasting contribution to literature. She had her advent in *Their Wedding Journey*, when the heroine, having safely crossed to the last of the Three Sisters at Niagara Falls, without warning indulges in a "conniption fit," and refuses to return, or to remain and be calm, or in fact to do anything but reveal undreamed of depths of delicious absurdity. Under different names and disguises Mr. Howells has been presenting the same woman to his readers ever since. Once he varied the species in *Florida Vervain*, who might be described as tigerish rather than kittenish, but the generic type was



preserved. This constant heroine is witty, and she is always placing herself in ridiculous situations. Her story, no matter what her name or where the scene be laid, is attractive reading, couched as it is sure to be in unsurpassed English; but she is superficial, inconsequential, and unstable. Mr. Howells has studied her changing moods with patience, and he gives wonderfully realistic portrayals of them. It must be apparent, however, without argument, that this is art of a relatively inferior grade. George Eliot could create Dorothea Brooke, and sound the depths of her sweetly serious nature, as well as dress the doll Celia Chettam. Mr. Howells has never attained even to the portraiture of a woman of such feline subtlety as Rosamond Vincy. Her type is directly in his line, but she is beyond his powers of achievement.

Mr. Howells's men in the main are as stereotyped as his women. Undoubtedly in Silas Lapham he added a new figure to his gallery and perhaps to literature. We who dwell in large commercial cities know Silas Lapham well, but Mr. Howells was the first to put him into a book. The author would probably ask no higher praise than the statement that he was transplanted just as he is, without detraction or idealization. As a realistic portrait this character could not possibly be excelled. But in the main the men are of a common mould. They are clever, fastidious in externals, and above all they possess the same vein of humor. The humor is delightful, and their conversation is therefore invariably interesting. Bartley Hubbard is a coarsened and Bromfield Corey a senile variation upon this changeless type of humorist. Quite often even in the utterances of his women the writer is unable to disguise his personal quality of humor, and they talk for the nonce like his men. Mr. Howells's literary success may be attributed to his humorous faculty, combined with a style which

in itself would make a reader welcome everything he wrote. He certainly is not a great creator of human character, though within well defined limits he is an acute observer of it.

From Howells to Tolstoy, from the disciple to the master, is a natural step. Tolstoy is the Pre-Raphaelite of fiction. His effects are produced by the aggregation of carefully studied details. His method could not be better illustrated than by the following extract from that graphic early production, *The Cossacks*, the work which Tourgenéff admired, and looked upon as the promise of greatness which has never been fulfilled.

An old Cossack, with rolled up trousers and bare breast, returning from fishing, carries across his shoulder in a net the still panting, silvery herrings; and, in order to go by a nearer way, crawls through the broken fence of a neighbor, and tears a rent in his shirt which catches in the twigs. There an old woman drags after her a dry branch; and the blows of a hatchet are heard from around the corner. Cossack children shout as they whip their tops in the streets everywhere where there is a bit of level ground. Women crawl through the fences so as not to go round about. The pungent smell of burning dung rises from all the chimneys. In every yard there is heard the increased bustle which precedes the stillness of night.

Certainly there is over-minuteness in this bit of description. An old man might tear his shirt in crawling through a fence in any country on earth. Such a fact adds nothing more to the picture than would a thousand other petty circumstances also existing, and which were not given. Very different is the introduction of "the pungent smell of burning dung." This refers to a local custom, and strongly individualizes the sketch. Over-minuteness of detail, the fault of Tolstoy's style in comparative youth, has grown into a besetting vice in his later works. The criticism made upon the Pre-Raphaelites in art applies just as pointedly to Tolstoy's method in literature. When you look at nature,—so said the critics,—when you view a hillside or a clump of trees, your eye does not take in the delicate construc-

tion of every grass-blade and twig. What you do receive is an impression of the landscape as a whole. Art should seek to transfer to canvas the vision of nature in its entirety, accompanied, if possible, by the sentiment which it arouses in the beholder's mind, and not to convey an analytical record of the component parts of the picture.

In like manner, it is not the proper function of a novelist to spin out interminably, commonplace facts about the daily life of his characters. All his readers know that the children of his imagination rise in the morning, make their toilets, eat their breakfast, and that they spend seven-eighths of their existence in routine duties and habits. But it does not make a book a whit the more real that it is overloaded with dull particulars of this sort. What the reader wants is a glimpse of the character's self, the vital personality breathing behind the mask of custom. And here it is necessary to guard against misunderstanding. The most effective method of delineating the essential self of a character is the objective method, which consists in a circumstantial account of speech and action at crucial moments. By this means a character discloses himself to the reader just as a person does in the actual world. In a former essay on Tourgénéff<sup>1</sup> the writer has endeavored to show that that master in Russian literature surpasses all other novelists in this faculty of objective portrayal. Tourgénéff rarely probes the minds of his creations and analyzes, as does George Eliot. He stands without, and like a sovereign mesmerist, makes them declare their true selves by conversation and gesture. While Tourgénéff's stories abound in minute descriptions of costume, tones and inflections of voice, and trite bits of conversation, these particulars are with him always intensely significant. They lay bare the secret soul of the person before us, in the same manner that peo-

ple in the world "give themselves away" by the instinctive utterance of an unguarded moment. It is the exercise of this power that makes Tourgénéff's works at once so vividly dramatic and so subtly psychological. But Tourgénéff in his photographing of externals confines himself to the significant, the typical, the local. His books are always short and they are thrilling throughout. He draws his picture of life with a few bold strokes, and stops. Tolstor's later works, on the contrary, are inordinately long, and it seems to the writer that they must be wearisome to any well regulated mind. He does not limit his descriptions to the significant and the characteristic. *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace* contain page after page of unnecessary narrative, for a parallel to which we must go back to the history of Sir Charles Grandison. The tendency in question has diluted the strength of the later novels, and occasionally it greatly mars an otherwise fine situation. Take for instance Vronsky's toothache in the closing pages of *Anna Karénina*. There is no excuse for that abominable ailment. Vronsky is a conventional sort of a person, but he veritably exists and has clear identity. At the end of the book he is in a condition of despair and remorse. Why was it needful even here to put on him the label, "this is a real man and no counterfeit," by afflicting him with that fleshly ill? It has absolutely no significance in the context, although it is made as prominent in the narrative as his sufferings of heart and mind. It certainly detracts materially from the tragic climax of the work. We look in vain through Tolstor's novels for any rare natures like Dmitri Roudine, or Potoughine, or Dorothea Brooke, or Romola, or Arthur Dimmesdale, or Jean Valjean. In lieu thereof we have the endless panorama of conventional life. The work is admirable of its kind, each figure, no matter how insignificant, being strongly individualized. *Anna*

<sup>1</sup>See OVERLAND MONTHLY for March, 1884.



Karénina is probably his most interesting female character. She is a beautiful woman of fair intelligence, but neither intellectually nor emotionally would she bear a moment's comparison with any of George Eliot's great heroines. Rarely indeed (except in the exigencies of war where tragedies themselves become trite) does Tolstoi place his every-day people in ordeals that make them, for the moment, heroic. An appropriate sentiment for the title page of any of these tales would be the epigram of the Professor at the Breakfast Table, "Life is a great bundle of little things."

The leading novelist of France and the foremost novelist of England are both of them great realists. Alphonse Daudet may be termed realist and poet; George Meredith realist and thinker. Meredith, it is true, has a fine poetical vein, but its outcroppings are merely incidental. A sunset, or a cloudless day at sea, or a sentimental mood of one of his characters, inspires a prose poem of rare beauty. He has the plenitude of gifts which ranks him among men of the first genius in literature. But with Daudet the poetical element is the prime one. It is the power that differentiates him from the literary multitude, and makes a great writer of him. In the essential construction of his novels, it is hardly too strong an expression to say that he is a slave to reality. The creative power of combining different traits of actual persons into a new imaginary man or woman seems in a large measure to have been denied him. He transfers a character bodily from life to his pages, giving him only a fictitious name. In an essay on Daudet Mr. Henry James says:

It may fairly be conceded, however, that Daudet is much more an observer than an inventor. The inventive parts of his tales . . . are the vague, the ineffective, as well as the romantic parts. (I remember that in reading *Le Nabab* it was not very easy to keep Paul de Gery and Andre Marame apart.) It is the real—the transmuted real—that he gives us best. The fruit of an observation that is never colorless or dry.

The fact that a person is famous does not in the least deter Monsieur Daudet from making him sit for his photograph. All Paris recognized in the Duc de Mora of the *Nabob*—one of the most striking and lifelike figures—the Duc de Morny, the author's early patron and benefactor. It has been said that Numa Roumestan is a thinly disguised Leon Gambetta, and that Felecia Ruys was obviously studied from Sara Bernhardt. Both Dr. Jenkins of *The Nabob* and J. Tom Levis of *The Kings in Exile* are portraits of actual persons, who resided and became notorious in Paris. It is, as Mr. James has shown, when Daudet relies purely on inventive imagination that his personages lack distinct outlines. But Daudet can produce with language almost all the effects that a painter can evoke with colors, or a composer with musical tones. Mr. Howells has said that he is literose, but there is no fair foundation for this charge. Daudet is not pedantic, not over-languaged, not too fond of epithets or adjectives. He has simply a copious vocabulary, which he uses with spontaneous precision, and he has in addition to this the poet's, the artist's faculty of crystalizing the emotional and sensuous. Each of his tales has its pervading atmosphere, its prevailing sentiment. Each novel, like a great painting, has a central idea, and all other parts are subsidiary. There is a homogeneity, like the artistic blending of colors, in all the incidents and episodes. In Numa Roumestan the main subject is Provençal life. The story opens with the description of a fête day in southern France, under a perfect blue sky, and lit by dazzling sunshine. Numa Roumestan is a child of the South; its open air ecstasies permeate his whole nature. You could no more make him stolid in the discharge of duty, or faithful to his wife under temptation, than you could paint the blue sky gray, or temper the intoxicating sunlight. All the Parisian epi-

sodes, all the other characters, are but settings and groupings for this one unique figure. After reading the book, and letting time enough elapse for vivid recollection to fade, one will find that the abiding impression is made up of sky and sunlight, the "Mistral" blowing in from the Mediterranean, inspiring, violent, and lawless, and Numa Roumestan himself the congenital product of these forces of nature. Daudet is a native of the south of France, and could write appreciatively of its potent charm, but he went up to the capital and there made his permanent home. The pervading sentiment in *The Nabob* and *The Kings in Exile* (and it is as marked as the Provençal flavor of *Numa Roumestan*) is the spirit of Paris. Read those books and you may be able to faintly appreciate what Paris is to a Frenchman. It may be doubted whether it was permanently advantageous for Daudet's fame that he allowed himself to be drawn into the civilized whirlpool. In *The Nabob* and *The Kings in Exile* we have the sparkling effervescence, the poetic delight, of Parisian life. In *Sidonie*, and still more in *Sapho*, we drink the dregs of Paris; and in truth they are bitter and nauseating. Yet each of these latter works evinces the poet doing justice to a forbidden theme. Mr. James has suggested, apropos of *Sidonie*, that the French novelists have a recipe for drawing "little high-heeled devils," and that she is but one of the stereotyped copies. This is doubtless true, but in justification of the author it may be said that he intended to make her in all respects typical of her class, and thus have her stand representatively for a well known Parisian phase. The subtle analogy maintained throughout the book, which identifies *Sidonie* with Paris, and at the end renders it doubtful whether her dying husband meant her or the city itself when he cursed "you jade," is a literary masterstroke. When we come down to *Sapho*, we have little more than the

poetic portrayal of a bad woman, with few redeeming features, and can discover scarcely any excuse for putting her into a book. If she is less conventional than *Sidonie*, on the other hand she has no symbolic purpose to fill. It is to be regretted that Daudet, after apparently exhausting the attractively poetic Parisian vein, did not go back to nature. There is a great deal of refreshing suburban life in *Jack*, a book replete with genuine pathos, not as ambitious as his other stories, but more worthy of a place beside his great works than is *Sapho*.

George Meredith must be classed as a faithful realist in his intentions, and also in his accomplishment, with perhaps a single qualification. As a rule he is personally very reticent, and the following passage from *Beauchamp's Career* is a welcome one, treating, as it evidently does, with frankness of his artistic purpose.

We will make no mystery about it. I would I could. Those happy tales of mystery are as much my envy as the popular narratives of the deeds of bread and cheese people, for they both create a tide-way in the attentive mind; the mysterious pricking our credulous flesh to creep, the familiar urging our obese imaginations to constitutional exercise. And oh, the refreshment there is in dealing with characters either contemptibly beneath us or supernaturally above. My way is like a Rhone island in the summer drought, stony, unattractive, and difficult between the two forceful streams of the unreal and the over-real which delight mankind—honor to the composers. My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual yet uncommon. It is the clock-work of the brain that they are directed to set in motion, and—poor troops of actors to vacant benches—the conscience residing in thoughtfulness which they would appeal to; and if you are there impervious to them, we are lost; back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good.

These words were penned before the literary public had awakened to the author's greatness. His "troops of actors" no longer play "to vacant benches," but the excerpt from his private musings is not therefore any the less significant.



Testing Meredith by his own ideal, it cannot be said he has ever fallen short of it; if he has offended at all, it has been by occasionally overshooting it. To use his own words, he is at times not "real" but "over-real," or as I should prefer to phrase it, "super-real." In the essential qualities of realism, Meredith is unsurpassed. In the framework of his novels he is as lifelike as Sardou. The incidents do not seem to have been studied or invented, but they grow at hap-hazard out of each other, as they do in the world and in Sardou's plays. To realize how important this is in a work purporting to paint life, one has but to turn to the novels of Thomas Hardy. They have many of the elements of greatness. *A Pair of Blue Eyes* is a tenderly pathetic tragedy, its only fault being the large number of remarkable adventures in the narrative. It detracts from the probability of a tale, no matter how consummate the characterization of its hero and heroine, if physical wonders are almost daily events.

Meredith does not sin against realism through any deficiency of dramatic sense. His dialogue is not only uniformly clever; it is always perfectly in keeping with the persons represented. The sole drawback is that the author occasionally conceives a personage not as he is, but as he would be if all the potentialities of his type were developed in him. We realize perpetually in reading Meredith, that we are dealing not with the herd but with the elect. The people who are created "to fill up the world" rarely intrude upon this stage. But, making all possible allowance for the fact that here life is consciously on a high plane, the conviction is unavoidable that at times he gives not actual life, but something super-real; something lifelike, to be sure, but magnified to heroic proportions, like a Brocken image. Nevertheless, the dramatic illusion is never dispelled, rarely marred, because each utterance no matter how

profound is such a natural outcome of the particular temperament of the speaker. It is always just what that sort of a man would say, if in addition to occupying a certain standpoint he were intellectually a genius. The essential identity of his characters is therefore never destroyed, and in the main their conversation, if not commonplace, is human and within the possibilities of actual life. Meredith's tendency to overdraw his characters intellectually springs from what seems to be the inevitable failing of the creative imagination. There is a constant temptation to exaggerate the salient qualities of a given type till the human nature is squeezed out. At the opposite extreme of artistic achievement Mr. Howells has been guilty of a similar lapse, in the preternatural silliness of some of his women. He has on occasions exaggerated the inconsequential female until she turns his page into broad farce.

Meredith is master of the objective and subjective methods of portraiture, and makes free use of both. No novelist except Tourguéneff has surpassed him in the power of imparting deep insight by a page of fragmentary dialogue. At the same time he is as much given to direct, psychological analysis, and is fully as keen a philosopher, as George Eliot. His analytical turn is eccentrically shown in the habitual invention of something to quote from; something to which one of the children of his fancy has committed secret thoughts or motives. In Richard Feverel we have "the Pilgrim's Scrip"; in *Beauchamp's Career* it is Dr. Schrapnel's letter. On the occasions when Meredith does give his readers not the real, but the super-real, it always concerns the intellectual life of his characters. In depicting their emotional side his touch is confident and unerring. Persons of the remarkable types he is constantly drawing do not love, or hate, or grow jealous, in the same stereotyped manner as the foils and pawns of human-

ity. All of Meredith's novels exhibit with realistic genuineness the sublimation in finer clay of the common, elemental passions.

Meredith has been frequently compared to Robert Browning, and doubtless there are some superficial resemblances between them. They are associated in the first place in being *facile principes* among living imaginative writers who use the English tongue. They both worked for many years without being appreciated; their very greatness was the cause of this long neglect. They resemble one another in some features of style, despite the fact that one employs prose and the other verse. They both, for instance, make effective use of long similes, where not only a general analogy is drawn, but subsidiary similitudes are wrought out with elaborate ingenuity. They have further the common fault of occasional obscurity of expression. But in the essential spirit of their work these writers are absolute antipodes. They are as different as, in the nature of things and writing at the present day, a great dramatic poet and a great realistic novelist who treats of nineteenth century characters are required to be. Browning is the wizard of mediævalism. He has dramatically recreated the middle ages, and made the people and institutions of that period immortally alive in his pages. He has from time to time breathed the modern spirit in an occasional lyric. But these are only his interludes; his serious, systematic production has been in the field of the past. Meredith, on the contrary, breathes the modern spirit in every chapter. In Matthew Arnold's essay on Heine, the main ground for the enduring fame prophesied for that poet is, that he was "a brave soldier in the liberation war of humanity"; that he everywhere and all times sang, preached, and taught the modern spirit, which was arrayed against the mental and spiritual inertia of feudalism. Similar praise must be given to

Meredith. It would of course be impossible to specify all of the methods in which he bodies forth this sentiment of modern universal progress. The prevailing spirit of a writer is something which must be felt, and cannot adequately be described. Still there are in these novels some types of character and some fundamental ideas which are essentially modern, and tangible enough to be catalogued.

(a) One of these features is the cynicism of certain characters. The cleverest of them is Adrian Harley, the so-called "wise youth," of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. He has a vein of sarcasm as caustic and mirth-provoking as Heine's own. It would be useless to deny that a large part of the task of the modern spirit has been akin to that of Cervantes, — "to laugh Spain's chivalry away." It has had to laugh away the bogies of mediævalism, to dispel time-honored political and religious superstitions. Ridicule has been the weapon instinctively chosen for use among the masses. The mere wit of Voltaire would never have made him a greater destroyer than erudite philosophers. It was his wit, employed to feather and barb an argument, which sent it straight to its mark, and once there kept it from dislodgment, that made him the power he unquestionably was as a demolisher of old things. The character engendered by the cynical element of the modern spirit, if the individual have not compensatory qualities, is an unlovely one. Cynicism is the sediment left in the mind by the evaporation of enthusiasm. If one have only the analytical ability to perceive that the systems of thought in which he was reared contain much fundamental error, and lack the further faculty to abstract from them the portion that is true now, and modify and adapt it to his present needs, he will degenerate into a constitutional denier. He will sit and mock the world as it goes by, growing more acrid with each year. Still the



witty, selfish, and intellectually acute cynic is a typical personage of modern times, and Meredith has drawn several who are special products of the English life of today.

(b) No other novelist within our acquaintance has given such an appreciative presentation of extreme political radicalism. The radicalism of Felix Holt is mild, almost commonplace, beside that of Doctor Schrapnel and his disciple, Nevil Beauchamp. Schrapnel's social philosophy is fully as impracticable as that of Plato's Republic or Sir Thomas More's Utopia. He had in his mind's eye what might be termed the ideal commonwealth of democracy. It is modern democracy, thoroughly leavened by Christianity, and carried to its logical ultra-development. Visionary as his teachings are in themselves, they certainly tend to make the sympathetic reader more liberal, more open to abstract truth in the discussion of public affairs.

(c) Meredith's portraiture of the egoist is a piece of essentially modern art. He himself says:

The Egoist is our fountain-head, primeval man; the primitive is born again, the elemental reconstructed. Born again into new conditions, the primitive may be highly polished of men; and forfeit nothing save the roughness of his original nature. . . . Rather is he a sign of the indestructibility of the race, of the ancient energy in removing obstacles to individual growth. . . . He is the original innocent, the pure simple. It is we who have fallen; we have melted into society, diluted our essence, dissolved. He stands in the midst monumentally, a landmark of the tough and honest old ages, with the symbolic alphabet of striking arms and running legs, our early language scrawled over his person. . . . But society is about him. . . . By these means, through meditation on the contrast of circumstances in life, a pulse of imagination has begun to stir; and he has entered the upper sphere or circle of "Egoism"; he has become the civilized Egoist; primitive still, as sure as man has teeth, but developed in his manner of using them.

Undoubtedly the primitive savage was an intense egoist, but he was an unconscious one. The realization of egoism,

the metaphysical analysis of it, even the giving of a name to the abstract trait, belong to cultured modern times. Sir Willoughby Patterne is an egoist who never could have lived at a time less artificially civilized than the present, and never could have been evolved except by the aristocratic institutions of England.

(d) Meredith's treatment of the relation between the sexes is modern in its enlightened common sense. A thought constantly cropping out in different forms in *The Egoist* is that a woman's critic must never forget that she is a creature of the same flesh and blood, the same impulses and passions, as man himself. She is therefore subject to the same laws and penalties, but entitled to the same allowances as her husband or brother. The same general theme reappears in *Diana of the Crossways*, a study of a beautiful and gifted Irish girl. This conception may be destructive to the ideal of womanhood of ancient chivalry, but it substitutes therefor a more rational standard of conduct and responsibility. The modern requirements for the treatment of women have substance as well as superficial glitter. The old virtues of courtesy, and even gallantry, are retained; but we have gained heart and grown just.

This somewhat extended consideration of Meredith's qualities has been entered into, because more nearly than any other living novelist he attains to what a realist in prose fiction should be. In the main he paints human life as it is, portraying actual men and women, not abstractions or caricatures. He is profound, not superficial, creating rare natures, or exhibiting the great moments of common natures. He is not content with depicting the conventional types of the day. He is essentially modern, holding the mirror up to his own time, and objectively picturing the present age.

Every period has demanded objective pictures of its own typical persons.

Each age has eagerly welcomed the literary artists who could throw its own life on the magic screen of imagination, and reveal itself to itself. The literary form has varied from era to era as dictated by natural selection, and not by chance or mere custom. In the Elizabethan age the poetical drama was the cast into which objective portraiture of the people of that day spontaneously ran. There was nothing incongruous, nothing which jarred upon current taste or the sense of fitness, in conducting life to the stately rhythm of blank verse, or even occasionally to the jingle of rhyme. The fact that Shakspeare, and the other Elizabethan dramatists, wrote plays on what were then ancient or historical subjects does not signify. In addition to these they composed dramas in verse, which were faithful transcripts of contemporary life. Certainly in the case of Shakspeare, his greater works fall within the latter category. Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, for example, is little more than a series of magnificently phrased declamations. The characterization throughout is quite ordinary, and that of Cæsar himself is a caricature and a libel. Julius Cæsar was no more the shallow braggart that Shakspeare makes him, than he was the incarnation of all possible virtues that Mr. Froude has drawn. It is only in the fourth act, in the famous quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, that we reach a touch of absolute nature, and this one scene is a masterpiece. Antony and Cleopatra is dramatically a superior composition, but in point of realistic lifelikeness no critic would compare even this with Hamlet, with King Lear, with As You Like It, with The Tempest. And the life in these last named plays, and in many others, is the same life; and it matters not whether the alleged scene be laid in Denmark, or Britain, or the Forest of Arden, or on Prospero's Island. It is the life of modified and obsolescent feudalism; of kings still practically abso-

lute, of knights, fair ladies, pages, clowns, and court jesters. It is, in short, Elizabethan life, the life that Shakspeare saw about him. The age was poetical both outwardly and in the inner consciousness of the people. The Elizabethan lyrics are the most thrilling outbursts of spontaneous song in the language. But the everyday life of the masses lent itself just as congenially to the purposes of poetry as the secret aspirations of the heart.

It could readily be shown that the prose comedy of the time of Queen Anne was equally a natural form of objective art. The scholars with proper dignity of taste admired Mr. Addison's Cato, but the people wanted to see themselves, and they were humored by the mirror that Wycherly and Congreve and Farquhar and Van Brugh held up for them.<sup>1</sup> The polite vice of the city had succeeded the naturalism of the forest, which, if often coarse, was always poetical.

<sup>1</sup> The following conversation between Messrs. Sparkish, Dorilant, Harcourt, and Horner, is from Wycherley's comedy, The Country Wife. It is given with two slight and immaterial expurgations:

*Sparkish.* Damn the poets! they have turned 'em into burlesque, as they call it. That burlesque is a hocus-pocus trick they have got, which, by virtue of *Hicinius doctius topsy turvy*, they make a wise and witty man in the world a fool upon the stage, you know not how; and 't is therefore I hate 'em too, for I know not but it may be my own case, for they'll put a man into a play for looking askint. Their predecessors were contented to make serving-men only their stage-fools; but these rogues must have gentlemen, nay, knights; and, indeed, you shall hardly see a fool upon the stage but he's a knight. And to tell you the truth, they have kept me these six years from being a knight in earnest, for fear of being knighted in a play and dubbed a fool.

*Dorilant.* Blame 'em not, they must follow their copy, the age.

*Harcourt.* But why shouldst thou be afraid of being in a play, who expose yourself every day in the play-houses, and at public places?

*Horner.* 'T is but being on the stage instead of standing on a bench in the pit.

*Dor.* Don't you give money to painters to draw you like? and are you afraid of your pictures at length in a play-house, where all your mistresses may see you?

*Spark.* Painters don't draw the small pox or pimples in one's face. Come, damn all your silly authors whatever, all books and booksellers, by the world; and all readers, courteous or uncourteous!



Prose was the inevitable form of expression of the people who figure in these plays. It cannot be retorted that, as the representative art of that day was conventional, so the works of the conventional novelists of today constitute our representative art. The two cases are in no respect analogous. There was scarcely any intellectual life, in the modern sense, in England during the age of Queen Anne. Its literary productions consist almost exclusively of theological disquisitions, light essays on manners, and salacious comedies. The age was neither scientific nor metaphysical; it was ignorant and frivolous. Such a soil could not have produced a George Eliot or a George Meredith. Probably there were not a half dozen persons in England to whom either novelist would have been anything but an enigma. The prose comedy of Congreve and his contemporaries may therefore be taken as an adequate literary portrait of the times.

Coming down to our own age, one must see at a glance that no form of stage presentation could do justice to its objective life. We are too intellectual, too many-sided, too complex in our tastes and aspirations and their resulting actions, for any fair presentment before the footlights. We have in truth many present-day comedies for amusement, and to an extent, for instruction; but our serious effort in the portraiture of character inevitably takes the form of the prose novel. Verse would be out of the question, even if the poet confined his work to closet dramas. Fancy the artistic result of an attempt to make fictitious characters talk in blank verse about everyday affairs of the nineteenth century. The critical verdict upon it would be simply contemptuous laughter. There would be the same absurdity that pervades Italian opera, and which prompted Wagner to choose mythological themes for his music dramas, in order that their action might proceed in a world where it is not inherently ridiculous to conduct

daily life by means of music. This consideration explains why the dramatic poets of the day instinctively turn to history for subjects, and why our greatest dramatic genius has expatriated himself from his own age, and sought a responsive field for his imagination in mediævalism. Mr. Stedman in his *Victorian Poets* predicts the speedy coming in of a new era of dramatic poetry, to supersede the idyllic and lyrical styles which have prevailed during the generation now closing. In part this expectation will probably be realized. Browning's influence alone, now that he is widely read, is enough to give a strong dramatic tendency to all compositions in verse in which objective portraiture of life is attempted. The superiority in graphic verisimilitude of the dramatic over the narrative or idyllic form is easy to be perceived.

But are we not each year growing farther and farther from any possibility of the recurrence of an age of dramatic poetry like the Elizabethan age? Shakspeare and his brother writers put life as they saw it, and put all of life into their plays. They were the revealers of their age to itself. May we hope for a poet of sufficient genius to do as much for this age of electric motors, free trade discussion and black broadcloth? But our age, and as it seems, succeeding ages, will continue to have, — along with poets of nature to tell us earth is beautiful, with lyric poets to voice the common heart of humanity, with idyllic poets, who, being eclectic artists, shall single out certain phases and isolated types of objective life for æsthetic delineation, with dramatic poets who shall wave the resurrecting wand of imagination, and make the dead past glow and breathe, — along with all these indispensable contributors to literature, we shall have the realist in prose fiction, our own mirror-bearer. And it must not be forgotten that each age has read and each age will read its own books. The great

writers of the past are on the scholar's shelves, and their influence and quotations from them are in the pages of living authors. But the literary masses are reading the works of today. The desire of human nature to behold its literary portrait is as ineradicable as the craving for gifted natures to utter its songs and its prayers. To gratify such desires is and will continue to be the function of the realist in prose fiction. In a large sense he is the creature of his age, and cannot

rise much higher than his source. Yet he is not without responsibility. He should always be primarily the artist, not the didactician, or the social pathologist. But whenever, without detriment to pure art, he can throw the weight of his influence, which is great in proportion to his abilities and the size of his audience, on the side of higher intellectual and ethical standards, surely his obligation to conscience is the same as that of other men in different fields.

*Wilbur Larremore.*

### THE SPIDER WEB.

THROUGH the long night  
The builder builded and the structure grew;  
With skillful art from spray to spray he drew  
His slender thread, while hidden from the sight,  
And on an ancient pattern builded there  
His castle in the air.

And still he thought  
Of the new home and what should be therein,  
Of the dear friends that he would shortly win  
To dwell there, and of all that should be brought  
Of beauty, to make delicate and fair  
His castle in the air.

When the morn rose  
His work was done; woven from stem to stem,  
Lighted by chandelier of pearl and gem,  
And shimmering with a thousand rainbow glows;  
And then he mounted by a silver stair  
His castle in the air.

When a spring breeze  
Passed by, and brushed him rudely to the ground,  
Just as his foot had reached the topmost round,  
Snatched off his web from the syringa trees,  
And left the builder seeking everywhere  
His castle in the air.

*Ellen V. Talbot.*



## A LITTLE LEARNING;—OR, THE UNHAPPY MEDIUM.

THE short series of events that I am going to write of sprang from the inauguration of a certain Psychical Society, not many thousand miles from this spot.

To go a step further back, the society was evolved one evening from the minds of a few after-dinner talkers, whose conversation might easily have taken place in any city from China to Peru. As it happened, they were an average party of American gentlemen,—a few business men, a lawyer or two, a doctor, a journalist, and one gentleman of no occupation in particular.

The subject they were discussing was spiritualism, under which head most of the talkers were ignorant enough to class theosophy and occultism generally. I say "ignorant," because it presently transpired that none of them had any real knowledge of the subject, although they were mostly able to gossip about it at second hand and by hearsay.

Thereupon it was suggested by a Mr. Pankhurst that some of them should make it their business to find out, by practical and straightforward means, anything that could be learned of our connection with the spirit world. "Let us," he said "approach this matter as intelligent laymen, disregarding, in the first place, anything but cold facts. Let us meet somewhere, say two weeks from tonight, and I, as the only idle man of the party, will begin by making a few researches in the meantime, and will tell you what I have learned when we meet."

The proposition met with general approval, and so the society, which by the way never aspired to be called a society at all, came into being.

This Mr. Leopold Pankhurst was a very clever man of the "all round" class. Possibly he was a trifle too "all round"

and dilettant to suit old-fashioned ideas, but clever he undoubtedly was. His university career had only fallen short of being brilliant, and he had further improved his natural advantages by two or three years' of travel. Seeing that he was but little over thirty, fairly good-looking, and with a very comfortable income of his own, it may be easily imagined that his return to his native place caused quite a number of hearts to beat with tender interest or maternal solicitude. Pankhurst, however, was constitutionally shy, and possibly from that cause, remained deaf to the blandishments of society, devoting himself instead, first to writing one or two very bright little sketches for a new local paper, then to composing two gavottes, a nocturne, and a meditation, which were all performed (once) with unbounded success, and lastly to writing and composing an entirely original opera, and designing equally original dresses for the same. It was Mr. Pankhurst's habit to say that he found rest in varying his work, and as the opera was becoming somewhat of a weariness, he threw himself with all the more ardor into his last new trade of psychologist and expert of occultism.

The appointed two weeks passed, and the *convives* met again, reinforced by a couple of professors from the neighboring university, and an old friend of Pankhurst's named Griggs. Pankhurst was voted to the chair, produced a roll of manuscript, and began reading a paper, which embodied his observations on the spirit world.

The first part of this document was anecdotal, and narrated several extraordinary dreams, dreamed by the reader and by other persons. It was remarked that while the other people's dreams had

always been realized, the reader's own, as yet, had not; but they were none the less wonderful, and the audience, with the exception of the three new-comers, listened with attention. The latter, who had not had their interest stimulated by the previous discussion, were inclined to be critical; and Griggs, in particular, seemed bored.

Because of something that happened a little later, it is necessary to repeat in part what Mr. Pankhurst proceeded to read that evening. As the most likely means of getting into communication with the region where their present interest centered, he had visited, he said, a number of professional "mediums." At the house of one of them, who could only for convenience's sake be designated by that name, he had had the following experience:

She was a young and rather attractive lady, and her *métier* was theosophy. Mr. Pankhurst would not trouble them with the attendant circumstances, but would simply state that she had gone into a trance, and visited in the spirit a house that he used to inhabit on the Rue de Rivoli in Paris. This she had described with the utmost minuteness. Some of the details varied from his recollection of the place, but he had taken the trouble to verify them by cabling to the present occupants of the house, with the result that such changes as she implied proved to have actually taken place. There was no reason to doubt her assertion that she had never seen Paris in the flesh, and absolutely no room for question that her spirit or astral body had made the journey.

"Now, in view of this extraordinary occurrence," continued Pankhurst, "I may be pardoned for having devoted all my attention from that moment forward to the science (or religion,—call it what you please), by the cultivation of which such a feat was performed."

"Onemoment!" interposed Mr. Griggs, a short, red-haired gentleman, who had

been fidgeting in his seat and now suddenly arose. "You don't mean to say that you believe this stuff you've been telling us."

"I—I—yes,—yes, I do, but I'm coming to that later on," said Pankhurst, rather taken aback. "I am about to show you that there are good grounds for belief,—that is, if Mr. Griggs will kindly allow me to continue."

"But I won't allow you to continue," returned Griggs. "I won't allow you to continue without protesting against your calm assumption that this astral business is feasible or true. Gentlemen," he added, "I must explain my warmth. This happens to be the second time within a week that I have had the same rubbish dinned into my ears. Last Tuesday some friends of mine introduced me to a professor of the art. I forget what he called himself. Anyhow, he declared he could teach it, and — well — I need n't describe his performances or those of his disciples, who I hope were not fair specimens of theosophists. I unwittingly saw more than I had intended, and a tiresome and nauseating experience it was. Well, I now find my friend Mr. Pankhurst, after about ten minutes' education, apparently setting up in the same business. Pardon me. You did say so, or, if you didn't, you meant to. At all events, I just wish to say right here that I disagree with you entirely."

Having thus delivered himself, very volubly and with a flushed and angry countenance, he suddenly broke forth into a broad smile, and added:

"Mr. Pankhurst and I are very old friends, as you know, and I don't use much reserve in speaking to him. I certainly got a trifle heated, and perhaps I have been presuming too far on our long friendship."

"Possibly you have, sir," said Pankhurst, not to be so easily mollified, "possibly you have."

"In that case," said Griggs, "I won't stay and be a discordant element here."



I am bound to apologize for interrupting you all, but I expected to hear something different. You have n't heard this affair before. I have. Good evening, gentlemen."

Beaming blandly on the assembled company, Mr. Griggs walked somewhat awkwardly to the door and was gone.

We need not dwell on the "subsequent proceedings" of that evening. Poor Pankhurst finished his reading at a tremendous effort; but his audience, who would not in any case have been enthusiastic, were so thoroughly chilled, and worse still, so amused by the unkind vehemence of the eccentric Griggs, that the whole thing fell pitifully flat. After a very few formalities, the meeting adjourned *sine die*, and Pankhurst found himself walking home alone. He lived when in town at a large hotel nearly a mile from the literary club where his reading had taken place.

It was a beautiful summer night, and as he looked up at the moon he thought unutterable things about the fiasco, for which he blamed himself far more than his opponent. Although he was deeply sensitive, there was something feminine and yielding in his nature, and even in his annoyance and humiliation he began making allowances for Griggs. Then there came to his aid the sublime thought of his own integrity. "After all," he said to himself, as he made his way to his rooms, "Have I not tried to expound the truth, the glorious and beneficent truth? What are my own feelings? Nothing, nothing at all."

Nevertheless, as he closed his outer door and lit the gas, he felt very far from happy and quite unappreciative of the comfort of his rooms, to which he had brought some of his own furniture, including a snugly filled bookcase.

Sinking down in a chair, he remained in confused meditation for some minutes, and then rose suddenly to his feet. A stupendous idea had flashed across him.

"If I could disembody myself and appear to Griggs!"

He walked about the room, no longer confused but intensely preoccupied. Could he? Would it be right? He began to weigh the pros and cons.

The idea was certainly uncanny. He was not yet enough of the sophist to have outgrown the notion; and again, it was hardly correct to pay a visit (and such a visit) to a man with whom one has justly quarreled. But there the cons seemed to end. On the other hand lay inclination and duty,—duty to himself, duty to science ("or religion," he added to himself,— "call it what you will").

"Yes," said Mr. Pankhurst, "I'll do it!"

With every nerve braced to the extreme of tension, and yet with perfect composure, he sat down, just as the clock opposite to him struck eleven. Then with closed eyes he fell back in the armchair.

To tell a story which has any bearing on psychology of the mystic order is bad enough in these days, but the narrator of this fragment may be suspected of intending even a worse crime. It is therefore advisable to say at once that Mr. Pankhurst did not go to sleep, and *in a dream* pass through the adventures set down in the next few pages. Your patience is not to be practiced upon by any such threadbare device. The plain facts are these:

Griggs's pleasant bachelor home was at the other end of the city, in a suburb quite remote from Pankhurst's usual haunts. The latter, however, had been a frequent visitor there; and now, whilst his lifeless body lay in that easy chair, he, Leopold Pankhurst, in his astral personality, was in the well remembered hall of the little house, two miles away. He did not feel spectral, or solemn, or melancholy, but very much as he had felt a few moments before. He was naturally elated at the success of so tremendous an experiment, and that was all.

The dining room and library were empty, but there was a light in Griggs's chamber above.

"I must n't frighten him," said the thing that for convenience we will still call Mr. Pankhurst. "After all, I'm not sure that it's right,—but hang it, I must go on now. It's too late to stop."

It was indeed too late, for he was in the room upstairs and in the presence of—horror and agony!—not Griggs, but a mature lady in elegant *deshabille*.

The lady gave a terrific gasp, and sat down abruptly. She was not one of the screaming sort, but she was considerably scared, all the same.

At that dreadful moment Mr. Pankhurst could have conveyed himself with equal willingness and ease into the very bowels of the earth or to the bottom of the ocean. Had he taken either of these courses it would have been a remarkably good thing for his historian; but Leopold was nothing if not conscientious, and his appearance demanded an explanation and an apology.

A rather serious question then arose. He might wear the semblance of a body, but could he speak? He felt very much inclined to give himself the benefit of the doubt and melt into air, without trying to explain. It occurred to him however, that if the lady got over her terror sufficiently to give her astral faculties a chance, she might prove to be theosophistically gifted, like himself, and he might communicate ideas to her.

In this hope, he assumed as bland an expression as the circumstances allowed—and waited. She was sitting motionless, with closed eyes. On the table were an open card case and some cards. The latter bore the inscription,

*Miss Theresa J. Bolger.*

At last she opened one eye, to the spirit's infinite relief, but she quietly shut it again with a shudder, and it was not until after the lapse of what seemed an age, but was really about two min-

utes, that Pankhurst became aware that she was addressing him and that he was answering.

With that discovery a great wave of joy passed over him. Evidently your true theosophist *nascitur non fit*, and if this were her first appearance in the character she must be exceptionally gifted, for he found himself explaining the situation with singular fluency and success.

One little episode, in itself embarrassing, soon proved that the worst of her fears were allayed. He intercepted a furtive glance, apparently directed at his astral waistcoat, and on following it, as was natural, by looking downward and so through himself, he perceived that a portion of her hair was lying on the table directly behind him. The spirit was devoutly thankful to see her attention thus diverted from him, and began to think that it was time to go.

It was his evil fate that prompted him to stay and make a few more apologies. "Madam," he said, (*intimated* would perhaps be a correcter word,) "I must not omit to mention my name. It is Pankhurst—Leopold Pankhurst. Of course I have n't a card, but I live at the Oriental Hotel, and if you will cause inquiries to be made there, you will find that I am an ordinary being,—just as ordinary as yourself."

"Sir!" said the lady.

"Pardon me," stammered her visitor, "I did not mean that. If you will excuse me, madam, it is growing a little late—yes, late in the evening—I really don't feel very well—so I will bid you—"

What strange sensations were stealing over him! A sense of diminished confidence in his new-found powers, a deep regret that he had made his expedition on an empty stomach, a feeling of absolute limpness,—and lastly, a horrible and overwhelming certainty that her superior magnetism, or whatever the occult influence might be, had complete-



ly dominated him; that he was in her power, and as a child in her hands. In paying an astral visit to Miss Bolger, Leopold had, so to speak, "awakened the wrong passenger," and the tables were turned completely.

She regarded him with a fixed gaze, very different from her former expression, and in a second pause, more awful than the first, he eagerly scanned this veritable Tartar whom he had caught. She was a lady of about forty, with dark, twinkling eyes, aquiline nose, and bright complexion. Her lips were rather too full, and her mouth turned up at one side with a half contemptuous expression, which seemed habitual.

"I am surprised," she said very deliberately, "that Mr. Griggs should not have told so intimate a friend as you represent yourself to be that he had let his house to me for a year. You have probably heard of me as the art, literary, dramatic, and musical critic of the *Paladium*, our leading weekly."

Pankhurst had heard of her and of her opinion in regard to his nocturne; but what did that matter now?

"I also contribute social items to other quarters," Miss Bolger continued, "and in that work I may find your assistance useful."

"I shall be charmed—" poor Pankhurst was beginning, when his hostess added unkindly:

"I don't think your willingness or otherwise will make much difference, and I intend to test your powers without delay. Listen to me. A married sister of mine is now in Europe. Allowing for the difference in time she has probably just finished breakfast. You will go and see how she is."

A distant wail of agony seemed to fall upon her ear, but Miss Bolger was unmoved.

"Let me see, her address today is either at Berne or at Interlaken. It's somewhere in Switzerland,— I'll refer to her letter"—

As she turned, Pankhurst summoned up all his energies and vanished.

Simultaneously, as it seemed, he arose from his armchair two miles away, his miserable soul reunited to his body, and Miss Bolger's last words ringing in his ears. What was this fearful thing that had happened to him, and why— oh, why— had no older theosophist told him what he was liable to!

"I'm a slave," he groaned, "a slave! There's no chance for me. I can't do anything. Frankenstein with a female monster! If I was n't so tired, I should go mad! I suppose it's not being accustomed to that kind of traveling. Accustomed! Heavens! Some day I may be."

So saying he dragged himself into the next room, and slept the sleep of sorrow and fatigue.

## II.

ON the following morning Mr. Griggs sat in the smoking room of his club, in the most comfortable chair he could find, near a window, reading a commercial article in the newspaper. He looked and was a successful man. After leaving college he had gone in for mercantile life, and had prospered exceedingly without much apparent trouble; because without being in any way brilliant he was mentally as well as physically rather a strong man. For an irritable person he had a remarkably well balanced mind, and he possessed the not too common gift, for one with whom business was paramount, of knowing how to leave his drudgery to others, and how to worry himself as little as possible. That day being Saturday, he had answered his letters, given his instructions to his chief clerk, and by half past twelve had left his office for the week.

He was occupied as I have said, when the troubled visage of his friend Pankhurst appeared in the doorway. Had the new comer been any one else, Griggs would probably have nodded and gone on

reading about the silver question, but on seeing who it was he put down his paper with a smile.

Pankhurst and he were very old friends, and his feeling for the former was one of gruff devotion, a relic of their early schooldays. It was probably because of the almost womanish traits in Pankhurst's character that those who knew him best generally treated him with a little more outward show of consideration than men usually show to each other. As for Griggs, the episode of the preceding night had not altered his opinion of his friend in the slightest degree.

"Hello, old fellow," he said cheerily, half turning in his chair, "how are you? — why, what's the matter? You look all broke up. Anything I can do?"

Indeed Pankhurst looked as if something were seriously wrong. He had evidently been up for several hours, without having in the first place bestowed much care on his toilet. His necktie was awry, his coat collar was turned in at the back, his shoes were only half buttoned, and the end of his watchchain dangled in front of him. His fingers were twitching nervously, and as he stood in the doorway he passed them rapidly through his disordered hair, staring meanwhile at Griggs with so wistful and helpless an expression on his unshaven face, that our good natured commission merchant jumped up, and forced him rather than led him to a chair with its back to the door.

"For Heaven's sake, Leo," repeated Griggs, "what is it? You have n't any near relations, and you can't have lost much money without consulting me. — Well then, that's right. Tell me your trouble."

After much pressing Pankhurst said with an effort:

"There's a — Miss — Bolger. Do you know her?"

"Miss Bolger?" replied Griggs in great surprise. "Yes, she's taken my house. Why?"

Slowly and brokenly poor Pankhurst began his story. His friend listened, at first with an indulgent air and a natural inclination to laugh, but presently with a show of real concern, accented by frequent changes of posture. Pankhurst in his turn became more coherent as he went on, and when he had quite finished Mr. Griggs said:

"My poor old boy, I'll tell you what's the best thing for you. Lunch. Don't want any, eh? Probably eaten nothing all day. I thought not. Come along, — and afterwards perhaps I can suggest something."

Under the soothing influence of a bottle of champagne Pankhurst felt decidedly better, but he rather annoyed Griggs by adhering to every syllable that he had uttered.

Finally Griggs said: "I know you won't think that I'm making light of this affair, for I see what an effect it's had on you, but you can't seriously expect me to believe that it happened. You're nervous and over-wrought, — that's what's the matter. You want occupation. Get something to do."

Pankhurst felt that there was a great gulf between himself and this much too practical man. The room, too, was fast filling with men with whom he was altogether out of harmony, so he said he thought he would go.

"Where?" said Griggs.

"O, I don't know. Home. Anywhere."

"I should recommend home. I would drive you out to the park but it looks so threatening. I guess I'll stay here. Well, take care of yourself."

"One word," said Pankhurst. "You won't mention what I've told you to any one, will you?"

"My dear fellow," replied Griggs laughing, "I'll be as secret as the grave. Goodby. See you later."

Unsympathetic as he had found Griggs, the mere fact of having confided in some one — assisted probably by the champagne — had made more of a man



of Mr. Pankhurst. Still he was unsettled and nervous, and once outside the club building was seized with a strange impulse to revisit the scene of his adventure. This made him feel more like a criminal than ever, but something was telling him so plainly to go that he yielded to destiny without a struggle, jumped into a passing car, and sat with beating heart and apprehensions that fast returned as he neared the fateful spot.

The car landed him within a few blocks, and as he turned into the quiet and suburban-looking street he tried hard to remember having recently traversed it; but the houses, familiar as they were, brought to him no associations with last night. He did not even remember that new house next door — yes, actually next door — to *the* house. It had been built since he last saw the neighborhood. Between it and Miss Bolger's there was a narrow alley with a high fence on each side. A door in the fence on one side led into Miss Bolger's garden, a door on the other side into the lot on which stood the new, and as yet unoccupied, house.

He was noting these things mechanically, and beginning to wonder what had led him thither, and how he could possibly be benefited by thus thrusting his head into the lion's mouth, when Miss Bolger's front door was flung open, and a servant girl came running down the steps crying, and evidently very much frightened.

"O, say," she said breathlessly, on seeing him, "please, will you fetch a doctor?"

"For Miss Bolger? Is she ill?" Pankhurst said.

"O, are you a friend? I'm just as thankful! I had n't seen her for two hours — and the cook had gone out — and — when I went into the parlor — there she was — I mean Miss Bolger — in a dead faint — and I can't bring her to — and O, I'm so scared!"

The inward monitor to which he had

listened before was now speaking to him in no doubtful tones. Mr. Pankhurst always says that it was the most thoroughly unaccountable thing that ever happened to him, and that he seemed to divest himself entirely of his own volition for the moment; but, be this as it may, he replied without the least hesitation:

"I'm a doctor. If you will let me come in I'll see what I can do."

And without heeding the girl's half doubting look he walked after her into the house. How every incident of the night before came back to him!

He hurried into the parlor where on the couch lay Miss Bolger, motionless and unconscious. The color, however, had not left her face, nor was the pose of her body that of a person's in a fainting fit. Pankhurst had the key of the situation. As he had suspected from the moment the servant appeared, Miss Bolger had simply followed his lead, and taken an astral ramble on her own account.

Now he began to see, or imagine he saw, why destiny had been good enough to bring him to the place. A wild hope dawned upon him.

Turning to the girl he said, in the most matter of fact tone he could command: "This is a case of — hum — *animus abstractus*, — rather a serious thing. I must have some assistance at once. Please fetch Doctor — Doctor Ephraim Jenkinson, Jefferson Street, number twenty forty-two and a half. No one else will do. I will use every effort to restore the patient in the meantime, but return with him as soon as you possibly can."

It all sounded so unprofessional that he was quite surprised when the girl flew to get her bonnet, came back, repeating the fictitious name and address, rushed out of doors and was gone.

Then he took a good look around, and set about executing a desperate idea. It was more than probable that the lady's

spirit form was looking for him at that moment. At any rate, he expected trouble from her. There was hardly enough excuse for treating her as Hermitimus's wife served her entranced husband, and burning her on a funeral pyre; but there was no valid objection to hiding her body, and letting the astral part of her look after itself for a little. This was not the time for chivalry, and at any risk he must try and save himself. After that, the deluge.

With trembling knees and wildly beating heart he clasped the unconscious form of Miss Bolger, and dragged her (for she was too heavy to carry) into the hall and to the back door, from which a few steps led into the garden. Agitated as he already was with other emotions, a strange thrill shot through him as he held her in his arms, and a blush suffused his cheek as he propped her against the garden fence and looked stealthily into the alley to see if any one was coming. Seeing nobody, he quickly opened the door and the one opposite, and dragged his fair burden across the narrow passage into the chaotic-looking yard of the new house.

Pieces of scantling, a sack or two, some paint and mortar, and bits of broken ladder lay scattered on the ground, but the enclosure offered not the slightest facility for hiding even a much smaller object than that which he was encumbered with. Added to this, it was beginning to rain in good earnest.

"I must break into the house, that's all," thought Pankhurst. "What is it Macbeth says? 'I am in blood stepped in so far,'— Ah! thank goodness, they've left the door unlocked."

Happily the place was not overlooked from the back, but there was a sound of approaching wheels in the road. Putting forth all his energy he lifted Miss Bolger up the steps and through the back door of the new house. The stamping and scuffling they made on the bare wooden floor resounded through every room in an

awful way. He put her down for a moment and listened, and then began prospecting for a place in which to conceal her. There was a dark closet under the stairs. The very thing! Depositing her there as tenderly as possible, with a half unconscious murmur of apology, he securely fastened the door on the outside and departed by way of the back yard.

### III.

As Mr. Pankhurst turned into the street and made off in the opposite direction to that in which he had sent the servant, he felt happier than at any time since the evening before, for the terrible sense of being at any one's mercy was gone. He had asserted himself. At the same time it was only by forbearing to think of what he had done that he could avoid running like a frightened deer. He walked with feverish haste, turning a corner as often as possible, pulling out his watch incessantly, and making pantomimic attempts to look like a man who is late for an appointment.

All this was not conducive to calmness, and when he had gone about a mile in the rain and felt free to slacken his pace, an idea of the possible consequences of what he had done caught him unawares, and threw him into an absolute panic.

Being by that time again in one of the large thoroughfares, he stopped for a minute under the awning outside a drug store, which was also a telephone station. What had seemed at the time of its performance an inspiration and a brilliant piece of strategy, now looked every moment more like the action of a criminal lunatic. The only means of undoing the evil seemed to be in the instrumentality of Griggs, but it needed much screwing up of poor Pankhurst's courage even to think of confiding in him. However, something had to be done. As a preliminary step he decided to telephone to the club and see if Griggs were there.

A few moments later he was waiting



at the instrument while a club servant had gone to make inquiries. Then the bell rang, and simultaneously with himself some one said, "Hullo!"

"O, is that you, Griggs? I want to see you most particularly."

"Do you? Well I want to talk to you. It's about what you were telling me of today. I'll be in the smoking room."

"All right," replied Pankhurst, not daring to say more, and leaving for the club in the full persuasion that the police had been interviewing Griggs with a view to his capture.

Arrived there, he found his friend alone in the room and wearing an unusually solemn and puzzled expression.

After a few seconds Griggs broke silence.

"Your friend Miss Bolger's been here."

"Yes, yes. When?" said Pankhurst quickly.

"About twenty minutes ago. I'd been talking to Joe Johnson and old Lefroy, and was sitting here alone, when I saw her come in through that door. She seemed to be looking for some one,—perhaps it was you—eh?—anyhow it evidently was n't me, because although she seemed to recognize me she went out again without saying a word. Well, I was naturally taken aback at such a piece of coolness—the idea of a woman in a club smoking room!—and I followed her almost directly. Now comes the most curious part of it. Nobody had seen her on the stairs, and the servants swore that no lady had been inside the house. It's a most mysterious thing, for I was wide awake and had drunk nothing since dinner."

"Griggs, old boy," said Pankhurst earnestly, "that was Miss Bolger's astral body, her spirit, her ghost, if you like. O, for pity's sake don't laugh, but listen to what I've got to tell you. She may come back, and then it'll be too late."

With that he related the sequel to his first adventure, and begged Griggs to think what he could do.

The latter listened open-mouthed and then said, "Say, do you know what you've done. I don't wonder you're frightened. Unless you've dreamed all this, or even if you have only dreamed it, you must be some new kind of a lunatic. Seeing that the woman was here a minute ago, your story is ridiculous; but I suppose I'd better go with you to the house, introduce you, and get the matter cleared up somehow, without further mischief."

"Thanks, Jack, thanks," said Pankhurst, disregarding his friend's severity and taking his arm. "Come along, let's go at once—that's all I ask."

But at the door they both stopped, for there most unmistakably was Miss Bolger again. Moreover, it was the astral and not the terrestrial Miss Bolger, looking more in sorrow than in anger, and considerably more in embarrassment than in either.

"Well, I'll be —!" Mr. Griggs observed in a whisper. He was startled out of all composure, and after walking backwards until he suddenly fell into a chair, he remained there gazing blankly at the apparition.

She was paying no attention to him, but seemed to be talking excitedly to his companion. Only Pankhurst's replies were audible, so that the dialogue was like a telephone conversation as it is heard by a third person.

"Madam, I admit the fact," said Pankhurst, pale and trembling but resolute. "It is quite true that I know where the other part of you is. (I'm speaking aloud so that my friend Mr. Griggs can hear me. I have no secrets from him, and I feel I need his advice). No. I can't do anything so precipitately. Our positions of yesterday are reversed. You no longer command the situation. I suppose if I were disembodied I might be more amenable to your occult influence. I don't seem to be so just now, ha! ha! — Pardon me, I've no desire to trifle with your feelings. It pains me to appear to do so, but I want to feel sure

that I sha'n't be sent on journeys to Europe, and other little errands such as you would be sure to find for me: Now if you would give me some pledge — ”

Here Griggs interrupted, “Will you allow me to say a word? I suppose that the — ah, — that is — Miss Bolger — can hear me? All right. Won't you sit down, by the way? This room is as good as any other, for I presume you don't notice the smoke. — Well, now, — I'm going to take the liberty of an old friend, and talk to you both seriously. First, as regards the disembodiment trick, of course I'm bound to believe in it now that I see it, but it's the tamest affair, don't you know. What sense is there in it? It does no good to anybody — least of all to yourselves. You both know just enough to be dangerous, and no more. Take my advice and drop theosophy, like a hot — well, a hot chestnut. Don't go on hunting each other like a couple of ridiculous mediæval ghosts. You're anachronisms and not a bit impressive. It's lucky that more people don't try their hands at the game, for it seems so ridiculously easy that the world would soon become a delightful place to live in — now would n't it? Perhaps you wonder to what all this tends, and what I'm driving at. I'll tell you. I shall have to speak for Mr. Pankhurst, and say what he's in any case almost ready to say for himself, only he has n't the nerve. If I'm wrong, let him say so. Now you see what he is, Miss Bolger, — a good fellow in the main, — not an Adonis but yet not at all ugly, and he has a sufficient income. From more than one hint he has dropped I know he admires you, — and so he ought, for I am addressing part of a talented and charming woman. Don't be too much surprised if I venture to suggest that you'd better marry him. He wants looking after. Say yes, Miss Bolger, and make him happy, and then we'll restore your lost property, and you can live happily ever afterwards.”

The astral being glanced coyly at

Pankhurst, and seemed to read in his eyes a confirmation of what Griggs had said; but before he could give utterance to his sentiments Griggs drew him aside as if struck by an idea, and a whispered conversation ensued. Again it was Griggs that broke silence.

“Madam,” he said, “I've just been telling him that I hear the ‘Palladium’ will shortly be for sale. It is said that owning a newspaper is not invariably profitable, but he can get this at a reasonable figure, and it will keep him out of some more ridiculous investment, while under your able editorship — I need say no more. Excuse me while I get my hat and umbrella. I'll be back in a moment, and then you'll allow me to go with Pankhurst and congratulate you — I mean the other part of you — on your liberation — and — and so forth.”

When he returned Pankhurst was alone, but he seemed to have arrived at a perfectly satisfactory understanding with their visitor, who he assured Griggs was not far off.

Griggs was so elated at the result of his diplomacy that he chuckled to himself at intervals during the whole car ride to his late residence, especially when Pankhurst absently offered the conductor fares for three. At last they arrived at the new house next door, and the fair Theresa emerged with graceful good humor from her retirement, declaring that she was not offended a bit.

The poor little domestic, by this time half crazy with anxiety, had made sundry fruitless expeditions in search of the police. She was no less delighted than amazed when her mistress appeared from the garden, blushing, bonnetless, and accompanied by two gentlemen, — but she never had a chance of fathoming the mystery. In course of time the wonder probably faded from her mind, for throughout the happy years during which she remained with Mr. and Mrs. Pankhurst they never again ventured into the seductive paths of theosophy.

*Norman McLaren.*



## LIFE IN SAMOA.

THE bark *Legerdemain* from Penzance, England, bound for Sydney, Australia, sailed from San Francisco early in May, and no incident occurred to mar our voyage till one night when some five degrees south of the Equator the ship struck a coral reef, tearing off a part of her sheathing and planking, and making her a total wreck.

She was forced so high upon the reef that we were safe for the time being, and when morning came we cut away her masts and with them and her yards made a strong raft. Taking this and two boats with water, provisions, and blankets, we set sail in a southwesterly direction toward the Samoan or Navigator Islands. On the fourth day we saw land, and a volunteer crew in the dingy ran ahead, leaving the longboat to tow the raft. The distance was greater than we had anticipated, and night overtook us while still in our boat. Eagerly next morning we sought the shore, but a reef of coral through which we could find no passage prevented us from landing, and though we searched all day, we were unable to find a safe opening, and the second night was passed upon the ocean. We felt alarmed that neither the longboat nor the raft had yet reached us, but knew that it would be folly to go in search of them.

The following morning we determined to attempt reaching the shore at one point where a stream of fresh water emptied into the sea. As we drew near the spot there shot out from behind a point of cocoanut palms thirteen canoes filled with savages. They quickly surrounded us, brandishing their war clubs, spears, and paddles, and made efforts to drive us ashore.

We at once pulled away from the dangerous locality, but the natives pursued,

and at last five or six of them sprang into the water and swam to our boat, into which they attempted to climb. The second mate, who was in charge of the dingy, stopped this by catching the first man and throwing him head first back into the water. They now began to parley with us, and held up some raw fish and sugarcane. We offered in exchange some tobacco and pieces of iron, the only things we had except our blankets. The iron was accepted, and we obtained a large bundle of the cane. We now pulled out to sea, but were followed for several miles by the natives.

A canoe with a single occupant continued long after the others had turned back, so we waited for the islander to overtake us. To our surprise he spoke English, and told us that when a boy he had been carried by some missionaries to one of the Samoan Islands, where he learned to speak English. He added that he was one of the chiefs on the island we had just visited, and that if we would return with him he would answer for our safety and furnish us all the food we desired.

We consulted together and agreed to go back, but the wind and tide both being against us, it was impossible to make any headway, and we were therefore compelled to abandon this plan. The native now found himself in the same position as ourselves, and as he could not return he made the best of it and came on board our boat, though he shed tears of grief at being carried away from his family and home. On being told that we would sail to the same islands where he had been taken years before, he recovered his spirits, and was of much aid and assistance to us during the months that followed. On the sixth day we again saw land, but found it

almost a barren spot when we went ashore. After a long and careful search our native found water in a cave, and here for one day we rested and refreshed ourselves.

Next morning we again launched our boat, and sailed for seven days in a south-westerly direction ere we saw another island. We watched eagerly for sight of inhabitants and were greatly rejoiced when at last we saw some natives on a high point near the shore. As this island, like the one from which we had been driven, was surrounded by a coral reef, it was with pleasure that we beheld two natives put off from the shore and come out through one of the narrow and tortuous passages.

As they approached us, our native addressed them in the Samoan tongue, to which they at once replied, saying some French missionaries and an American trader lived upon the island, and that the trader had sent them out to show us the way through the opening in the reef. The mate of our boat told the native to tell them how we had been treated at one island, and asked that the white man come off in a canoe so that we might not be deceived. The men paddled away, but soon returned with the white trader who welcomed us to the island.

On reaching the shore we were met by nearly the whole population of the village and were picked up boat and all and carried high upon the beach. We were taken to the house of the chief, where our story was related by the trader, who then took us to his own home and supplied all our necessities. After a stay here of some days we obtained passage in a small schooner owned and manned by a native crew, and after a short voyage were landed upon the island of Upolu, one of the Samoan group. We hoped, in time, to reach the coast of Australia, but many months passed ere a vessel touched at this island, and during this time we became fully initiated into life in Samoa.

Upolu, as well as the other islands of this group, was quite unlike the two or three we had hitherto visited, for it was very rich in all kinds of tropical vegetation. This was exemplified almost from the first day we touched the shore, for the chief of the village where we landed gave us a spot of ground where we could cultivate yams and taro for food, and showed us where we could cut bamboo and cocoanut leaves with which to build us a house after the manner of the islanders. He also gave us some beautiful mats made of native grass, which were used by the Samoans to sleep upon, but we preferred our English blankets.

We had been upon the island but a few days when we were invited to a grand feast, which we supposed at the time was gotten up for our benefit. The spot selected was one beneath a noble grove of cocoanut palms, and not far from the ocean beach. The cocoanut is one of the loftiest and most elegant of the palm family, and the varied uses to which the natives of the Pacific Islands put this tree invest it with much interest to one who has ever lived beneath the southern skies. We had already used its broad leaves for a covering for our dwelling, and we now saw the same kind of leaves made into baskets, in which the food was carried to be consumed at the feast. We had also noticed that the leaves were used as brooms by the natives and consumed for fuel. During more extensive wanderings in the South Seas, as well as in Southern Asia, we saw the leaf lighted as a torch, fed to cattle as a fodder, or placed about the roots of plants as a manure. We saw the stem of the leaf used in making fences, for poles to carry burdens, for fishing rods, and for many domestic purposes. We saw the cabbage, or cluster of unexpanded leaves, as well as the green husk, made into pickles and preserves, and the sap of the tree used for making sugar, vinegar,



and the drink known as arrack. The nut itself was used in many ways, among which it is eaten raw, used in curry, and made into pies and cakes, and a multitude of other dishes. Among the islanders the oil is used for anointing the body, to cure rheumatism, for oiling the hair, for making soap, and for making candles. The cocoanut shells are utilized in innumerable ways, and many small articles for daily use are manufactured from them. Among the natives where we were, perhaps no part of the tree was of greater value than the fiber which invests the nut, for from this they make ropes, cordage, canvas, mats, fishing nets, brushes, oakum, and other useful articles. The trunk of the tree is used for boats, troughs, rafters, furniture, and firewood. Here upon Upolu and the other islands of this group the trees are watched with as much care as our orchard trees, one reason being the limited area of the islands, and the large population which they sustain.

The preparations for the grand dinner were extensive, and began a day before the feast was to occur, but as we had nothing to do we followed the natives to the spot, and watched their proceedings with considerable interest. They first dug a hole six or eight feet across, and at least four feet deep. Into this they threw about half a cord of wood, and upon the wood laid a large number of rocks. A fire was then kindled beneath the wood. The manner of creating the fire was a custom common in all the islands in the Pacific. Two pieces of wood were selected, one being a soft wood always used for this purpose, while the second was a harder piece. Any hard wood answered the purpose for the second stick. A groove was cut in the soft wood, and then the slip of hard wood was drawn rapidly forward and back through this groove, as a carpenter saws a piece of wood in two. It took but a few moments to cause heat enough to set fire to some prepared material, and

then this was put beneath the pile of wood in such a manner as soon to cause a bright blaze.

The fire was allowed to burn briskly, till the rocks became very hot, then a large lot of immense banana and other thick, heavy leaves were thrown upon the rocks, confining the fire to the pit, as the leaves were too green to burn. The men now brought forward a fine large turtle and two fat pigs; the latter had been cleaned and the hair burned off, while the body of each pig had been stuffed with plantains, breadfruit, and yams. Many fowls were also brought, and a large number of fish. These, as well as the turtle and the two pigs, were all wrapped in the huge green leaves so abundant in this tropical land. Then additional leaves were thrown over the mass, and on top was heaped the sand that had been dug from the pit before the fire was made. The intense heat retained by the rocks was prevented from escaping by the green leaves that had been used, while at the same time it permeated all portions of the mass, and cooked deliciously all the meats and fish that had been placed in the pit.

We had noticed that all the ordinary cooking had been done by the Samoan women; while during the preparations for this feast no women were allowed to have anything to do with the cooking, but all the work had been performed by the men. One of the missionaries said this was always the case at the feasts, which we now learned took place regularly once a month. The trader with some humor suggested that it was this peculiar feature that made the feasts so popular among the Samoan women.

We had still to wait twenty-four hours before the viands would be ready for the table, as it took a day and a night to cook the turtle and the pigs thoroughly. The next day the members of the village had gathered in good season under the shady grove, and the boys and girls amused themselves in running races, or

playing in the water of the ocean,—for these islanders take as naturally to water as an aquatic bird does.

When the meats were ready to be taken from the pit, all present assembled in a circle facing the chief and principal men. The food was now brought and placed before them, and they in turn divided it into as many portions as there were families present, and in proportion to the size of the family. The food was carried in the cocoanut baskets and placed before the head of the several households, who in turn divided it among the members of his family. The round thick leaves of a native tree were used for plates, and they admirably served their purpose. All the dishes were done to a turn, and though the fish and the fowls had been in the steaming pit for twenty-four hours, they were not over-cooked, as one might have supposed. For drinking vessels we used gourds and cocoanut shells, some of the latter being beautifully carved and polished.

The amount of food that could be eaten by the people of these islands was astonishing. But we soon found that living chiefly upon vegetable food, we consumed a much greater bulk than when we lived upon ship fare of salt pork and hard tack. Upon this occasion all ate to repletion, and for an hour or more after the feast all present either slept or rested, so that it was toward evening before the natives separated to their homes.

We soon learned that feasting, dancing and war were about the only things that kept the men busy. Food was abundant, much of it being had simply for gathering, while the yam and taro patches were cultivated by the unfortunate captives held as slaves, who had been brought from other islands during war. Their labors were not severe, and they were treated well, except that they were not allowed to marry or have families. While the morality of the women was quite low in these islands, yet it was

considered a degradation for them to receive any attention from the slaves, and for certain infringements of this custom both the slave and the woman were put to death.

To one accustomed to the limited range of products in the temperate zone the multitude of plants fitted for the use of man that strive to outgrow or crowd each other in the torrid regions seems marvelous. On these islands, rich in a decomposed volcanic soil with much heat and an abundance of moisture, plant life was a constant study. Here were bananas with their long and graceful leaves, and fruit in every stage from the smallest bud just opening to the perfect fruit, pineapples as rich and delicious as any man could desire, oranges with their bright green and glossy foliage and golden fruit, sweet potatoes and yams, taro and tacca from which arrow-root is made, half a dozen or more varieties of breadfruit, the handsome india-rubber tree, the paper mulberry, shaddocks, tobacco, coffee, sugarcane, bamboo, rattans, castor beans, wild nutmeg, and ginger, tree ferns, the banyan tree, and a number of other valuable native fruits and plants, the names of which would not be known to the great portion of English readers, and without description would convey no idea to them.

While there are so many trees and useful plants, the number of animals is very limited; and it seemed odd in our rambles through the forests and along the mountain sides to find no traces or signs of deer or bear, to fear no danger from wildcat or panther, to hear of no damage from fox or coyote, and to meet with neither snakes nor frogs. To be sure, turtles were plentiful and the waters abounded with fish, while the forests swarmed with birds, but of the native animals upon the land there were almost none.

The turtles were so plentiful that they were a favorite food among the natives, and one of the regular pastimes was cap-



turing these unwieldy animals. At times they were captured in strong nets made from the fiber of the cocoanut husk; at other times the men would rush into the water, and three or four would turn a turtle upon his back where he would float but could not sink. It was rare fun for the Samoan boys to catch a turtle on land and jump upon his back for a ride, though the motions were so peculiar that it was not an easy matter to maintain one's balance. We noted one rather odd thing about the turtle eggs, which are considered quite a delicacy among the natives; and that was, that when an egg was boiled the white of it never coagulated or became hard like the white of the eggs of fowls.

Some two or three weeks after we had reached Upolu the trader told us there was to be a moon dance in the evening. Dancing was such a favorite pastime among the Samoans that we should not have thought anything about it had not the man called it a moon dance. Thinking it to be something a little unusual, we all went that evening to a long shed-like building where the dance was to take place. Nearly the whole number of natives in the village had assembled, and the dance began just before the upper edge of the full moon showed itself in the eastern horizon. The men formed in two ranks, and kept time by a sort of chant while going through the exercise. This was not dancing in the ordinary sense of that word, but more like a drill or gymnastic exercise, where the hands and arms performed regular motions as the men moved to the right and left and then forward toward the moon, but did not go backward a single step. When the men had ended their dance the women took their positions in a similar manner, and went through a series of motions which resembled those of the men except for some slight changes. These were followed by three or four slender and graceful young women who were expert dancers, and who performed a

great variety of movements altogether different from those which had preceded them. The closing motions of this dance were so wild that under the teachings of the missionaries they have since been abandoned entirely, but at the time we were upon the islands they were danced with all the savage freedom of manner.

One day we were invited by one of the principal natives to a cava<sup>1</sup> drinking at his house, which stood at the farther end of the village from our rude dwelling, and was one of the largest and most pretentious edifices upon the part of the island where we were living. At least thirty or forty people were assembled in and around the dwelling. As soon as we had arrived, one woman brought into the room — the Samoan houses have but one large room — a big bowl that would contain several gallons of water. This was placed in the center of the floor, and around it some fifteen or sixteen girls from fourteen to eighteen years old seated themselves, and in front of each girl was placed a little pile of the cava roots. We were told by the dignified native who had invited us, that in making the cava only the young women are allowed to take part, and that no old or even married woman is allowed to sit in the cava circle. Cava has leaves like our common dock; the root is about the shape and size of a small parsnip. These cava roots had been thoroughly washed and cleaned before being placed on the banana leaves beside the young women. We had been told that cava was made by chewing the cava root, but hitherto we had hardly believed it, but we now saw these black-eyed and rather handsome young women place the roots in their mouths and chew them till they became a sort of pulp, which was thrown into the big bowl in the center of the circle. This chewing of the cava roots was continued till the mass of pulp in the bowl

<sup>1</sup>The awa of the Hawaiians and ka-awa of the Fiji islanders. See *OVERLAND MONTHLY* for February, 1889.

was about as large as a big cocoanut, when the chewing process ceased, and a woman brought in a quantity of water and poured it into the bowl till it contained at least four gallons. She then stirred the mass thoroughly in the water, and allowed it to remain some ten or fifteen minutes, when all the pulp was strained out by means of a number of small sticks held closely together. The cava was now ready for drinking, and as guests we were invited to partake of it first. It was fortunate for us, perhaps, that the women who had taken such a part in preparing this drink were young and quite attractive, or we might not have been so ready to drink the liquid; but we did not hesitate, and took a gourd-full of cava, which we found to be slightly sour and very insipid.

Why it should be a favorite drink of the natives we could hardly imagine, for it had none of the exhilarating effects that liquor has. Our friend the trader cautioned us not to drink more than one or two cups of it, but I did not believe it contained any intoxicating principle and so continued to drink, merely as a test, some five or six gourds of it. By the time I had drunk my last glass I began to feel a little dizzy, and so got out doors and soon started for our sailor residence. The sand along the beach was as smooth and hard as a floor, but from the effects of the cava I had drank it appeared to me to be rising in little hillocks at least two or three feet high, and my friends told me that I made a most ludicrous appearance in trying to step over these imaginary hills. My head began to whirl around, and though I kept going toward the house my senses were confused, and I acted in all respects like a man under the influence of alcohol, except that I was depressed rather than exhilarated. On reaching the dwelling, after what seemed to me a long and tedious trip, I at once fell down upon some blankets and did not recover my senses for several hours. In fact, it was the

following day before I got over the effects of the cava, and I had no desire to repeat the trial during our stay at the islands.

We found these natives a simple, frank, good-hearted race of people, kind to each other and generous and hospitable to us as strangers. Most of their time was spent in dancing, feasting, swimming, or in making war upon the inhabitants of other groups of islands. During our stay of some months we saw preparations of all kinds for war, but no actual fighting. We were told by the trader that their method of fighting is much like the Indians of North America, that is, there is no regular line of battle, but each man fights for himself, and every rock and tree is a fortress behind which a soldier protects himself. Their weapons are bows and arrows, some of the bows being immense affairs many feet long, and spears and clubs. Both of the latter are made from fine grained and handsome native wood. The lower end of the battle club is three-cornered instead of being round, and some are elegantly carved and polished. The men in fighting costume cast aside most of their clothing, but add to the number of their ornaments, and dress their hair in a manner that gives them a majestic appearance.

We witnessed the launching of a war canoe that had been nearly a year in course of construction. It was nearly ninety feet in length, and was formed of the trunks of three trees so neatly fitted together that it took careful inspection to detect the joints. The fastenings were of the almost invaluable cocoanut fiber. Two of these canoes were fastened together, and over them a raised covering was built as a post of honor for the chief men. A mast could be placed on the platform between the canoes, and upon this could be fastened sails made of mats. In time of need the men throw water upon these mats, causing them to swell up, closing the inter-



stices so as to make them as impervious to air as canvas itself. The bottoms of these war canoes were scraped and polished till they were as smooth as glass. This work represented the labor of a large number of men for several months. The manner of launching the canoe was peculiar to the islands, and seemed cruel, though I could not discover that any of the men were seriously injured. To prevent the bottoms of the boats from touching the ground, as the canoes had been built some distance from the shore, a row of slaves was made to lie down and the boats were dragged over their backs. A few of these poor fellows were larger than the others, and at times the weight upon them was pretty severe, but it did not last long. Once in the water the boat was quickly manned with warriors, who forced the canoe through the sea at a rapid rate, as the men struck the water with their paddles all at the same instant, and each was an expert boatman.

One day, seeing quite an excitement among some of the younger natives, I hastened along the beach to a spot where fifty or sixty boys were engaged in bringing cocoanut leaves from the nearest trees, and a number of men were at work making a sort of net out of the same for fishing purposes. One side of the leaves was split into fringes, and then strings of these leaves were fastened together so as to form a long line. These divisions were carried out into the water, till at least half a mile of this net had been completed.

The spot selected was in a small bay, and the fence-like net reached across the mouth of it. The net was then drawn in toward the shore, and the ends lapped across each other as the distance lessened, so that it was almost impossible for the fish to escape. By the time the net had been drawn some distance, the tide began falling rapidly, and then the men, women and children of the village rushed into the water and secured great

numbers of different kinds of fish. The following day preparations were made for another feast, and into the big oven many of the fish went for general consumption.

The expertness of these islanders in swimming has been mentioned by all travelers in the South Seas, and it was no surprise to us when we beheld many of their almost incredible feats, but some of the younger men performed one that was worthy of relating. On one side of the island was a cave that extended back some distance. A sort of shaft or big well connected the top of this cave with the higher part of the beach, so that when the surf came rolling in and the cave filled up, the water would shoot up in this shaft some forty or fifty feet. It used to be great sport among the more daring of the native swimmers to watch the waves as they were about to recede, and then dive down into the shaft and swim under water out to the mouth of the cave and beyond the breakers. Though we saw this done repeatedly with safety, yet not a single sailor among us dared make the attempt, though two or three were fine swimmers.

The covering of the Samoans is made from the inner bark of a bush, called tappa. This bark is stripped from the bush and placed in water, where it remains till it is partly decomposed. It is then tied in bundles and carried to the homes of the natives, where it is placed upon smooth, flat logs. The strips are made to cross each other, like the warp and woof of cloth. They are then beaten for a long time with a three-cornered mallet of some hard wood. The cloth is made by this simple yet laborious process. There is something of glutinous nature in the bark, which causes the parts to adhere to each other, and the cloth formed is of a strong, durable character. The tappa cloth is made in sheets from two to five feet wide, and is then painted or stained different colors. The part worn about the head and loins

of the natives is however always uncolored. The making of tappa cloth is one of the great home industries among the women, though of late years the introduction of American and English cloth has to some extent done away with the native production. The hardest work among the men was the cultivation of yams and taro, but this was mostly performed by the slaves.

During our stay upon Upolu we made a short excursion into the interior with some of the natives, and were much impressed with the beauty of the hills and valleys, as well as the lovely falls that we saw in two or three places. There was a great variety of trees and plants, and many of them were of the most valuable kind, as the castor beans, the wild orange, ginger, nutmeg, the india-rubber tree, and others. Of birds there were many kinds, and the forests were filled with green and gray doves, blackbirds, paro-

quets, cardinals, etc. The views from some of the higher peaks were magnificent, and the lovely islands, the quiet ocean, the grand forests, and the great abundance of plant and bird life, made the scene memorable to us.

After a stay of some months among the natives of Samoa, we took leave of our friend the trader and the good missionaries, and obtained a passage on a vessel bound for the Fiji islands. Here we had to spend many long weeks waiting for the ship to complete her cargo of cocoanut oil, sandal-wood, etc., and then set sail for Sydney, Australia, which was our original destination before being shipwrecked. Here for the first time we heard of the captain and the rest of the Legerdemain's crew from one of the sailors, who told us that they succeeded in reaching an island, and from there, like ourselves, got to Australia at the end of several months.

*S. S. Boynton.*

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### YESTERDAY.

FROM those vast realms where long dead days abide,  
 Where no sweet laughter is, nor minstrelsy, nor singing,  
 Could yesterday but come, his mute way winging  
 Fleetly to us again, and bear in all his pride  
 The fruitful coronals, and branches that were his,  
 All promises of joy, or sweet, strange mysteries  
 Of bliss, that is in all things all too brief,—  
 Or darker harbingers of pain or grief,—  
 Ah, would we bid him come, and bid him stay,  
 With bright, glad welcome, our dead yesterday?

Ah, no! His buds, all gold and rose with promised joy,  
 Bore blossoms black and bitter as a flood  
 Of bitter waters, mingled with the blood  
 Of wounded hearts, swift to destroy  
 All hopes, and blighting with malignity of woe.  
 That thou art gone, we say of thee, "Tis better so,"  
 As we would say of one we loved who sinned and died,  
 Leaving a sullied memory we fain would hide.  
 So great thine heritage of grief and pain,  
 O yesterday, come not to us again!

*Agnes King.*



## HOW HAVE WE USED THE LEGACY?

THIRTEEN years ago the American people paused in the task of working out their destiny, to celebrate the completion of the first hundred years of independence. During that period the struggle for existence had been so sharp that we had been entirely absorbed by the affairs of the moment. We had had forced upon us a lively sense of national prosperity, but this idea was now broadened by a consciousness of national progress: The pause furnished an opportunity for introspection, for a comparison of what we were with what we had grown from. It was to be expected that we should feel a sense of elation, and should give ourselves up wholly to the enjoyment of the moment. A whole year of celebration seemed inadequate to a proper expression of our feelings, and we indulged in a climax of celebration by inviting all the nations of the earth to assemble at Philadelphia, and admire the achievements of one hundred years.

Since that time we have had thirteen years of centennial celebrations, until we look back upon the list with something approaching weariness. We forget that each of these events commemorates a crisis in the life of the nation, and that to our ancestors, the thirteen years extending from the declaration of independence to the establishment of the government were a period of unrelieved anxiety and struggle.

We find it no easy matter at the present day to appreciate the difficulties and discouragements of that period. It was not so much in the events whose anniversaries we celebrate, as in the long, gloomy intervals that separated them, that the hardships were to be found. We see the milestones that mark the course of national progress; they saw only the apparently endless road that

lay between. Long years of waiting for an event that might never come; innumerable difficulties that might dismay the stoutest heart; reverses following reverses until all that they were struggling for seemed lost.

To the difficulties from without were added the internal jealousies and frictions. We look upon the map at the little fringe of sea-coast that then marked the territorial extent of the United States, and think that the troubles of government must have been insignificant. But we forget that facility of communication and interchange of thought are the most potent instruments for effective government. And judged by this standard the United States of 1789 was larger than the United States of today. With the primitive methods of traveling then in use, Boston was as far from New York as San Francisco now is; Georgia and New Hampshire were separated by an interval as great as that which now divides China and the United States. The communication of thought was even more imperfect. Railroads and the telegraph now collect the news of the world, and place it upon our breakfast tables every morning. In those early days of the Republic, Congress was almost the only instrument for the interchange of thought among the States. The press was useless. There was no provision for sending newspapers through the mails, and their readers were therefore confined to the locality in which the papers were published. Local news was omitted as being already familiar to the readers; the news of other localities was not obtainable. An occasional private letter found its way into print, giving important but fragmentary glimpses of the thought of other communities; and reports of the principal acts of Congress

were given, though so long after the event as hardly to be worthy of the title of news.

Such isolation, we should suppose, would have been an insurmountable obstacle to the conduct of a central government, and it was indeed the cause of the greatest difficulties that were encountered. Yet it was, at the same time, a most potent factor in bringing about the final consolidation of the States. Identity of interests rendered necessary a certain unity of action, while the local character of State thought made their separate action diverse and conflicting. A central government became a necessity, and from the conflict emerged the Constitution.

With political action came, by natural forces, the formation of political parties. Differences of opinion separated the people, first into supporters and opponents of the Constitution, later into strict and loose constructionists. And it is curious to observe that the mass of the party that supported the Constitution by favoring a strict construction of its principles, was drawn from its former opponents. Such a reversal of the attitude of political parties seems, at first view, inconsistent, yet when we look at their guiding principles it is not so. The Federalists favored a strong central government, and advocated the adoption of the Constitution as a step in that direction. Having gained this step, they were inclined to go beyond that instrument in exercising the national power. Their opponents feared that the States would be swallowed up by the central government, and found in the Constitution their most effective instrument for resisting aggressions in that direction. Back of this there was a deeper separation between the two parties, grounded in the convictions of the leaders, the prejudices of the rank and file. One party was influenced most strongly by tradition and a belief in the superiority of the British consti-

tution; the other was guided by the opinions of the new school of French political writers, and by opposition to all that was English.

With such divergent views it would have been impossible to achieve any unity of action, had it not been for the fund of political knowledge that all had gained in the hard school of experience. The States had formed so many schools for experimental politics, where the people were educated in the principles of self-government, while the leaders had the theories of books corrected and justified. We are accustomed to look upon the framers of the Constitution as demigods, filled with supernatural wisdom. It is a more inspiring thought, as well as more consistent with truth, to consider them as men, whose divine inspiration was a devotion to truth, whose political knowledge was born of thought and experience.

This formative period is the heroic period of our history. There is nothing in our later history so to satisfy the patriotic sense; there is no period that we can more profitably turn to and dwell upon. From the gloomy background of their surroundings, these men stand forth as examples of the possibilities of individual humanity, guided by a divine purpose, inspired by an enthusiasm for truth, with heroic self-forgetfulness battling for the emancipation of mankind. There is no nation, nor has there ever been one, that can point to a period of equal duration in its history, so brilliant in its leaders, so grand in its results. They emancipated the spirit of liberty and self-government; they left to us as a legacy the duty of vindicating these principles. "The preservation of liberty, and the destiny of the republican form of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the American people," said Washington, in his inaugural address, and the responses of both houses of Congress proved how



deeply they felt the truth of this, how fully they realized the awful responsibility of their position.

And how have we fulfilled our trust? How have we used the legacy transmitted to us from the battlefields of the Revolution? Have we justified to the world the conviction for which the founders of the Republic struggled and died, that human progress and moral elevation are best secured where the government is in the hands of the people? It is not enough in answer to this question to point to our material prosperity, to our marvelous geographical expansion, to our commercial achievements. These things, indeed, form a part of the destiny that we must work out, but it is a small and comparatively unimportant part. It is the moral, rather than the material, progress that marks the advance of mankind. And it is in the political thought and action of a community that its moral character is reflected. In the other social relations, the people act with more individuality, the action is the reflection of the individual; political action is the action of the masses, and reflects the predominant thought of the community. If we would measure, then, our moral advance as a nation, we must compare the tone of political life of today with that of the period we have just been considering.

It goes without saying that the political leaders of today are inferior to those of a century ago. We have men in public life now, animated by motives as high as those of the founders of the government, but we have not men of equal ability in statecraft. In ability, the lawyers in public life form the best class of our modern politicians; and lawyers we have in abundance, with a comprehensive knowledge of legal principles, and a truer conception of the framework and sphere of our government than was possible in the formative period. But the tendency of legal training is to make one look backward rather than forward.

The lawyer is naturally a conservative, with whom precedent too often takes the place of principle, and technicality defeats the spirit of legislation. He furnishes the element of stability rather than of progress; he is a restraining and corrective influence rather than an initiator. Were the world at a standstill, he would be an ideal legislator. But the world still moves; life is continually becoming more complex, and new relations are continually arising. Wise legislation requires a knowledge of the principles of political philosophy, a just appreciation of social forces in all their combinations. The true statesman, who adds to legal knowledge an acquaintance with what the Germans call the science of administration, is not found in our public life today.

The reason for this is not hard to discover. Men of ability we have in abundance, but a crisis is required to draw them into public life. The wonderful commercial development of the country, and the magnitude of commercial operations, have created a demand in that direction for men of the highest executive ability and originality of thought, and thus the best minds have been turned to mercantile rather than political activity.

The same material prosperity has made the results of foolish legislation scarcely felt, and has thus obscured the fact of our poverty in political leaders. A country less prosperous would have been ruined by our silver legislation, which we look upon with complacency. We can afford to fill our public offices with men who would be useless in any other walk in life, and in many cases we indulge in this expensive luxury.

Not less effective in this direction is the popular idea of democracy, which condemns the thinker as a theorist, and makes systematic knowledge a disqualification for political leadership. We are intensely American, and would establish a school of American thought, rejecting

the experience and the thought of other countries. We are too completely impressed with the fact that America is without precedent, and we think that our conditions are so peculiar as to make us a separate order of human beings. Our idea of representative government renders it a representation of the average rather than the more able citizen. Such an attitude of mind would have banished Washington and Madison, Hamilton and Jefferson, from public life, and would have left the framing of our organic law to representatives of the mediocrity rather than the ability of the country. The idea of democracy bequeathed to us has degenerated into a fear of those that know more than the average citizen, and the principle of equal rights has become a principle of intellectual equality. And this equality, which might be a worthy aim were it an effort to lift the more ignorant, becomes a positive danger from its desire to level down to the grade of intellectual mediocrity.

Turning from the leaders to the mass of the political party we find a somewhat similar degeneration. We have seen that the first political division reflected two schools of political thought. The next separation into two parties was when a portion of the Democratic party split off, because the bulk of that party refused to adopt the principle of commercial slavery that had been dignified by the inappropriate name of the "American System." Later, members of both parties, rallying around the principle of opposition to human slavery, united to form the Republican party. In each case the cohesive force was devotion to a common principle. It was the principle that the party represented rather than the party itself, that determined the affiliation of each citizen. Today we see matters reversed. Party organization has been carried to a point where the principle is obscured and lost. Allegiance to party has become synonymous with patriotism, and a man who deserts his

party is a traitor as despicable as the man who abandons his country in her hour of need. Principle as a guide for political action is sneered at, and the band of Independents who five years ago voted with their political opponents, because the candidate of their own party represented all that was dangerous and corrupt in political life, have ever since been favored with the contempt and ridicule of both parties. At the last election we saw such anomalies as free-trade Republicans and protection Democrats: men whose sense of political action was so obtuse that while condemning the enunciated principles of their own party, they yet refused to vote according to their reason.

This blind allegiance to party is the cause of a large part of the evils in our public life. The corrupt and self-seeking count upon it to sustain them in power, when they have once gained control of the party organization. Bossism and its attendant evils can be directly traced to it, and nothing short of an emergency that threatens destruction to our institutions can shake it. Political principle is the only safe guide for political action, and the spirit of partisanship is the deadliest menace to the permanence of our government.

Of the treatment of the crowning jewel of our legacy, the spirit of liberty, we can render a more satisfactory account. The most conspicuous event of our century of existence was the extension of human liberty in our midst. The civil war was a cruel ordeal to the nation, and it is yet too near for us justly to determine all its results. The narrative history of that period is now being written with unusual fullness; the critical history must be the work of another generation, when the personal equation has been eliminated. But among the results of the war, two are of such prominence that they may be safely indicated. The first great result was to complete and round out that human liberty, to estab-



lish which the Revolution had been fought, and the Constitution had been adopted. It was a necessary and natural consequence of the first step.

The second result of the war was the completion of national unity. It made that truly a nation which had before existed in two imperfectly separated parts. From the period of the earliest colonization, the North and the South had been divided, not merely by conflicting interests, but by difference in the mode of thought. The civilization of the South was distinct from the civilization of the North, and it remained so until after the war. One of the results of that conflict, however, has been to make us truly one people, and both sections are growing closer and closer together, despite the effort to keep the last flickering embers of civil strife alive by the fostering breath of a few politicians, who in the name of patriotism would endanger, if they could, the prosperity and progress of the country for the sake of partisan advantage and personal profit.

But the danger of democracy is in its excesses. It does not clearly distinguish the extent and limitations of the principles that it advocates. And thus the idea of liberty is often confused with the idea of license. In nothing is this seen so clearly as in the present condition of the press. The necessity for a free press was so clearly perceived, that it was guaranteed in the first amendment to the Constitution. But liberty may be used for evil purposes as well as for good, though in our anxiety for the prerogatives of the press we have been inclined to lose sight of this. The press of a century ago was useless for the transmission of news, because it did not consider news of sufficient importance. The press of today is useless from the same point of view, because it considers news of too much importance. So intensely does it feel this that it does not hesitate to manufacture news, until the average reader does not know what to

believe and what not to believe, and he solves the problem by accepting nothing.

Nor is this the chief abuse against the cause of liberty that can be charged to the press. A morbid desire for sensation has drawn it from the legitimate field of newspaper comment, until it invades the sanctity of private life. "The public would like to know" is a skeleton key to unlock the doors of the most private chambers of domestic life. In his search for sensation the reporter delves in the social waste heaps and cesspools, and the more repulsive his find the more glee he exhibits as he exposes it to public gaze.

If the spirit of liberty requires that the press should thus become a social scavenger, the spirit of fair play should suggest some limitation to its action. Where private misfortunes are thus dished up as a choice repast for the ghouls of society, we should consider that it is the innocent person and not the guilty one who undergoes this process of mental vivisection. What excuse can there be for inflicting such anguish of mind upon one already suffering perhaps to the extremity of human endurance? With what feelings of abhorrence should we think of the modern inquisitor whose motives are mercenary and not religious? In our support of the press we are equally guilty with those who commit these iniquities.

Yet all these abuses, whether against the spirit of self-government, of democracy, or of liberty, are the results of an excessive devotion to our trust, rather than an abandonment of it. Fear of impairing our legacy leads us to condone offenses which, while committed in its name, are really violations of its spirit. We have unswerving devotion to our trust, but only an indistinct appreciation of its principles. Inherited ideas are always imperfect ideas. It is only through the medium of experience that we can see their outlines with distinctness.

In these thoughts, inspired by the completion of the first century of our government, our defects have been dwelt upon perhaps too exclusively. But the advantage of an anniversary is in treating it as a breathing spot, where we may pause and prepare ourselves for our further course. And as for the onward journey we can have no better preparation than a true appreciation of our shortcomings. If the signs of the times can be read with any certainty, our government will demand more careful treatment during the second century than it has received in the first. Epochs in the life of a nation cannot be arbitrarily divided by fixed dates, but the

present time is undoubtedly a period of transition. The period of rapid development and unbounded prosperity is passing away, the reckless extravagance of our public life must cease. The careless, haphazard method of administering our public affairs must give place to sound doctrines and well considered methods. Much that is to be condemned in our public life is temporary; the poison of civil strife has not yet been eradicated from our blood. But already we see indications of a better tone, and if this movement is fostered we may be certain that the achievements of our second century will far outstrip those of the period we have just completed.

*F. I. Vassault.*

#### SOME STUDIES OF CONCILIATION IN THE LABOR PROBLEM.

It is always a little unfair to class together in a "group" writers who have not distinctly classed themselves by adhesion to one or another school of thought, especially when the very note of the writers is to insist that they are not committed to any dogma, are merely investigators, open-minded to truth from any school. In fact, however, those recent American writers on labor questions of whom we are about to speak, bear too close a likeness not to be thought of and spoken of together. Except Professor Ely, who by virtue of his position stands in some sort as the official representative of the type, they are not political economists. Indeed, some coolness exists between them and trained economists. On the other hand, they are not agitators, nor re-organizers of society; nor are they men of affairs, drawing conclusions from actual experiences in wage-earning or wage-paying. Although they approach the subject rather as a matter of everyday observation than of scientific knowledge, it is

amateur observation. Professor Ely, a teacher of political economy, and some fellows and followers of his, a few journalists, a good many ministers, — Lyman Abbott, Heber Newton, Washington Gladden, are the most familiar names, — and some philanthropists and managers of charities, who take an interest in the theoretic side, the relations and significance of their work, — such are the men who constitute the group. They are not exactly "professorial socialists," for that title belongs to a German group more radical in its views than these professors and clergymen; they are not exactly "Christian socialists," in the sense of being strictly of the school of Maurice and Kingsley, though we believe they accept the title, and their general attitude is the same. They are, we think, invariably believers in co-operation, and might perhaps believe in it as the solution of the whole question, but for the discouragements that experiment has brought upon the enthusiasm of the early co-operators. Their attitude towards so-



cialism, is, "There may be a good deal in it after all"; and they are not afraid of labor legislation that has a socialistic tinge. But their distinctive note is of conciliation, of concession here, and amelioration there, and always effort to avoid embitterment. All those who come before our notice at present approach the question in a religious spirit, and look to Christianity for its answer.

Doctor Ely has made himself, in the eyes of other economists, almost the advocate and ally of organized labor. So anxious is he to discuss all differences in a spirit of cordiality toward the working man, to see everything from his point of view, that he deprecates the arrest of Most for incendiary language, or of the Theiss boycotters in New York; not that he does not condemn the actions thus punished, but that he deprecates the exasperation produced in the minds of the working men by such measures. No one can quarrel with the general ground Doctor Ely has taken, viz, that he who would fairly judge the discontent of wage-workers must study it *from their side*; must read their manifestoes, attend their meetings, know their life and feelings. But it takes a steady head to do all this, and not lose judicial balance somewhat. In especial, such an investigator desires to have and keep the confidence of the working men, and there are many instances where this desire must soften judgment.

Doctor Ely is a man of the last half dozen years, and in this time has printed a great deal in periodicals, and two somewhat extended books, *Recent French and German Socialism*,<sup>1</sup> and *The Labor Movement in America*.<sup>2</sup> His first important publication was an article in the *OVERLAND MONTHLY*, on "The New Political Economy." This was republished in the "Johns Hopkins University

Series" of economic pamphlets. In this early pamphlet, Professor Ely defined himself as a "historic" or inductive economist, — or in common language, one who depended on collection of facts rather than reasoning from principles, to fix the doctrines of political economy. This was in part the influence of the methods and spirit of natural science; but still more an antagonism toward the harsh elements in the *laissez faire* economy, and therefore a desire to re-examine the whole basis of fact on which the science rests.

It is not in order here to enter into any discussion of the merits of the two schools in general. When the new school of economy urges close investigation and suspension of judgment till data from all sides are in hand, points out how little of this sort of research was done by the orthodox school, and sets it down as theoretic, it appeals to minds influenced by modern scientific research: yet it is to be remembered that "theoretic" is a reproach easily retorted to with "empiric"; and that the *laissez faire* generalization is more in accord with those of evolution. Again, when the new economy urges that in considering merely the "economic man," — the man influenced by desire of gain, and occupied with exchanges of services, — the orthodox economy ignores a large range of sentiments and motives that are real factors in the business dealings of the world, there is room for discussion whether the variance is or is not merely one of definition; merely a question how much of the whole range of social science may properly be discussed under the head of political economy. To put aside these general questions of Doctor Ely's school, and speak only of his individual doctrines, his own particular line of investigation led him to the labor topic, and socialism as related to this.

*French and German Socialism* is in the main a colorless review of the facts, giving only here and there any expres-

<sup>1</sup> *Recent French and German Socialism*. By Richard T. Ely. New York: Harper & Bros. 1887.

<sup>2</sup> *The Labor Movement in America*. By Richard T. Ely. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

sion of the author's own economic views. He runs rapidly over the conditions preceding and immediately succeeding the French revolution; the "capturing" of the revolution by the *bourgeoisie*, and the disappointment of the laboring class and their friends. "A reaction against liberalism set in. This was of two kinds. A romantic party . . . and a conservative party . . . advocated a return to the social organization of the Middle Ages. They dreamed of a golden age in the past, in which humble simplicity and trustful dependence on the part of the laborer were met by generous benevolence and protecting care on the part of the master. . . . The communistic and socialistic parties, on the other hand, urged the necessity of an advance to a totally new form of society. . . . The accusations which they bring against our present conditions of society are so similar, that one often does not know whether one is reading the production of a social democrat or of an ultra conservative."

Before considering the crop of social theories that thus flourished, he urges that since the upper classes have nothing to gain but much that they might lose by re-organization of society, they are suspected of bias when they oppose communism and socialism, and "are not likely, therefore, to have much success in converting" the adherents of these, "unless they manifest in word and deed their sincere concern for the welfare of their poorer brethren"; and that he, therefore, will approach socialistic systems with consideration and sympathy. "We must rid ourselves of the notion that we can persuade people by misrepresenting them and calling them hard names." Here he plainly, if unconsciously, expresses his motive as rather to persuade laborers than to inform other classes about the laborer; and in truth, while nominally addressing students, he appears always to have in view the laborers as an audience.

He corrects the popular idea of all socialists as ignorant and idle demagogues, (pointing out the social standing and learning of such men as Rodbertus, Marx, and Lassalle,) and the confusion of communists with the mobs of the Parisian communes; reasons that the very general connection between their doctrines and hostility to religion and marriage, is not essential; and says that it is only by cultivating amity with the laboring class that we can hope to "meet and overcome the social dangers" threatened by the increase in our population and the growing recklessness of our lower class.

After this introduction he proceeds to a quite colorless account, in successive chapters, of the history and doctrines of Babœuf, Cabet, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, and the later French socialists, Rodbertus, Marx, Lassalle, the "International," Social Democracy, Socialism of the Chair, and Christian Socialism. For all these chapters he has evidently read carefully, and has gathered into them much important knowledge; yet we cannot feel the object of giving the reader a clear conception of the successive schemes well accomplished. The writing is staid, conscientious, and heavy; for all the care in arranging and classifying, nothing is illuminated to the mind or memory.

A curious collection of dreams and ideals it is, as long as we are with the French; taking on a very clear and hard political reality when we reach Germany. Louis Blanc he calls the first state socialist, and "the connecting link between the older socialism, which was in many respects superstitious, absurd, and fanatical, and the newer, which is skeptical, hard, and practical." Of the International he says, "It is possible it foreshadows a tragedy of world-wide import, which shall make all the cruelty and terror of the French Revolution sink into utter insignificance. It is possible it portends the destruction of old, antiquated institu-



tions, and the birth of a new civilization in a night of darkness and horror. . . . These are all possibilities, but let us trust that they are not probabilities. . . . It may be that an international union between the laborers of all lands will finally force upon men the recognition of the folly and crime of war, and will bring to pass that peace and good will among men prophesied long ago."

In a chapter on "Social Democracy since Lassalle," he quotes the five conditions that Roscher has described as producing communistic and socialistic movements:—"A well defined confrontation of rich and poor" by the disappearance of a middle class, through which they might shade together; "a high degree of the division of labor," which obscures to the ignorant the connection between work and its results; violent party conflicts in which "both parties have generally prostituted themselves for the sake of the favor of the masses," thus stirring them to "pretentious claims which it is afterward very difficult to silence"; the effect of a democratic political constitution on the minds of the poor, teaching equality; and "a general decay of religion and morality." On the third condition Professor Ely comments very wisely: "It is in this prostitution of parties that our greatest danger in the United States lies. It is already sought to influence large classes by promises of office. . . . The number of offices will necessarily grow greater. . . . Instead of one hundred thousand federal office holders we will yet have two hundred thousand. . . . What, then, we have to fear is that, as in ancient Rome, politicians will strive to influence the great masses by promises of favors. . . . It behooves us to stop in the downward path before it is too late. This can be done only by putting our civil service . . . on a sound moral basis." The final chapter on Christian Socialism he concludes by expressing joy that "men of

all shades of opinion are turning to Christianity for help in the solution of social problems."

Turning to the other book, *The Labor Movement in America*, we find more expression of individual convictions. It is, however, for the most part, a plain recital of facts. He reviews "Early American Communism,"—that of the Shakers, Harmonists, Icarians, Oneida Perfectionists, Brook Farm and other Fourieristic phalanxes; then, "The Growth and Present Condition of Labor Organizations in America,"—sporadic societies and associations in the first quarter of the century, conventions, political movements, trades unions, and a labor press from 1825 down. Typical platforms of agitation are given,—sometimes just demands, sometimes extravagant or ignorant. The first quoted (about 1830) demands a general bankrupt law, a laborers' lien law, abolition of chattel slavery, and equal rights of women with men; but also abolition of the United States bank, and of all laws for the collection of debt. The platform of the National Labor Union in 1868 declares for co-operation as the ideal labor system, for tenement house reform, for mechanics' institutes, lyceums, and reading rooms, for reservation of the public lands for actual settlers, and for equal pay to women and men; but also for greenbacks. The Knights of Labor "demand at the hands of the State" bureaus of labor statistics, holding of public lands for actual settlers, "abrogation of all laws that do not bear equally upon capital and labor, and the removal of unjust technicalities, delays, and discriminations in the administration of justice," post-office savings banks, and other good things; but also abolition of all ordinary banks, and greenback legal tender under certain circumstances, government ownership of railroad, telegraph, and telephone lines, and other bad or questionable things.

After the civil war, the great increase of wealth and of poverty, the rapid de-

velopment, class legislation, and political corruptions of the period, led to an increase of labor restlessness. The great unions of the present grew up; the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in 1863 and 1864; the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, the strongest trades union in the country, in 1876. Some thirty-five national organizations are named, (a few of these "international," *i. e.*, including Canada); besides these are numbers of local unions in every city. The eight-hour law has perhaps been the most constant subject of agitation by these unions. The Grangers are also noticed here, and the Knights of Labor receive much attention. This order was founded in 1869, and at the time Professor Ely wrote, in 1886, was at the height of its prosperity, numbering several hundred thousand. He estimates that in all perhaps one fourth of our industrial wage-workers belong to some organization, and in certain trades nearly all. There are perhaps five hundred labor papers in the United States, nine or ten of them dailies. Even as he wrote, however, a reaction was setting in, which has continued till now. The Knights of Labor have since then practically gone to pieces; their last annual report shows that they have lost in a year 300,000 members, and that their finances are bankrupt, while they are rent with internal dissensions.

Co-operation in America and modern socialism in America constitute the rest of the review of data. The several temporarily successful movements for distributive co-operation, chiefly the New England Workingmen's Protective Union, the Sovereigns of Industry, and the Grange, are briefly described, and Dr. Ely thinks that as "a rash guess," one might say that twenty million dollars of business is still done in distributive co-operation in this country. He considers it of no great sociological importance, however, — saving some

money to the poor when successful, but bringing about no real reform in the status of labor, and chiefly valuable as an education for productive co-operation. Except in the cod and mackerel fisheries, nothing of importance in this line was done until, soon after the war, the Iron Moulders' Union established several co-operative foundries. Most of them failed, but the Union continues to try the experiment. Dr. Ely says in summary, that while distributive co-operation has been immensely successful in England, productive co-operation in France, and co-operative banking in Germany, the only very successful form in this country has been that of building associations.

The chapters on socialism have been already reviewed in the *OVERLAND*, as "Recent American Socialism."

In several chapters Doctor Ely comments upon the facts he has collected, — upon the economic and educational value of labor organizations, and upon "The Remedies" for labor troubles. His main theses are that co-operation, with all its difficulties, is the ideal for industrial organization, and that the present condition of the revolutionary propaganda is so threatening as to make it the part of wisdom to use all possible conciliation toward the classes in danger of being affected by it. He comments temperately and sensibly on the failure of co-operation in this country and the causes:—"The multiplicity of openings for the gifted and fortunate"; the poor financiering and poor bookkeeping of the masses; "venality and corruption among the masses"; and in distributive co-operation the indifference of Americans to small economies, and the narrow margin of profit made by the retailer, and therefore to be saved by eliminating him.

In his opinion of the legal suppression of boycotts in New York, he would have less support: "I simply say that I think that he [the judge] committed an error



of judgment. What is the result? He has united as never before in America the laborers in one solid mass, and he has given the entire labor movement a most unfortunate impulse toward radicalism. . . . The conservative elements among the laborers . . . and their friends, like Washington Gladden, Heber Newton, Howard Crosby, Lyman Abbott, . . . were earnestly admonishing the laborers to pursue a legal and even a conciliatory course. . . . Now the conservatives find the work of years overthrown. . . . Never have I seen such indignation among the masses." It is such passages as these that cause the exasperation felt by many older economists in reading Doctor Ely's books. Yet one may grant at once part of what he has in mind here,—that "the general laws are enforced more severely against the poor."

"The two words 'ameliorative measures,'" he says finally, "indicate the correct method of dealing with social problems." Courteous consideration of the demands of the laborers for protective laws,—eight hour laws, compulsory education, incorporation of unions, abolition of child-labor, of prison contract labor, of the "truck" system, of the conspiracy laws, of state contracts, apprentice laws, laborers' lien laws, bureaus of labor statistics, prohibition of foreign contract labor, employers' liability laws, and so on, (these are the chief demands of the Federated Trades); prompt granting of all these demands that are just; reform of laws that help dishonest wealth, and punishment of rich criminals; a habit of courteous and considerate discussion between the classes concerned, each with knowledge of the other's position; "a conciliatory attitude" on the part of both; the preaching of Christian ethics; less luxury; better education in social science in schools, colleges, and especially theological seminaries; reform of police systems; compulsory schooling, manual training, charitable child-saving;

—these are the special "ameliorative measures" he urges. And in concluding: "It is with satisfaction one turns from the study of social problems to the teachings of Christ, [not, however, he intimates, as taught and practised in the churches,] which seem from a purely scientific standpoint to contain just what is needed."

We have stated somewhat fully Dr. Ely's attitude about the labor question as fairly typical of that of others whom we have grouped with him. Rev. Washington Gladden published two or three years since a series of chapters, — perhaps originally sermons, — with the title *Applied Christianity*,<sup>1</sup> in which he treats of labor and capital and socialism, and the relation of Christianity to these matters. Some months later Rev. R. Heber Newton published a similar series, called *Social Studies*.<sup>2</sup> Rev. Lyman Abbott made his weekly journal, the *Christian Union*, almost the mouthpiece of the advocates of conciliation through the Christian Church. These clergymen are of the Congregational and Episcopalian churches, and even more prominent as leaders of the liberal movement in theology within their respective denominations than as participants in sociological discussion. It is therefore rather interesting to note that the man probably most distinctively the advocate of similar labor views on this coast, Mr. C. A. Murdock, is a Unitarian. An essay published by him some time since in a series of little Unitarian pamphlets, "*Laissez Faire*" and *Labor*,<sup>3</sup> gives in a compact form opinions and reasoning much the same as in the larger books.

Mr. Gladden quotes Henry George's statement of the increase of "squalor

<sup>1</sup> *Applied Christianity. Moral Aspects of Social Questions.* By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

<sup>2</sup> *Social Studies.* By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>3</sup> "*Laissez Faire*" and *Labor.* By Charles A. Murdock. San Francisco: C. A. Murdock & Co.

and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from them," coincidentally with the growth of wealth and industrial success, endorses it, and says, "Plainly there is something out of joint in our machinery of distribution, or this state of things could not be. . . . What has the Christian moralist to say of this state of things? He is bound to say that it is a bad state of things, and must somehow be reformed." "The average wages of 1870 indicated," says Mr. Newton, ". . . a mass of miserably paid labor—that is, of impoverished and degraded labor. The average wages of 1880 indicated that this mass of semi-pauperized labor was rapidly increasing. . . . Tregarva in 'Yeast' summed his conclusions upon the imbruted state of the peasantry in an English village into one sentence—'Somebody deserves to be whopped for all this.' Who ought to be whopped here?" Says Mr. Murdock, "In our country the number of very rich men is certainly increasing, while there is a constant tendency to lower wages and greater poverty among the masses."

The two clergymen are especially readable; perhaps from pulpit habit, they group the points of their discourse clearly and impressively. Mr. Gladden divides his inquiry into the two: What ought Christians to ask the state to do? and, What ought they to teach that individuals should do? He thinks that in taking the property of the rich in taxes and spending it, chiefly for the poor, in streets, sewers, fire department, schools, dispensaries, almshouses, and so on, the state goes as far toward socialism as is safe; and whether it will ever be wise to take railroads and telegraphs, the Christian moralist cannot yet judge. But "certain outrageous monopolies [as in coal] exist, that the state is bound to crush." Stock and produce gambling also, "the state must exterminate." "All that intelligent Christians will ask the state to do . . . is to provide for the general welfare, as it now does,

by taxation; to protect all classes in the exercise of their rights; to strike down those foes that now clutch our industries by the throat, [*i. e.*, trusts, combines, and gambling,] and then to leave the natural laws of trade and the motives of humanity and goodwill to effect a more equitable distribution." The second question he answers more at length. It is *not* the Christian's duty to go around dividing his money, lest he pauperize his neighbor; "helpless invalids, old people, and little children who are destitute" have, however, a clear claim on it, and "honest and worthy persons who are struggling to get on in the world" may sometimes be judiciously given a start; worthy charities and benevolent agencies should also be supported,—such as tenement-house reforms, reading and social rooms, libraries. More important yet: "The truth for every Christian employer to note is that under the wage-system pure and simple, there is no prospect that the laboring class will ever get their fair proportion of the game of civilization"; therefore, "the wage-system, when it rests on competition as its sole basis, is anti-social and anti-Christian. 'Thou must love thy neighbor as thyself' is the Christian law, and he must find some way of incorporating that law into the organization of labor"; and this he can best do by profit-sharing.

Mr. Newton says: "I have no pet hobby to propose warranted to solve the whole problem. . . . I do not believe there is any such specific yet out." But he urges as proper action for government: Tariff reform; a national bureau of labor; certain railroad legislation; postal savings banks; industrial education; limitation of the right of bequest; recovery of forfeited land grants; and two or three minor points of the same sort. He also holds that "sooner or later our civilization must face the task of a radical re-organization of its system of land tenure," and adopt one that shall



"turn private property in land into a personal occupation of a public property," and that "our capitalistic system of industry" will also have to be re-organized. But this is a matter for the future. As to individual duty: "The inspiration to this transformation of society is the mission of religion. . . . The religion which is to lead the future is that which will give effect to the faith that great-hearted Thomas Hughes lately professed. . . . 'We have all to learn, somehow or other, that the first duty of man in trade, as in other departments of human employment, is a following after the Golden Rule.'"

Mr. Newton thus goes to the verge of complete socialism, while Mr. Gladden is really not outside the bounds of accepted political economy.

Mr. Murdock also says: "In the first place, we may well distrust all *absolute* remedies." But "the doctrine that the state has no part in the promotion of industrial welfare is clearly an exploded one." Protection, regulation of railroads, "Chinese restriction," sanitary laws, laws against child-labor, and the like, are properly its duty. "If grievances cannot be redressed through the state, how can they? . . . 'Love and goodness must indeed often be backed by a strong force, the force of the state.'" He speaks tentatively of the prospect of help from voluntary systems,—arbitration, co-operation, profit-sharing, but does not lay as much stress on them, and leaves it to the experts to settle how far they really are practicable. "No clever scheme can bring permanent relief," he says, and " . . . the change must be gradual, proceeding from the improved life of the individual. The seat of the difficulty is the heart of man. . . . Industrial improvement must be a harmonious part of an advance that includes all human interests."

The two clergymen, besides these general views, have chapters on socialism, education, and philanthropies, in

which Mr. Gladden is quiet, temperate, and careful, preaching chiefly of the relation of churches to all these things; while Mr. Newton is extreme and emphatic, and more ambitious in his discussions. There is nothing new to those who read on economic topics in Mr. Gladden's sermons; but it is, all clearly, popularly, and usefully put, and one expects it to do good. Mr. Newton is far less judicial, yet in spite of his strong socialistic bent, is separated by a considerable interval from the "clerical agitator," like McGlynn or Pentecost, because he regards all radical re-organizations as matters for the future, and ranks himself for present purposes with the conciliators only.

An interesting little pamphlet by Joseph D. Weeks, *Labor Differences and Their Settlement*,<sup>1</sup> may close our present list. This pamphlet was somewhat widely noticed and quoted at the time of its appearance, because the writer had had a good deal of actual experience in the matters of which he wrote. He calls it "A Plea for Arbitration and Conciliation," and this title defines the contents fairly. "So long as the present organization of industrial society continues," he begins, with some intimation that it is not always to continue, "differences between . . . employers and employed will of necessity arise." The contests to which they may lead are "so fraught with disaster, so full of waste and misery," that it is a matter for "no small solicitude" to find some way of preventing or settling them.

Mr. Weeks had charge of the subject of strikes and lockouts for the tenth census, in 1880, and found that nearly 72 per cent of labor conflicts were about wages, chiefly for advances, though in a minority of cases against reductions. Questions of administration and methods of

<sup>1</sup> *Labor Differences and Their Settlement. A Plea for Arbitration and Conciliation.* By Joseph D. Weeks. New York: Society for Political Education. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

work came next, with only 13 per cent, and trades-unionism caused less than 3 per cent of the troubles. Mr. Weeks classes them all as arising from: 1st, Differences as to future contracts; 2d, Disagreements as to existing contracts; 3d, Quarrels on some matter of sentiment. The first is the staple trouble: "What is a fair day's wage for a fair day's work is a most difficult and complex problem, and yet it is constantly recurring with ever-increasing frequency. . . . What may be fair and equitable today may be unfair and unjust tomorrow." The quarrels over matters of sentiment are becoming rarer, as employers learn to treat their employees with more suavity of manner, and take more pains to avoid trouble.

He calls attention to the new conditions of political economy, the disposition of governments to aid labor, and says: "No more serious error can be committed . . . than a refusal or failure to recognize, with all it involves, the new relations of labor, and the drift of thought and action among working people. Such an error is fundamental and vital, and so long as it remains uncorrected, industrial peace is impossible." It is necessary for the parties to meet as equals, arranging a matter of business between them.

Four methods of settling questions are suggested: 1st. *Laissez faire* or competition. 2d. Legislative enactments. 3d. Strikes and lockouts. 4th. Arbitration and conciliation. The first of these is according to the principle of individualism, the other three according to that of associated effort.

As to the first, he answers that there does not exist that free and unimpeded competition or play of the law of supply and demand in the labor market "which is the essential condition and only justification of this theory." His discussion of this is interesting and forcible, but impossible to summarize in a sentence or two. Nor could competition settle ques-

tions of interpretation of contract at all. And it can operate only through endless strikes and lockouts, and destructive tests of endurance. It "places the two chief classes of industrial society over against each other, and urges them to the conflict, calmly and complacently assuring them that out of this selfish struggle will result complete justice. . . . It means anarchy." Beyond all this, it is not in the spirit of Christian civilization.

For the three methods by association, his argument is well summarized in his own words: "The first of these methods is by that association of individuals called the state; the second by associations of employers and employed in antagonism; the third by associations of employers and employed co-operating." He raises no question of socialism whatever, but simply says that "the method of dealing by legislative enactments with questions such as those just mentioned [health and safety of life and limb of workmen, hours of labor, truck system, and the like] is, we think, on the whole, a safe, wise, and effective one." Of the frequent failure of strikes, "the waste and loss and misery," he speaks as strongly as possible, yet thinks that they have been "not wholly wrong," and of use in impressing employers with the strength of labor, and more willing to consider the justice of demands. "And yet this method is one of force, and does not, after all, settle anything. . . . Have six thousand years of toil, with this labor problem ever pressing, found no better judge, no kinder umpire, than brute force—than hunger and greed?" Then follows the plea for arbitration and conciliation. It is strongly put, and we should like to quote, could we give his points briefly enough. The difference between arbitration and conciliation is defined, and both voluntary and legal arbitration discussed.

"The best, and indeed the only, eminently successful example of legal arbitration and conciliation is to be found in



the *Conseils des Prud'hommes* which have existed in France and Belgium since early in the present century." "Legal arbitration and conciliation have practically no existence either in England or the United States. . . . Whatever of success has been attained in these two countries . . . has been chiefly through voluntary boards or committees. . . . This voluntary form is the only one that gives promise of success." For most of the subjects that come before the boards are not matters on which law can properly act; they are often questions of *future* contracts or of sentiment." "Law cannot force men to work at rates nor upon terms to which they will not agree, nor can it compel an employer to operate his works and furnish employment."

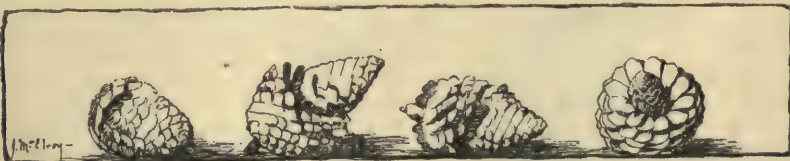
Since 1860, when Mr. A. J. Mundella and other manufacturers in England, having heard of the *Conseils des Prud'hommes*, persuaded the hosiery trade to try arbitration in a pending dispute, there has not been a general strike in the trade. "Strikes and lock-outs are unknown; contact has developed respect. . . . They have met about the same table as equals; and out of this has grown a condition of affairs that will make it impossible for the old condition to return." For the methods of this successful board, one should read Mr. Weeks's little treatise itself, or better yet, Mr. Mundella's own accounts. Foremost among the causes of its success, Mr. Weeks accounts the provision for regular meetings, where the conditions of trade may be kept under discussion; and

courtesy and concession become easily habitual, instead of meetings only called after differences have arisen, when feeling is already roused. Two other very successful experiments in England are described, and one partially successful in Pittsburgh.

Labor no longer acknowledges, even in theory, says Mr. Weeks, "that its wages come out of the employer's pocket. . . . The workman is a partner in production, . . . and as such is entitled to participate in the decision of questions that affect his interests, and to which he is a party." The difficulty of arbitrating for future wages can be helped by sliding scales.

Again: "Experience has shown that consent [of the parties] is capricious, and the honor and pledged word of the parties at times of little value. This is as true in settlements reached without arbitration as of those the results of this method." "That the labor or wages question is not settled is true. It never will be, while the present relations of employer and employed continue. Arbitration never professed to settle it, but it is on the road to the place and time of settlement."

Although avowedly a plea, Mr. Week's little tract seems to us more calm and judicial than the intentionally unpartisan books of the outside critics of the labor movement we have noticed; and it is more interesting. General reviews of the labor topic soon become wearisome; but a discussion of a single point, on which the writer possesses some special knowledge, is always of interest.



## ETC.

THE register of 1889 of the national association of collegiate alumnae is at hand, recording 748 members, graduates of the fourteen leading female and co-educational colleges. 505 of these are from the three female colleges, Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley; the other 243 from co-educational colleges. We made some estimates a year ago of the marriage rate among these alumnae, using the basis of the 659 names at that date reported, remarking that the estimates were merely a tentative contribution toward statistics of the subject, as the basis of calculation was small. This year the number enrolled is larger by about 13 per cent, making it worth while to revise our figures to the larger number. We still find about 27 per cent of the total number married, —  $27\frac{1}{2}$  per cent on the present estimate against something under 27 per cent on the former one, too small a difference to signify anything, — though as the disproportion in numbers between the latest classes and the older ones diminishes, we should expect to see the proportion of married women increase. The percentage married when three years out of college and presumably twenty-five years old, and when eight years out, presumably thirty years old, are 32.4 and 40.7 — a slight fractional increase over the per cent estimated on smaller figures a year ago.

WE noted last year that the large proportion of New England women among these college graduates had a distinct effect on their marriage rate. We have had the curiosity to find out how much, according to the recent register. Of the whole 748 enrolled, 327 are from the five New England colleges, a large enough number to modify the percentage materially. 17.7 per cent of these New England women are married; 31.8 per cent of the alumnae (321 in number) of the three New York colleges; and 43 per cent of the 107 women from the six Western colleges. These figures speak for themselves, but it is fair to modify them by remembering that the proportion of women of mature age from Oberlin and Vassar is greater than from any of the colleges of New England. '77 is the earliest date of graduation, — so far as this register shows, — of any woman in New England; while Vassar enrolls graduates as far back as '67, and Oberlin even as far back as '47. No fair comparison can be made between the sections until the colleges of both are a generation old. To attempt some rough elimination of the confusing factor, however: of 257 graduates from the New England colleges, since 1880 (a period through the whole of which all the fourteen colleges have been sending out graduates) 14.4 per cent are

married; of 133 from the New York colleges, 13.5 per cent; of 71 from Western colleges, a trifle over 36 per cent. It would thus appear that while the section in which the college stands does decidedly affect the marriage rate, there is no material difference between New York and New England in this respect, and that the superior age of Vassar alone made the total marriage rate higher for New York. As 556 of the whole 748 live in New England and the Middle States, it is evident that the lower marriage rate here far overbalances the higher rate of the West in estimating for the whole alumnae association.

BUT besides the age and the locality of the college, a third important consideration comes in, — whether the college is coeducational or not. The women graduates of the West are all from coeducational colleges; those of New York and New England chiefly from female colleges. It has often been said that this question of college women and marriage should be pushed farther, and investigation made how coeducation affected the matter. This register affords very satisfactory data for doing so. We began the inquiry with some impression that, in spite of the larger facilities for getting engaged at a coeducational college, it would appear that more girls from female colleges turned to marriage. In fact, however, of 505 women from Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley, a trifle over 24 per cent are married; while of 243 women from the eleven coeducational colleges, nearly 34 per cent are married, — a result which shows that the separate system in the three great girls' colleges has had decided influence in lowering the marriage rate. To make this clearer: Smith and Wellesley, the girls' colleges of Massachusetts, show marriage rates of 12.4 per cent and 18.7 respectively; the three coeducational institutions of New England, (Boston University, Institute of Technology, and Wesleyan), nearly 44.9 per cent, — and this with no great difference in age. Vassar, again, has a marriage rate of 33.2 per cent, while Cornell and Syracuse show only a trifle over 26 per cent, — an apparent reversal of the distinction, accounted for by the fact that Vassar's graduates date back to 1867, while those from the two universities are six or eight years younger. The Western colleges, all of which are coeducational, show a marriage rate of 43 per cent, — this again, of course, affected by the age of Oberlin. To eliminate the question of age, we have made a comparison of the colleges of the two systems and the three sections for the last eight years: which shows that of the graduates of this period from female colleges in New England nearly 11 per cent



are married, and from coeducational colleges in New England 26 per cent; from the female college of New York, 15.1 per cent, and from the coeducational colleges 17.6 per cent; from the coeducational colleges of the West 36 per cent.

It would be impossible for figures to be clearer than these. Nothing can be plainer than that in trying to find what effect college education has on marriage, we must allow first for the difference between female and coeducational colleges; second, for the age of the graduates; and third, for the section of the country. Nothing can be plainer,—if our figures are large enough to base conclusions on,—than that separate education of women between eighteen and twenty-two years old *is* likely to lessen the marriage rate; that in any event college women marry somewhat late, rarely before twenty-five, and not infrequently at thirty-five or older; and that college women (as doubtless other women) in New York and New England marry less than in the West. The figures are perfectly constant in these indications. A little table will show the comparison between the sections, and the co-educational and separate systems, more clearly. To make it fair, we must limit it to the last eight years, thus confining it to the youngest graduates; this makes all the per cents, to judge from Oberlin and Vassar, something less than half what they would be if middle-aged women were included:

New England female colleges, last eight classes.....	11	percent
New England coeducational colleges, last eight classes.....	26	" "
New York female colleges, last eight classes.....	15.1	" "
New York coeducational colleges, last eight classes.....	17.6	" "
Western (all coeducational) colleges, last eight classes.....	36	" "

### Our Camp.

High on the side of the mountain, in the midst of the mud and the sedge-grass,

Pitched was the tent of the party engaged in surveying and botany.

Kept in the tent by the dense fog, there was talk about plants and topography,

With remarks on the science of cooking, the weather, and what we were reading.

One book that was criticised freely was "Hermann and his Dorothea,"

In hexameter, written by Goethe, and then into English translated, —

Changed by the process from poetry to prosé lines that end with a spondee.

Hence the following attempt at a parody, the subject — Our Trip to Wai-ale.

When leaving Haiku our large party included two venturesome ladies,

Who shortened the long miles of climbing with their amiable presence and laughter,

Two surveyors equipped with their transits; two fernists in search of new species,  
And three natives to care for the camp-fire, and attend to the packs and the animals.

We were joined before leaving Olinda by three students released from their studies,

And out for a lark with a rifle with which they proposed to shoot cattle.

But though they explored many gulches and followed up trails in the forest,

One duck from Wai-o-napa-napa was all the wild game that they captured.

Brief reference is due to the horses and mules that bore us and our baggage.

For all of the eighteen that started paced patiently up the steep mountain,

Through the crater, and climbed its rude rampart, with hardly a trip or a stumble,

And over the bunch-grass and bog-holes came safe to our camp at Wai-ale.

The caravan climbing the mountain left a trail like a water-worn gully.

And when halting for lunch left the ground strewn with empty containers and wrappers,

While the animals eat up the bunch-grass and drank up the last drop of water

To be found anywhere in the neighborhood, and left all the pasturage desolate.

The Inspector of Schools on old "Shell Back," (his favorite steed for the mountain)

Was after the ferns and the mosses; and with him the writer, provided

With dry plates and camera to photo' the lake called Wai-o-napa-napa,

The coast line, the views in the crater, and all the deep gorge,—Ki-pa-hulu.

The Professor selected the camp-site just out of the bed of a runnel,

Where the large tent was pitched, and behind it the feminine annex.

Both were furnished with green fern-leaf carpets overlaid with a heavy tarpaulin,

And bundles, bags, blankets, and pillows were strewn all about in profusion.

The larder was amply provided with stores from two huge leather panniers,

Supplemented by food that the ladies and boys had with forethought provided:

And daily the group round the table diminished the pile of provisions,

Each one philanthropically striving the sumpter-mule's burden to lessen.

We never confessed we were hungry, but always did well at the table, —

Which, by the way, was a fern-board set on a small square of water-proof,

On which were the iron-ware "crockery" and a varied assortment of canned goods,  
Soups, — oyster and mulligatawny, — pears, peaches, and other preserved fruits.

With the luck that enables the urchin to catch fish with a thread and a pin-hook,  
Our natives brought down a fine bullock with naught but a musket shot-loaded.  
And steaks with choice bits of the tenderloin kept juicy and sweet in that climate  
For days, till they all had vanished, with a bag of white mealy potatoes.

We stood on the edge of the *pali* that for two thousand feet plunges downward,  
A massive frame for Ki-pa-hulu (the great valley so somber and lonely).  
Set in his frame like a dewdrop gleaming bright in a garland of *maili*  
Lies the lakelet Wai-o-napa-napa, Hale-a-ka-la's solitaire jewel.

The hollow in which it's embossed is clothed with a mantle of verdure,  
Broken through, here and there, by outcroppings of the old lava-frame of the mountain.  
There's a fringe and bright tufting of fern leaves (broad fronds like a plume of green feathers),  
And a few stunted trees with gnarled branches stud the steep slope of the hillside.

Deep down in the emerald crater, where lava-waves once broke in fire-spray,  
Lies the lakelet Wai-o-napa-napa, (which translated means "sparkling water").  
In its clear depths the light and the shadow of the circling hollow's reflected,  
And there floats on the steely-blue mirror a wild duck with her brood of three ducklings.

Below us the rim of the hollow breaks down in a low narrow outlet,  
That soon widens into a valley filled with trees and shrubs dripping with moisture.  
This valley then joins with another, and they with another deep channel;  
And so the whole side of the mountain is seamed with a network of gorges.

The mist and dense fog 'neath us brooding rolled away, and we saw the whole sea-shore  
From Nahiku for miles to the westward. Each bay, valley's mouth, and bold headland,  
Was down on the plane of the ocean like the lines in a fine steel engraving;  
While the vast mantle of forest in heavy folds draped the dark mountain.

The snowy surf gleamed in the sunlight. Clear cut were the cliffs of Koolau.

The clouds rolled again o'er the landscape, and we sighingly said, "It is *pau*."

The cloud rested long on the mountain, keeping our party within doors,  
And there was much talk about cryptogams, telimeter-sights, and true bearings,  
With now and then extracts from Molière and lessons in Portuguese-English,  
Or stories of other excursions, on these islands, in Egypt and Palestine.

On the eve of the ladies' departure with the boys and the native, Punoho,  
They looked into great Ki-pa-hulu and studied its gorges and plateaus.  
And far in the distance the coast-line indented with bays rough with breakers,  
With inland, beneath a lone mountain, the fields of a sugar plantation.

The fernists went into the valley and tested the truth of the saying,  
"Facilis decensus" — but weary the climb in returning.

The valley is filled with deep gorges and the moss-covered forest primeval,  
Undisturbed save by cattle destructive, and the hunters who wage war upon them.

The surveyors improved each clear moment, the Professor high up on Kuiki,  
And Dodge with his neat little transit, when the fog lifted off from the mountain,  
Swept the shore-line below for the signals set in place by another assistant,  
Till the fog's fleecy folds hid the landscape and drove us again under shelter.

Then the aneroid fell towards the storm-point and we knew that a gale was impending.  
The wind fiercely shook our frail shelter, and the rain commenced falling in torrents;  
And those who set out for the crater, to search for the Cave of the Hunters,  
Were forced to return, fog-bewildered, drenched by the rain, and half frozen.

All that night the wind roared, howled, and whistled, and tore the tent's fly clean asunder.

It blew from all points of the compass; it tried every rope, stake, and corner.

And during lulls, rain in floods pouring, swamped the ground, filled the stream-bed and gorges,  
Until the deep bass of the waters was heard through the wild wind's shrill wailing.



We dragged the old fly under cover and sewed the  
two rent halves together,  
And rushing out into the tempest we hauled it once  
more o'er the ridge-pole,  
While the wind did its best to defeat us and whirl  
the tent over the mountain,  
But the tough root-bound sod held the tent pins,  
and the poles kept intact the thin canvas.

We wrapped ourselves in our wet blankets, and  
watched the tent shake by dim candle-light;  
While the whirling wind ripped the old fly again  
and flung it away in the gully,  
In the infrequent lulls we dozed fitfully, broad awake  
at each roar of the tempest  
And hailing with pleasure the daylight that found  
our frail shelter yet standing.

That Sunday we spent in rough-drying our clothes  
by a fire in a cracker-tin,  
Until the sharp smoke nearly blinded us and threat-  
ened us all with asphyxia.  
Preparations were made for removal, as we felt we  
could do it with honor,  
Having clung to our tent through a tempest of wind,  
fog, and rain, without flinching.

The next day the whole of the mountain was drying  
itself in the sunlight.  
The surveyors went off to their stations, and the  
writer caught views with the camera.  
The inspector took charge of the packing, and the  
mule-train was quickly in motion  
O'er the trail that leads into the crater, and we there  
bid adieu to Wai-ale.

C.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

### Mexico and Holland.

OUR relations with our next-door neighbor on the south are about as intimate as the relations between the occupants of adjoining houses in a large city. We know that Mexico is south of us, but when this is said, the entire knowledge of the average citizen on the subject has been recited. Until within the last few years we have been nearer to any European country in commerce or in thought than to Mexico, and today we know but little of her history. We have Mr. Bancroft's stupendous monument of co-operative industry, but its completeness appals the ordinary reader. Miss Hale's story of the American "Dark Continent"<sup>1</sup> is therefore timely. It presents in compact form the events of Mexican history from the early traditional period to the present time, and there is even a forecast of the future.

The author labors under the disadvantage of not being a specialist in Mexican history; the subject is too new, it has been studied too little from the modern standpoint, for any generalizations to be found in books. The author must make her own generalizations, and must discover for herself the significance of events. In this particular Miss Hale's work is most unsatisfactory. She has repeated the traditions of early days, without profiting by the later discoveries which have almost entirely discredited them. That she has failed to trace the thread of development through the various phases of the story is less to be wondered at, because of the frequent lapses into anarchy. But, with its defects, the book is probably the best in its particular field.

<sup>1</sup> The Story of Mexico. By Susan Hale. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. 1889: For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

"The Story of Holland"<sup>2</sup> exhibits all the author's usual excellences of treatment, and all his usual defects. It lacks that breadth of grasp which brings out with true perspective the life of the nation. The development of the nation as a nation is not kept in view with sufficient clearness. The facts of each reign are stated with sufficient fullness, but they are from the point of view of the monarch, not that of the people. True, the early history is a history of dynasties, and the personal quarrels of kings and queens are what we see upon the surface. But modern history is a history of peoples, and the early history is useful to us when it digs beneath the surface, and shows us the budding nationality, the forces that advanced or retarded its growth. With regard to one set of facts, this defect does not exist, and it is fortunate that this set of facts forms a large part of the life of Holland. The economic development is set forth with a completeness limited only by the scope of the book. If the political and social development had been treated in the same manner as the economic development, Professor Rogers would have left little to be desired.

### The Story of the City of Washington.

*The Story of the City of Washington*<sup>2</sup> is a book that can be recommended to all classes of readers. There is but little that is new in the story; it is a narrative familiar to all, but one that will bear

<sup>1</sup> The Story of Holland. By James E. Thorold Rogers. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

<sup>2</sup> Story of the City of Washington. By Charles Burr Todd. Geo. P. Putnam's Sons: New York: 1889. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

repeating. The story proper begins with the causes leading to the establishment of a national capital that should be independent of any State, while belonging to all. From this beginning the development of the capital is traced, through its early vicissitudes and its later expansion, until it has reached a development of which Americans may well be proud.

The book is divided into two parts, the first of which gives the history of the city, the second a description of the buildings and social institutions. Naturally the historical portion of the work touches the history of the country at various points, and it is curious to observe how closely the fortunes of the city follow those of the republic. The uncertainty of the early days of the century, when the United States was struggling for recognition among the nations of the world, is reflected in the chaotic mingling of wilderness and city that greeted the officers of government when they took up their residence there. The burning of the public buildings, the early struggles over nullification and slavery, the dark days of the civil war, are episodes that mark the life of the nation no more than of the city. The story is interestingly told, and the isolation of these turning points in our history will serve to emphasize to younger readers the progress and development that we have obtained.

#### Briefer Notice.

Believing that French pronunciation can only be acquired from the lips of an educated native, Messrs. Lambert and Sardou give us space in their manual<sup>1</sup> to rules for pronouncing words, but devote many pages to an excellent series of practical exercises for familiarizing the learner with the blending of words, and the liquid and nasal enunciations that prove

<sup>1</sup> All the French Verbs at a Glance, and Manual of French Sounds. By Etienne Lambert and Alfred Sardou. New York: Albert Mason. 1874. For sale in San Francisco by John Smith.

such ready stumbling-blocks to beginners. Even more valuable are the tables of regular and irregular verbs, which present in concise form all the changes to which verbs are subject, and are extremely handy for reference. — The usual supply of pretty cards for Easter comes from the Prang Company of Boston. To be sure, there are not many new subjects or even new modes of treatment that can be made appropriate to the season, and the ideas must of necessity grow more and more hackneyed as the years go by. And yet the world does not grow weary of the great festival itself, nor of the great idea it represents, and neither will it find fault with the card makers that the old, simple, and beautiful symbols and sentiments are repeated again and again, as long as they are as varied and dainty as those made by Prang. They issue with the cards several carols in booklets, "novelties," and a book containing half a dozen child songs,—an Easter carol, a Christmas carol, a New Year song, a birthday song, and a valentine song,—with music from good composers (although adapted in some cases). The pages are printed in brown tint, and charmingly decorated with appropriate child and flower drawings,—tall lilies in the Easter carol, mistletoe in the Christmas one, and so on; a pretty gift or possession. — The beautiful author's edition of Whittier's poetic works issued last winter and noted here, is now reinforced by three volumes containing the prose works.<sup>2</sup> Whittier's prose is not well known, but it has a value and a quiet grace of its own, and deserves to be read. The first volume contains "Margaret Smith's Journal" and "Tales and Sketches"; the second, "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches, Personal Sketches and Tributes, Historical Papers"; the third, "The Conflict with Slavery, Politics and Reform, The Inner Life, Criticism."

<sup>2</sup> Whittier's Prose Works, volumes I, II, III. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. For sale in San Francisco by The J. Dewing Co.



# THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

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## THE YUMA INDIANS.



WHILE the habits, customs, and superstitions of the majority of Indian tribes are worthy of study, there are none more interesting than those of the Yumas, who radically differ in many respects from all the others.

When searching information concerning their history the writer has met with many annoying obstacles. Beyond the time of the late well known chieftain Pasqual, but little can be learned from the Indians themselves, owing to their repugnance to speak of the past. They are far more practical than imaginative. They care little for what has occurred, —neither do they anticipate the future. Their thoughts are occupied with the present, and that for them is sufficient. Their past is vague and unsatisfactory, as they have no system of transmitting their legends like the Pimas of Central Arizona, who annually select several of their brightest youths to whom the gray-haired patriarchs recount the deeds and achievements of noted ancestors, that fought and flourished far back in the vistas of time. "What is gone is dead," say the Yumas, "and why disturb the

dead? Death is symbolical of sadness, and that is what we aim to forget."

It is, however, well substantiated that several missions were established upon the Colorado River by Catholic padres between 1686 and 1779, including Fathers Eusebio Francisco, Kino, Jacob Sedelmeyer, Escalente, and others. In January, 1774, Captain Juan Bautista Ainsa of Spain, accompanied by several priests, visited the Yumas, and one of these priests, five years later, founded missions near the site of the present reservation which he named "La Concepcion." The Indians, not appreciating the divine nature of the new doctrines forced upon them, shortly afterwards massacred the priests, soldiers, and civilians, burned the buildings, and thrust the women and children into captivity to suffer the agonies of an existence that was worse than death.

The tribe next came into prominence during the exodus attending the California gold discoveries, when they became notorious through raiding the immigrant trains passing westward by the overland road. Their frequent murders and depredations finally reached a magnitude that necessitated the building in 1851 of Fort Yuma, a military post situated up-

on the west shore of the Colorado, by General (then Major) Heintzleman, which was maintained by the government for many years thereafter. Under him, between 1850 and 1854, several battles were fought with the Yumas, led by the redoubtable Pasqual, who, as a tireless, daring, quick-witted leader, probably excelled the Apache chiefs Mangus, Cochise, and Geronimo. He lacked their opportunities, surrounded as he was by almost impassable wastes, otherwise he would be better placed in the annals of savage warfare than either of them today. From that period to the present the tribe has been at peace with the whites, their few disturbances being confined to raids upon their nearest neighbors, the Cocopahs.

The Yuma country embraces portions of San Diego County, California, and Yuma County, Arizona, and extends sixty miles above and fifteen miles below the Fort. The Mohaves bound them on the north; the Maricopas, Pimas, and Papagoes, on the east and southeast, while their ancient enemies, the Cocopahs of Sonora, Mexico, bound them on the south. Formerly the Yumas considered the Arizona side of the Colorado River their home; but the establishment of a government reserve in 1884, comprising some 54,000 acres, tends to segregate them in San Diego County. Yet they are free to wander where they choose, live where they prefer, and do pretty much as they please; these privileges are seldom abused.

They occupy the lowlands exclusively, and reside within sight of the great river with which they are so closely identified. The climate is semi-tropical, clear, balmy, and dry, and though at times rather warm in summer, is exceedingly pleasant in winter. Their complete exemption from bronchial and pulmonary diseases, so prevalent among the majority of American tribes, is directly attributable to the magnificent conditions that

prevail throughout the year. Large game, such as bear, deer, and antelope, is scarce, but the smaller animals and birds are abundant. Seldom are excursions made to distant points, for they are in no sense migratory, preferring to inhabit their own section at all times. Perhaps the long continued hostility of the Cocopahs and Maricopas has much to do with their disinclination in this respect, but they have so thoroughly adapted themselves to their surroundings, finding within its limits material for most of their needs, that they would be discontented anywhere else.

As portions of the reservation are thickly wooded, fuel and building supplies are easily obtained. Much is sold to the whites at reasonable prices, and the money expended for calico and other necessities.

Fort Yuma, the reservation headquarters, is built upon the California side of the Colorado River, directly opposite the town of Yuma, Arizona, and about 180 miles from the head of the Gulf of California. It is situated upon a hill overlooking the confluence of the Gila and Colorado rivers, and comprises a number of commodious buildings arranged to form a quadrangle. Although several of the houses are falling into decay through disuse, the larger are kept in perfect repair, being devoted to government schools, dining rooms, and dormitories for such of the Indian children as choose to attend. Aside from the food, clothing, and education furnished these little ones, the Yumas receive no aid from the United States.<sup>1</sup>

The view from this point is very beautiful, and extends for miles in every direction, until shut out by a girdle of barren mountains that gleam cruel and gray in the distance. The graceful Colorado, with its rapid muddy waters restlessly pushing onward to the ocean, carries

<sup>1</sup> Since the above was written, the government wisely decided to issue rations to such of the tribe as are too old and infirm to provide for themselves. Such Indians now receive food allowances weekly.



upon its bosom steamers that ply from settlement to settlement, laden with cargoes destined for the expectant frontiersman. A solitary Indian guides his slippery cottonwood raft towards his lonely rancheria hidden among the mesquite trees near the water's edge. In full sight is Yuma City, with its quaint, one-storied adobe structures, wide, sandy streets innocent of pavements, gardens filled with semi-tropical vegetation, and strange commingling of Mexican and Caucasian types, moving leisurely about in the listless manner peculiar to warm climates. To the southeast tower solemnly and majestically the smooth, high walls of the Territorial prison,—a seeming menace to the liberties of those who stroll about its base so unconcernedly; while still beyond, the rippling Gila merges in the grand old stream that passes on its way with increasing volume. The serpent-like curves of the railroad follow the Gila, cross the Colorado by the massive bridge that spans it, and lose themselves in dense masses of undergrowth. To the south and west stretch Mexico's vast plains. The famous Castle Dome, a butte resembling an ancient fortress, looms up distinctly from the north, and the Chimney Peaks rise proudly in the northwest. Groves and thickets of many different shades of green lie east and west, and in these the smoke from scattered Indian villages curls slowly upwards. Indeed the entire scene is one of tranquil beauty, and when once seen will not readily be forgotten.

The Yumas are tall and magnificently proportioned, and in point of physical perfection second, perhaps, to no other American tribe. The paucity of clothing leaves unconcealed the graceful contour of powerfully moulded limbs, and straight, erect forms. Every motion denotes strength, agility, and endurance, while the swelling muscles indicate a development of which they may

well be proud. Their faces, while pleasing, are not handsome, the dark brown complexions, high cheekbones, protruding lips, and broad countenances being relieved only by the keen, bright eyes that light up the otherwise stolid and uncompromising features. The women are generally plump, especially when young, but degenerate with advancing years. They have a happy knack of balancing water ollas and other heavy weights upon the head when walking, which probably endows them with the upright figures and easy carriage that



YUMA BELLE WITH WILLOW BASKET.

form so prominent a characteristic. The hands are small and the fingers have well-shaped nails, but the feet are enlarged and disfigured by tramping barefooted over the heated sand. They have fine and well preserved teeth, and seldom suffer from toothache. A few of the men possess scanty beards and moustaches, but the majority pluck out all hairs from the face.

Some are good workers, and find employment in sundry capacities with the people of Yuma and vicinity. Several of the men earn fair wages as deckhands upon the Colorado River steamers, and



OLD SQUAW CARRYING WOOD FOR SALE IN YUMA.

make their services desirable in the local gardens. A few squaws scrub floors and do plain washing for families, but beyond these accomplishments their knowledge of modern requirements does not greatly extend. The majority, however, while away their time in idle pursuits. The women are not considered so important or useful as the men, and are treated with a rude, if contemptuous, civility. They assist in farming, attend to their household affairs, gather and prepare food, and cut wood. The sterner sex help at these tasks when the spirit moves, generally preferring to hunt, fish, construct houses, and do odds and ends of a like nature.

The names given the women would seem to stamp their supposed inferiority; for some are known as the "Coyote," the "Buzzard," the "Frog," the "Owl," etc. In exceptional cases pretty names are conferred upon the handsome belles, like the "Corn Tassel," or the "Flowering Tree."

They are great mimics and imitators, are good-natured, incessant laughers, and as careless, happy, and lighthearted as little children. While honest through fear of punishment that awaits them at

the hands of the chief, they drive sharp bargains and are shrewd traders. As these people are naturally dignified and very sensitive, they must always be treated with strict fairness and courtesy. They are finished beggars, but confine their requests to donations of old clothes and food. They seldom show excitement or interest in anything that they cannot understand, their faces remaining blank and stupid throughout.

The Yumas are prolific as a race, there being extraordinarily few childless women among them. The families, it is stated, average three or four children each. Despite the impression to the contrary, they do not seem to decrease in numerical strength, but have made good the effects of former wars with the United States troops and Cocopahs, and the visitation of small-pox and other epidemic diseases that have swept many away. An official census taken thirty-five years ago reached 1000 souls, while a count in 1886 indicated 1137; and another in 1888 shows 1126 members. With a few years' exemption from infectious diseases the tribe will show a marked increase. Idiocy and physical deformities from birth are very rare. Unfortunately, however, many are afflicted with hereditary ailments contracted from the whites in early days. In Lower California, Mexico, forty miles or more from the reservation, are hot mud springs, which are much frequented by patients of this class, where, it is claimed, complete cures are often effected.

They are all good swimmers, using an overhand stroke, and bathe daily in summer. The children learn to paddle about at very tender ages. Canoes or boats are not made, but rafts of poles are sometimes utilized.

Until quite recently the men paid little attention to clothing, but limited their wardrobes to narrow strips of bright-colored cloth passed between the legs and under a string tied around the



waist, the ends dangling at random before and behind. Owing to the protests of the authorities of Yuma City and the efforts of the government officials at the Fort, they have, like the women, been induced to wear clothing more nearly approaching civilized ideas. At present many dress in jean overalls and undershirts bought at the stores,—occasionally several of each are worn at the same time, with the dirtiest nearest the skin. Queer combinations are often encountered, such as the donning of a



BUCK WITH BOW AND ARROWS.

breech-cloth and a discarded stove-pipe hat, a pair of pantaloons without further accessories, or a solitary undershirt. Shoes and hats are seldom worn, although rude sandals of hide and cotton handkerchiefs are at rare intervals made to do service in their stead. Bead necklaces and wristlets are popular. The cartilage of the nose is pierced and nose beads inserted. The children of both sexes wear earrings suspended from several holes cut in the ear. The coarse black hair is arranged in long rolls, and treated with the sap or gum of the mes-

quite tree, which is supposed to be a sure preventive of baldness, and infallible in maintaining the shining condition so highly prized by them. If long and glossy, hair has a certain commercial value, and the bucks often buy it from needy companions to add to their own by splicing. Great pride is taken in the possession of the glistening rolls, and their loss entails the deepest mortification. At times the head is thickly plastered with a greasy, reddish mud, called *e-mat-tho-a-thou*, procured by digging in the hillsides, which facilitates the cleaning of the scalp and also the extermination of vermin. Feathers are plucked from the breasts of water-fowls and fastened in the hair, where they flutter with every movement. All are tattooed across the forehead with zig-zag marks, wherein charcoal dust or dark clay is used instead of india ink. Both sexes elaborately paint the face with yellow, crimson, white, black, and green pigments.

Although more modest than the men, the squaws wear costumes of so scanty a nature as to bring a blush to the cheeks of those observing them for the first time. The favorite dress, when in their villages, is a kirtle of two apron-like pieces, each sufficient in length to encircle half the body. These are made of the inner bark of the swamp willow, and fall from the waist to the knees, being held in place by a twisted girdle resembling soft cording. The bark is prepared by cutting into strips of the requisite length, an inch or so in width; and softened by pounding with rocks and working in the hands, making a durable and comfortable garment. Immense bark bustles are worn, upon which the papooses are often carried sitting astride. Otherwise the body is completely nude. When absent from home, calico of startling colors is wrapped around the loins, reaching nearly to the ankles, and another piece of cloth tied about the shoulders falls to the ground.

The hair, worn shorter than the men's, is brushed straight down the back, and is cut in bangs across the forehead on a line with the eyebrows. The chin is tattooed in parallel lines with numerous tiny dots between, the raised surfaces plainly showing the foreign substances inserted beneath the skin. The squaws do not use nose-beads or feathers, but affect all the other ornaments in vogue among the bucks. The eyes are frequently elongated with charcoal, presenting an extremely odd appearance. Some few wear handkerchiefs arranged like a turban, and only the *ah-koy*, or old women, tie sandals to their feet.



YUMA SQUAW AND NATIVE WATER OLLA.



Following his treaty of peace with the government, Pasqual, or *E-ki-ass*, was appointed chief in 1852 by General Heintzleman, despite the violent opposition of several claimants. He had previously acted as the military leader of the warriors in their battles with the troops, but after he had received his commission peace was strictly enforced, and the horrors of savage warfare that had hitherto terrorized the hapless emigrants were at an end.

In 1887, shortly before Pasqual's death, the writer enjoyed several very interesting conversations with him. He was then gray-haired and cadaverous, with withered skin curiously seamed and creased in every direction, particularly upon the sunken cheeks. His small eyes were bright, sparkling, and intelligent; every glance indicated a fiery, strong-willed temperament. Tall, commanding, and erect, except for a slight stooping of the shoulders, with the assistance of a stout cane he carried himself proudly and firmly. His age was unknown, but he must have been far advanced in years, as neither Indians nor Mexicans are living who recollect him as a young man. Indeed, his age was variously estimated as being from eighty to one hundred and five years.

His long administration was more than successful, and he is celebrated for the justice of his sentences, his unwavering impartiality to friend and foe, and his deep concern for the welfare and progress of his people. To him the present system of government is greatly due; for he devoted much thought to improving and formulating its principles, although it is probable that many barbarous practices were moderated by missionaries centuries before. Though strict, imperious, and exacting, in all his actions, he ably discriminated between right and wrong according to his own light, and consequently was universally respected and obeyed. Once after causing the flogging of a Yuma for drunk-

ness, he bitterly said, "I would rather see my people all dead than drunkards!" At another time an Indian burglar was captured in Yuma and consigned to jail. When the officials requested him to take the offender and punish him according to the tribal laws, the disgusted chief disowned the criminal for disgracing the tribe, and sent back word that he would be delighted if they "would throw the d—d thief into the river!"

As a warrior he was brave, cunning, and gifted with immense physical strength, and after the peace treaty with the whites frequently led his warriors against the Cocopahs. In these encounters he was more often victorious than defeated, and so was held in considerable awe by his enemies. In illustration of the swiftness of his action and native diplomacy the following, which happened about nine years ago, may be cited.

A Yuma had been killed by a Cocopah in a private broil. Immediately upon receiving the news, Pasqual summoned his principal men to a council, and as a result a district captain, handsomely dressed and mounted upon the finest horse procurable, was dispatched to Colow, the Cocopah chieftain, to demand that the murderer be turned over to the Yumas for punishment. The requisition was scornfully refused, and Pasqual, with one hundred and fifty picked warriors armed for battle, started southward to enforce his demand, peaceably if possible, by war should it become necessary.

The two chiefs, each surrounded by his constituents, the Cocopahs outnumbering the Yumas in the ratio of three to one, gravely argued the question in long speeches. Finding that he could not gain his point, Pasqual, despite the odds against him, was about to order preparations for a fight, when word was brought him by a runner that three Cocopahs had been waylaid and killed by Yumas near his villages. Without mentioning the fact to his enemy, he instant-

ly withdrew to his own home, and shortly afterwards surprised Colorow with a present of the bodies of the slain Cocopahs, accompanied by a sarcastic message to the effect that they amply balanced the loss of the Yuma.

Pasqual understood ordinary English, but spoke it as seldom as possible. He usually dressed in a heavy blue suit ornamented with brass buttons, which he wore in the warmest summer weather. He possessed great self-reliance, and carried himself with a dignity that betokened a thorough appreciation of his own importance. He adopted Christianity, and was baptized into the Catholic faith about a week before his death.

Scared Eagle (*Spah-got-err*), the present ruler, popularly known by the Mexican name Miguel, became chief by the dying request of his immediate predecessor Pasqual, in May, 1887, because the latter's son would not accept the honor, for the reason that the dignity attending such an exalted position would prevent extensive commercial intercourse, and that he would be able to make more money as a private individual. Miguel, however, managed, with the assistance of his family, to make a living by selling cordwood, bows, arrows, pottery, etc.

He has well earned his distinction, for rising from the ranks to sheriff he became captain of a district, and several years afterwards was elected sub-chief, serving under Pasqual. He is but little over forty years old, is unusually tall and stout, has straight black hair reaching below the waist, and is always neatly dressed in a plain business suit, though he seldom wears a hat or shoes. Rather progressive than otherwise, he plainly lacks the nervous force, energy, and vitality of his famous predecessor, but he appreciates the advantages of the Caucasian over the Indian, and does what he can to elevate his people to that standard. He is not so popular as was Pasqual. He retains many of the ancient

habits and customs, and believes much of the traditions and superstitions of the tribe. Yet he is faithful to the government officials, and forwards their work in many ways. He closely follows the laws adopted by Pasqual, and takes much pride in his rancheria, where visitors always receive a cordial welcome. His dwelling, in plain sight of the fort, is one of the most comfortable on the reservation. He speaks English imperfectly.

The local government is identical with that of the ancient Aztecs in some respects. Indeed it is a question whether the one is not distantly connected with the other.

The *hon-ah-thal*, or head chief, is the principal officer, which position is filled at this writing by Miguel, now serving a second term. The *hon-ah-thal* is elected for one year, but when he is, like Pasqual, a good and popular man, he is re-elected annually thereafter as a matter of form, and thus holds for life should he so desire. But when all is said, he holds only at the pleasure of the tribe and until he gives dissatisfaction. At the annual council of prominent men his administration is either endorsed or condemned and action taken accordingly, for the position is not necessarily transferred or entailed from father to son. All important laws are promulgated by him, either in person or through the sub-chief, but they are not always implicitly obeyed. In such cases the matter is made a subject for discussion by his people at a solemn gathering, where his reasons are weighed and the effects of his decisions settled by arbitration,—otherwise he is forced to concede the point or submit to instant dismissal. While he makes the laws he does not interfere with their execution, but leaves that to his subordinates, deeming such a procedure undignified, excepting in the event of their failure to act. He is the principal arbiter and settles most of the dis-





PASQUAL.

puts, but is free at all times to refer such matters to the judges. Directly after his election he notifies the surrounding tribes, and expresses a desire to continue peaceable relations. They are also informed that should any of their members steal or commit depredations upon the Yumas, punishment will be meted out in accordance with the laws of the latter.

The *qua-pee-tahn-e-noc-ik*, or sub-chief, named *Mat-ah-mor-say* (Dirt), ranks next. He is supposed to confer with his superior upon all important questions, and is in a measure responsible for the doings

of the chief. Should the latter die, he assumes the reins of government until an election occurs. He is adviser to Miguel, keeps him posted upon current events, and casts a deciding vote when the judges disagree. In addition he is empowered to frame minor laws.

The sheriff, known as *zem-mah-dool-qua-oh-kie* (he who grasps invisible ants), acts in a capacity similar to our own sheriff, and is subject to the orders of the chiefs and judges. He usually enforces the sentences upon offenders and takes charge of their persons previous to trial.

*Mah-wet-quo-moh-hahn* (Grizzly Bear) and *O-rie-netch* (Silent Chicken Hawk) are the *ets-quits-kah-nahts* or judiciary, whose deliberations are held in a large shed especially devoted to their uses. When in session they squat upon the ground at one end of the structure, the witnesses and spectators grouping in convenient positions around them.

So far as can be ascertained the trials are limited to murder, theft, and drunkenness, all of which are punished with swiftness and extreme severity. Murder is punished with death by the club, arrow, or gun, at the hands of the sheriff; theft, by flogging with a blacksnake whip, — twelve lashes for the first, fifteen for the second, and twenty-five for the third offense. On conviction the culprit is stripped, and his arms drawn high above the head and fastened to a tree. The sheriff then administers the castigation in the presence of a jeering crowd that congregates to witness the shame of the misdemeanant. Although the long, slender lash winds about the body raising great welts and drawing blood with every stroke, the quivering wretch, if a man, seldom makes an outcry, but bears the awful pain with a stoicism that is touching in its muteness. For each glass of intoxicating liquor drunk the drunkard receives three lashes for the first offense, which is increased for every subsequent dereliction.

A trial is a very simple matter and does not correspond at all with our views, so far, at least, as fairness to the prisoner is concerned. When brought before the chief by the district police the accused is turned over to the judges, who examine the witnesses at their pleasure. He is never suffered to testify in his own behalf, but is sometimes allowed to question his accusers, and upon their evidence alone is his conviction or release determined. Differently from us, the prisoner is considered guilty until proven innocent, and so as a logical consequence his chances to escape punishment are

exceedingly slim, he being unable to show mitigating circumstances through his personal testimony.

The foregoing are the general officials, but the tribe is divided into eight districts, each governed locally by captains elected for the term of ten years, who are responsible to the chief for the good behavior of their bands. Five of these are within or near the reservation limits, and three are located in Yuma County, Arizona, one above and two below Yuma City. The captains are assisted by thirteen police assigned the districts according to population.

There are but four or five medicine-men among the Yumas, and the shrewdest of these act also as priests and narrators of traditions. They are aged men, gifted with a low cunning that frequently assists them out of dangerous predicaments. Physically they are thin and bony with wrinkled skins hanging in folds like parchment. Their snuffy, artful faces are lighted by beady eyes, and the long gray hair is wrapped tightly upon the head and bountifully covered with greasy mud from the Colorado River. Ordinarily their clothing differs but little from their neighbors', but during the harvest and cremation ceremonies they bedeck themselves with bits of cloth, feathers and other trinkets. They claim appointment from the Great Spirit who appears in dreams, and the tribe, accepting their fabrications as true, interposes no objection.

The methods of Fast Boat, as taken from his own description, will serve to illustrate the practices of these individuals. Several years ago a relative became seriously ill with fever. During the ensuing night a prominent mountain of the neighborhood approached in a dream, and told him that the power of locating diseases by the touch would be granted him thereafter. Then bidding him blow upon the patient to cool the fever, the shadowy mountain disappeared. On



obeying the instructions the afflicted man was cured, and Fast Boat was received with all the honors of a successful medicine-man.

The sick, when permitted to eat at all, are allowed the very simplest food. They are compelled to submit to the roughest handling from the medicine-man, who excitedly rolls his patient to and fro in frantic endeavors to discover the point of disease. The relatives, sitting upon their heels around the hut, are ordered to maintain absolute silence, as noise of any kind would break the spell. No medicine is given, but in some instances roots and leaves are chewed and expectorated upon the sufferer. Severe pain is attributed to the presence of sticks, as, for example, when the physician supposes that the heart is affected, he loudly ascribes it to two sticks pushing upwards from the stomach to the heart. Sucking with the lips upon the stomach is resorted to to soften the hard, stick-like substance, for only when this is accomplished will the patient recover. Rapid touches upon the breast draw out the pain in case of pneumonia, and deafness through physical weakness is aided (?) by blowing in the ear. Touching, slapping, expectorating, blowing, and massage, associated at times with monotonous chanting, unearthly howling, and an occasional swaying dance, complete the usual course of treatment. Recovery under such circumstances is very doubtful. The debt in the event of recovery is liquidated with blankets, horses, money, and other possessions, but nothing is forthcoming should the patient die.

But the practioner's bed is not one of roses, for the Yumas have an inexorable law that demands the life of the medicine-man who makes three false predictions in a family or nine in the tribe as to the death or recovery of his clients. Upon passing the limit in either case he is visited by a male relative of one of the patients, who asks why he prophe-

sied incorrectly. If the explanation is not satisfactory he is quietly murdered with a mesquite club, and nothing is said by the remainder of the tribe. Should it happen that his last patient has no relative, a council of the officials is called, after which the medicine-man is led away, never again to appear upon earth.

With this alternative staring them in the face, it is possible that these gentry sometimes take care that death *shall* follow when they so prophesy, for upon the correctness of their prognostications depends not only their influence, but their lives as well.

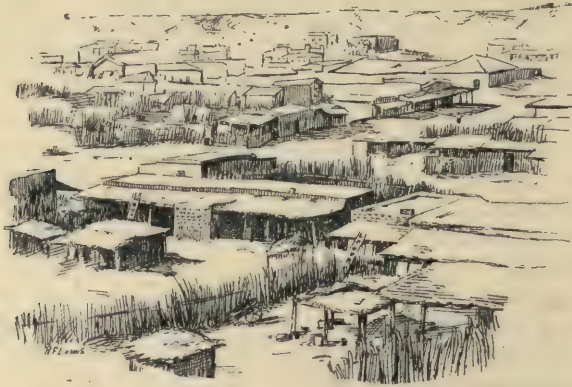
It may be said incidentally that small-pox in 1878 carried away nearly three hundred Yumas, and measles in 1887 sadly depleted the number of their children. These periods proved particularly disastrous to the medicine-men, and the office frequently went begging for occupants.

The tenacity and endurance of the trailers is proverbial. They follow a "sign" with a sagacity unequaled by the bloodhound, and are often employed by the civil officers of the Territory to recover convicts escaped from the penitentiary. The exactness with which every leaf is scanned, every rock and bush examined, and the close scrutiny to which the soil itself is subjected, together with their rapidity of movement and the absolute accuracy of their inferences, is, to say the least, startling. Seldom do they miss the footprints, and then only when rains or violent sandstorms obliterate every trace. They are as skillful in hiding their own tracks as they are in uncovering the indications of others. The procedure on losing a trail is identical with that of a pack of well trained hounds. Starting from the last clearly defined depression, they circle about until it is again found. Then jogging along at an easy gait with eyes fixed upon the ground they do not wa-

ver, despite discouragements of every kind, until the night has fallen or the fugitive is overtaken. They have a wonderful faculty for distinguishing the footprints of a particular horse or person from dozens of others. They carry a few mesquite pods, which constitutes, with an occasional mouthful of water, their only refreshment.

The runners, whose duty it is to carry dispatches from one official to another, are selected from the swiftest and most hardy of the young and middle-aged men, and thus differ from the trailers, who may be of any age, provided they possess the requisite knowledge and experience. Instead of tracking crimi-

gargled, and ejected, but never swallowed. They travel nearly naked, wearing only the scanty breech-cloth, and a cotton handkerchief bound tightly around the head, which serves to keep the rebellious masses of hair in place. It is said that some have made as much as eighty to ninety miles between sunrise and sunset, and the writer personally attests the fact that they cover from sixty to seventy-five miles when circumstances justify extra speed,—no mean performance when it is remembered that they travel under a burning sun, over heated sand and jagged rocks, through scraggy mesquite, thorny catsclaw, and stinging cacti, along arroyos, and over lofty summits.



TOWN OF YUMA, ARIZONA.

nals, necessarily much slower work, they keep their eyes fixed directly ahead away from the ground, and follow as straight a course as practicable. Their speed is also much greater and never slackens from a spirited trot. They do not rest until the objective point is reached, for should they do so even for a short time, stiffness of the joints results, and seriously cripples further efforts. During their trips they neither eat nor drink, although water is taken into the mouth,

It has been explained that the Yumas are segregated into districts. These are further subdivided into villages, which in turn are made up of dwellings. The villages are composed of families and near relatives, who keep together being quite clannish in their domestic arrangements. Owing to the mildness of the climate the dwellings are crudely put together. Nevertheless, when an Indian desires to build, the assistance of friends is solicited and always cheerfully granted.





YUMA HUT.

There are four kinds of houses, each devoted to particular purposes.

The winter house is built upon four or six cottonwood poles partially buried in the earth. The tops are notched, cross-pieces inserted, and the roof and sides neatly filled in with interlaced twigs, brush, and saplings placed upright. Dirt is thrown upon the top and adobe mud sometimes plastered over the sides. The roof is slanted downward towards the rear to carry off rain, and the front is commonly left open without doors or other protection save what is afforded by a tattered blanket. The interior is not divided into rooms. When the weather becomes more than ordinarily chilly a fire is built upon the ground and after raking the ashes away the individuals discard all their clothing and bury themselves in the warm sand, thereby amply protecting themselves from the cold.

The summer house is still more crude, being but a shed to keep off the sun.

As it is customary to ignore the aged and feeble, the parents who are too decrepit to be of use are driven from the homes of their children. They instantly busy themselves in constructing low, conical dwellings of willow saplings stuck into the ground and brought together at the top. The exterior is covered with mesquite branches until fairly tight, and a small semicircular aperture cut through. These rookeries are situated in the midst of palo verde, ironwood, mesquite, and willow groves upon the lowlands near the Colorado, and close to their farms and rancherias. The sites

chosen are often picturesque as well as secluded.

Curious granaries for storing mesquite beans are erected by every industrious family. A platform about six feet square is constructed upon high poles. Upon this a perfectly round shell, varying from three to five feet in diameter and from two to four feet in depth, made of arrow-weeds tightly twisted and interwoven, is fastened, and the top nicely sealed with mud to preserve the contents intact. They are located some distance from the villages towards the base of mountains, where the mesquite is most abundant, and the extraordinary precaution taken is to prevent the depredations of cattle,



AH-KOY, OR OLD WOMAN.

horses, and coyotes, who are as fond of the bean as the Indians themselves.

The homes are infested with multitudes of curs which plainly show the presence of coyote blood. The Indians own few domestic animals and these are confined chiefly to horses and dogs.

The agricultural arts are of the simplest kind. As the rainfall is totally inadequate to the successful cultivation of crops, they are compelled to rely upon the annual inundations of the Colorado River, which, like the Nile, overflows its

banks at stated intervals, usually during May, June, and July. It sometimes happens, as in the present year, that the rise is not sufficient, and when this is the case the harvest is a total failure, and the Yumas are to that extent seriously crippled, and forced to extra exertions to keep from starving. Ditches are rarely "taken out" by them. When it is done the work is subsequently dropped through lack of ambition and necessary knowledge, as few are worth their salt at canal construction when working for themselves, although they do well if personally directed and controlled by the whites, who employ them upon the extensive enterprises of this kind now progressing rapidly along the Gila River in Arizona.

Open spots are selected along the Colorado, so situated as to be liable to the overflows, and to some extent cleared of brush and stubble by burning. After the subsidence of the inundations, holes are dug in the moist earth with sticks to a depth of eight or ten inches. Seeds are thrown on the bottom, and the holes filled to the surface to save and utilize the moisture as long as possible. The irregular plots of land are roughly fenced with brush to keep out straying cattle and horses, and nothing further is done until the products ripen, when they are harvested. No uniformity is practiced in planting in rows. The seeds are deposited where the digging is easiest, and the plants therefore appear everywhere and anywhere in the most curious combinations, and in a manner calculated to bewilder the mind of the average civilized husbandman.

The harvest is practically limited to melons, squash, pumpkins, corn, and beans, about all that the Yumas can raise with their deficient knowledge.

The scrubby mesquite trees (*algaroba glandulosa*) that abound everywhere provide an abundant supply of very acceptable food. The long pods, something like our own string beans in size and

shape, ripen about the end of June, and are either eaten from the tree or are hoarded for the winter. If allowed to hang upon the trees, they dry sufficiently in the sun to be picked and stored without further preparation. The seeds are useless, but the pods contain a juicy,

sugary pulp that is exceedingly nutritious. When ripe and fresh they are pounded in mortars, mixed with water until of the consistency of mush, and greedily eaten. Another way is to dry and crush the pods to powder,



and with the addition of water make a sort of flat unleavened cake, which is cooked over heated stones. It becomes very hard and can be kept for years, and is used by dissolving in water. The screw-bean, another variety of mesquite, is quite as valuable and is similarly prepared.

The seed of the sacaton grass found along the river bottoms is ground, worked into a dough, and then dried in the sun. Corn is boiled, parched, and powdered in *metate* stones and made into mush, or the meal is kneaded and baked as bread and *tortillitas*. Pumpkins and squash are either boiled or dried. Wild berries and certain fruits from the numerous cacti are eaten.

Many fish are caught with hooks or nets in the Colorado, the principal being salmon, carp, suckers, and humpback. They are cooked by roasting over coals, boiling, or envelop-

ing the fish in moist clay and baking in a covered pit heated with hot stones. When finished the clay is broken away taking the skin with it and so prepared the fish is de-





licious. Fish are also dried and stored.

These Indians are inordinately fond of sugar, candy, pies, cakes, and sweetmeats, which are purchased from the whites. Beef entrails and beef heads are eaten. Moles, gophers, chipmunks, woodrats, jack and cottontail rabbits, small birds, quail, wild ducks and geese, and land tortoises, diversify the bill of fare.

The tortoises, by the way, sometimes weigh as much as twenty pounds and closely resemble the diamond-back terrapin of the East, but they differ in being found roaming over heated deserts and miles from water.

Pork is seldom tasted, and chickens and eggs never, although the Indians raise the latter for sale. Milk is much disliked.

Of their two manufactured beverages that called *ak-tsa-oo-yark* is the most important. Wheat grains thoroughly ripened are lightly roasted over charcoal until they turn to a light brown color, after which they are ground into fine powder and dissolved in water. It has a pleasant taste and is much relished. Occasionally, though seldom, it is allowed to ferment before drinking. Dried mesquite beans are also so prepared, save the roasting, and the drink is called *e-yah-oo-yark*. No intoxicating drinks are made. Whisky or the Mexican *mescal*, is very acceptable to them, as it is to all other Indians; but they seldom procure it, owing to the stringent laws against the sale.

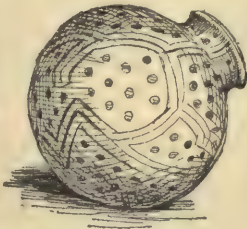


They are woefully deficient in the arts, and are compelled to purchase most of their clothing and other necessities. Prominent among their few industries is the making of pottery, many of the pieces evidencing artistic taste, correct judgment, and unlimited patience in construction and subsequent ornamentation.

Porous clay of a reddish color is obtained near the base of certain mountains several miles from the reserve. After being softened with water, it is made into long ropes an inch thick, by rolling in the hands, when the ends are brought together in a circle. These are placed upon a flat, smooth stone, and gently patted with a wooden paddle until smooth, meanwhile shaping with the fingers, the light hammering equalizing the thickness. The utensil is built up with the addition of roll after roll similarly prepared, the length and di-



ameter of each depending, of course, upon the size and form of the vessel. This completed, the outside is smoothed and glossed by vigorous rubbing with the moistened hand and fingers. Red or yellow paint, made by reducing to powder a soft rock found in the vicinity and treating with water, is applied in intricate but regular designs. When thoroughly dry, firing is accomplished by placing the vessel upon two stones over or near a hot fire of mesquite coals and slowly turning until finished. The color fades appreciably during the operation.



Ollas, water-jugs, bowls, pitchers, cups, and other articles, are made in numerous forms, shapes, and sizes, and some with lines as true and perfect as those of our own manufacture. The curves are graceful and uniform and cannot but excite admiration. Being sufficiently

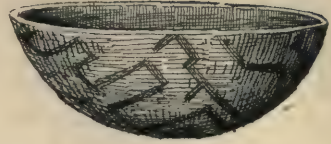
porous to allow the seepage of water, they are splendidly adapted to the heated climate, for the rapid evaporation keeps the contents cool. Consequently these vessels are in demand, and many are sold at fair prices.

Considerable ingenuity is exercised in moulding and baking tiny clay images of men and women, and, though somewhat grotesque, these reflect creditably upon the artistic perceptions of their makers. Natural hair is fastened around the top of the head, hollowed out for the purpose, and they are carefully dressed in exact imitation of the Yumas them-



selves, the fabrics and bark used being identical. Not infrequently groups of figures are made upon a single base, and many are disposed of to passing travelers. The manufacture of pottery is left exclusively to the squaws.

Every article is ornamented by painting in angular designs, often to excellent effect. Curves are seldom drawn, the style being limited generally to straight



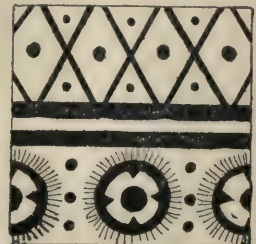
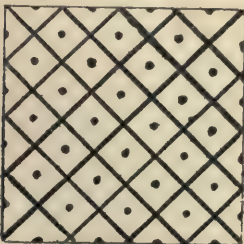
WILLOW BASKET.

or broken lines, angles, and dots, and with each a new and original idea is depicted.

The most useful household inventions are mortars and pestles, or *metates*, with which they grind mesquite beans and corn. Both are made from hard rock, the mortar being grooved to prevent the meal from scattering. The pestle is a heavy, smooth elliptical stone, and exactly fits the groove. At times a tree stump is hollowed, buried in the ground, and serves for a mortar.

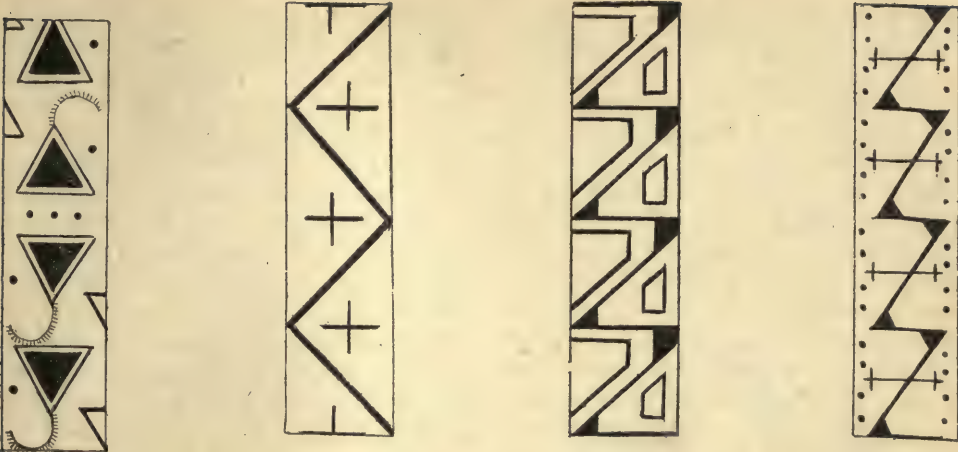
Handsome baskets without handles are made from willow shoots, so deftly constructed as to hold water, and ropes or cords of long native grasses are made.

The weapons of the Yumas are few. Willow or cottonwood bows tightly whipped with sinews and having stout strings of the same material are used. The reed arrows are tipped with triangular points of glass, iron, or flinty stone, chipped to the desired size and poisoned by dipping into putrid flesh. The shafts are feathered in two or three rows. A club resembling a potato masher is made of palo verde or mesquite wood, is grasped close to the head instead of at the end of the handle, and is used by the public executioner as well as by the war-



DESIGNS COPIED FROM POTTERY.





DESIGNS COPIED FROM BOWS.

rrior, each handling the weapons mentioned with expertness. Very few possess firearms. Weaving and working metals are not understood.

The Yumas delight in music of every description, and often sing low, weird, but harmonious songs in concert. Some voices are very sweet, and show a marked improvement with proper training and cultivation, as is seen in the correctness and beauty of the hymns the govern-children. The oddly enough, willingly by day,—perhaps of their games much of their is done after



GLASS  
ARROWHEAD.



FLINT  
ARROWHEAD.



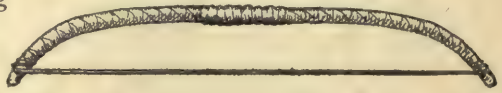
IRON  
ARROW-  
HEAD.



FEATHERED  
ARROW-  
SHAFT.

rendered by ment school older people, sing more night than by because many are played and merry making sunset.

four holes, renders four notes, is operated by blowing through the end instead



of the side, and is manipulated like our piccolo. In the hands of an expert it gives forth a soft purling melody. The young men are addicted to playing it before the wick-ups of their sweethearts, by whom it is duly appreciated. The rattle is a wild gourd, or calabash, partly filled with smooth pebbles, and a wooden handle affixed. It is used to accompany their songs. The women frequently purchase jewsharps, and are skillful in drawing the vilest sounds from the detestable instrument.



WAR-CLUB.



Combination Scoop  
and Rattle.



Gourd  
Rattle.



Reed Flute.  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

They are carried suspended from a long string of beads passed around the neck.

The Yuma year and its subdivisions, excepting a single very awkward error in the counting, is for all practical purposes quite sufficient for their needs. The year (*ma-dan-ga*) is divided into twelve moons of twenty-eight days, thus providing but 336 instead of 365 days. The first three months of the year, each beginning with the new moon, are called the cold moons (*hel-ah-at-zoruk*); the next six are designated by their respective numbers, viz., fourth, fifth, and so on, and the last three are known as the wind moons (*hel-ah-met-hah*). It so happens that their present new year commenced July 15th, throwing, oddly enough, mid-winter into mid-summer. Reckoning must have first begun in December, for the reason that December, January, and February, are the coldest, while September, October, and November, are the stormiest months.

The day comprises eight subdivisions. The first fourteen hours, beginning at 4:30 A. M. and ending at 5:30 P. M., are divided into seven parts of about two hours each. The first (*yah-spak*) is called the rising sun; second, (*en-yah-pilk*), warm sun; third, (*yah-to-org*), noon or high sun; fourth, (*yah-yoosk*), afternoon or declining sun; fifth (*yah-nah-vaug*) designates the interval between afternoon and dusk; sixth, (*yah-el-tah-kah-nah-voc*), night. The remaining ten hours complete the eight subdivisions.

The approximate time of night is guessed from the position of certain three stars of the Great Bear constellation, called *A-man*, and the accuracy with which the time is told is remarkable. The hour of the day is guessed with equal certainty from the position of the sun. The new moon is called the "dead moon," and when full it is known as the "big moon."

The world is considered flat, entirely

surrounded by water, and immovable. The sky revolves like a panorama around the earth once each day, carrying with it the sun, moon, and stars, which are firmly fixed. As the moon is opposite the sun, their successive appearances cause the day and night. The portion of sky that happens to be underneath the earth serves to support it. The idea, in fact, is that the sky is a hollow sphere within which the earth as a plane remains stationary, the former revolving about it. The sky is believed to be a man; the earth is his wife, and water is their child.

The language is soft, guttural, and musical, with a rising or falling inflection and broad accent. The vocabulary probably does not contain fifteen hundred words but many of them express several ideas, the accent and connection determining the meaning. *En-yah*, for instance, means day, sun, or watch, and *a-mi* signifies both sky and up. No regular system is followed in grouping words, for the noun or verb may be placed at the beginning, middle or end of a sentence, according to the speaker's fancy. Person, gender, and number, are indiscriminately mixed. When conversing the meaning is emphasized by gestures which convey nearly as much as do the sentences.

They count to ten thousand in an ingenious manner, as can be seen from the following: *Cen-dig*, *hah-vieg*, *hah-mok*, *tzum-pahp*, *sah-rahp*, *hoh-hogh*, *bah-kiek*, *seep-hogh*, *ahm-hah-mok* (threetimes three), and *sah-hogh*, respectively represent the numerals from 1 to 10. The numbers 11 to 20 are formed by adding 1, 2, 3, etc., to 10, e. g., 11 is *sah-hogh-mi-cen-dig* (ten and one); 12, *sah-hogh-mi-hah-vieg* (ten and two), and so on; 20 is *sah-hogh-ah-hah-vieg* (tentimes two); 21 is *sah-hogh-ah-hah-vieg-mi-cen-dig* (ten times two and one); 30 is *sah-hogh-ah-hah-mok* (ten times three), and thus to 100, which is *sah-hogh-ah-sah-hogh* (ten



times ten); 200 is, *sah-hogh-ah-sah-hogh-ah-hah-vieg* (ten times ten times two), and 202 would consequently be *sah-hogh-ah-sah-hogh-ah-hah-vieg-mi-hah-vieg* (ten times ten times two and two). This device is followed to 1,000 (called *ah-vah-vah-sah-hogh*), and from thence to 10,000. It can be seen that a half hour's study would make any one possessing ordinary intelligence proficient in counting according to the Yuma system.

They have no knowledge of writing, either by signs or hieroglyphics. Many today cannot understand how it is that a bit of paper can convey the thoughts of one white man to another.

Previous to confinement, the Yuma mother constructs a rude couch of leaves and boughs some little distance from her village, where she is attended solely by women. The husband is not allowed to remain in the neighborhood, for if he is present, it is believed that the child cannot be born, and the father will become grievously ill. Child birth is accompanied with comparatively little pain, and is soon completed. During her sickness the mother is denied all food but an occasional drink of their cornmeal mush. In an astonishingly short time she is up and about her household affairs.

Should a squaw die during confinement, the infant is usually burned or buried with her, whether born dead or alive, as it is considered guilty of deliberately causing her death. Sometimes when the woman is suffering severely several months before a birth, the infant is killed by the attendants stamping upon her body. With rare exceptions, and these due to considerable ingenuity and shrewdness on the mother's part in hiding it a half-breed child is buried alive directly after birth.

The father is very proud when a son is born, but he receives the congratulations of his friends with an imperturbability that is most amusing. A daughter, however, is not so welcome,

Children are not named until they begin to talk, when the immediate relatives are notified. Should it say something strange or comical, it is called by a corresponding title. Some Indians have several names, and take this opportunity to get rid of any they may be tired of, by bestowing them upon the child, who is forced to carry them until old



enough to repeat the performance upon another victim.

Seldom do the Yumas punish their little ones by whipping, as a nod or a word is sufficient to insure obedience. A happier, more amiable, or better-natured lot of children would be difficult to find. They are bright, quick, intelligent, honest, and truthful, and under the careful and judicious training of the government teachers are fast learning habits of thrift and economy, which are already sowing golden seeds in the tribe itself.

Great pride is taken in ornamenting the papoose cases. These are narrow boards covered with a bed of soft bark upon which the papooses are tightly swathed in cloth, their hands held firmly to their sides. The top of the case is provided with a semicircular shade of basketwork covered with flannel or buckskin, elaborately garnished with



beads, bells, small coins, bits of glass, or whatever else may strike the maternal fancy. A tiny pillow supports the head, and an additional piece of buckskin is fastened around the outside, tightly held in place with thongs. Uncomfortable though this may be, the infant seldom raises its voice in protest, but accepts the discomforts of the cramped position philosophically. The case is carried under the mother's arm, or the papoose is placed astride her hips or bustle. When otherwise engaged, she stands the case against a tree or hangs it over a limb, where it sways to and fro, rocked by the passing breeze.

When a virgin enters upon the dignities of womanhood she is strictly secluded in her home for four or five days, during which period food is not

eaten. The tribe is notified and gather about the hut, where they employ the time in passing coarse jests, playing on reed pipes, shaking rattles, and feasting, much to the pretended disgust and annoyance of the parents, who bid them begone. The grandmother, if she has one, is charged with her safe-keeping and is held responsible for her utter seclusion.

It is said that the girl is laid upon a couch of boughs, over a number of heated stones, within a dome-shaped hut. Water is then thrown upon the stones and a dense cloud of steam arises, completely enveloping her. After thorough steaming and when perspiring profusely, she is led to the river for a plunge, after which she is considered marriageable. I have, however, obtained no evidence personally that this custom obtains among them at the present date.

The marriage ceremony is one of the most ingenuous among the many observed and generally occurs during the season when the mesquite beans are ripening.

When the choice of a young man has fallen upon a maiden he, feigning timidity, approaches her father, saying very humbly, "Ne-e-ko sen-yah-ak thou-noo yah-vah-oh!" (Father, give me thy daughter for a wife!)

The parent with pretended indignation orders him to depart. As soon thereafter as practicable, the suitor, after previously ascertaining that his sweetheart's parents are comfortably out of the way, gaudily decorates himself with feathers, beads, and paint, visits her, and plumply pops the question with all the airs and graces of which he is capable.

If willing she makes no reply but sits with downcast eyes and modest expression as though in shame, and subsequently arranges to retire some little distance from her village. As soon as he retires she builds a scanty brush shelter, which is unostentatiously occupied



with her by the accepted husband during the following night. This completes the ceremony, and thenceforth they are considered man and wife.

These secret tactics are adopted through fear of the gibes and sarcastic comments of their unmarried associates, who would, if aware of the approaching nuptials, spare no pains to make life, for a time at least, absolutely miserable to the wedded couple; for this, owing to the sensitiveness of the Yumas to ridicule, could easily be accomplished.

In case the maid objects to her wooer's advances, she emphatically refuses them in language so forcible and unmistakable that he instantly withdraws.

Presents are seldom, if ever, tendered the parents, but cloth, beads, and similar articles, are often given to the girl. Very early marriages, although not frequent, occur at times; boys of thirteen and girls of eleven have been known to marry. The children, however, reach maturity much earlier than the whites. Inter-marriage between blood relations is prohibited by the laws of the tribe.

Few Yumas have more than one wife, and those so blessed are esteemed especially fortunate, for the jealousy of the first wife almost invariably interposes an insurmountable barrier. Still, when an Indian desires an additional spouse, the wife and the aspiring rival settle the difficulty by resorting to clubs, fists, finger-nails, and teeth, using these weapons energetically and to good effect. The features of such a battle for such a purpose between two desperate women can be more easily imagined than described. Should the wife prove victorious her antagonist is ignominiously driven from the rancheria with the assistance of the ungallant husband; but in the event of the other woman's winning, she is promptly taken into the family, and her wifely rights are thenceforth never questioned.

Sexual indiscretions are neither punished nor looked upon as particularly

improper. While some Indians object others do not. If a husband discovers that his wife frequents a neighbor's rancheria too often to suit his notions of propriety, he simply bids her to leave him, whereupon she retires to the habitation of the Indian with whom she has associated, or to the village of her parents,—this constituting a divorce. Either of the parties is free to marry again at pleasure.

When a wife desires a divorce she notifies her husband, who never endeavors to interpose obstacles of any kind, through feelings of pride. He rarely complains of the woman's fickleness, for this would bring upon him the contempt and derision of the tribe, but bears the humiliation in dignified silence, and finally wipes away the stain by obtaining another bride to fill the vacant place at his camp-fire. It is optional with the husband to support the children or compel the divorced woman to do so. In any case the children, if of tender years, remain with the mother. Boys, if old enough to decide intelligently, may elect to abide with either parent, but the girls without exception go with the wife. Any reason, however superficial, may be made sufficient cause for such separation. Divorce does not affect the standing of either in the estimation of the community. A woman, despite social irregularities of every description, is considered virtuous until led astray by members of other races or tribes, when she is looked upon as disgraced. She then virtually becomes an outcast, and her presence thereafter is tolerated as a matter of charity, and not of right. For all that, there are many such among them.

The retaliatory doctrine, "an eye for an eye," frequently admits of curious applications. An instance occurring not long since amply illustrates the observance of the principle, as well as the matter of fact methods of the Yumas. Two families, who long lived near each

other in perfect harmony, became seriously entangled in their domestic relations through the father of one of the families becoming enamored of the mother of the other, and managing in the absence of her own husband to alienate her affections. The wronged Indian and squaw, learning of this through their children, retaliated by acting similarly. This state of affairs continuing to the discomfort and annoyance of the remaining members of the families, the injured husband complained to the presiding chief to whom he told the entire story at the same time pointing out the complications that followed. After due consideration the chief ordered the husbands to exchange wives, the children under this ruling to remain with their respective mothers. This accomplished, harmony was again restored. Usually in such cases the children are well cared for by the new father.

Witchcraft undoubtedly finds credence among them, but it is questionable whether they believe in it so implicitly as the Pima Indians. Still when an individual is accused his chances to escape death are very small. When misfortunes come upon a family, such as disease, loss of property, or sudden death, it is taken for granted that some evil-minded person has deliberately bewitched them. Without the slightest warning of his impending fate, the unsuspecting person upon whom suspicion falls is quietly accused, tried, and convicted, by a secret council convened for that purpose. Subsequently, when playing or conversing with his comrades, the chosen executioner armed with a club, noiselessly creeps toward him, and with a couple of well directed blows ends his earthly career.

All the Colorado River tribes cremate their dead. Burial is not practised save when the necessary fuel cannot be procured in the immediate neighborhood.

The corpse is carried to the funeral pile as soon as the breath leaves the body. The ceremony is made deeply solemn and impressive, and the whole tribe is expected to attend, especially if the departed had been a person of consequence. The cremation of Pasqual, last year, differs from all the others only in the number of participants, and may therefore properly serve as a description of the customary usage.

Several days previous to the celebrated chieftain's death, after it became known to a certainty that the end was near, the aged Indians of both sexes selected an open space facing his residence and excavated a V-shaped hole seven feet long, three feet wide, and three feet deep, in which dry poles were arranged along the sides slanting upwards and outwards. Between them a bed of inflammable twigs and brush was heaped to the surface and covered with larger billets of wood built up horizontally for an additional foot or two. Upon this the body, tightly wrapped in a heavy canvas, was laid, and short thick pieces of wood arranged upon it until a total height of seven feet was attained. To the pyre was added the personal effects of the deceased to accompany his spirit wherever it might go.

The tribe meanwhile gathered about him and wailed in concert, keeping up an incessant series of shrieks and cries that were heart-rending in the extreme. The disconsolate and grief-stricken faces were stained with tears; regret and despondency were plainly depicted, and speeches were delivered ending in the moaning refrain, "Pasqual! Pasqual!"

Two splendid horses, gaudily caparisoned in red and blue flannel and waving feathers, were led to deep holes dug near either side of the body. After being killed with axes they were disembowelled, thrown into the graves, and covered with dirt, to insure their carrying the good old chief in his future wanderings.



Several young men, strangely dressed in curious cloaks and cowls of many colors and holding bows and arrows in their hands, stepped forward. Grasping Pasqual's gun, a much prized treasure, by the way, one of them fired it into the air, to notify the Great Spirit that a Yuma had commenced his journey to Paradise. Instantly another applied the match, and tongues of fire darted heavenward, enveloping the remains in a shroud of seething, spluttering flame.

The crowd squatting in a circle around the pyre watching the proceedings with undisguised interest, now seemed moved by uncontrollable excitement. Springing to their feet they separated into two bodies, the men on one side and the women on the other, to allow the passage of the spirit between them. Breaking from the ranks they threw their most valued possessions into the flames. Strips of calico, pottery, weapons, sacks of flour and mesquite beans, playing cards, beads, and trinkets of every description, followed each other in rapid succession. Several men and women denuded themselves of their clothing piece by piece until they stood naked to the breech-cloth. A daughter of the dead man, carrying a child in her arms, walked around the fire, and holding a bundle of arrow-weeds to the blaze, touched the infant's cheeks, to prevent the deceased from haunting it. A tall brave, nearly nude and provided with a sharp knife, cut off more or less hair from the relatives in accordance with the degree of kinsmanship, each softly muttering invocations. The medicine-men, with their hair pulled over their faces, tore a large cotton cloth into small fragments and made another pile of the pieces, which they burned. In fact every individual seemed actuated with entirely different motives, known only to himself.

An increased impetus seemed given the mourners, for their sobs now rose to screams, yells, and shrieks, blending in an indescribable chorus that taxed the

fullest capacity of their lungs. They moved about singly and in squads, each preoccupied with his own sorrow. Whenever the fire burned low it was quickly replenished with fuel. The awful smell of burning human flesh rising to the nostrils did not tend to dissipate the strange and at times disgusting features of the ceremony, which lasted for eighteen hours or more.

After all had been consumed the ashes were raked into the pit and covered in such a manner as to prevent the discovery of the spot unless special search was made. Pasqual's residence and remaining belongings were burned, so that no traces were left behind to remind his subjects of their late ruler, on the principle that reminiscences thus awakened would bring increased regret and sorrow, and so, complete forgetfulness is best. This idea is carried to the extent of moving the villages themselves a short distance from the scene.

As it is believed that the spirit when leaving the body is extremely minute, and requires several days to grow sufficiently to admit of its recognition by the gatekeeper of Paradise, the immediate relatives abstain from food for three days and bathe many times daily.

The indiscriminate destruction of property at cremations is a source of constant poverty. They consider nothing too valuable for sacrificial purposes, which feeling is gratified by purchasing food and clothing from the stores to be ultimately burned. The dead must be provided for though the living starve.

Cop-lah-pahl, the Yuma Paradise, is named from an elaborately ornamented post of great height that marks the boundary between the present and future worlds. One of the medicine-men emphatically declares that he has seen it while conversing across the border lines with friends gone before. It is located south and west of the reserve, and includes portions of Southern California,

Lower California, and Sonora, Mexico.

A man of commanding appearance is stationed near the post, who inquires the name of the dead that seek admission. If satisfied, he directs each to that portion of Cop-lah-pahl where live his former relatives. This region is so extensive that overcrowding is impossible. The lands are covered with grass and vegetation of every kind. Corn, melons, beans, etc., grow prolifically without cultivation. Numerous streams of clear cold water irrigate the fields, pastures, and forests, and the extremities of heat and cold not existing, the temperature is always pleasant and constant. Game and fish are everywhere found, and when weary of singing and dancing, the bucks pass away the time in angling, trapping, and hunting, using the weapons and appliances that had been consigned to the flames at their cremation ceremonies.

Old people on entering this Eden are instantly made young. There are no

quarrels or dissensions, diseases or troubles. Work is unnecessary and death unknown. The women and children appear exactly as when alive. There are no discriminations as to rank; chiefs and other officials are not countenanced, and all Indians are socially equal, although those who had filled official positions on earth are pleasantly recognized. The wicked as well as the good are admitted. Sin is sufficiently punished by death, which levels both classes, making them thenceforth incapable of doing wrong. The personal and family relations and former customs and habits continue unchanged. All live happily forever, undisturbed by the Great Spirit, whose influence for good or evil no longer extends over them. None but Indians are admitted, and each tribe is assigned separate districts. It is not known what becomes of the Caucasian and other races, but their company is neither expected nor desired.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CUSHING'S LATE DISCOVERIES.

THE recent discoveries of the Hemenway Southwestern Archæological Expedition in southwestern Arizona mark an era of original research in the American historical field. On the broad plain formed at the confluence of the Gila and Salt rivers, only forty miles from the city of Phoenix, Arizona, have been found indications of a probably pre-Columbian people belonging to the stone age of civilization. The evidences are overwhelming, and prove that this region, until lately wholly, and even now partially, an unreclaimed desert, was once a densely populated country, intersected with numerous canals and provided with huge storage reservoirs, whereby the land was

made fertile and productive. These people correspond to the Pueblo Indians found now in various portions of New Mexico, Arizona, and Colorado, but were of a higher type of communal development, and were divided into classes or castes, chief of which was the sacerdotal.

Modern eyes are surprised at the magnitude of the work accomplished by them. Huge trees were obtained from distant forests, and large masses of stone such as neither man nor beast could singly handle, were brought from far-off quarries to be used in buildings of enormous size. They were a pastoral race, versed in many arts and surrounded by domestic animals. Who are these peo-



ple, and whence did they come, are questions which it is the part and province of the Hemenway-Cushing expedition to answer, though one thing is certain, namely, that there is an ethnologic past to the Southwestern United States that is likely to yield rich reward to the thoughtful student and investigator.

These discoveries associate themselves with the remains of the mound builders in the Ohio and Mississippi basins, the Aztecs and Toltecs in Mexico, the Mayas in Yucatan, and the Peruvians in South America. Whether there shall or not be found in these ruins some fact that shall prove a Rosetta stone to the American scientist, serving to connect these several civilizations and unlock the secret of the numerous pictographs that are formed on this continent, is a question for the future. The Hemenway-Cushing expedition has been in the field now two years, and the results of its researches in archæological, ethnological, anthropological, and historical lines are becoming manifest. It was equipped by Mrs. Mary Hemenway, a wealthy and generous lady of Boston, and is under the leadership of Frank Hamilton Cushing, whose discoveries in regard to the customs and religion of the Zuni Indians, made while in the service of the government bureau, are recognized as among the most valuable of recent additions to American ethnologic science. Attached to this expedition as associates of Mr. Cushing have been Doctor James L. Wortman of the army medical museum at Washington, who has collected a large number of complete skeletons for comparison with those of other races; Doctor F. C. Ten Kate, an anthropologist; Adolph F. Bandelier, an ethnologist and historian, whose specialty is Spanish American and Indian American history; and Charles A. Garlick, formerly connected with the geographical survey.

The site of their investigations is on the sloping plain between the two prin-

cipal rivers in southwestern Arizona, the Gila and Salt, whose combined current finds vent in the Colorado River, through the channel of the larger. Upon this plain, forty-five miles across and covered with a vegetation chiefly of sagebrush, mesquite, and greasewood, have been found a number of half buried cities, the surface indications of which are a series of truncated mounds twenty to twenty-five feet high, and surrounded with broken fragments of pottery. To these cities such suggestive Spanish titles as Los Muertos, Las Acequias, Los Hornos, and Las Guauacas have been given, the first of which covers an aggregate area of over two square miles and must have been inhabited by not less than seventeen thousand people.

Characteristic of these towns and the outlying country are the intersecting canals, a cross section of which shows them to have been terraced. The largest had a central ditch four or five feet in width, broadening above to twenty-five feet; was thirty-eight miles long; and terminated in a closed reservoir a mile in length by half a mile in width. The construction of such works at the present day would be no mean engineering enterprise, while the vastness of the undertaking, with stone implements and wicker baskets only, is astonishing. Under these circumstances water became a precious commodity and economy in its use was necessary. To render the clay bed of the canal impervious to seepage, it was first puddled and then by means of burning brush and wood baked to a terra cotta consistency. The system of canals is sufficient to have rendered this whole extensive valley fertile. Mr. Cushing believes they were also used for navigation, and bases his opinion on the fact that large pine timbers, which could not have been obtained short of seventy miles away, were used in the buildings. He therefore concludes that these timbers as well as stones of considerable size were floated down the riv-

ers and through the canals on rafts of tule, the existence of which is suggested by certain reed-like remains. These waterways can be traced by means of small black pebbles placed along the inner banks by the inhabitants, as the Zuñis do now, in the vain belief that they assist the motion of the currents,—which belief is due to a mistaken idea of cause and effect suggested by the sight of stones rolling in running brooks.

The towns extended along the sides of the main canal to a great length in proportion to their width, and were situated on the outer edge of the cultivated track, which included all the intervening land to the river. Mr. Cushing considers them to be distinctive in the fact that they recur in groups of sixes or sevens, as do those of the Zuñis; that they consist of enormous central citadel or temple buildings within clusters of dwellings in walled inclosures, which in turn are surrounded by the thatched huts of the laborers; also in the use of stone and sun-dried bricks as material, and in the fact that the main earthen walls are formed within a framework of timber and wattled cane, characterizing their architecture as derived like their pottery from original basket types.

The houses appear rather to have been large communal blocks, three hundred to four hundred feet long by two hundred feet wide, possibly larger, built three to four stories high of adobe bricks without admixture of straw. They were located on the borders of the canal or its branches, were sometimes provided with a special reservoir, and in all cases had one or more pits or ovens for cooking purposes. The walls were probably protected from climatic influences by a cement of some kind.

The citadel structures are presumed from the thickness of the walls and the amount of debris to have been six or seven stories high, and used in times of war as a place of refuge. In each city was also another large public edifice,

oval in form, forty to fifty feet in diameter, and conjectured to have been a temple of the sun.

Each group of towns was inhabited contemporaneously, but a succession of earthquakes, or other unfavorable natural phenomena that could not be made amenable to the petitions and sacrifices of the priests and people, would lead to wholesale migrations, in which the houses and all they contained were deserted without seeming preparation. From the posture in which skeletons are found, from the fact that the walls of the buildings opened outward in falling and that household utensils are discovered undisturbed, it is supposed that an earthquake led to the abandonment of the towns the ruins of which the Hemenway expedition have been examining.

It is in the ruins of these various huts, houses, and temples, that the relics of these people are found; while the differences in structure suggest sociological distinctions corresponding to those of our Pueblo races now. This correspondence is very striking when compared with the tribal divisions of the Zuñi Indians, which fact, with others, has led Mr. Cushing to believe he is excavating the ruined habitations of the lineal ancestors of the present Zuñis.

The collections made by the Hemenway expedition include pottery, stone implements, turquoises and other stones held in esteem, shells and shell ornaments, and human and animal remains. Numerous rock inscriptions, or petroglyphs, have been found on the rocks throughout central Arizona, which correspond to hieroglyphs, but are purely of a religious and mythological significance, showing characteristic attitudes of the people at certain festivals and sacrifices, but disclosing nothing of a narrative or historic order. They give no idea of the ordinary manner of dress, or of the textile fabric employed, but show the priestly gown to have been a long robe, richly embroidered. A few fragments of



cotton cloth have been found preserved from decay by charring, as also several specimens of basketry.

The collection of pottery is valuable, having been obtained chiefly from pyral mounds and graves. As many as four hundred or five hundred urns, many of them beautifully decorated, have been found in a single mound. The designs appear to have been traditional to the race, and are still found in use among Southwestern Indians. Mr. Cushing has demonstrated a favorite theory of his in regard to the origin of pottery, by securing a representative list of specimens showing the various stages in its evolution from original types of basketry.

The stone axes and other implements are distinguished by their nicety of detail and finish and by their unusual number. The work done with these crude instruments for labor reflects much credit upon the ingenuity of the race.

Numerous articles of personal adornment indicate that the people were entering that transition period which borders the metallic and stone ages. Most of these articles are shells, identified as coming from the Gulf of California, with which communication was evidently had. Some are of metals. Skillfully inlaid articles were made by first coating the shell with a black cement obtained from the gum deposited by insects on the greasewood twigs, and then imbedding mosaic fragments of turquoise and shells in the matrix thus formed. After the surface had been rubbed down smooth it made an ornament of considerable merit. From the gum here used was also made a lacquering preparation of value in preserving the color of baskets, the samples of which are peculiar in being the only examples of aboriginal lacquer work found in America.

Representations are found in the petroglyphs and in terra cotta images of what seems to have been a domesticated animal employed as a beast of burden, and similar in size and form to the South

American llama. Early Spanish writers speak of the existence of woolen cloth among Pueblo Indians, and as nothing has been disclosed indicating contact with the whites, it is presumed that these people had domesticated the llama. If so, it establishes a remarkable connection between these autochthonous Arizonians and the Peruvians, and either proves that these people were of a great antiquity or else there existed an animal of the llama species in North America much later than is generally supposed. The other domestic animals of which there is evidence are the rabbit, the turkey, and the dog.

From an anthropological point of view these discoveries are especially valuable, hundreds of skeletons having been secured. The people were small in stature, and their skulls brachy-cephalous, or broader across than lengthwise, as are those of the Zuñis, Aztecs, and Peruvians, many of them also having the extra bone in the back part of the head peculiar to the Incas, and so denominated the Inca bone. This fact tends to prove a close relationship subsisting between this race and the civilization south of it.

Religion was the main purpose of life in their community, and each action was vested with a significance of its own, even the location of the public buildings being determined according to certain mythological indications. Well organized esoteric societies existed, whose purpose was the preservation of certain secrets of nature and medicinal methods. They worshiped the sun; had lodgerooms in the *estufa*, or temple, and maintained a certain relation to the "priest of the sun," the spiritual head of the people, who resided therein. There also existed an hereditary priesthood, the line of descent being on the mother's side.

The burial customs are interesting from the light they shed on the social and religious distinctions prevalent at the time. To secure the liberation of the soul after death, the body was burned,

and the ashes enclosed in an urn placed at the foot of the pyral mound. This was not considered necessary in the cases of priests and members of the esoteric societies, who were given a simple burial in graves prepared below the floor of the house. In these graves the body, thickly wrapped in cotton cloths so as to exclude moisture, was placed, and covered with soft adobe, which on drying formed a substantial vault. Adobe sarcophagi, supposed from their extra decorations to contain the remains of persons of exceptional note, have also been found in the upper stories of the citadels. It is inferred from the fact that two bodies are occasionally found together that man and wife were interred side by side. Like all nature worshipers these people endowed each object with its spirit counterpart, and either buried or burned the individual's belongings beside his body that they might accompany him on his spirit journey. Likewise the burial urn was "killed" by slightly cracking or perforating its side in order that the soul might escape.

Mr. Cushing and his associates have established the fact that prehistoric remains similar to those at Los Muertos are common throughout the Salt and Gila river basins and extend into Mexico, which leads to the conclusion that this whole region was once inhabited by a peaceful and thrifty people. Estimates based on the present population of the Pima Indians approximate this former population to 200,000, proof of which lies in the magnitude of the irrigation work and the amplitude of the tract of land brought under cultivation. A less population would have confined themselves closer to the river borders and would not have excavated such long canals. Such habitation also presupposes a considerable antiquity, and it is the opinion of the members of the expedition that these ruins are pre-Columbian and probably a thousand years old.

Nothing has been found to suggest

contact with Europeans, while the records of early Spanish explorers speak of Casa Grande, a ruin still standing twenty or twenty-five miles from Los Muertos, as being in ruins then. If this three-story structure, which Mr. Cushing identifies as a central citadel similar to those he is now examining, was a crumbling edifice in 1540 and is still standing, these latter structures now practically leveled to the ground must certainly have disappeared long prior to that time.

The race was predominantly an agricultural one, and possessed systematic methods for the cultivation of corn, cotton, and tobacco. Fragments of cotton and charred corncobs have been dug up and tobacco found in the sacred cigarettes. The civilization was that of the stone age; more definitely called the neolithic age, the distinctive features of which are the use of polished stone implements as distinguished from chipped ones, and the beginning of the use of metals. A few samples that have been discovered indicate that this race had a crude knowledge of the smelting of ores and their subsequent treatment with stone hammers or terra cotta blowpipes. The metals were worked into articles of personal ornament but not into implements of use.

Exchanges were carried on by a system of barter only, but the nicety of their co-operative customs leads to the conclusion that the people must have intuitively appreciated the advantages of a division of employments. To distribute a large volume of water over a territory many miles in extent so as to divide it equably among different sections and at the same time husband the supply, signifies considerable executive ability, and a people willing to subordinate private interests to the general weal. Their communal and co-operative character is also demonstrated by many other customs. The walled block was a typical clan structure intended for numerous families, with divisions and



shrines for those of each lineage. The large temple was on the contrary a distinctive tribal building.

In the vicinity of each block are found large pits with a vitreous lining, that were used as baking ovens in common by the entire clan. The different fetiches or amulets they held sacred are of concretionary stones of high natural colors and peculiar shape. Individual ones are found in the pyral sacrifices; family ones, in the ruins of dwelling rooms; clan or gentile, in the urban houses; and tribal, in the temples.

In accordance with the conclusion that the Zuñi are the descendants and living representatives of this previous culture, Mr. Cushing denominates it either Shiwian or Toltecan, Shiwian being the tribal name for the Zuñi, and Toltec that of the race previous to the Aztecs. This correspondence suggests that the drift

of American aboriginal civilization was from north to south, and that from this Shiwian culture sprang that of Central America and Peru. It involves also a twofold migration, one to the north giving us the later Pueblo races, and one to the south, which latter may have taken the llama with it.

Now that Congress, through the efforts of Mrs. Hemenway, has recently reserved Casa Grande and the land surrounding it as public property, these late discoveries of the Hemenway-Cushing expedition are freshly brought to notice. What facts they have brought to light regarding the origin of native American races, and regarding the true relation the Aztec, Maya, Peruvian, and Zuñi sustain to each other, but promise others of greater importance as the expedition continues its investigations in the future.

*C. N. Kirkbride.*

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## THE BELLS OF SAN DIEGO.

I hear the bells,—the mission bells  
Of San Diego town,—  
Across the bay the echo swells,  
And over the hills so brown,  
And into the valley and cañons deep,  
When the sun is going down.

I think I hear the friars still,  
The saintly priests of Spain,  
Come down the valley and round the hill,  
From the mission walls again;  
And I hear them chant as they used to chant,  
To the mission bells' refrain.

I see the palm tree's stately head  
Beside the mission wall,  
The bending stream by mountains fed,  
The cañon deep, the waterfall,  
And hill, and palm, and valley fair,  
And God's own mountains watching all.

And San Miguel lifts high his dome  
Far over rock and tree,  
The wild deer and the eagle's home,  
The mountains at his knee,—  
While Loma bathes his rocky breast  
Deep in the western sea.

I see the ships, the Spanish ships,  
Ride in the western bay,  
Where, safe at last from wind and gale,  
The pride of sea kings lay.  
And the friars see them, and think of home,  
As they cross themselves and pray.

And far along the valley's sweep  
I hear the vesper chime,  
And out of cañons dark and deep  
Comes back the mystic rhyme.  
And not a soul but prayeth there  
For it is a holy time.

Gone are the halls where long ago  
There dwelt that brotherhood,  
And bare brown walls and arches low  
Mark where the mission stood,  
And the moping owl makes there his home,  
Where he feedeth his hungry brood.

Miguel still lifts his lofty head  
Above the mountains gray,  
And Loma Point still makes his bed  
Far out in the western bay,  
But the times are changed, and the days are dead,  
And the friars—where are they?

Changed, changed is all save yonder sea,  
And yonder mountains brown,  
The breakers' deep-toned symphony  
When the tide is going down,  
And the voices of the mission bells  
By San Diego town.

*S. H. M. Byers.*





### LOVE'S LIBERTY.

#### A SONG.

I BADE my restive archer  
 In liberty to dwell,  
 To roam the distant meadows,  
 Or seek the fairies' dell.  
 To poet, friend, or lover,  
 To any winning smile,  
 I bade him go discover  
 Some passion to beguile.

He took his freedom gayly,  
 He used his freedom well;  
 And he's coming, coming, coming,  
 He's coming home to dwell.

I would not have sweet Cupid  
 In band and bondage stay,—  
 What life so bright and joyous  
 As seeking love away?  
 In frosty winds of winter  
 'Mid balmy sighs of June,  
 To wake the sleeping muses  
 And put life's joys in tune!

He found them all delusive  
 Each fair and fancied spell;  
 So he's coming, coming, coming,  
 He's coming home to dwell.

Old love seemed dull and prosy,  
New love seemed wildly sweet:  
And so my heart went singing,  
Its coming king to greet.  
The king in rags and tatters,  
Fell down before my eyes,  
And all the passion faded  
To grief and sad surprise.

My heart grew faint and weary  
Its purest joy to tell;  
So 't is coming, coming, coming,  
'T is coming home to dwell.

If any love is needful  
To make life sweet to you,  
Turn not in restive fancy  
From those most tried and true.  
Home is my rest and heaven,  
And duty is my star,  
And Cupid flies wing-weary,  
To where the old loves are.

He took his freedom gayly,  
He learned his lesson well,  
So he's coming, coming, coming,  
He's coming home to dwell.

*Lillian M. Shuey.*





## HOW JONES CAME TO JOIN THE CHURCH.

THE French have a proverb, *C'est toujours l'imprévu qui arrive*,—"T is always the unforeseen that happens,—which in all countries is more honored in the observance than in the breach.

Had any one, for instance, told Jones of Mendocino, on that bright August-morning, when in company with his young wife he left the city to attend camp meeting at — Grove, that he — an ultra liberal thinker in religious matters — would before a week passed over his head become a shouting Methodist, he would have been, to say the least, very much astonished.

The "*imprévu*" happened, nevertheless, and in his case without that moral cataclysm and those nervo-psychical convulsions that generally precede and accompany that strange mental and physical condition known in Methodist parlance as "experiencing conviction."

The unforeseen manifested itself in strict accordance with that other proverb, fully as true as the first, of which our Mexican neighbors are so fond, *La gente pone, y Dios dispone*; for Jones became a Methodist in spite of himself, and was gathered into the fold by the force of circumstances over which he had no control.

Although already a Benedict of some years' standing at the time of his pseudo-theological transformation, and the happy and proud father of two bright young boys and a little baby girl, he was still reading that oldest of the world's old stories, — love, the dearest theme of all, — and his wife, sweet Katie Jones, had remained so far the apple of his eye and the light of his home.

In direct opposition to the accepted idea of mothers-in-law, her mother came next in order to his wife and children in the roster of his affections; and it

must be recorded that she fully deserved the place assigned her by Jones among the hostages he had given to fortune. Always dressed in sober black or gray, with a small white muslin or lace cap resting lightly and a little coquettishly on the top of her snow-white hair, she bore a striking resemblance to some of the portraits of Martha Washington. With a calm, constant cheerfulness ever resting upon her handsome face, which no frown ever marred, she was the sweetest and dearest old lady that ever lived, and as bright and pleasant as the day was long.

Originally a strict old-time Methodist, length of days had taught her the lesson of softening the wind to the shorn lambs of her little flock, by tempering the austere piety of her sect with the love of the good and of the beautiful in all things. Her simple faith in an omnipotent guiding hand was sublime. Time and again, as Jones had come home with corrugated brows from his office to the family hearth, oppressed and almost borne down with the frowns of outrageous fortune in the every day struggle of life, the gentle, calmly believing gray eyes had looked consolingly into his brown ones, and the dear lips had repeated in strong, abiding faith the verdict of the sweet singer of Israel: "I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

The dear old lady had a secret sorrow, however. Something was wanting to crown the blessings she already enjoyed in her children and grandchildren. At the old-time love feasts of her church she was the only one of the family who partook of the bread and water of Christian brotherhood; for although the Joneses attended the church regularly on Sun-

day, they had not joined it, and might never do so.

The spirit of the Wesleys was decidedly weak in Kate, despite her general uprightness; and her love for her mother, great as it was, had not been sufficient to enable her to do violence to her feelings by professing religious convictions of which she might not be fully and thoroughly possessed. The end might justify the means, but she was above even a pious fraud. As for Jones, free-thinker as he claimed to be, all religions and denominations were pretty much alike to him. He was an honest, upright man, absolutely without religious beliefs, and his attendance at the Methodist chapel was simply perfunctory, as escort to Kate and her mother.

But the strong, simple faith on which she leaned supported her in this as in all things. The Lord would provide in his own good time, and all would be well. But,—with a gentle sigh and a whispered prayer for greater faith and greater patience,—it was a long time a-coming, and her remaining days upon earth could not but be few at nearly four-score.

One summer-tide it so happened that Kate, emerging safely from the shadows of what had been a dangerous sickness, found herself convalescing slowly, and the family Esculapius advised a change of air and surroundings,—a recommendation strongly supported by all the rest of the family, and finally carried unanimously.

An important part of the question still remaining to be decided, however, was where to go; for additional expenses were involved and must be considered, and that created some discussion. The merits and demerits of Santa Monica and San Luis Obispo were duly and impartially pitted one against the other. Del Monte and other caravansaries of its kind were rather expensive for all the family. The Yosemite and the Geysers were somewhat overdone at this season of the year; and finally, after much deliberation,

the pros and cons of each and all were about as far off one from the other as when the debate began; when dear old Grandma, bringing up the rear with her usual good tact, settled the question by propounding another:

“Children, why not go to camp meeting, and enjoy the pure air and the fine singing and preaching, away from dust and crowds? Under the circumstances of my having to be there the additional expense will be merely nominal.”

To tell the truth, Jones cared very little about the singing or the preaching, but the probable outlay would not endanger the credit of his exchequer, and with his support Grandma's proposition was carried unanimously, amid the vociferous cheering of Wirt and Alger, who had been to camp meeting before and knew a good thing when they saw it. Even baby Ethel, who had but lately made her appearance upon this sphere from the rosy clouds above, kicked up her chubby little bare heels into the air out of her crib, and with a coo of glad anticipation opened her darling little fists, and crooking up into claws the small white fingers, made an approbative grab at Grandma's lace cap, which the old lady only parried in time to save herself a handful of hair by coming to a guard with both arms extended, and making a *ripôte* grab that landed the curly-headed little mischief plumb into her lap, where she half smothered it with kisses.

And so to camp meeting they went,—Grandma and the boys with the tents and camping impedimenta a few days in advance of the others, so as to have everything in apple-pie order on the arrival of papa, mamma and baby among the tenters. And was n't it fun for the boys, when the tents were up and the chickens penned up in a cage constructed *secundum artem* by Wirt, according to the rules of modern fortification as laid down in an old West Point text book, smuggled into camp for that and other purposes among the Bibles and



hymn books? As for the tents and their approaches and defenses, McClellan's peninsular advance with picks and shovels in the van on Magruder's lines at old Yorktown was child's play compared to them. What between moats and drawbridges, angles, bastions, and lunettes, and the Lord knows what else, poor Grandma went round and round, half the time on all fours, trying to find a door to get into the store tent, in quest of supplies for their daily meals. And when she did find one amid the labyrinthine maze of scarp and counterscarp, it was only to come upon Alger standing sentry over it with a broomstick on his shoulder, who would not let her in without the countersign, which of course she had forgotten and could not recall. And as if one was not enough to initiate her into the warlike mysteries of Vauban and Noizé fronts, Wirt would be seen coming to re-enforce on the double, as in duty bound, according to the book, dragging behind him with one hand a piece of light artillery in the shape of a fire-log on wooden wheels, like Beauregard at Corinth, and pulling out of his pocket with the other a torn, soiled handkerchief, in order to blindfold his ancestor, and prevent her from giving valuable intelligence to the enemy supposed to be on the alert all around with the direst intent.

Ah, me! how they did enjoy boyhood's happy hours under the greenwood trees, without a thought of after days at Harvard and Cornell. And ah, me! what a time Grandma had of it all, despite the pleased smile upon the handsome, gentle face, and how glad she must have been when papa and mamma arrived to relieve her of the worry and anxiety of constantly watching over their progeny and keeping them from turning the camp upside down!

To Jones, jaded and half worn out with business drudgery in the city, this outing under the greenwood trees was simply delicious.

The camp was laid out in a circular shape, with streets of snow-white tents radiating from a square in the center, at one end of which arose the preaching stand, with the mourners' bench, suggestively littered with straw, beneath it, facing long rows of wooden seats fronting it on both sides of a central aisle. Through gaps opening here and there in the landscape among the pines, madroños, and manzanita shrubbery, came on one side glimpses of the far-off Sierras, with their half wooded, half barren masses rising in unequal tiers one above the other, until their snow-capped summits kissed the cloudshovering about them; while nearer, bounding the horizon on the other, the faint blue line of the Pacific was distinctly seen, as it rose in that long, even, majestic swell that no other ocean has. The general effect, particularly on calm moonlit nights, was beautiful and soothing to the unstrung nerves of the overworked business man; and the human accessories, in the shape of religious exercises, preaching, and singing,—the singing especially,—were on a par with nature's efforts to lend enchantment to the scene. He had completed his education, in the days of his earlier youth, by extensive travels at home and abroad. Among many other things he was familiar with the grand religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church the world over, and in Rome he had listened, half entranced, to the solemn notes of the *Stabat Mater*, as they rose heavenwards upon clouds of incense under the majestic dome of Peter the apostle. But sitting here at night under some forest giant, with Kate's hand clasped in his own, listening musingly to the melodious numbers of the "Sweet By-and-by," or "Abide with Me," rising above the trees until they lost themselves in gradually lessening cadences in the dark, deep blue of the Californian sky, studded all over with the sparkling gems of night, he felt somehow much nearer to his Creator than he ever did before. Was

it the commingling of the pure, fresh young male and female voices with the tremulous accents of the wise by years, as they rose in unison and joined above in songs of thankfulness and praise, that formed the *trait-d'union* — the connecting bond — and lessened the distance that had seemed so great, so infinite, before?

Leaving out the Homeric epithets and aggressive exhortation still used by some of the old war-horses among the preachers, (several of whom had already somewhat dazed his wits by propounding to him the momentous question of what he intended to do to be saved; a query that reminded him of the logical conundrum given him to solve in his youthful days: Given a minnow swallowed by a codfish and the codfish swallowed by a whale, what became of the poor little minnow?) there was something grand in this simple worship among the woods, in this patriarchal, brotherly communing with one another under the stars, which dovetailed with his notions of what such things should be.

Though he certainly had not the least idea of ever becoming a convert to the sect his mother-in-law loved so well, he rather liked many of the sermons he had listened to during the exercises. The passionate earnestness of the speakers, the no less earnest attention and fervor of their audiences, could not but impress the observing mind trained in tracing the relation between cause and effect. Surely, in those dim days of a far-off past, the great Teacher of mankind must have spoken and been listened to in just such way, when he gave his Sermon on the Mount to bless forever a kindred humanity.

Many of the teachers were well acquainted with the Joneses, and Kate's mother was looked up to and revered by all. Her lifelong connection with the Church, of which she was a shining light; her well ordered charity — according to

her limited means — to all the deserving poor, irrespective of their religious beliefs; and her tireless attendance upon the sick and wounded soldiers lying in government hospitals during the Civil War, had endeared her to all who knew her, far and near.

Her co-sectarians loved to repeat to all comers the salient episodes of her long career. How one Sunday morning — a grand gala day — happening to attend service in the most fashionable temple of her persuasion in the city of Washington, of which a noted soldier, then Chief Magistrate, was a member, a proposition was made to elect him a life-manager of the Methodist Church in the United States. The presiding elder of the district seconded the motion by moving, additionally, that Sister — be elected one likewise, all of which was carried unanimously without debate, much to the amazement and dismay of poor Grandma, who rose upon her feet with fear and trembling to thank the congregation for the honor of being the first woman ever elected to that high position, and to state that the honorary fee of five hundred dollars expected from the recipient was more than she could afford, and that if she had it, her poor needed the money far more than the Church — which, however, made up the amount then and there by spontaneous contributions, and presented it to her with something over for her beloved poor, — whom, according to Scripture, she had always with her.

Under the circumstances the Joneses had many visitors in their tents, — especially from among the leading ministers, who somehow almost always happened to call at or about meal hours, — a fact that probably accounted for the fearful mortality among the ducks, geese, and chickens collected in a sort of happy family in the boys' wonderfully constructed cage, to the great amazement and sorrow of both Wirt and Alger, who thought that the cholera had got in



among them ; although they never could find any of the remains of the dear departed, except in the shape of cleanly picked bones upon the dinner table after meals.

Wonderful had been the change in Kate's health and appearance since her arrival at the grove. The color had come back to her cheeks, her form had become full and rounded once more, and, take her all in all, Jones thought that he had never seen her so beautiful before.

Naturally she attracted much attention and received many callers. The most frequent of these was a bachelor minister, who, on the strength of having been at some time or other chaplain of the National Naval Academy, affected a warlike appearance very distasteful to Jones, who as a rule did not like military airs and manners. He generally wore a nondescript, semi-military, semi-naval kind of uniform, which with a black felt Grand Army hat and a cloak thrown Spanish-wise over his left shoulder, made him look, with his long black hair, far more like a compound of Don Juan and Fra Diavolo than a lamblike minister of the Gospel.

The more Jones saw of him the less he liked him, although had he been asked to give reasons for his antipathy, aside from the minister's military affectation, he would have been very much puzzled to do so. Nevertheless he hated somehow to see him seated near Kate, who, however, was always glad to see him, and much to Jones's disgust appeared greatly interested in his conversation, and was all smiles to him every time he called, which was far oftener than her husband thought proper.

Just about this time Jones began to notice something about her that gave him food for thought,—and that food, somehow or other, was very unpalatable.

Her usually even temperament appeared to experience a sudden change.

She became a creature of moods. Sometimes she would sit for hours by herself with her head leaning upon her hand in a pensive attitude, absorbed in an introspection from which nothing—not even her children—could rouse her. Then all of a sudden, and just as unaccountably, her spirits would rise almost to exaltation.

More than once her husband had found her praying upon her knees with the tears rolling off her cheeks, and if he attempted to soothe her she repulsed him and became almost hysterical. Her interest in the religious services grew apace, and her attendance increased in the same ratio.

Jones could make nothing tangible of all this, but in his secret soul he laid it all on the warlike preacher, who acted as her escort to and from the preaching stand every chance he got. The green-eyed monster, with his jaundiced jaws and sharp, poisoned sting, was beginning his insidious approaches on poor Jones.

One night a great revival was in progress, and the attendance at the stand was larger than ever before. All the great preachers were on duty, and the whole meeting was at a white heat. The long mourners' bench was filled from end to end with repentant sinners of both sexes, groaning and moaning for their lost souls, and cries of "Bless the Lord," and "Glory be to God," rose everywhere from the vast assemblage.

Jones felt bewildered. He was very anxious about Kate, who was sitting by his side in a state difficult to describe. Her body, agitated with convulsive tremors, rocked to and fro in an uncontrollable paroxysm of nervous excitement. Her face, white with a ghastly pallor, was upturned to the sky, with the eyes staring upwards with a passionate yearning pitiful to behold; and great tears coursing slowly down her cheeks fell upon her hands crossed over her bosom with a crushing pressure. Her breath came in quick, short, painful

gasps, as if she were choking. One could see that she wanted to speak, but the words came disconnected and meaningless from between her tightly-pressed lips.

A great shudder came over her at last, which shook her body from head to foot, and with a loud, despairing cry, "Take me, Lord, — I am thine!" she reeled forward towards the mourners' bench — groping blindly with her hands extended before her — and having reached it, fell down upon her knees with her head bowed upon her hands, sobbing and moaning as if her heart was breaking.

Before her husband could reach her, — as he started to do, — the crowd surging in the immediate vicinity of the stand parted asunder, and through the opening came the ex-naval chaplain with a quick glance over the mourners' bench. When he saw Kate kneeling there he hastened to kneel at her side, and began to whisper earnestly to her. As she moaned back an answer and the minister leaned over towards her to catch it, one of her long chestnut tresses disarranged and blown in his direction by the breeze, rested lightly on his shoulder, mixing for a moment with his own long black hair.

Never in all his life before or afterward did Jones feel such sharp pain as went through him then and there, as the green fiend stung him and turned the poisoned sting in the wound to make the pang greater. One long stride brought the irate husband to the preacher's side, and grabbing him roughly with one hand by the collar of his cloak he jerked him quickly upon his feet in a manner that, to say the least, was very energetic.

"But — but — Mr. Jones," gasped the thunderstruck minister as he found himself thus forcibly brought face to face with that person, — "what *do* you mean? — what —"

"But me no 'buts' and no 'whats,'" hissed Jones between his teeth in a smothered voice, half choked with fury,

as he flung the more and more astonished preacher away from him, "but leave this at once. This is my place, sir."

And as the chapfallen man, who for the time being hardly knew whether he was standing upon his feet or upon his head, retreated through the crowd, which had noticed nothing, Jones knelt down at the mourners' bench beside his wife, trying, with one arm thrown over her shoulder, to bring her back to her normal condition and then take her home.

But it so happened that at that very moment the presiding elder, a doctor of divinity of some note, afterwards president of a celebrated university, and a great friend of the Joneses, cast his eyes down upon the mourners' bench to see how the self-convicted sinners were getting on :

Is his sight playing him false? Can that be Mr. and Mrs. Jones kneeling at his feet in the straw? "No! Yes!"

Down comes the moderating mallet upon the sounding board with a vigor that brings silence at once. Waiting a few moments until all sounds are hushed, and order and attention evolved from the Babel-like chaos, the old gentleman, after a second look at the mourners' bench to assure himself that he has made no mistake, solemnly raises both hands above his head, as if in benediction over the congregation of God's people.

"Brethren! bow your heads in thankfulness and raise your voices in a hymn of praise, for the Lord is with us. Behold this young husband and wife, touched by grace, kneeling together at the foot of the throne. Remember the many prayers that have been offered by one dear to us all for this blessed moment. Hallelujah to the Lord!"

And as the old man remains standing with his arms raised above his head in silent prayer, and every one presses eagerly forward, the solemn strains of the Doxology —



"Praise God from whom all blessings flow" — rise upon the calm midnight air. Higher, still higher, exultingly, triumphantly they cleave the aerial waves until they reach the stars, supported and upheld by the sound of a thousand voices. And there in the middle of the central aisle, behind her loved ones still kneeling together at the mourners' bench, surrounded by her friends congratulating her, and with Wirt and Alger on each side of her and little Ethel cooing in her arms, kneels Grandma, with tears of joy running down her beautiful old face beneath the snow-white hair.

Jones's feelings as he listens to all this may be imagined, — they cannot be described. Happily he is on his knees and can keep his head down.

Peace and quiet reign once more over the now silent camp, for the small hours of the night have come, and Jones, sitting alone in his tent, is wrapped in solemn thought.

Has he fallen so low, owing to his absurd jealous fit, — for he fully realizes now its utter absurdity, — that he can be willing to go about under false pretences like a miserable, cowardly impostor?

No — never. And he rises upon his feet, and starts for the tent of his friend, the presiding elder, to make a clean breast of it all.

But as he passes in front of Grandma's tent he stops short, as if shot, and after listening for a moment, silently faces about, and returns to his own, where he undresses and quietly goes to bed.

What changes his mind, apparently so fully made up? Simply the voice of old Grandma, as she kneels to her evening prayer.

"It has come, dear Lord, in thine own good time. Blessed be thy name! Keep my children and their children steadfast in thy narrow road. — now that they have found it — until we all kneel together at the foot of thy throne! Amen."

For a few days Jones has rather a hard time of it all, for a man does not become a barefaced impostor all at once.

It is Brother Jones here, Brother Jones there, Brother Jones everywhere. Everybody asks him how he feels, and often he feels very much like replying that he "does it with his hands." He remembers in time, however, that the general expression used by all converts about the camp in answering that tremendous conundrum is that they feel good; and so he grins perforce from ear to ear, as they all do, and answers like them:

"Me? Why I feel — hem — I feel *good!* And Mrs. Jones? She feels — hem — she feels *remarkably good!!* The children? They feel *good too!!!* And Grandma? Why — hem — she feels *good all over*, and I hope *you do too!!!!*" — sir or madam, as the case may be.

And away he goes about his business, to begin the same thing over again at every street corner, and he is about as worn out when night comes with shaking hands with Tom, Dick, and Harry whom he never saw before, as if he were the President of the United States.

But Grandma is in heaven, Kate is not very far from it, and Wirt and Alger are like everybody else, — *they feel good*, remarkably so, indeed, for somebody has sent them a big box of assorted candies from San Francisco. Baby Ethel is the only one of the family that does not know not only how she feels, but what to make of it all. She gets kissed so often by everybody that it becomes monotonous, and she acts as if she did n't like it at all, and felt *bad* about it.

The time comes at last to break up camp meeting and go home. One tent after another comes down until they all disappear, and the mourners' bench and the seats in the square are carried off and stored away until next year's meeting. Nothing remains standing but the preaching stand and the permanent cottages of the wealthier families among the con-

gregation, who own them and often use them for summer residences.

When everything is cleared away, the ministers assemble on the stand, and after a few words of admonition and farewell from each and all, the brothers and sisters link arms, and two by two walk slowly around the square, passing in front of the stand, singing hymns of thankfulness and praise for the great victories won over the enemy of mankind during the meeting. Every once in a while the procession comes to a halt, and some old converts step out from the ranks to relate their religious experiences for the benefit of the others, and to testify to the goodness of the Lord in their particular cases. Then the last hallelujah is shouted, the last goodbye said, and each and all go home as best they may, — but all with glad faces and peace and goodwill toward all.

On this occasion the line was formed by an old one-legged sea captain, originally a Mormon, but now the most fervent and enthusiastic member of the Methodist congregation. As he wheeled the line by twos to the right and gave the command to march, he intoned in a rich, manly voice the "Old Ship of Zion," joined in by all the procession. His manly form, his fine, broad, massive countenance, lighted up by deep clear blue eyes, every glance shining with honesty, truth, and conviction, and his timber toe and thick cane striking the ground alternately in cadence with his voice, made a sight worth seeing.

As he came to the last plank of the "Old Ship of Zion," the memory of his old love came somehow athwart his mind, and without a pause he struck out with renewed force into the air of "Lily Dale," and that stirring melody, the battle hymn of the Mormon Church militant, burst upon the ears of the congregation, who never noticing the change of allegiance joined in the tune with all the might of their united voices:

In thy mountain retreat God will strengthen thy feet:  
On the neck of thy foes thou shalt tread.  
And their silver and gold, as the prophets have told,  
Shall be brought to adorn thy fair head.  
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free.  
Soon thy towers will shine with splendour divine,  
And eternal thy glory shall be.

Here our voices we'll raise, and we'll sing to thy praise.

Sacred home of the prophets of God.  
Thy deliverance is nigh, thy oppressors shall die,  
And the gentile shall bow 'neath thy rod.  
O Zion! dear Zion! home of the free.  
In thy temples we'll bend, all thy rights we'll defend,  
And our home shall be ever with thee.

Then the "experiences" began. One after the other old brothers and sisters stepped forward and began to relate, amid many pious ejaculations from the others, their trials and victories, their many crooked paths, and the praises of the religion "that happifies the soul."

There was a sameness in these perorations, however, that apparently did not suit the old peg-leg captain. With a quick hop-and-go-fetch-it kind of jump he ascended the stand among the preachers, struck two powerful blows on the floor with his ponderous cane and no less ponderous wooden toe, one after the other — *one*, — *two*! — and having thus not attracted but *commanded* attention, he began to speak his mind on the subject.

"Brothers and sisters, dearly beloved, one and all, I hope you will excuse a poor old worn-out hulk like me, but if I may express my opinion, it seems to me that we have heard the same old things told over and over again for the last ten years by old sinners who should now take a back seat — I humbly beg your pardons, brothers and sisters, I mean one farther back — for a while, if not forever, and give others a chance; who may have something new to tell. I want to hear the experience of a pure young soul fresh from the throne of grace. Walk up, Brother Jones, and give your experience."

And the old captain plunged down



into a chair with both ears wide open, and his bright eyes merrily twinkling, to hear, through the medium of Brother Jones, the latest news from the seat of war, as he would have expressed himself.

Never in all his life before had poor Jones been asked to pass such Caudine Forks as he now saw rising before him. He had often thought that a house on Nob Hill, with means sufficient to keep it going; was the height of his ambition. But now all that he wished for was for the ground to open before him and swallow him alive,—which goes to show the relativeness of happiness. He felt mentally and physically paralyzed.

Kate, who hung on his arm, and saw his bewilderment, at last nudged him with her elbow and whispered, "John, open your mouth and say something."

John, like an obedient and well regulated husband, duly opened his mouth, but alas! nothing came out of it. He was struck dumb, and he wished with all his heart that he had been struck blind too, for all the congregation stood staring at him, waiting eagerly to hear from the "pure young soul fresh from the throne."

Just when he thought himself about to faint with shame, his good genius, in the shape of Wirt and Alger, grinning from ear to ear and holding their sides to keep them from bursting with laughter at their father's dilemma, which the young rascals appreciated at its full value, came to his rescue by showing him a way to pass safely between its two horns; and with the courage of desperation he came out of it at last.

"Brothers, sisters,—I am too young —" (a pause for breath) "too young in the church, I mean,—" (another pause for breath) "to have had much experience—" (a pause for two breaths) "I mean in the church, too,—" (a pause for a choking gasp). "All that I can say —" (long pause) "to express my feelings—" (pause) "is that I feel — (a very short pause, then a despairing rush) "*good!*"

And forthwith, to show what a truthful man he had become since joining the Church, he gave a short gasp, as if to hold back the breath about to leave his body, and collapsed into a mental and physical coma that would have laid him sprawling upon his back before them all had it not been for Kate's supporting arm, to which he hung like a drowning man to a straw.

But the way that "*good*" came out of his mouth at last would have done good to almost any one. It was the forlorn hope that captured the enemy's stronghold. It electrified the congregation. It made them all feel "*good*," and they broke out at once, as with one voice, into "Hold the Fort."

But he really does feel "*good*" when everything is over, and the family starts for the cars, with Wirt and Alger bringing up the rear, arm in arm, singing "When the swallows homeward fly," and stopping every once in a while to ask, with a twinkle in their merry eyes, "Papa, how do you feel this morning?"

To which Jones, with an answering twinkle, replies, "Good, my boys, remarkably good; but if you ask that question many more times, you'll feel just the other way!"

His tribulations, however, had only begun. The presiding elder soon called on him with a whole armful of quartos, duodecimos, and pamphlets, which he called the "Discipline of the Church," and which poor Jones had to read from beginning to end, half a dozen times over, like a green recruit acquiring a goose step. But when he got through, what with this, that, and the other, he began to realize the fact that, in more ways than one, his free-thinking had gone,—for the "Discipline of the Church" was his discipline in deed as well as in fact.

Then came prayer-meetings thrice a week, in the Sunday-school room, which were very arduous, especially when an old butcher of a brother, who murdered

the Queen's English in the same barbarous manner that he did his mutton, insisted,—as he almost always did,—on praying aloud by the hour for other people's souls. But he stood it manfully, in the spirit of Christian charity, for the sake of Grandma, who was very happy, and remained so until her time came to go and receive the reward of the just.

Earthbound by her love for her children she died hard. She was so happy with them, that despite the fullness of her years she would have liked to remain here below a little longer, notwithstanding the heavenly joys that she knew were awaiting her above with the dear Lord she had served so faithfully throughout her long life.

The years have crept slowly by since then, with their mixed burden of sorrows and of joys, of hopes deferred and

of wishes realized, but in all that broad, fair land of the setting sun, from Mount Hood's snowy dome to Yuma's burning sands, there lives not a man today who walks a straighter line through life, with hope on one side and faith on the other, than Jones of Mendocino.

When in that broad domain of infidelity which stretches with some few exceptions here and there between a professor of religion and a professor of sciences, he meets with some would-be *esprit-fort*, who willingly blinds himself between that which he can see and that which he cannot, Jones smiles contentedly as he remembers his free-thinking days, and whispers to himself confidently, with that *apropos* and directness which belongs only to the land of the West, "Right or wrong—until my time comes—I've got a peg to hang my hat on,—thank God!"

A. G. Tassin.

## THE PRESENT STAGE OF THE IRRIGATION QUESTION.

THREE years ago, in the OVERLAND for July, 1886, an article appeared on the subject of irrigation, from the pen of the late Senator Sargent. At that time the subject presented itself in the shape of a controversy between appropriators, who claimed, under the code, the right to tap streams and divert their waters to arid lands; and riparian owners, who claimed, under the common law, that the streams which intersected their property should reach them unimpaired in quality and undiminished in volume. That controversy is now at rest; not so much by a judicial determination of the legal doctrine on the question, as by a compromise between the great litigants whose dispute brought it into view. In the new shape in which the question of irrigation now bids fair to engage public attention, it is not likely that the dis-

pute between appropriator and riparian will be revived. It is almost certain that the rights of the latter will have to yield to the imperative necessities of the State at large. It will need close economy to make the water supply of the State suffice for the wants of the arid sections; and under the circumstances such a thing as allowing great bodies of the precious fluid to flow off in streams through pasture lands to the ocean is not to be thought of for a moment.

Some pioneer work in the study now forced on public attention has just been done in the *Forum*, by Senator W. W. Stewart of Nevada. The Senator is not only chairman of the Senate Committee on Mines, but is likewise chairman of the select committee appointed just before the adjournment to study the subject of water sources with a view



to irrigation. It was mainly through his efforts that the bill appropriating \$250,000 for irrigation and surveys passed the Senate. He speaks therefore with authority, and it is a matter of regret that he confined his deductions in the *Forum* to a restatement of the proposition that irrigation is a necessity,—which everybody admits,—without defining the plan which commended itself to his judgment, or the way in which he advised that the means for the work should be provided.

Still the State is in his debt for the information he has collected in his article touching irrigation in India and other arid countries. Had he cared to devote more time to the work, he might have been more copious than he is in his preliminary review.

In the civilization antedating what we call historic times, there was hardly any agriculture without irrigation. Water was parent of the food crops of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, India, and Ceylon. Mankind nowhere trusted to Providence to fertilize the fields by means of rains. Man felt it to be his duty to supplement nature by carrying water in ditches to places where it was wanted from places where it was useless. This was the case not only in the countries of Asia and Africa, but likewise on the west coast of South America, and in our own Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, where the remains of ancient irrigating canals are quite visible; and also, when historic times began, in those portions of Southern Europe, such as Spain and Italy, where the soil was fertile but the rainfall scanty. It was not till intelligent husbandry invaded Germany, France, England, and Scandinavia, and crossed the Atlantic with immigrants from those countries, that a race of people grew up who fancied that crops could be raised without an artificial distribution of water. They believed that the rainfall sufficed; and where that averaged forty inches a year there was excuse for the belief.

But when the plow crossed the hundredth parallel of longitude, the old conditions were reproduced, and it became a mere matter of time when it would be necessary to meet them with the old appliances. On the alluvial slope spreading from the eastern foothills of the Rocky Mountains into the heart of what is called on the old maps the Great American Desert, the rainfall rarely exceeds fifteen inches, and often falls short of ten; while the western slope of the Sierras, south of Sacramento, cannot reckon on even an average of ten inches. Between these two, the mesas and valleys of California, Nevada, and Utah, whose fertility under irrigation has become proverbial, are at least as scantily supplied. When, after the close of the war and the completion of the Pacific railroads, a band of settlers, not bent on gold seeking, set their faces westward, they quickly realized that to make the earth bring forth her increase in the new country west of Kansas, water must be regularly, uniformly, and judiciously, that is to say artificially, supplied. Ditch companies were formed in Colorado and Southern California. Brigham Young had shown them how, by a skillful use of water, a paradise could be erected out of a desert; the deserted miners' flumes were utilized to irrigate farm land. It was uphill work. It costs money to build reservoirs and dams and distributing canals and lateral ditches, especially if the source of the water lies at a considerable distance from the land to be watered. No man could afford to go to such expense, unless his holding was very large indeed. For the owner of a quarter section of government land, irrigation was an unattainable luxury. By taking up large parcels of land under the Desert Act, enterprising men tried to accumulate an estate considerable enough to warrant them in going to the expense of bringing water from the Sierras. They had the satisfaction of hearing themselves denounced as land grabbers and robber

barons ; "friends of the people" railed at them as monopolists who were stealing land which should have been reserved as homes for the horny-handed sons of toil. Worse than this, most of them found that their engineers' estimates fell far short of the actual expense of constructing the necessary canals and ditches. Not a few of them broke down in their enterprise.

Some few persevered and succeeded. Mr. James B. Haggin and his associates irrigated an estate from the waters of Kern and Kings rivers, and are now selling off at auction at twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars an acre land which before they began operations would have been dear at five cents an acre. The late Mr. Charles Crocker in conjunction with Mr. Huffman brought water from the foothills east of Merced County to the valley lying west, and Mr. Crocker's heirs are likewise preparing to reap the fruits of his enterprise by selling to settlers fertile farms carved out of deserts. From the Santa Ana, San Gabriel, and Los Angeles rivers a large number of ditches, perhaps two hundred or more, have been dug, fertilizing fifty or sixty thousand acres of land which was worthless a few years ago, and is now worth several hundred dollars an acre for orange, lemon, lime, walnut, and almond groves.

The successful example set by these enterprising citizens roused the people of Southern California some three years ago to the absolute necessity of irrigation, and of organized effort for the purpose. An association was formed, and when the legislature of 1887 met, plans were laid before it by parties in interest. But neither the southern ranchers who wanted their fields irrigated, nor the legislature which was willing enough to meet their views, had any clear idea how the thing could be practically accomplished. The upshot of their labors was the Wright Act, which authorized the creation of irrigation districts, each in a

separate watershed. Each district was authorized to make rules and regulations for the distribution of water, *and to borrow money for the construction of canals, reservoirs, and ditches.* It was well within the power of the legislature to authorize the districts to borrow; but it was not within its power to compel capitalists to lend. The districts hawked their obligations through market after market without raising a dollar. The simple fact was that the irrigation districts had no property to pledge, no security to offer, nothing which a creditor might seize and sell in case the district did not pay its coupons. So, of course, the water bonds would not sell; and after many months of fruitless exertion the farmers of Southern California abandoned their attempt to raise money for irrigation under the Wright Act.

Now the question is on us again, with a fresh impetus derived from the recent influx of new settlers into Southern California. The clamor for irrigation will soon be louder than it was in 1886 and 1887. And no wonder. For the South, water is the fairy whose wand converts a wilderness into a garden.

Nor is it in that section alone that irrigation is necessary. Water must be put on the prairie lands of Colusa and Butte, or they will gradually lose their fertility. Their product of wheat per acre is falling off yearly for want of the fertilizing fluid: fields which used to yield forty bushels are now giving twenty or less. Some of the best people of the two counties named are striving might and main to organize ditch companies; and they may succeed. But it is very difficult to get a body of farmers to agree upon a measure which involves the expenditure of money. Every farmer thinks that, by holding back, he may get the improvement at somebody else's expense, and then he will only have to pay a trifling rent for his water, as they do in Los Angeles.

In his report to the State legislature



in 1880, State Engineer Hall stated that he had arrived at several conclusions, among which were the following: That "the State should not construct irrigation works"; that "she should establish a business basis for enterprise in irrigation projects"; that "the cost of works of irrigation should be borne wholly by the lands to be irrigated in each instance."

The Wright Act was drawn in conformity with these principles, and they are guiding individuals who, having managed to secure considerable tracts of land, are now constructing irrigating canals at their own expense. But the observer who travels through the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys cannot help noticing that the fruit of this policy is the adoption of a large number of independent and inconsistent schemes of irrigation, which will lead, first, to much waste of water, and, probably, to extensive litigation, besides leaving the bulk of the irrigable lands without irrigation. In a region like California, where the irrigable area is large, and the available supply of water limited, the fluid must be used with the closest economy, or some lands will not get any at all. And it is plain that where every man builds his own irrigating ditch, or where every small district undertakes to provide for its own fields exclusively, no heed will be taken of the land of others, and for them irrigation will become more impossible than ever. For the lawyers, the existing plan will be a godsend; by and by there will be a Miller and Carr case in every watershed, and the farmers will have to spend as much in law fees as the ditches cost them. But the proportion of irrigable land that will fail to secure irrigation will be large.

Twice within the lifetime of the present generation European nations have had to grapple with the problem of providing means for constructing irrigation works, and each time they solved it in the same way. When the East India Com-

pany was abolished, and British India became a province of the crown, the British government realized that the arid sections of Hindostan must be irrigated, in order to obviate the periodical famines which were shocking humanity and fomenting discontent. The remains of ancient irrigating canals and reservoirs were a guide for the engineer of today. It was proposed to make the cost of their reconstruction a charge upon the lands directly benefited. But the execution of this plan included so many difficulties, and the whole province was so obviously interested in the productiveness of all its parts, that the British government resolved to defray the cost of the work out of the general fund of the empire. France did precisely the same thing when, after the annexation of Algeria, it perceived that successful agriculture could not be conducted there without irrigation. It was held that the interest of the whole kingdom required that agriculture should be made profitable in the new colony; and works of irrigation were accordingly undertaken at the general expense. Several hundred millions of dollars have since been taken out of the treasuries of Great Britain and France for this internal improvement in provinces separated by broad waters from the mother countries.

Americans are naturally averse to the paternal theory of government. They do not want government to do anything for the citizen which he can do for himself. Thus, when the question of providing means for the construction of a system of irrigation arises, the first impulse is to insist that they shall come out of the pockets of the people who will primarily and most directly be benefited by the establishment of that system. But in the first place, as has already been stated, this plan leads to the organization of a number of small, inconsistent, and incongruous systems, which interfere with each other, and which

waste the water; and secondly, the number of landowners who hold an acreage large enough to warrant them in going to the expense of irrigation works is quite small. Near the coast there are a few Spanish grants which still cover thousands of acres. But in the San Joaquin Valley, and in the Southern counties generally, the holdings are smaller, and it is difficult to increase them.

It is pretty well understood that renewed efforts will be made by the 51st Congress to amend the land laws, and it is said that an attempt will be made to repeal the limitation now set on the amount of land which the government can sell to a single purchaser. It is argued that if government could sell two, three, or five, hundred thousand acres in a block to such purchasers, or donate alternate sections in the great deserts, syndicates would be formed to take the land, and to irrigate it, thus enhancing the value of the surrounding country. To this scheme there are two objections. In the first place, no new syndicate could find any water not already appropriated in this State, without going to the Colorado River. There are more inches filed upon in the Sacramento, San Joaquin, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tulumne, Fresno, Kings, and Kern rivers, and in the rivers of Los Angeles, than those streams can furnish. And the owners of the filings would not part with them except at a price which would cover any possible profit the syndicate could make. Secondly, a proposition to amend the land laws so as to authorize the government to sell large blocks of the public domain to syndicates would at once arouse the alarm of the proletarian class, and set every demagogue in the country howling. Every labor union would pass resolutions denouncing the scheme to bestow the remainder of the public domain on speculators; every Congressman who had an eye to reelection would feel bound to testify his independence of corporate influence by

opposing it. It would be idle to argue that small holders cannot afford to irrigate,—that no man or party of men will spend millions on reservoirs, canals, dams, and ditches, unless they can see their way to reimbursing themselves; that the chief beneficiary of irrigation syndicates would be the small settler, who could raise a family on twenty acres of irrigated land. All this reasoning would fall on deaf ears, if ever the cry arose that the government was going to return to the policy of giving away the birthright of future citizens to companies and millionaires.

If these several propositions are sound; if the public sentiment could not tolerate the sale of large tracts of arid land to syndicates; if, anyway, the syndicates, if they got the land, could not get the water to irrigate it; if any new scheme to irrigate separate districts by independent organizations of farmers residing in the same watershed would fail, as the Wright scheme failed, from the impossibility of clothing the organizations with pecuniary responsibility; and if, finally, local schemes of irrigation would clash, and for every acre which they irrigated would deprive five other acres of the means of irrigation; then, it would seem, we are driven, as a forced alternative, to follow the example of England in India and France in Algeria, and to look to the general government for a comprehensive system of irrigation for the Coast.

That this thought has penetrated leading minds at Washington may fairly be inferred from the appropriation of \$250,000 for the survey of water sources, and from the comments made on that measure by such men as R. P. Flower. A survey is a preliminary part of a construction. If the government may survey, it may build reservoirs and dig canals. It is not to be supposed that it was the idea of Congress that after finding out the water sources and pointing out how the water might be saved



and utilized in irrigation, the nation intended to say to the States or to citizens: "We have shown you what to do and how to do it; now go ahead and do the work." The dominant thought must have been that as watersheds are independent of State lines, and no thorough system of irrigation can be undertaken which does not ignore State and county divisions, whenever the time came that agriculture west of the Missouri could not be conducted without an artificial supply of water, the nation would undertake to furnish that supply, because it was the only power that could; and that in order to enable it to do so intelligently, it would survey the various nurseries of water throughout the Western country without regard to State boundaries, and simply with reference to hydrographic laws.

It is not worth while to reopen the discussion as to the power of government to spend the public money on works of public improvement. Those who are curious on the subject will find the arguments on one side in the speeches of Henry Clay, and on the other in the messages of a number of Presidents, beginning with Monroe and ending with Pierce. Persons of leisure may amuse themselves by weighing the reasoning on each side. But they will find their inferences disturbed by the fact that some of the Presidents who were most resolutely opposed to internal improvements nevertheless signed bills appropriating large sums for such uses. One of these was Jackson, whose constitutional argument against the power of Congress to vote away the public money for roads, rivers, and harbors, is very fine indeed, but who, notwithstanding, signed appropriation bills granting money for those purposes to the large amount of \$10,582,882.

When the war began, the internal improvements which the situation called for were railroads, to knit together the various sections of the nation. Accord-

ingly, almost by unanimous consent, the national credit, to an amount which now largely exceeds a hundred millions, was loaned to the companies which undertook to build a railroad to the Pacific, and an empire in land was given them likewise. In the following six or eight years other land grants were authorized, on the condition that the grantees would open up other sections of country, then desert, to agriculture and civilization, and unite them with bands of steel to the territory already occupied. The constitutionality of these grants has never been questioned. If the government had the power to donate land or credit to the builder of a railroad, in consideration of his opening up new territory to settlement and uniting it to the rest of the country, it has the power to donate land, or money, or credit, to make deserts suitable for human habitation.

After the war, certain Eastern localities whose trade was suffering from obstacles in the navigation of their rivers and harbors, applied to Congress for an appropriation to remove the obstacles. An appropriation of two millions was got through Congress without difficulty in 1870. Three years afterward the application was renewed with equal success, and from that time to the present day the river and harbor appropriation has been a regular item of the debit column in the national budget. It has latterly come to be regarded as a grab, in which each State is entitled to a share; it has been facetiously insinuated that the officers of the army to whom the expenditure of the money is entrusted often find it no easy job to discover the rivers and harbors which they are directed to improve. But the principle involved in the bills is that it is the right and the duty of government to spend any surplus money it may have on internal improvements. How much of the nation's money has been expended on rivers and harbors — without question as to the constitutionality of the expenditure, from the

first appropriation to the end of 1886 — it is curious to observe. Under the early Presidents, from Jefferson, who assented to a modest outlay of \$48,000, to Tyler, who signed bills for a million, the aggregate amount expended for internal improvements was \$17,199,222. Starting with this, the subsequent appropriations for rivers and harbors up to 1886 have been as follows :

Expenditure from Jefferson to Tyler.....	\$17,199,222.
Rivers and Harbors, 1870.....	2,000,000
“ “ “ 1872-3.....	5,286,000
“ “ “ 1873-4.....	7,352,900
“ “ “ 1874-5.....	5,228,000
“ “ “ 1875-6.....	6,648,517
“ “ “ 1876-7.....	5,015,000
“ “ “ 1877-8.....	None
“ “ “ 1878-9.....	8,322,700
“ “ “ 1879-80.....	9,577,494
“ “ “ 1880-1.....	8,976,500
“ “ “ 1881-2.....	11,451,300
“ “ “ 1882-3.....	18,743,875
“ “ “ 1883-4.....	1,319,634
“ “ “ 1884-5.....	13,164,394
“ “ “ 1885-6.....	6,294,305
<hr/>	
	\$126,579,841

This is of course exclusive of the money spent on the levees of the Mississippi, which was several millions, and of the sums paid to Captain Eads and others for improvements at the mouths of the river.

A hundred and twenty-six millions are a very snug sum for the nation to have spent on rivers and harbors which have mighty little to show for the money. In West Virginia, some trout streams are said to have been straightened and widened, and anglers are not agreed whether they have been improved thereby or otherwise. We know that quite a sum has been spent on the mouth of Humboldt Bay in this State, and that the entrance is a little more difficult than it used to be. South Carolina has considerable money to her credit, for the engineer officers who were sent down to plan the authorized improvements on certain rivers specified in the bill de-

clare that up to the present time they have been unable to find them." Still, the nation had the money, and it made people all around feel good to have it spent.

No one can tell how much it would cost to irrigate the irrigable lands of California, first, because no one knows their area, and secondly, because no estimate can be formed, before the surveys are completed, what would be the expense of putting water on them. In his report for 1880, State Engineer Hall gave some figures of the irrigable area of the valley plain, as follows :

East side San Joaquin, about.....	3,800 square miles.
West “ “ “ “.....	718 “ “
West “ Sacramento “ “.....	1,220 “ “
Valley between San Fernando and San Bernardino Mountains.....	970 “ “

Total, 4,413,120 acres, or 6,708 square miles.

But Engineer Hall did not claim that these were exact measurements. He presented them as rough estimates, and he mentioned that they included some lands which might be found difficult of irrigation, while other irrigable lands were not included. In the second part of his report on irrigation, which has just been issued from the State Printing Office, he gives rather careful estimates of the irrigable area in San Diego, San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties.

Beginning with San Diego, he divides the western slope of the county into three belts, the size and irrigable area of each being about as follows :

	Size. Sq. Miles.	Irrigable Area. Sq. Acres.
The Sea Coast Belt and Mesa.....	1,113	329,150
Intermediate Belt.....	1,400	260,000
Upland Belt.....	1,654	400,000

Total Irrigable Area on West Slope..... 989,150

This is exclusive of the desert area lying east of the San Diego and San Jacinto mountains, which is known as the Colorado Desert. It was the hope and belief of Mr. Wozencraft, who was In-



dian agent in this State for many years, that he would be able to induce Congress to irrigate this vast desert — of which nearly a million acres are said to be irrigable — from the Colorado River. But like many other wise men, he lived too soon; and though in the second year of the war, nature very nearly accomplished his object without the assistance of man, by emptying a portion of the Colorado waters into the desert through the New River, he never saw his hopes realized, and New River gradually dried up by the evaporation and percolation of its contents, and the choking of its mouth with silt. On the subject of this enterprise, Mr. Hall says:

For many years the utilization of waters from the Colorado River on the desert of the same name has been periodically brought to public attention, and Congress has been urged to grant concessions in various forms, or to make appropriations to carry out certain projects for the purpose as public works. The original idea seems to have been to turn the waters of the river into the great basin, making it a lake, and thereby effecting such a change of climate as would render the country round it habitable and cultivable. Then it was afterwards proposed simply to take out waters in an immense canal, for the irrigation of extended areas of the desert lands.

Several preliminary surveys have been made for this latter project in the interest of private enterprise. In 1875 and 1876 a reconnoissance was made of the situation by a party under the direction of Lieut. Geo. M. Wheeler, of the U. S. Geographical Survey. The report of the engineer in the charge of the party, Lieut. Bergland, very clearly and emphatically showed that the river waters could not be carried into the desert basin on a canal route lying within American territory, but that south of our own line, on Mexican territory, there existed a route entirely practicable, and along which the waters of the river during the flood of 1862 actually poured over into the desert basin in vast volume for several months, making it a lake, asserted by some witnesses to have been sixty miles in length and nearly twenty miles wide.

The river's low water plane, at the point of this overflow, is about 110 feet above sea level. The desert below sea level is between 80 and 90 miles long, with a maximum width of nearly 30 miles.

It is apparent that with due authorization, power, and means, the possibilities of irrigation from the river in this vast basin are very great, for the area of suitable lands is immense, and the river water supply

at the season of irrigation is greater than that of all the utilized irrigation streams in the State combined.

San Bernardino, like San Diego, contains a valley which is classed as irrigable, because the water is at hand for its irrigation, and a desert which is classed as non-irrigable, because there is no adjacent water supply. The valley of San Bernardino is about 524 square miles in area; but the Mohave desert comprises an area of 15,000 to 16,000 square miles. For the former, water can be got from the Sierra Madre and other mountain ranges; the latter could only be irrigated by a water supply from a vast distance. Still, with water, which could be procured with money, the desert could be converted into arable land.

Mr. Hall divides the irrigable portion of Los Angeles into three parts, as follows:

	Total Area.	Irr'g'ble Area Sq. Miles.
The San Gabriel Valley.....	560	195
San Fernando.....	570	184
Coast Plain.....	1472	424

In the irrigable portion of these three counties irrigation has been practiced for a century, and within the past ten years, the appropriation of water has been large. The cultivable sections of all three are gridironed with water ditches, and the value of land has risen accordingly. But each water company is independent of all the others, and hence, though immense bodies of water flow idly into the ocean every year, every inch has been appropriated and is owned, and new irrigation companies would have to go to law to get a source of supply.

It is evident that to establish a comprehensive system of irrigation to utilize the irrigable area now neglected, it would be necessary to oust the present owners of water sources, and to take possession of their dams, reservoirs, and ditches, so as to combine them in a harmonious whole. That could only be done by the State, or by the general

government, by the exercise of the power of eminent domain.

Suppose it cost the general government a hundred millions of dollars to establish a comprehensive system of irrigation for California, so as to put water on the irrigable lands. There are in the public domain in this State 33,000,000 of acres of unsurveyed land. It belongs to the government, is held at \$1.25 an acre, and is not worth five cents an acre. If water were put on the irrigable portions of it, they would be greedily bought up. If the land offices should give notice that such irrigable portions, which cannot probably be less

than one-third of the whole, would be offered for public entry at ten dollars an acre on a given day, the late rush into Oklahoma might fade into insignificance in comparison with the fierce rage of invaders for a slice of the new domain. The lands, in fact, might be cheap at \$25 an acre, and parts of them might find purchasers at \$100.

One third of the government land in this State would probably be between eleven and twelve millions acres; at \$10 an acre it would represent a sum of money not less than a hundred and ten millions, and possibly a hundred and twenty millions dollars.

*John Bonner.*

## MIDSUMMER—EAST AND WEST.

### I.

THE meadows are green and sweet with clover,  
The sun shines hot and the clouds drift over  
The deep sky's measureless blue.  
A cooling breath, and the rain-drops patter  
On the dusty road, and the light winds scatter  
The hurrying leaves, and strew  
The glistening grass with dead rose petals;  
A gurgle and rush, and the water settles  
In many a sun-bright pool.  
Anon is a flash and a note of thunder,  
And the forest-king lies rent asunder,  
And the woods are dim and cool.

### II.

The hills are brown and the fields are yellow;  
The barley blowing, the ripe fruit mellow;  
The sun beats warm on the road.  
Now days grow long and the skies are cloudless,  
And nights are bright with the fair moon shroudless;  
Dry rocks where the river flowed,  
The throstle hides and sings in the hedges,  
The round-eyed toad peeps up from the sedges  
That droop by the shallow streams.  
The leaves are stirred by the south-wind's sallies,  
The mountains sleep and the misty valleys,  
And the world is wrapped in dreams.

*Verna Woods.*



## A PERSON OF DISTINGUISHED CONSIDERATION.

THE bay of La Paz forms an admirably sheltered, tranquil nook in the Gulf of California, a hundred miles or so north of the southern extremity of the peninsula. The business portion of the town occupies the foot of a mesa, or tableland, which breaks down in the form of a crescent as it approaches the water. There is a pretty stretch of beach of yellow sand, upon which the tranquil waves break with a gentle sigh. At the summit of the mesa, occupying a commanding position are the government buildings, the residence of the *comandante*, the cathedral, and some of the finer dwellings. Clusters of palm and pomegranate clothe the gentle descent from the mesa, amid which the huts of the *cargadores*, fishermen, and others picturesquely nestle.

The island of Mogote, which is only an island at high tide, forms the *contra costa*. The channel is very narrow, and follows the long curve of the tableland so close to the beach that in places one could almost throw a stone ashore. Near the entrance to the channel is the fine anchorage of Pichilingue Bay, behind which rises a most irregular and remarkable ridge, which cannot be described, although once seen it is never to be forgotten.

The shore is barren and stony in the extreme until it reaches the vicinity of the town, where the soil formed by the disintegration of the mesa is rich and the foliage luxuriant, agreeably contrasted by the delicate tints and brilliant white of the buildings. The spot is suggestive of the utmost tranquility—a place in which to rest, or sleep and dream, if one is wearied with the battle of the world.

It was in the eighteen-fifties,—before the irrepressible American had disturbed

its repose, before Jews or gentiles had intruded themselves. Don Sebastiano Duragon was *gefe politico*, or governor, Don Silberio de Arguello, *administrador*, or collector of the port, and Señor Licenciado Don Manuel de Castillo y Arragon, judge of first instance,—three most worthy and distinguished caballeros, but totally unable to appreciate each others' merits, or to administer the important affairs of their departments harmoniously and without conflict.

It must not be supposed from these remarks that any vulgar collisions occurred, or that there was any outward, visible demonstration of enmity. Far from it. Nothing could exceed the ceremonious courtesy with which these distinguished officials saluted each other, or their generous contests when they met in public, each asserting his own humility, and insisting upon the others' precedence; but that was the outside of the snow-capped volcano,—the inward fire raged and burned and consumed beneath all this placid exterior.

It is a well known fact that the governor, collector, and superior judges of the Mexican states remote from the capital rarely work together in perfect harmony. There are cynical persons who declare it was never intended that they should. These insinuating people say that the *gefe politico* being an official elected by the state, the collector appointed by the federal authorities, and the judge of first instance by presidential patronage, that they were *destined* to collide; to generate truth as it were, like electricity, by friction; that two might harmonize, most probably would in fact,—but with three, each superior in his department, it must always be a case of two to one at least; that this is a well known law of nature as well as of

politics, and that in politics the fittest always survive, that is, of course, the fittest in the estimation of the powers at the capital.

Now Lower California is a territory still under military law. The *gefe politico* is therefore a federal official, and is also *comandante militar*. Thus all three of these distinguished caballeros held office at the pleasure of the appointing power. They were very supreme on the peninsula so long as they did not collide; but when they did, electricity was generated in great abundance, and thunder and lightning disturbed the repose even of the authorities in the distant capital.

In this particular instance it was not even two to one, but a still more deadly triangular fight, out of which it was thought but one survivor could possibly emerge.

The trouble had originated thus:—The *gefe politico*, being out of funds and short of money to pay his soldiers, had made a requisition upon the custom house authorities. Now unfortunately the custom house was also out of funds, in arrears to the clerks, and even to the Collector himself. The *Administrador* therefore could not comply with the Governor's requisition, and the Governor in great indignation appealed to the Judge of First Instance. Now, as it happened, the Judge of First Instance had not received a dollar of salary since his arrival in the territory, and had applied both to the Governor and to the Collector without receiving any satisfaction from either. He therefore availed himself of the opportunity, responded promptly, and sent a peremptory order upon the custom house to deliver the funds of the department to the Court, pending his decision in the case.

But as there were no funds the order was not obeyed. Now everybody knows there is always plenty of money in a custom house, so the Judge called upon the Governor to enter the *aduana* with

a file of soldiers, to compel obedience. But the Governor, nothing loath, stipulated before doing so that the funds should be delivered to him, the Governor.

To this the Judge would not consent, and so the triangular conflict commenced.

The Governor ordered the Judge to issue the necessary papers under penalty of arrest. The Judge demanded whether the Governor would arrest him in his, the Governor's, civil or military capacity, which was a hard nut to crack, and caused his excellency to hesitate. He then threatened the Collector, who in his turn appealed to the Judge.

The Judge replied that he would place him under the protection of the Court of First Instance as soon as the Collector complied with his, the Judge's, order relative to the funds. Neither the Judge nor the Governor would believe that there were no funds, and so the triangular fight progressed.

This state of affairs continued until ultimately appeal after appeal, consuming reams of sealed and official paper, were showered upon the President of the Republic and his advisers. Every influential person in the vicinity of the throne was also appealed to in the interest of one or other of the appellants, *correos* were dispatched, and even private ambassadors, who renewed the quarrels of their principals at the seat of power.

At length the supreme Mexican authorities found their repose disturbed to so great an extent that they resolved to inquire into the matter, and to that end appointed a gentleman of consideration as "high commissioner," whom they dispatched to the territory. He was invested with the fullest powers, and what was much more rare, was authorized to govern himself entirely by his own discretion, without the necessity of further communication with the capital.

As secrecy is an indispensable requi-



site in all diplomatic proceedings, especially of this character, his departure was not made known. Of course, the fact could not long be altogether concealed from the penetration of the private ambassadors of the distinguished litigants. They learned first that a commissioner had been appointed, and later that he had actually departed; but there were conflicting rumors as to whom, and so it happened that their principals were left in ignorance as to the personality of the commissioner, or confused by contradictory intelligence.

At length, from Mazatlan, arrived positive information that a very distinguished lawyer and diplomat, Don Ludovico Ingomar, had received the appointment, and that he would shortly reach the peninsula, via the Cape, on one of the ships of the German merchants' annual expedition then in that port. Inquiries were immediately instituted relative to the distinguished commissioner, but no one could be found who knew him.

In this state of anxiety and suspense, it may be imagined that no efforts were spared to learn the facts; and the arrivals of the little coasting schooners, at that time the only means of communication with the opposite coast, were eagerly looked for. Every morning, almost before it was sufficiently light, a number of the partisans of each of the contestants would congregate at the beach near the custom house, eagerly scanning the distant entrance to the port to detect a sail.

There is quite a mirage generally prevalent just outside the channel, which so transforms the appearance of any vessel entering that only the opinion of an expert as to her character is entitled to any consideration. The captain of the port, the captain of the custom house boat, and an old Spanish fisherman named Tomas Robles, were the accepted authorities on this important subject. No matter how the mirage might

disguise the entering sail,—and it sometimes transformed a sloop into a line-of-battle ship,—they were rarely deceived. Upon this occasion, the partisans of the Collector had the coxswain. The captain of the port was at outs with the *Administrador*, and lent his services to the friends of the Judge, and the Governor's party had the fisherman Robles, or as they styled him on this important occasion, Don Tomas.

"What do you make of her, Don Tomas?"

"The mirage is very troublesome to-day, señores, but in my opinion it is a schooner."

"Can you make her out?"

"Not yet. If the breeze would only freshen a little—"

The Collector's party is within hearing, and the coxswain declares her to be the *Relampago*.

"The *Relampago*," "The *Relampago*," passes from mouth to mouth. Don Tomas and the captain of the port both confirm the coxswain, and the excitement increases, because the *Relampago* is from La Paz, due from Mazatlan; is a swift sailer, and her captain, knowing the anxieties at home, will, it is hoped, have informed himself of all matters calculated to shed any light upon the important subject.

Although the breeze is scarcely apparent the swift craft speedily approaches, her captain skillfully availing himself of every well known current and slant of wind. In a couple of hours she is within a quarter of a mile of the landing, when the custom house boat is manned, and her stalwart crew bending low to their oars make her fairly leap out of the water.

At the very last moment one of the Governor's aides availed himself of the courtesy never denied on such occasions, and the secretary of the court of first instance also appears in behalf of the Judge, and takes his seat beside him. Each wishes the other at the bottom of

the bay, and the *Administrador* is particularly annoyed, because his dignity will not permit him to go himself. He is ably represented, however, by the coxswain who will be the first to step aboard, and by a very intelligent young clerk of the department.

But whatever their jealousies nothing but courtesy prevails. The secretary offers the aide a cigarrito, and amid many polite little commonplaces they approach the *Relampago*, which lowers her jib and reefs her mainsail to receive them.

The coxswain and a clerk of the custom house spring lightly aboard. The coxswain and the captain are *compadres*, and embrace tenderly. All ears are open as he asks:

"What news, *compadre*? Has the Commissioner arrived at Mazatlan?"

"They say that, yes."

"Where is he, then?"

"On board the German bark, according as they inform me."

"When does she sail?"

"One day this week."

"Did you see the Commissioner? Is he old or young?"

"*Quien sabe!*" said the captain shrugging his shoulders. "Without doubt they would send a mature and serious man on business of so much importance. 'While the beard lengthens the wit matures.'" The captain himself is sixty-five, and has a beard worthy of the prophet.

At this moment an uncommonly handsome, prepossessing young man steps out of the confined cabin, and salutes the officers with much grace. His face is wreathed in smiles, probably of content, at the happy termination of his journey. There is something so inviting about him that the aide at once addresses him.

"Pardon, do you come from Mazatlan, señor?"

"Si, señor," — with a polite bow, — "consider me at your command. In what can I be of service?"

"It may be that a gentleman of your intelligence can give us some information relative to the commissioner said to have been appointed to arrange our territorial affairs."

The passenger bowed, smiled, looked around at the company in a rather quizzical but entirely unembarrassed manner, and bowed again.

Thus encouraged, the aide became more direct.

"Do you know him? if I may be pardoned the liberty?"

"Si, señor, I have the honor."

"You know him? personally?"

"Si, señor," — still bowing and smiling.

"May I ask his name, if you will be so kind?"

"His name? Ah yes, of course, his name! O, most certainly, — why not? It is Don Ludovico Ingomar."

"Pardon my rudeness, — may I ask if you know him intimately?"

"Rudeness? Do me the favor not to think of such a thing! Yes, — certainly I do," — a pause, — "quite intimately. In fact he is a relative, — indeed, I may say that we are quite closely related."

"Sir, I am charmed with your frankness and courtesy. Perhaps you will permit me the honor of presenting you to the Governor, whom I am permitted to represent. He is especially anxious to meet your illustrious relative, and will be equally delighted, I am sure, to meet you."

"Permit me also," interposed the secretary. "I have the honor to represent the Señor Licenciado Don Manuel de Castillo y Arragon, Judge of First Instance. Allow me to offer the hospitalities of his residence in his name, and my own humble apartments do me the favor to consider ever at your disposition, as also myself, secretary of the court, my family, and household."

"And señor," said the young officer of the custom house, bowing low, "permit me, though unworthy, in the name of my esteemed *patron*, the Señor Don



Silberia de Arguello, *Administrador de la Aduana*, to offer you the hospitality of his abode. If you allow me the honor of presenting you, you will confer upon me a favor which I can never sufficiently appreciate."

"Señores," replied the stranger, with the same pleasant smile, which displayed perfect teeth, and with even greater dignity and courtesy of manner than before, "Señores, you overwhelm me with attention even before I touch your hospitable shore. I will do myself the honor of paying my respects to the Governor immediately, and as soon as possible thereafter I promise myself also the pleasure of accepting the introductions you so kindly offer, and I beg you meanwhile to present to the esteemed *Administrador* and the honorable Judge the assurance of my profound appreciation of their courtesy. And, Señor Secretary, I will also avail myself of your kindness, and look forward to the pleasure of soon being presented to your estimable family." As he spoke his handsome face was illuminated with smiles, and a certain charming expression of gayety, as though greatly pleased and amused by some happy adventure, took possession of his features.

So zealous was the attention of the aide that the traveler was escorted at once to the Government House; while the coxswain, the captain of the port, and the young clerk of the customs hastened to report the important arrival to their principals.

"What name may I be permitted to announce?" said the aide, bowing low as he stood in the doorway of the reception room.

"Ah, yes,"—said the stranger, slightly embarrassed. "I fear I have left my card-case in my portmanteau,—excuse me to the General, and present the humble respects of Señor Ludovico de Velasco."

"El Señor Don Ludovico de Velasco, a namesake of the Ambassador, I see.

Señor, pardon me that I leave you unattended a moment."

"Very zealous!" said the traveler to himself with the same amused smile,—which might almost have been called a silent laugh. "Not even time to make my toilet; afraid I should fall into the hands of the *Administrador* and the Judge! No matter, all goes well!" rubbing his hands gleefully. "Ah, here comes the General. He, too, loses no time. It is a good thing to be the friend of the Ambassador!"

"Señor Don Ludovico," said the Governor, advancing with graceful dignity and taking the stranger by both hands, "Welcome to La Paz! You must feel fatigued after your long journey on the little *Relampago*. Let us adjourn and take a slight refreshment, before I present you to the Señora and to my officers. Don Pepé, do me the favor to announce to the Señora that we will wait on her in half an hour,—with your permission I precede you, Don Ludovico."

Over their wine, the gentlemen became quite friendly and confidential. "Don Pepé tells me that you are an intimate friend of your namesake, the distinguished Commissioner. I know the name well—it is much honored—but I have never had the fortune to meet him. He must be mature to have won distinction."

"About my age."

"Indeed! not more? What a delightful acquisition to our society. I trust he will honor us by remaining some little time; and you also, Don Ludovico,—the ladies will be delighted."

"But a few days; I expect to meet my friend,—my relative,—the Commissioner, at the Cape."

"Let me help you to another glass of wine, Señor Velasco. No? pardon, let me insist. As I was about to say, may I solicit your good offices with your relative? I feel as though assured of his sympathy already, since I have had the privilege of meeting you. If I can but

'take him by the ear,' as we say, — you understand me, — prepossess him, before he listens to any distorted statements."

"Señor General," said his visitor, "accept already the assurance of my friendship and sympathy, — I should say," — correcting himself, — "rest assured that I will breathe only sentiments in your favor."

"Señores, pardon," exclaims Don Pepé bowing low. "Señor Général — Señor Don Ludovico — the Señora awaits you."

It is needless to say that one of the handsomest and most fascinating of Mexican caballeros made a most favorable impression upon the General's lady, and upon the officers who were presently introduced. They were thoroughly charmed and greatly reassured as to the outcome of the dreaded visit of the Commissioner. "If *the* Don Ludovico be anything like this one," said the Governor, so soon as his visitor had made his adieu, "then I have no fears as to the result. But is he — is he? that is the question."

Within a few minutes after the visitor had reached his room at the hotel, having with difficulty escaped the urgent invitation of the Governor to remain with him, the captain of the port and the secretary appeared, in company with the distinguished Licenciado Don Manuel de Castillo y Arragon, whom he presented with the easy and charming grace natural to all Mexican gentlemen. A very animated and mutually agreeable discussion of current topics followed, after which the Judge touched delicately upon the expected visit of the Commissioner.

"I hear that you are related to the illustrious Commissioner," he said.

"Sí, señor, I have the privilege of knowing him, and of enjoying his confidence."

"Ah, then I can talk to you with the greatest unreserve. You have heard doubtless of the difficult and responsible

position in which I have been placed by the demands of the Gefé Politico and of the Administrador. I am particularly anxious that my explanations relative to the matter shall meet with an unprejudiced reception. May I venture to call upon your good offices? If I can but *secure his ear*, unprepossessed by the calumnious statements of enemies and partisans, I shall feel secure not only of the absence of censure, but of his intelligent approval."

"Señor Licenciado," said the visitor, the charming and amused smile again irradiating his features, "I pray you rest assured of my earnest sympathy and zealous advocacy of your cause."

"Señor Velasco! how can I sufficiently thank you for your charming courtesy and kindness. Ah, if Don Ludovico were only Don Ludovico! I anticipate soon the honor of presenting you to the señora and la señorita. May I not have the privilege of entertaining you in my humble residence? Permit me to let Carlos remove your baggage."

"Señor de Castillo, pardon me that I cannot accept. I shall have the honor of paying my respects to the esteemed ladies of your family this afternoon."

At this moment, while the Judge was in the act of taking his departure, amid many bows and polite expressions of courtesy, the Administrador, Don Silberio de Arguello, appeared, accompanied by the young clerk of the customs. They met the Licenciado face to face on the threshold, and the most ceremonious salutations and expressions of respect passed between them, the visitor looking on meanwhile with a certain almost boyish elation which escaped the observation of the adversaries.

Of all the dignitaries perhaps the Administrador was the most suave, persuasive, and convincing. Nothing could exceed the ease of his manner, the grace with which he laid aside his dignity, or the skill with which he glided from commonplace generalities into the great



cause of quarrel which was distracting the territory. "How fortunate for me, Don Ludovico, that you preceded your distinguished namesake, and so gave me the opportunity of consulting you as to the best means of presenting my case. You, knowing him so intimately, know the little idiosyncrasies which all of us possess. You have the key to his temperament. You can advise me how to *secure his ear*. Now with your permission I will give you a brief outline of my case. You will see it is all in a nutshell. These gentlemen, the Gefe Politico and the Judge of First Instance, make requisition upon the custom house for funds:—*there are no funds!* I cannot lower the dignity of the custom house by submitting my books to inspection to prove the fact. So I have not made the statement, knowing well that it would be considered only a subterfuge. Let me have the benefit of your counsel and experience in this delicate emergency."

"Señor de Arguello, let me assure you of my warmest sympathy, and earnest co-operation toward a perfect understanding of your position by the Commissioner. Nothing shall be wanting on my part, I assure you. Permit me to recommend you to dismiss the subject from your mind, so certain do I feel of arranging everything with the most perfect accord,—that is of so informing and advising my relative as to influence him to do so." And as he so said, a smile of such pleased intelligence illuminated his features, that the Administrador, convinced that he had secured an influential friend at court, dismissed his anxieties, and devoted himself to the entertainment of the stranger.

That very afternoon Don Ludovico returned the calls of the Judge and Administrador, and on the following morning he had a pleasant visit from the Governor. Now the Gefe Politico had a most charming young lady in his household, in the person of his wife's

sister; the Judge had a lovely young daughter; the Administrador had two most engaging señoritas in his family, and the secretary of the court, also two. To all of these this interesting caballero was duly presented, and night after night, until his departure for the Cape, there was a succession of balls and festivities such as La Paz had seldom witnessed. All the young ladies fell in love with him. The overflowing gayety of his manner, as though charged with some suppressed delight, and that irresistible smile, overcame them all; and he in return, as a natural consequence, fell desperately in love with each of these most charming and seductive young señoritas.

When he at length announced that he must proceed upon his journey, it was like the departure of La Fleur, and only the assurance of his speedy return, in company with his namesake and relative, reconciled them to his absence.

He had been gone about a week when news came by express of the arrival of the German bark at the Cape, and a week later it was announced that the distinguished Commissioner had reached the hotel, having traveled at night to avoid the heat of the day.

The Governor was the first to pay his respects, when what his surprise and embarrassment to discover in the person of the Commissioner, Don Ludovico de Velasco!

"Yes!" said the young fellow, gayly, not in the least abashed, but advancing to take the Governor by both hands; "Ludovico de Velasco and Ingomar; Ingomar y Velasco I sign myself always. So you see, I am truly a namesake of his excellency, the distinguished ambassador. Ha, ha, ha! Don Sebastiano, the temptation was irresistible when I found upon my arrival in the Relampago that I was not only totally unknown, but expected to arrive by way of the Cape. Such was my intention; I had business at the Cape, where, as you

know, there is a branch custom house. This gentleman, my secretary, actually arrived via the Cape, and has therefore personated the Commissioner until this moment. Now I reveal myself, *amigo*, — Ludovico de Ingomar y Velasco. Not less your friend than before, as I soon hope to prove to you by arranging all your unfortunate disagreements to your perfect satisfaction.

The news soon spread over the city, of course, and so soon as it became generally known, a feeling of confidence succeeded the first emotions of surprise and incredulity. Each of the litigants felt convinced that he had "secured the ear" of the Commissioner, and that his case was safe and prejudged. As to the young ladies, each and all felt a certain almost divine assurance on the subject, especially when the balls and festivities were renewed, as also of course the little whispered confidences and tender glances.

In the midst of these gayeties, an unusually large vessel made her appearance in port. She proved to be one of the German expedition before alluded to. Under an arrangement with the Commissioner, she was ordered to discharge her cargo, destined for various ports in the gulf, at La Paz, pay her duties there, and tranship in coasters. The duties were large, between two and three hundred thousand dollars.

When the papers were all in order, and definitely arranged, the Commissioner, addressing the *Administrador*, said :

"*Amigo* Don Silberio, you are now in funds, and in the name of the Republic I authorize you to liquidate the claims of the *Gefe*, Don Sebastiano, and of the *Licenciado*, Don Manuel, as also those of your department. Considering that there has been so serious a misunder-

standing, for which you were in no way responsible, but brought about by that unhappy parent of all dissension, poverty, your own admirable courtesy will dictate a note to accompany the drafts. Unfortunately, it is necessary for me to make my adieus almost immediately, but I anticipate the honor of meeting you all at a reception which I hold prior to my departure, and which will enable me, I trust, to report to the Government the complete reconciliation and *entente cordiale* of the officials of La Paz."

Thus ended delightfully one of the most serious misunderstandings which ever threatened the peace of La Paz. But as every silver lining has its cloud, who shall describe the sad parting of the good people of the territory with this, the very prince of diplomats. Language is inadequate.

Don Ludovico took his departure on the German bark. He stood upon the deck to the last moment waving adieus. The whole town had congregated to witness his departure.

"It is iniquitous," said the young fellow, his secretary, standing on deck by his side, "to leave all those charming señoritas."

"It is. It is the truth. But what can I do?" said Don Ludovico, with his curious and indescribable laugh, throwing his head back and showing his beautiful teeth. "But what can I do? Tell me! I cannot marry them all! *It is against the law!* And I am sworn to maintain the law." Another gay laugh, contradicted by a certain trembling emotion of the lips. "And if I were to marry one, I should display a preference, and thus mar the beautiful and rounded pearl of diplomacy which I have just achieved. No, no. Alas! Alas! It cannot be. Adieu La Paz, and adieu my peace, forever!"

Henry S. Brooks.



## A PACIFIC COAST POLICY.

IN the development and growth of every country of extensive and widely diversified domain, section will inevitably be, in interest, arrayed against section. This on a narrower scale and within the bounds of one government, is only the working of the same law which in the broader field of international policies arrays nation against nation. In international affairs this is legitimate and natural, and, within reasonable bounds of international rivalry leads to no special harm; as under their separate and distinct political existence each is left free to settle for itself its own internal and national questions, and unhampered by outside influence to seek and find its own legitimate national development.

The perplexing internal problem, however, which comes up for solution in every nation of broad landed possessions and widely diversified sectional interests, and which must be met and settled if sectional strife and ultimate disruption are to be avoided, is how to arrange that each part shall have its proper representation, and its consequent proper degree of influence in the national councils, and thus secure for it an equal chance in the national development.

We have seen in our own country the well marked workings of the law, and its history is largely the story of the struggle of section against section. We find in our national legislation the seacoast with its shipping interests and its harbor improvements battling with the interior which knows little of marine matters, and in the contest the coast already outvoted, and a weak navy and neglected harbor improvements and defenses as a result. In the earlier days of the republic when the bulk of population lay east of the Alleghanies, the

reverse was the case, and shipping and harbors were cared for through the preponderating coast vote, while the development of the sparsely inhabited interior was neglected. We find the lake States making common cause in Congress for the lake interests, while the lower Mississippi States unite and battle together in securing legislation and appropriations for opening the mouth of that river, and for levees to restrain its waters from overflow; and again, the southwestern States banding together to secure legislation for a deep-water Gulf port. In the same way the arid inland plateau unites its forces to secure favorable legislation for extensive systems of water storage and irrigation. These things show the instinctive banding together of the people of each section to advance their own interests.

The Pacific Coast is no exception to the working of the general law. On the contrary, isolation so marked, distance from the other sections of the country so great, and the long stretches of intervening territory capable in so slight a degree of supporting a continuous line of connecting population, would naturally tend to make stronger in the people of the Pacific Coast a sentiment of union among themselves, and should as naturally lead them to make common cause in all questions pertaining to the advancement and prosperity of the Coast. It has its analogue in the isolation which brought together the colonists upon the Atlantic slope a century and a half ago, and which forced the formation of intercolonial leagues long before they were finally united under the permanent compact of the federal constitution.

But unlike as the whole Pacific slope is in climate, and in the possibilities of

its industrial future, to the country east of the mountains, and facing off as it does on a new ocean which is to our blood a new world, and whose shores and countless islands are inhabited by races utterly dissimilar to any before encountered by our people, either through immigration or trade, questions may be expected to come up for solution unlike any before presented to our race in its history.

Then, too, must come up questions of the rights and the interests of the Coast as a whole under the working of our system of national government.

Among the questions already arising, and which vitally concern the future of the Coast may be mentioned:—

1, Irrigation; 2, Water storage; 3, Forest preservation and planting; 4, Mining; 5, Protection to Pacific Coast industries, including ship-building; 6, Transcontinental railroad lines and their legislation; 7, Harbor improvements; 8, Pacific steamship lines and subsidies; 9, Commercial interests on the Pacific; 10, Relation to Pacific islands, and their acquisition; 11, Isthmus canals; 12, Territorial extension north and south; 13, The Chinese question; 14, Pacific Coast fisheries; 15, Fleet for coast defense; 16, Fortifications; 17, Navy yards; 18, Heavy gun factories; 19, United States buildings; 20, Representation in the Cabinet.

These questions, however, belong to the national government, and to it the Coast must go for the decision; yet in the workings of the national government the decision of the questions will resolve itself largely into a matter of Coast influence, that is, of the Coast voting power in Congress. Similar questions from other sections are so settled, each section uniting in support of its own interests, and each section receiving attention largely in proportion to its voting power.

The policy of the Pacific Coast, however, keeps us weak in Congress, and deprives us of that influence which we

must wield if we would receive proper attention in the national councils. True, representation in the House is based upon population, but in the Senate it is by States, two senators to each; and so while New England, with a territorial area of 62,036 square miles and a coast line of only about 450 miles, has twelve senators, the whole Pacific Coast, counting in Washington just admitted, with an area of 350,256 square miles, and a coast line of 1,400 miles, has only six senators.

Taking line for line on the two opposite shores, the length of coast which on the Pacific side has six senators has on the Atlantic twenty-eight. The State of California alone, with three times the area of New England, and certain to contain in the future a larger population, and with double the length of coast line, has two senators against twelve for New England.

The Pacific Coast is sacrificing its influence in the councils of the nation, and thus sacrificing its material interests, in the mistaken policy of keeping up a few large States, whose territorial extent is burdensome even to themselves.

While the Atlantic Coast can combine twenty-eight senators in any movement of common interest, while the Mississippi Valley may combine even a greater number, the whole Pacific Coast can only muster a force of six for any matter however vital to the welfare of its people. How long does any one suppose it would have taken to bring Congress to face the Chinese question, if instead of the four senators we had to fight the battle the Coast could have had ten or twelve?

The measures of Congress are carried largely by combinations. The river States want the mouth of the Mississippi opened. The lake States wish to carry some measure of importance to lake navigation, as, for instance, the inter-lake canals. They combine. The twelve lake senators say, in effect, to the fourteen or sixteen river senators, Help us to



carry our measure and we will help you to carry yours. And so each obtains what it needs.

When the Pacific Coast comes to ask legislation upon any of the great questions mentioned in the list, what will be the power of its six senators to influence these combinations? We feel the evil very sensibly in the matter of government appropriations for river and harbor improvements, and for coast defense. Small harbors, of trifling importance, along the Atlantic coast or the lake shores obtain money in liberal amounts, while the Pacific Coast is neglected. It is simply a question of voting power. The increased representation in the House which will come with increased population, will only partly help to remove the trouble, for representation in the Senate will remain the same.

But it is not simply in our relationship to the general government that we are feeling the harm of our policy of a few overgrown States. It is dwarfing the growth of the whole Coast. Lacking the stimulus which comes of separate political life, and hampered and restricted by legal ties binding together regions distant from each other, and unlike in needs, in possibilities, in purposes, and aspirations, the different portions of the Coast are not making and cannot make their natural and legitimate growth. The Coast is, as just said, dwarfed in carrying out this mistaken policy. It is sacrificing its material interests and its future to a sentiment. The true policy of the Coast should be to divide rather than to concentrate, to multiply States rather than to restrict their number. And in the making of these States these principles especially should govern: the adoption so far as possible of natural boundary lines, so that each State may have ease of intercommunication between all of its parts, a community of pursuits and of interests among the inhabitants of each State, avoidance of unwieldy size, convenience of access to the sea.

By these rules, adopting the Cascade range as the natural dividing line, West Washington, with its coal, its iron, and its timber, would form a manufacturing and shipping State about Puget Sound of 30,000 square miles, equal in area to Maine on the opposite coast.

East Washington with its wheat lands, draining in trade lines naturally to the sea by the north fork of the Columbia, and not to Puget Sound, would have an area of 36,000 square miles, equal to the other five New England States combined.

West Oregon, including all of the present State on the ocean side of the Cascades, would embrace the coast, and the valley of the Willamette, and the valleys of the Rogue and Umpqua, with an area of 30,000 square miles, equal to New Jersey, Maryland, and Delaware, with 10,000 square miles to spare.

East Oregon would take all of the present State which lies east of the Cascades, and drained by the valleys of the Des Chutes, John Day, Umatilla, and the south fork of the Columbia, with an area of 65,000 square miles, equal to Virginia and West Virginia combined.

Northern California would take in the upper coast and the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, with an area of 115,000 square miles, equal to New York and Pennsylvania, with 20,000 square miles to spare. Central California would take in the Tulare and Kern counties, together with the coast of San Luis Obispo, reaching the sea at Port Harford, with an area of 25,000 square miles, equal to South Carolina. This State by the law of grades should reach the sea at San Francisco bay, but in the agricultural needs and natural laws which underlie its whole material development it is so unlike Northern California, and the distance to the sea at Port Harford, which has in it the making of one of the best harbors on the coast, is so much less, that sooner or

later it will be forced to a separate civil and commercial existence.

Southern California would include California south of the mountains, with an area of some 45,000 square miles, larger than Ohio. The peninsula of Lower California, which must sooner or later pass under American control, would form a future new State as large as Florida or Michigan. It is not asserted that the territories thus indicated are yet all ready for separate State life. Population is still too sparse upon the Pacific Coast. Yet the time is rapidly coming when the population will be there, and when the working of the natural laws which have been described in the earlier portion of this article will inevitably split them asunder; and the true policy of the Coast should be to recognize and provide for this change, and to facilitate and hasten rather than to retard its coming.

With these new States, and with their united force of fourteen or sixteen senators instead of the six which we now have, the Pacific Coast would exercise its legitimate influence in the councils of the nation, and have power to carry out Coast policies; while the new States, under the spur of local self-government, and homogeneous each within itself, and also under that natural and healthful rivalry which comes with separate State life, would in the aggregate make much quicker and greater growth than, as now, lost in the immensity of a few vast, non-homogeneous States.

And as the emulation and friendly rivalry of States is better for each, so it is with cities. San Francisco would have a healthier and more solid growth if it had the stimulus of rivalry. In fact, the curse and bane of San Francisco during the first thirty years of her existence was the absence of rivalry. Under lack of the spur of competition, her business methods became antiquated, and she failed to develop that business push and foresight which, with all the

business competition of the West, have made Chicago the great commercial center of the lakes and upper Mississippi. New York is today a larger and richer city because of the rivalry and the aggregated population of other great cities upon the Atlantic shore.

It has been urged that because Texas is a large State, the States of the Pacific Coast may also remain large. The cases are not parallel. Texas, though larger than California, is yet homogeneous. No mountains divide it. No variation of climatic laws makes its sections unlike. Its people seek the sea along the same lines. This Coast, however, is by nature divided. It is not homogeneous. Mountain chains, high and continuous, wall it off by dividing lines such as no art of man may for commercial unity successfully surmount. Its people seek outlet to the sea, and must continue to seek it, each by a route and by ports of its own. It is as impossible for it to continue one as it was for the old Greek states with the sea before them and the mountains between. Our true destiny is, like theirs, a grouping of friendly and confederated States, yet with this difference, that ours is a grouping under the one common national government. To this policy we shall come in self-defense against the sectional groupings of other States which already outline themselves within the national bounds. And then the working of the natural laws, to which reference has been made, is slowly but surely dividing the Coast upon the newer and more natural lines.

Yet while we have no power to prevent this ultimate result, we have it in our power to delay; only, in so doing we are also delaying, and for the time dwarfing, our legitimate growth in population, in wealth, and in power, and voluntarily restricting ourselves to a subordinate position in the councils of the nation. How long can we afford to do this?

*J. P. Widney*



## THE CONJURER'S REVENGE.

SUNDAY was sometimes a rather dull day at our place among the North Carolina sandhills. In the morning, on pleasant days, my wife and I would drive to town, a distance of about five miles, to attend church. The afternoons we would spend at home; I occupied myself with the newspapers and magazines, and occasionally looked over a novel, while Annie, who is a strict Presbyterian, employed her time in reading religious books and playing sacred music on the parlor organ. Sometimes old Julius McAdoo, our colored man-of-all-work, would come up to the house and sit on the piazza and listen to the music; and Annie would come out and exchange religious experiences with him, and supply him with religious literature, although she was aware that he did not know his letters.

One Sunday afternoon in early spring, — the balmy spring of North Carolina, when the air is in that ideal balance between heat and cold where one wishes it could always remain, — Annie and I were seated on the front piazza, she wearily but conscientiously plowing through a missionary report, while I followed the impossible career of the blonde heroine of a rudimentary novel. I had thrown the book aside in disgust, when I saw Julius coming through the yard, under the spreading elms, which were already in full leaf. He wore his Sunday clothes, and advanced with a dignity of movement quite different from his week-day slouch.

"Have a seat, Julius," I said, pointing to an empty rocking-chair.

"No, thanky, boss, I'll des set here on de top step."

"O, no, Uncle Julius," exclaimed Annie, "take this chair. You are too old to sit on the hard floor."

The old man grinned in appreciation of her solicitude, and seated himself somewhat awkwardly. Annie went into the house, and shortly came out with a small hymn-book, bound in black cloth, with red edges."

"Uncle Julius," she said, "I want to make you a present of this hymn-book. If you know of any of your friends who would like to have one, I have several others which were sent to me for distribution."

My wife was quite a zealous missionary, but confined her ministrations chiefly to the colored element of the population. When I asked her why she neglected the poor white people around us, she would answer that they had always been free, and that if they were ignorant, and poor, and degraded, it was their own fault; and for a long time I was unable to reason her out of this unchristian view of her lantern-jawed, tallow-faced neighbors who were unfortunate enough to have been born white. After a residence of several years in the South, however, she began to perceive that the blacks were not the only sufferers from slavery, and her gentle influence won for her many warm friends among our poorer white neighbors. Her judgment was not always equal to her zeal; but on the whole there was perhaps less of misdirected effort in her labors than usually attends missionary enterprises in untried fields.

Julius took the book between his fore-finger and thumb and inspected the cover with a pleased smile. He next took out a pair of ancient spectacles from a leather case, and adjusted them on his nose. Then he opened the book, holding it upside down, and turned the leaves over clumsily.

"Thanky, Miss Annie. Dish yer is a monst'ous fine book, en I'll ha' ter take

good ker un it." He looked at the book a moment longer, and a shade seemed to pass over his face. "Miss Annie," he said, "is yer got —" he broke the question off in evident embarrassment.

"What is it, Uncle Julius?" asked Annie.

"O, nuffin, Miss Annie," he replied hesitatingly, "only I was des a wond'rin' ef yer did n't hab one er dese yer books wid aidges er some yuther color."

"Yes," she replied, "I have them of different colors; but I thought you liked red edges; they look cheerful, and form a pleasing contrast to the black cover."

"Dat's so, Miss Annie, so dey do. I lacks de red aidges bes' my'se'f. But, den, yer see," he added, deprecatingly, "folks is alluz sayin' cullud people lubs red so; en I was a thinkin' maybe ef yer had one wid some yuther kine er aidges, en' would n' min' swoppin' it fer dis, I'd be bleedst ter yer."

Annie exchanged the book for one with blue edges, and Julius put it in his pocket with reiterated thanks.

"Julius," I remarked, "I am thinking of setting out scuppernong vines on that sand hill where the three persimmon trees are; and while I'm working there, I think I'll plant watermelons between the vines, and get a little something to pay for my first year's work on the hill. The new railroad will be finished by the middle of summer, and I can ship the melons North, and get a good price for them."

"Ef yer gwine ter hab any mo' plowin' ter do," replied Julius, "I spec' yer'll ha' ter buy ernudder creetur, caze hit's much ez dem horses kin do ter'ten' ter de wuk dey got now."

"Yes, I had thought of that. I think I'll get a mule; a mule can do more work, and does n't require as much attention as a horse."

"I wouldn' 'vise yer ter buy a mule," remarked Julius, with a shake of his head.

"Why not?"

"Well, yer may 'low hits all foolish-

ness, but ef I was in yo' place I would n't buy no mule."

"But that is n't a reason; what objection have you to a mule?"

"Fac' is," continued the old man, in a serious tone, "I doan' lack ter dribe a mule. I's allus afeard I mout be imposin' on some human bein'; eve'y time I cuts a mule with a hick'ry, 'pears ter me maybe I's a cuttin' my own gran'son, er somebody e'se w'at can't he'p deyse'ves."

"What put such an idea into your head?" I asked.

My question was followed by a short silence, during which Julius seemed to be engaged in a mental struggle.

"I dunno ez hit's wuf while ter tell yer dis," he said, at length. "I doan' hardly 'spec fer yer ter b'lieve it. Does yer 'member dat club-footed man w'at hilt de hoss fer yer de yuther day w'en yer was gitten' outen de rockaway down ter Mars Archie McMillan's sto'?"

"Yes, I remember seeing a club-footed man there."

"Did yer eber see a club-footed nigger befo' or sence?"

"No, I can't remember that I ever did," I replied, after a moment's reflection.

"You en Miss Annie would n't wanter believe me, ef I wuz ter say dat dat nigger was onct a mule?"

"No," I replied, "I don't think it very likely that you could make us believe it."

"Why, Uncle Julius!" said Annie, severely, "what ridiculous nonsense!"

This reception of the prologue of his narrative reduced the old man to silence, and it required some very skillful diplomacy on my part to induce him to continue the story. The prospect of a long and rather dull afternoon was not alluring, and I was glad to have the monotony of Sabbath quiet relieved by a plantation legend.

"W'en I was a young man," said Julius, "dat club-footed nigger — his name



is Primus — use' ter belong ter ole Mars Jim McGee ober on de Lumberton plank-road. I use' ter go ober dere ter see a 'ooman w'at libbed on de plantation. Dis yer Primus was de livelies' han' on de place, alluz a dancin', en drinkin', en runnin' roun', en singin', en pickin' de banjo, 'cep'n' once in a w'ile, w'en he'd git so stubborn dat de w'ite folks could n' do nuffin wid 'im.

"It was 'gin de rules fer any er de han's ter go 'way f'um de plantation at night; but Primus did n' min' de rules, en went w'en he felt lack it; en de w'ite folks purten' lack dey did n' know it, fer Primus was dange'ous w'en he got in dem stubborn spells, en dey ruther not fool wid 'im.

"One night in de spring er de year, Primus slip' off f'um de plantation, en went down on de Wimbleton road ter a dance gin by some er de free niggers down dere. Dey was a fiddle, en a banjo, en a jug gwine roun' on de outside, en Primus sung en dance' tel 'long 'bout two o'clock in de mawnin', w'en he start' fer home. Ez he come erlong back, he tuk a nigh-cut 'cross de cotton fiel's en 'long by de aidge er de Minnal Spring Swamp, so ez ter git shet er de patter-oles w'at rid up en down de big-road fer ter keep de darkies f'um runnin' roun' nights. Primus was santerin' 'long, studyin' 'bout de good time he had wid de gals, w'en, ez he was gwine long by a fence corner, he heard sumpn' grunt. He stopped a minute ter listen, en he heard sumpn' grunt ag'in. Den he went ober ter de fence whar he heard de fuss, en dere, layin' in de fence corner, on a pile er pine straw, was a fine, fat shote.

"Primus look' at de shote, en den started home. But somehow er nudder he could n' git away f'um dat shote; w'en he tuk one step forrards wid one foot, de yuther foot 'peared ter take two steps back'ards, en so he kep' gittin' closer ter en closer ter de shote. It was de beatines' thing. De shote des 'peared ter charm Primus, en fus' thing you

know he foun' hisse'f way 'up de road, wid de shote on his back.

"Ef Primus had a knowed whose shote dat was he'd 'a' manage' ter git pas' it somehow er nudder. Ez it happen, de shote b'long' ter a conjurer w'at libbed down 'mong's de free niggers; co'se de conjurer did n' hab ter wuk his roots but a little w'ile 'fo' he foun' out who tuk his shote. One mawnin', a day er so atter dis happen, Primus did n' go ter wuk w'en de hawn blow, en w'en de oberseah wen' ter look fer him dey wan' no trace er Primus ter be foun' nowhar. W'en he did n' come back in a day er so, eve'ybody on de plantation 'lowed he had runned away. His marster a'vertise' him in de papers, en offered a big reward fer him. De nigger-ketchers fotch out dey dogs, en track 'im down ter de aidge er de swamp, en den de scent gin out—en dat was de las' anybody seed er Primus.

"Two er th'ee weeks atter Primus disappear', his marster went ter town one Sad'day. Mars Jim was stan'in' in front er Sandy Campbell's bar-room, w'en a po' w'ite man f'um down on de Wimbleton road come up ter 'im en ax 'im ef he did n' wanter buy a mule.

"'I dunno,' says Mars Jim, 'whar is de mule?'

"'Des 'roun' yer back er ole Tom McAlister's sto,' says de po' w'ite man.

"'I reckon I'll hab a look at de mule,' says Mars Jim, 'en ef he suit me, I dunno but w'at I mout buy 'im.'

"So de po' w'ite man tuk Mars Jim 'roun back er de sto', en dere stood a monst'us fine mule. W'en de mule see Mars Jim, he gin a whinny, des lack he knowed him befo'. Mars Jim look' at de mule, en de mule 'peared ter be soun' en strong. Mars Jim thought he see sump'n fermilious 'bout de mule's face, spesh'ly his eyes; but he had n' los' naer mule, en did n' hab no recommemb'ance er habin' seed de mule befo'. He ax de po' bockrah whar he got de mule, en de po' bockrah say his brer raise de mule

down on Rockfish Creek. Mars Jim was a little s'picious er seein' a po' w'ite man wid sech a fine critter, but he finally 'greed ter gib de man fifty dollars fer de mule—'bout ha'f w'at a good mule was wuf dem days.

"He tied de mule behin' his buggy w'en he went home, en put him ter plowin' cotton de nex' day. De mule done mighty well fer th'ee er fo' days, en den de niggers 'mence' ter notice some quare things erbout him. Dey was a medder on de plantation whar dey use ter put de hosses en mules ter paster. Hit was fence' off f'um de corn-fiel'; but ter one side'n de paster dey was a terbacker patch w'at w'a'nt fence' off, caze de beastisses doan' none un 'em eat terbacker—dey doan' know w'at's good; terbacker is lack religion—de good Lawd made it fer people, en dey ain' no yuther creetur w'at kin 'preciate it. But ez I was a sayin', de 'darkies notice' dat de fus' thing de new mule done w'en he was turnt inter de paster, was ter make fer de terbacker-patch. Cose dey did n' think nuffin' un it, but nex' maw-nin', w'en dey went ter ketch 'im, dey 'skivered dat he had et up two whole rows er terbacker plants. Atter dat dey had ter put a halter on 'im, en tie 'im ter a stake, er e'se dey would n' a been naer leaf er terbacker lef' in de patch.

"Ernudder day one er de han's, named 'Dolphus, hitch de mule up, en drike up here ter dish yer vimya'd—dat was w'en ole Mars Dugal' own' dis place. Mars Dugal' had killt a yearlin', en de neighbor w'ite folks all sent ober fer ter git some fraish beef, en Mars Jim had sent 'Dolphus fer some. Dey was a wine-press in de ya'd whar 'Dolphus lef' de mule a-stan'in', en right in front er de press dey was a tub er grape-juice, des pressed out, en a little ter one side a bairl erbout half full er wine w'at had be'n stan'in' two er th'ee days, en had begun ter git sorter sharp ter de tas'e. Dey was a couple er bo'ds on, top er dish yer

bairl, wid a rock laid on 'em ter hole 'em down. Ez I was a sayin', 'Dolphus lef' de mule stan'in' in de ya'd, en went inter de smoke-house fer ter git de beef. Bimeby, w'en he come out, he seed de mule a-stagg'rin' 'bout de ya'd, en 'fo 'Dolphus could git dere ter fine out w'at was de marter, de mule fell right ober on his side, en laid dere des lack he was dead.

"All de niggers 'bout de house run out dere fer ter see w'at was de marter. Some say de mule had de colic; some say one thing en some ernudder; tell bimeby one er de han's seed de top off'n de bairl.

"'Fo de Lawd!' he say, 'dat mule drunk! he be'n drinkin' er de wine.' En sho' 'nough, de mule had pas' right by de tub er fraish grape-juice en push' de kiver off'n de bairl, en drunk two or th'ee gallon er de wine w'at had been standin' long enough fer ter begin ter git sharp.

"De darkies all made a great 'miration 'bout de mule gittin' drunk. Dey never had n' seed nuffin lack it in dey bawn days. Dey po'd water ober de mule, en tried ter sober him up; but it wa'n't no use, en 'Dolphus had ter take de beef home on his back, en leave de mule alone tell he slep' off his spree.

"I doan' 'member whe'r I tole yer er no, but w'en Primus disappear fum de plantation he lef' a wife—a monst'us good-lookin' yaller gal, name' Sally. W'en Primus had be'n gone a mont' er so, Sally 'mence' fer ter git lonesome, en tuk up wid ernudder young man name' Dave, w'at b'long' on de plantation. Dey libbed in de same cabin whar Primus use' ter lib. One day Dave undertuk ter plow de new mule. De mule 'peared so nice en easy-goin' dat Dave kinder fergot he was wukkin' a mule; he went 'long behin' de plow, singin' a song w'at he made up hisse'f, 'bout w'at a nice gal Sally was, tell bimeby, w'en dey was makin' de turn at de een' er de row, one er de plow-lines got under de mule's



hind leg. Dave retch' down ter git de line out, sorter keerless like, w'en de mule haul off en kick him clean ober de fence inter a briar-patch on de yuther side — leastways dat 's w'at I hearn.

"Co'se Dave was laid up fer a day er so, en one night de mule got outen de paster, en went down to de quarters. Dave was layin' dere in bed, w'en he heard sump'n bangin' erway at de side'n his cabin. He raise up on one shoulder en look aroun', w'en w'at should he see but de new mule's head stickin' in de winder, wid his lips drawed back ober his toofs, grinnin' en snappin' at Dave des lack he wanter eat 'im up; den de mule went roun' ter de do', en kick erway lack he wanter break de do' down, tell bimeby somebody come erlong en driv him back ter de paster. W'en Sally come in f'um de big house whar she had been waitin' on de w'ite folks, she foun' po' Dave nigh 'bout dead, he was so skeered.

"Cose de niggers tole dey marster 'bout de mule's gwines-on. Fust he did n't pay no 'tention ter it, but atter a w'ile he tole 'em ef dey did n't stop dey foolishness, he gwine tie some un 'em up. So atter dat dey did n't say nuffin' mo' ter dey marster, but dey kep' on noticin' de mule's quarè ways des de same.

"Long 'bout de middle er de summer dey was a big camp-meetin' broke out down on de Wimbleton road, en nigh 'bout all de po' w'ite folks en free niggers in de settlement got religion, en 'mongst 'em de conjurer w'at own de shote w'at Primus was charm' by.

"Dis conjurer was a Guinea nigger, en' befo' he was sot free had b'long' ter a gemman down in Sampson County. De conjurer say his daddy was a king, er a guv'ner, er some sorter w'atyermay-call'em in Affiky, befo' he was stoled away en sole ter de spekilaters. De conjuror had he'ped his marster outen' some trouble er nudder wid his goopher, en his marster had sot him free, en bought

him a track er land down on de Wimbleton road.

"De conjurer had n't mo'd'n comé thoo good, befo' he was tuk sick wid a cole w'at he ketch kneelin' on de groun' so long at de mou'ner's bench. He kep' gittin' wusser en wusser, en bimeby de rheumatiz tuk holt er him, en drawed him all up, tell one day he sent word up ter Mars Jim McGee's plantation, en ax Pete, de nigger w'at took keer er de mules, fer ter come down dere dat night en fetch dat mule w'at his marster had bought f'um de po' w'ite man dyoin' er de summer.

"Pete was bleedst ter go, fer he did n't daster stay away w'en de conjurer say he mus' come. So dat night, w'en he done et his bacon en his hoe-cake, en drunk his merlasses en water, he put a bridle on de mule, en rid 'im down ter de conjurer's cabin. W'en he got ter de do', he lit en hitch de mule, en den knock at de do'. He felt mighty jubous 'bout gwine in, but he was bleedst ter do it.

"Pull de string,' said a weak voice, en w'en Pete lif' de latch en went in, de conjurer was layin' on de bed, lookin' pale en weak, lack he did n't hab much longer ter lib.

"Is yer fotch de mule?' says 'e.

"Pete say yas, en de conjurer went on:

"Brer Pete,' says 'e, 'I's be'n a monst'us sinner, en I's done a power er wickedness dyoin' er my days; but de Lawd is wash' my sins erway, en I feels now dat I am boun' fer de kingdom. En I feels, too, dat I ain't gwine ter git up f'um dis bed no mo' in dis worl', en I wants ter undo some er de harm I done. En dat 's de reason, Brer Pete, I ax yer ter fetch dat mule down here. You 'member dat shote I was up ter yo' plantation inquirin' 'bout las' June?'

"Yas,' says Brer Pete, 'I 'member you axin' 'bout de shote.'

"I dunno whe'r you eber larnt it er no,' says de conjuror, 'but I done knowed Primus had tuk de shote, en I

was boun' ter git eben wid 'im. So one night I cot 'im down by de swamp on his way ter a candy-pullin', en turnt him ter a mule, en got a po' w'ite man ter sell de mule, en we 'vided de money. But I doan' want ter die tell I turn Brer Primus back agin.'

"Den de conjurer ax Pete ter take down one er two go'ds off'n a shelf in de corner, en one er two bottles wid some kind er goopher mixtry in 'em, en set 'em on a stool by de bed, en den ax him ter fetch de mule in.

"We'n de mule come in, he gin a snort, en started fer de bed, des lack he was gwine ter jump up on it.

"'Hole on dere, Brer Primus,' de conjurer hollered, 'I's monst'us weak, en if you commence on me, you won't nebber hab no chance fer ter git turnt back no mo'.

"De mule seed de sense er dat, en stood still. Den de conjurer tuk de go'ds en bottles, en 'mence' ter wuk de roots en yarbs, en de mule commence ter turn back ter a man — fust his years, den de rest er his head, den his shoulders en arms. All de time de conjurer kep' on wukkin' his roots; en Pete en Primus could see he was gittin' weaker en weaker all de time.

"'Brer Pete,' says 'e, bimeby, 'gimme a drink er dem bitters outen dat green bottle, on de shelf yander. I's gwine fas', en it 'll gimme strenk fer ter finish dis wuk.'

"Brer Pete look up on de mantel-piece, en he see' a bottle in de corner. It was so dark in de cabin he could n't tell whe'r it was a green bottle er no. But he hilt de bottle ter de conjurer's mouf, en de conjurer tuk a big drink.

"He had n' mo'd'n swallowed it befo' he hollered out: 'You gimme de wrong bottle, Brer Pete; dis bottle got pizen in it, en I's done fer dis time, sho'. Hol' me up, fer de Lawd's sake, tell I git thoo turnin' Brer Primus back.'

"So Pete hilt him up, en he kep' on wukkin' de roots, tell he got de goopher

all tuk off'n Brer Primus' cep'n one foot. He had n' got dis foot mo' d'n half turnt back befo' his strenk gin out, en he drap de roots en fell back on de bed.

"'I can't do no mo' fer yer, Brer Primus,' says 'e, 'but I hopes yer will fergib me fer w'at harm I done yer.' I knows de good Lawd done fergib me, en I hope ter meet yer bofe in glory.' En so de conjurer died, en Pete en Primus went back ter de plantation.

"De darkies all made a great 'miration w'en Primus come back. Mars Jim let on lack he did n' b'lieve de tale de two niggers tol'; he say Primus had runned away, en stay tell he got ti'ed er de swamps, en den come back whar he knowed he'd git ernough ter eat. He tried ter 'count fer de shape er Primus' foot by sayin' Primus got his foot mash', er snake-bit, er sump'n', w'iles he was away, en did n' git it kyoed up straight. But de niggers all notice he did n' tie Primus up, ner take on much 'caze de mule was gone."

Annie had listened to Julius, at first with an air of disdainful incredulity; but as he went on she became interested, for the old man told the story in a very dramatic way; but when he had finished, her conscience, released from the spell of the story-teller's art, warned her that she had been encouraging the dissemination of fictitious narrative on the Sabbath day, and she said gravely:

"Why, Uncle Julius! You ought to be ashamed to repeat such nonsense on Sunday."

The expression of conscious guilt that involuntarily came into the old man's face, very quickly gave place to a well-assumed air of injured innocence, and he answered reproachfully:

"I ain' got no 'casion fer ter be shame', Miss Annie, w'en I ain' tellin' nuffin but de truf. I did n' see it myse'f, but I b'en hearin' it fer mo' d'n forty year."

"Then you were not an eye-witness of these remarkable occurrences?" I asked.



"No, suh, but dey was tol' ter me by folks w'at yer could n' hire ter say w'at wa' n't so. En ernudder thing w'at makes me b'lieve it so, is de way dat olè nigger goes on ef anybody ax him how he come by dat club-foot. I axed him one day, ve'y perlite en civil, en he call me a ole fool, en got so mad he ain' spoke ter me sence. Hit's monst'us quare. But dis is a quare worl' any way yer kin fix it," concluded the old man, with a weary sigh.

"I knows a man," he added, as he rose to go, "w'at's got a good horse he wan' ter sell — leastwise dat's w'at I hearn. I'm gwine ter pra'r-meetin' ternight, en I'm gwine right by de man's house, en ef you'd lack ter look at de hoss, I'll ax him ter fetch him roun'."

"O, yes," I said, "you can ask him to stop in if he is passing. There will be no harm in looking at the horse."

Early the next morning the man brought the horse up to the vineyard. At that time I was not a very good judge of horse-flesh; the horse appeared sound and gentle, and as the owner assured me had no bad habits. The man wanted a large price for the horse, but finally agreed to accept a much smaller sum, upon payment of which I became possessed of a very fine looking animal. But alas for the deceitfulness of appearances! I soon

ascertained that the horse was blind in one eye, and that the sight of the other was very defective; and not a month elapsed before my purchase developed most of the diseases that horseflesh is heir to, and a more worthless, broken-winded, spavined quadruped never disgraced the name of horse. After worrying through two or three months of life, he expired one night in a fit of the colic, the result of over-eating and an impaired digestion. I replaced him with a mule, and Julius henceforth had to take his chances of driving some one of his relations.

Circumstances that afterwards came to my knowledge created in my mind a strong suspicion of the part Julius played in this transaction: among other things was his appearance the Sunday following the purchase of the horse in a new suit of store clothes, which I had seen displayed in the window of Mr. Solomon Cohen's store on my last visit to town, and had remarked on account of their striking originality of cut and pattern. As I had not recently paid Julius any money, and as he had no property to mortgage, I was driven to conjecture to account for his possession of the means for buying the clothes. After that time, however, I took his advice only in small doses, and with great discrimination.

*Charles W. Chesnutt.*



## A VOYAGE BY LAND.

BEING railroaders, and having exalted ideas of the good times connected with the construction of roads, especially where they were transcontinental, we felt the need of a goal to steer for, when the bottom fell out of our gold mine, as it did when the last tie connecting the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific was duly railed and spiked, on the 9th day of May, '69. The camps, which had contained from 1 to 1500 men each, were being deserted in a day. The Promontory, with its rocks, its scant and scrubby wild sage, and its dumps, and cuts, and locomotives, to contrast grimly with the surrounding untouched barrenness, had no more power to charm. The people were boarding the trains going east and west. Some rigged up their teams and took the wagon road, mostly all facing east; and others, who had worked a year or two steadily, had, in the jubilee over the finishing of the roads, either squandered their earnings on drink, lost them at poker, or been garroted, and were on foot, dejectedly plodding along the roads in either direction, hoping to stumble upon some money-making "layout," or steal a ride now and then on passing trains until chance should bolt them up against some new idea.

Having a team, Mrs. Baker and I could but follow the wagon trail in our departure from The Last Chance. We too faced the Wahsatch range to the east. Our goal lay far, far beyond. Just how far we did not know. We thought we could see golden shores to steer for at two different points, one much nearer than the other, but which was the richer we had no idea. Distance lends enchantment to the view, we are told, and it was so in this case. We favored the west-coming Kansas Pacific,

known to us as the Smoky Hill road, yet not being fully decided on our future course we joined company with five other teams, whose owners labored in the same quandaries, and moved east from Promontory, Utah, to South Pass, Wyoming, in our haste taking but a glance at The Devil's Slide, The Witches' Rocks, Hanging Rock, (on which the Mormons, armed with a cairn of stones to drop down upon their enemies, once lay in vain waiting for Uncle Sam's soldiers to pass along the underlying wagon trail), and others of our favorite haunts of the past in the depths of Echo and Weber Cañons.

And yet, as we drove through the mouth of Echo, my memory was keenly alive to some of my past experiences there. It was only a year before that a wedded couple (Mormons) took me out for a drive, and for two hours I sat between the two, each of them holding a hand, and both earnestly courting me for wife number two. The lady excused her part in the wooing by saying she could not prevent the coming of a second into the family, and as both were pleased with me the drive had been planned with a view to getting my consent to the union. They were people of intelligence and education, yet my very good reason for declining their offer was easily disposed of in their minds, my husband being a gentile, and my marriage with him not necessarily binding by Mormon law. I took no offense therefore at the peculiar situation in which the kindly couple placed me, knowing that no offense was intended.

And many were the fat trout I had cast out of the Weber at the end of my line. Mrs. Pace and I were fishing up the river one day two years before, when we met with an adventure of an unex-



pected nature. Our pet followed us as usual, a one-hundred-pound pig, who was as cleanly and affectionate as any dog, and who had from his infancy been a privileged character indoors and out.

We were returning with our string of fishes, when Curly stopped at a bend in the river to do some prospecting for goodfies among the thickets along the bank, while we climbed to the road to follow the turnpike around a projection. Curly discovered us as we were half way around the point, and, instead of going around by our trail, he trusted his chance of reaching us to plank-road philosophy, plunging into the river and swimming straight after us, and the first we knew of his caper he was struggling with the current twenty feet below us at the base of the perpendicular brink, eyeing us steadily and grunting pitifully for help. Only his snout and eyes were visible, and the force of the flow was sweeping him away, though he labored heroically to save himself. It was already too late to turn his course by running back, and by that means save him from getting into the mad swirl as the river made its narrow passage beneath us.

A feeling of despair possessed us, as we saw him going down, down, and we shrieked with all the force of our lungs. A chorus of echoes replied to our calls, until the cañon seemed an endless pandemonium of screaming lost souls. The bombardment upon our ears brought us to our senses. We hushed our cries, knowing there was no person within call, and went to work manfully to do what we could for our friend's salvation. We ran after him, calling him to stimulate assurance in his failing heart and exhausted muscles.

Beyond the point the river bed spread to considerable width, giving slack to the force of its flow; and there, too, the bank dropped to a height of only four feet above the water's surface. We scrambled down the hillside, in our mad flight leaving fragments of our garments

on the intervening bushes, and, as we reached the low bank, Curly's snout appeared in the less active water near the brink. By lying flat on our stomachs we could reach his snout and ears with our hands, and we pulled at these appendages a while, until we got hold of one foreleg, and then the other. We were working with all our might,—Curly doing his part grandly. There we pulled and pulled, uncertain whether we were all to come up or go down together, as a final issue. The bank might cave in with us, or we might drag ourselves down head foremost rather than let go our hold.

How that pig talked to us in the meantime. Other people might have heard, nothing but such grunts as the ordinary pig emits, but we understood him to say, "Keep cool a little, dears; I shall soon get a hold with my rear feet, and then we'll be all hunkidory." And when he did get a hold, and stood reared up with half his body above the water, and our arms partly relieved of his weight, we scrambled to our feet, and the work of dragging him up was done in a moment, all falling back in a heap, panting with over-exertion. Some say there is neither reason nor appreciation in a pig, but Curly overruled this charge against his family; his tail fairly wagged with thankfulness as he walked close between us on the remainder of the way home.

We were more than ever attached to Curly after that, and he to us, but a sad ending to our association was near at hand. We started to travel soon after. Curly followed us faithfully the twenty-five miles of our first day's drive, as he would have gone with us to the antipodes, but his owner — though one of the so-called sterner sex — was too sensitive to endure longer the attention he attracted. Every traveler we met stared at Curly as if he were Satan himself following in our wake.

Mrs. Pace and I were more proud than ashamed of him, but men have a keener

sense of propriety than have women, and as men ruled in this affair, — as men rule in everything everywhere, — our Curly had to be sacrificed to a pride too rotten for corruption. We camped near a ranch, and before starting out the next morning we gave him our farewell caresses over the rails of a dirty pigsty, where he was confined with another of his kind, to spend the months, perhaps years, in a world eight by ten feet square, and mud and filth to the bottom, where he must starve and wait vainly for a return of the liberty, the kindness, and the general halcyon time of yore, and at last be butchered to fill the rapacious stomach of man. The owners, the new and the old, caught us weeping over him, as he stood up against the rails to be caressed; but men have an apt way of turning woman's tears into kindly (?) ridicule, — women are so weak, poor, unreasoning things.

At Coalville, too, a settlement on Coal Creek, five miles away, were memorable associations of the past; and as we drove through these marvellous cañons on our way to Sweet Water, I felt that I was leaving my heart behind me. But a year before, I had tucked my babe away for a long sleep at the base of Pulpit Rock, in the mouth of Echo.

Leaving the Wahsatch Range in the rear, the near at hand scenery was less picturesque, though not repellent, used as we were to unsettled and barren country, and in due time we found much to admire in the castellated rocks and buff-colored buttes along Green River, where we were given some little polished slabs of soft stone from one of the buttes in the vicinity, in which lay the perfect skeletons of fishes that had struggled for existence and frisked gleefully thousands of years ago; and these, together with some moss agates we had gathered near Fort Bridger, we put away among other keepsakes.

On May 24, Major Powell left Green River City, hoisting the flags on his

four boats, the Emma Dean, Kitty Clyde's Sister, No Name, and the Maid of the Cañon, and going with the current south, rationed for ten months, in his famous explorations of the cañons of the madly tumbled up country on his track.

The first bit of news we heard on entering South Pass was of a sad accident. A young couple had gotten a cabin, and the husband's rifle had been discharged while pulling it out from among the bundles and bags piled in the corner. With a laugh the couple had resumed their preparations for house-keeping, not knowing that harm was done, until the wife began to wonder why their child slept so long. As she spoke, a sudden fear possessed them both, and going to a bundle of blankets partly spread, they found the infant shot through the heart. This little Rocky Mountain babe had been in health but an hour before, and it was probably the only white infant within a radius of at least a hundred miles at that time; yet fate had said it should be sacrificed, and the young couple carry through life a bitter regret.

There were three little mining camps in the deep and broad-bottomed gulch through which flowed Sweet Water, and we camped beside the stream for a ten days' consideration of the conundrum whether the mines at hand, which gave promise of more active work in the near future, held our fortunes, or the railroad far away. There had been much prospecting done among the near-lying hills, considering the hostile attitude of the Indians, yet no certain discoveries had been made since the stampede to the place eighteen months before. The few mines, quartz and placer, being worked, though rich, were for want of needed machinery giving employment to no great number of men. The richest of them had fallen into the hands of Jack Holbrook and George Owen, who had come into South Pass early in the spring



of '68, in a company of a score or more, including Mrs. Baker and child. The party had crossed the mountains in mid-winter from Salmon River, Idaho, by pack-train, and narrowly escaped perishing on the way. Holbrook, a young Englishman, was the principal owner of the Miners' Delight mine, with its five-stamp quartz mill and sluice boxes.

The camps were yet living in their future. The unemployed talked of new discoveries as if they were already made. The rich mines found must have their hidden companions. The only trouble was in locating them. Had the Indians been less threatening, Mrs. Baker and I might have gone out prospecting "on our own hook," and added a few to the number of the burrows on the hills all around, as we too had an aptitude for believing that the bird in the bush was ours as safely as if in our hands; but the wind at a certain hour happened to be blowing southeast, so we hitched up our teams again and steered for Point of Rocks station, the nearest on the Union Pacific.

On reaching our goal after a ninety miles' drive, those of us who disliked spending upwards of two months on the plains, at a loss of the profit we might gain in an early reaching of the Kansas Pacific, voted aye, when some one proposed that we should hitch the locomotive to our train for better speed; and a stock and flat car were chartered to Laramie, distance 235 miles, where our disjointed vehicles were soon put in order for onward march.

Laramie city, with an altitude of 7,135 feet, was then a village of about 500 inhabitants, lying on the east bank of the Laramie River, and pleasantly situated on a well watered plain at the foot of the Black Hills. It was laid out on a liberal scale as regards width of streets and scope for public institutions, but up to the building of the Union Pacific it was only a favorite camping and recruiting

station for emigrants bound for California via the old pioneer route.

Where broad, cultivated fields are now seen, all was then a waste of grass, and the locality had been the constant haunt of the stock-stealing Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe Indians. In its westward panorama are rolling hills and plains, interlined with many creeks, all tending northward to the North Platte. Southwest lies the notorious round-topped Sheep Mountain, near which is the world-renowned Centennial mine, whose croppings have furnished the Last Chance district with a history that will live for ages. To the south and southeast are seen the gorges and plateaus of an elbow in the Rocky range; also the towering cap of Long's Peak, with an altitude of 14,271 feet. Eastward the dark Black Hills rise to deceitful heights. They look low, but they furnish the greatest altitude yet attained by steam trains,—8,235 feet. Eighteen miles north is the remarkable Iron Mountain, and forty miles beyond can be seen Laramie Peak, now looming up to a good altitude, though it was once but a hole in the earth,—at least so said Jim Bridger, a widely known trapper of that region, who claimed that he had seen the hole from which the mountain grew.

With our animals in harness, and wagons oiled for the road, we pulled out by Fort Sanders, where we were halted by Uncle Sam, who wanted to know if we were enough in number and sufficiently well armed to be trusted with our scalps, and convincing him that we were, on counting the real and imaginary warriors, guns and cartridges of our train, we drove on past the red sand hills which are now a place of curiosity to the Eastern traveler, and on over the agate, crystal, and fossil beds that have become noted for their never-ending production of curiosities.

Slowly we climbed the dark sides of the hills, a few miles to the south, among which my sister and I were lost a whole

day nine years before,—children strayed from the emigrant road, while our train toiled on all day, too pre-occupied in the navigation of its sixty-odd teams over the steep windings of the trail even to know that we were missing until time to camp for the night.

Just over the summit, and we camped in a lovely little valley on Dale Creek, which furnished us with trout, grass, pine trees, pitch wood, and all the attractions of a camper's paradise. Yet there was a weirdness about the deserted, tumble-down buildings near which we located for the night, that gave us periodical shudders, as we dreamily figured out how this desolation was brought about by attack from the hostile Indians. A tenantless building of any kind, particularly if falling into decay, has an atmosphere about it to make one feel ill at ease even in broad day. Much more so in darkness, particularly where murder has been committed, and the presence of the wreck served on that night as a damper to our usual good cheer.

Our dull feelings were the prelude to disturbed slumbers, from which we were awakened about two o'clock in the morning, as our stock rushed past our camp in a frenzy of fright, making the earth tremble in their wild stampede. We doubted not that we were victimized by Indians, and feared we were to finish our travels on foot, if allowed to finish them at all this side of the day of judgment. Pursuit in the darkness was unwise, so we anxiously awaited the developments of the dawn, and when it came neither Indians nor mules were in sight nor a moccasin track could be found; but a little careful scouting by one of the boldest of our party proved the stock to be yet our own. They were seen quietly grazing in a basin two miles away, and thus ended our first imaginary attack by Indians; and, while the railroad makes it a laborious distance of sixty miles from Laramie to Cheyenne, we drove on over the wagon trail with

its glorious surroundings, which is something of a short cut.

Cheyenne was the Sodom and Gomorrah of all railroad towns. In winter it was the bleak, cold, dreary, rickety roost of robbers, cut-throats, cattle-thieves, convicts, and prairie-dogs; and in summer it was a dry, parched hurricane harbor, perched on the east bank of a mud-hole and a dry creek. Even as we entered its sacrilegious outskirts, though yet young, it had signs of decay such as attend the wild deeds of a youthful profligate. Fires have blotted it out, but born of excitement, it again flashes into existence, and it is now quite a pretentious city.

The day we entered Cheyenne there was a breeze following us. We were literally traveling with the wind. Our brakes were all on, to speak a little extravagantly, and every driver was tugging on the lines in a vain effort to slow down his flying team. The wind crowded the wagons upon the mules, and there being no help for it, they were urged to full speed. Not a woman dared venture out that day as we sailed down Fifteenth Street, but men gaped at us from sheltered nooks as if we were the Harvard Yacht Club racing for a national prize, while the canvas on our little prairie schooners was bagging out over our flying mules. We had little time for observation, yet we noticed that the masculines moving about had their garments all dragging to leeward, while the hats of most of them were drifting around the street corners; and the yellow sand whirled itself into columns, and stalked away like giant ghosts over the east-lying hills; gravel stones, ashcans, etc., leaped about like living things playing tag, and all was bluster and confusion, as we dashed along the length of the town and found shelter surrounded by the adobe walls of Hook and More's corral and feed-stables.

Leaving Cheyenne, our course lay along the foothills of the Rockies, in a



southerly direction, and our trail was comparatively new, as it had sprung into use since the Union Pacific Company's location of the town; and our first camp was on Lone Tree Creek, the lone tree being invisible. Another day's travel, however, left us in a country where the waste soil was being redeemed,—the valley of the Cache-a-la-Poudre. Away to our right towered Long's Peak, and to our right lay also the cañon from which comes the Poudre in a rush to the plains.

This cañon has its history as a famous resort for banditti. For a long time it was the headquarters of the Mississippi outlaw Musgrove, who was a remarkable man in his way, but he missed his calling when, to avenge real or fancied wrongs, he, with his gang of desperadoes, stole government stock, and hied them away to Nevada and Montana, returning to repeat the drive. He was captured in the cañon, and a mob hung him in Denver from the Larimer Street Bridge. From the very mouth of the cañon and away far to our left the valley bloomed in culture, and the few trees about Fort Collins, four miles east of us, loomed up in the mirage like a squad of giant soldiers.

At our crossing place of the Poudre was a little settlement, but we were told that all was the property of a Mr. Whitcomb, a "squaw-man," or a man who had an Arapahoe squaw for wife. Whitcomb seemed to have some possessions about him, though he complained of having been "cleaned out," the Indians having taken about fifty thousand dollars worth of stock from him. There were cattle, horses, and sheep in sight for miles around,—his property, as were also the little grocery, the blacksmith shop, several log and adobe cabins, stables and corral, flocks of fowl and straggling swine, greyhounds and kangaroo-dogs, tame antelope with large liquid eyes, young deer and bison-calves, chained coyotes, badgers, and bears,

half-naked half-breeds, blanketed Indians, and buckskinned Bitter Creek whites.

A few miles beyond, and we were in another rich valley, that of the Thompson. A blear-eyed and bow-legged little greaser, known as Maryanna, had put a rickety pole bridge across the Thompson Creek, and by some law, or the want of it, was collecting toll from travelers the year around, though two-thirds of the year the stream could easily be forded. Maryanna was the subject of some marvellous stories. He was said to have been at one time possessed of untold wealth. At the time of our toll-gate acquaintance with him, he had three wives, Arapahoe squaws, and the ignorance and squalor pervading the air at the crossing justified anything but a favorable opinion of him or his.

We had two days' easy driving from the Thompson to Denver, in which we were continually crossing feeders to the South Platte,—first in order being the St. Vrain, Boulder Creek, Coal Creek, Clear Creek, and intermediate dry or overflowing gulches, all having their source on the eastern slope of the Rockies, and about whose headwaters are mines of untold wealth. From Long's Peak, for sixty miles south, could be seen, away in the dense forests of pine that clothed the foothills, the curling smoke from mining districts, indicating the presence of mills and smelters, and a general business activity that has characterized Colorado since 1859. As we jogged along over the table-lands the panorama was glorious.

But a few months before, Long's Peak was ascended by those who could give a record. Major Powell, the man who has made his name renowned by his perilous explorations of the Colorado cañon, was at the head of a party, and was assisted by a journalist who has been identified with Colorado since its earliest growth, Wm. N. Byers. After two days of wearisome and hazardous strug-

gling among its gigantic rocks and chilling snows, the party planted the American flag on its summit, and left the usual box of records in a mound, as a mark of their achievement. Of late years enterprising parties have removed many of nature's obstacles, so that from Estes Park, on the north side, the getting to the summit is a less difficult undertaking, and many mount the peak to enjoy the unlimited scenery there presented.

Along the range, a few miles south, lies a saddle-backed mountain of no mean elevation, and under its crags are found the croppings and works of one of the greatest mines or grandest swindles on the continent—the Cariboo. This claim dares rival the famous Emma mine in tales of hidden wealth and big sales. Next is James Peak, around whose craggy sides wound one of the most dangerous trails for pack animals that was ever surveyed or traveled. Then comes Vasquez Peak, on the north side of which lies the Berthoud Pass, through which is surveyed both a wagon and rail road, and it is eligible for either with but little labor. On the south side is the old Hughes road, going through to Middle Fork, and on to California. And farther south we behold a round-topped mountain known as Grey's Peak, and into its depths run the Colorado bonanzas. Beyond is Mount Lincoln, with an altitude of 14,297 feet, on the side of which lies Alma, the highest town on the continent, whose boast is of hidden millions and having the highest telegraph office in the world. This peak has a cabin or two but 140 feet from its summit.

The eye takes in at a glance a stretch of rugged peaks 150 miles in length, finally halting with a dim view of a little mound over the divide, between the Platte and the Arkansas rivers. It is Pike's Peak, the peak of so much mining notoriety in the years '58 and '59, but in those years there were no mines within seventy miles of it. The excite-

ment arose from discoveries made about the head of a branch of Clear Creek, forty miles west of where Denver now stands, and where is a town called Central City. Clear Creek puts into the Platte three miles below Denver, and is, because of debris washed down from the mills, a dirty creek for the name. At its crossing we found another pensioner. We could have forded the stream easily, but were called on to pay toll, nevertheless. It was Jim Baker, a long, spider-legged "squaw-man," who had been about the headwaters of the Platte for over forty years; who had been the companion and fellow traveler of Kit Carson, Jim Beckwith, and others of the early pioneers. His wives were of the tribe known as Snakes, and the half-breeds basking in the sun on the south side of the house were numerous and indolent, though not too lazy to step into the highway for the toll money.

Up an easy grade, and we were on a plateau that overlooks Denver, "the Queen City of the Plains," and the valley of the South Platte, for a distance of forty miles to the northeast from its cañon. The verdure of the Platte's tributaries, such as Bear Creek, Turkey Creek, Plum Creek, Cherry Creek, etc., formed a striking and not unpleasant contrast to the dry and arid hills interspersed.

As we looked upon Denver from the boulevards we pronounced it a bird's-eye view to be remembered. The city contained upwards of 25,000 inhabitants, taking in its transients, and, being more compactly built than Salt Lake City, partook more of metropolitan airs. From any point of the compass Salt Lake City at that time looked like a huge settlement with a big boulder in its center, (the tabernacle), while Denver had more the characteristics of a young city of the world. It is literally built on sand. There is a coating of hard cement, a strong, gravelly composition that after a wind is swept clean, yet it has a sand



foundation. From Capitol Hill to the east of Denver come numberless streams, which run on each side of the lettered streets, (as they do in the streets of Salt Lake City), flowing rapidly over their gravelly beds, disappearing at the intersection of cross streets, as they hurry on to join the Platte, from which they were taken by means of a canal some thirty miles in length. Today as fine specimens of architectural beauty are seen in Denver, in the way of cottages, palatial residences, and public buildings, as are found anywhere on the continent, and two-thirds are buried in little groves and flower gardens.

To the average Rambler, life was not monotonous at Denver. The city had already everything to gratify the dissipated classes from far and wide, and at night there were, in certain localities, gayeties too riotous for the approval of the temperate moralist. By day or night could be seen on the streets figures and groups seldom seen elsewhere. There might be a Mexican "bull-train" moving down F Street and into Blake, the dwarfy cattle herded along by as sorry a looking set as one could wish to see. They were called "Greasers," and they were dirty and greasy enough to justify the appellation. Their suits were sometimes made of flour-sacks sewed up with sinew or buckskin whangs; and trailing their long whips, they could gape, feeling the discomfiture of misplacement, until their loads of wool were housed in the city's warehouses, and they once more among the sand hills of New Mexico. Here and there over the city were beggarly groups of coffee-colored women and children, clad in a mixture of furs, such clothing as the government furnished them, and fancy prints and trinkets of their own purchase. The men lounged in gun-stores or played Indian poker, bits of wood or gravel stones marking their gains or losses as they progressed. Again might be seen a party of five or six cowboys belonging

to camps or ranches within a radius of fifty miles. They had come in for supplies, or to have their periodical "spree," and as they dashed along the street, the flapping of the huge leathers attached to their California saddles, the rattling of their Mexican bits and chains, the jingling of their spur-bells, and the frantic jumping of their tortured bronchos, made a clangor that reminded us of Victor Hugo's description of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Turning to the north from the warehouses and grocery establishments of Blake Street, we were in Pekin. There we met the blue-bloused, almond-eyed Chinese. We could crowd the wonders of seven cities into a small enough space to see them all in a five-minutes walk on the streets of Denver, the city which is the headquarters for a good share of Uncle Sam's invalids. Colorado's air is a vitalizer superior to patent medicines, and many have had their health restored even beyond their most sanguine hopes by a free use of it.

Before leaving Denver Mrs. Baker made a purchase, and so did I. We had jointly occupied and navigated one little team, and that we might make more show of business progress the little team dropped suddenly into my sole possession, and as we pulled up Cherry Creek on our way to join the graders on the west end of the Kansas Pacific road, my friend and daughter drove as fine a team as could be found in the State. Ida said my Jack and Johnny looked like rats beside the giants Belle and Lady; but we were proud and happy all around, nevertheless.

In this transaction I learned that Mrs. Baker's business foresight was not always to be trusted. She, like other mortals, had her weaknesses. She enjoyed gazing admiringly upon fine stock as much as I enjoyed petting and hugging any kind, however scrubby. My sturdy little mules were, to my judgment, as beautiful as were hers, yet

mine would scarcely have sold for two hundred dollars, while hers had cost her six hundred. She had forgotten that her fine animals were to do grade work beside mine, and for the same pay. This was neither all nor the worst. I could easily harness and curry my animals by a little reaching on tip-toe, while a substitute for a stepladder was needed in working around hers, though they were so gentle that they would lower their massive heads to have the bridle or nose bag put on, or have their necks stroked. The handling of these mammoths was hard work for a little woman, but she was too proud of them to think so. We could mix our harnesses without fear,—Johnny could have jumped through Belle's collar, as the circus rider leaps through the hoop.

We were in heavy sand for a distance of twenty-five miles as we drove up Cherry Creek, a stream which has been a scourge to a portion of Denver, from the fact that its head rests in a basin which is the occasional haunt of the deluge called cloud-burst. Several times the stream has rushed down to the Platte, a distance of forty-five miles, several rods in breadth, and with a breast of water from seven to fifteen feet high, sweeping to destruction all within its reach, animate or inanimate. Its bed and the hills along its course prospect light in gold, but not in paying amount.

Our route lay across the north side of the Divide, between the Arkansas and Platte Rivers, over the three streams, Running Creek, Kiowa, and Bijou, and through quite a heavily timbered country. The space between Cherry Creek and Bijou has been fought over for ages by the Utes, who claim the mountain country, but who would with strong forces venture down thus far in their fall bison hunts, where they were met by the Indians of the plains, the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Sioux,—who regarded them as trespassers upon their ground.

From our crossing of the Bijou, we

bore away in a southerly direction to Phil Sheridan, then the terminus of the Kansas Pacific road, and located near what was once known as Big Timber, on the old Smoky Hill road. The stumps of the cottonwoods are all that remain of the "big timber," but the name did not seem inappropriately applied to the grove that flourished there in time of yore, as not a bush with a stalk four inches in diameter was seen after leaving the hills about the Bijou, 130 miles west. Sheridan lies just over the hills from the headwaters of the Smoky Hill Fork, and was then in the heart of the bison country. Where the heart is now is hard to tell, and the heart, body, and all, will no doubt in the near future be nonexistent, while the bison will be comfortable in exemption from all earthly woes.

There were other specimens of game found between the Bijou and Sheridan, ranging in size and importance between the gliding lizard and the migrating Indian. Some of these were seen by day, while others, such as the wolf and coyote, were heard at night. The coyotes startle the sleeper lying under the open heaven far out upon the plain, as their howls start up suddenly, and take on a clamorous turn from the very first note sounded,—while the wolf's howl is usually uttered singly and drawn to a great length in a solemn and mournful tone, filling the superstitious mind more with a dread of the supernatural than the real.

We reached our goal in the first days of July, and though the contractors were there, the work had not yet begun. A few people were coming in daily, and camp-building preparations were being made. We were also informed that the flush times of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific building were not there to be copied, as the Union Pacific sub-contractors had been paid 28 to 35 cents per yard for grading, while the Kansas Pacific contractors were only to have 18 to 26 cents. Work began ten days after



our arrival, and our teams were put to work on the scrapers, each at a daily clear gain of \$21. In the meantime my friend and I took charge of contractor Conway's boarding house, at seventy-five dollars each per month, but gave it up after a two months' trial.

It would cost us heavily to go to St. Louis for goods needed in opening up business, and before deciding whether or not to make the venture, with everything to get, excepting the canvas of

our Union Pacific tent which we had brought along, we concluded to recreate a week by joining a party going to Cheyenne Wells for meat and hides. Our goal was an old deserted station, but the wells, or holes, were there to supply us with water. We had lively times in the three days following, and drove back with a load of dissected bison which amply made up our financial loss in taking one of our teams from work for use in the expedition.

*Dagmar Mariager.*

### TOM'S WIFE.

THERE probably never was a nicer little woman than the wife of Tom Shaw, master mechanic in the United Works, in the suburbs of San Francisco.

"Tom's Wife," she was always called by those that knew them both, and in their neighborhood there were but very few wives, or daughters, for that matter, who looked neater than Kitty. Without her being what would be called a very pretty woman, her face was so fresh in its delicate fairness and bloom, her figure so neat, and she always seemed so contented and happy, that no one could help but admire her.

To be sure, Kitty dressed in plain prints and cheap muslins, but then she had such a happy knack in fitting her dresses, and wore them with such a neat air, that she always looked well, and Tom was very proud of her.

Of course, there were those who said she was too dollified and proud-looking to suit them; but bless you! Tom's wife never thought much about what they said. She had plenty to do thinking about Tom and the Baby. Tom first, because he *was* one of the best fellows in the world, and was so thought of by all his fellow workmen, who hammered, and filed, and tended great lathes and

steam-hammers and other powerful machines in the works down by the water side. Even "Baby" was second to him in her heart, because there might perhaps be a duplicate of that domineering youngster, but never, no never, a second Tom.

The two worshipped that baby. Tom declared it had its mother's clear, bright blue eyes, and pretty, light, wavy hair; while the little woman insisted upon it that the plump, healthy child was "just like Tom all over."

Be that as it may, the two, between them, petted the baby after a fashion that Mrs. Pledgitt, a neighbor, found much fault with. She was, no doubt, an authority in such matters. She had children of her own, and some of them had lived to marry and make her a granny; and with her own and her children's offspring she had fought many a battle.

Most of them — her own at least — had been brought up in an atmosphere of semi-poverty; forced to do so, because Pledgitt would fritter away for beer during the week, and at the bar each Saturday night, that little margin of his wages which may be called the "profit" of the mechanic or day laborer. It seemed a small matter to spend a dollar

or two at the most with his fellow-workmen, at the one or the other of the baker's dozen of saloons ranged in a row in the street opposite the works, but any such expenditure meant that the family must go without some needed article of clothing, or at least be deprived of some cheap, innocent amusement that otherwise they might have enjoyed. As for there being anything laid by for the proverbial rainy day, that was out of the question. And so, when in an unfortunate moment Pledgitt was crushed in some whirling machinery and so died, there was nothing for his widow to do but to work for herself, which she did—and very hard, too—at the washtub and in taking care of certain rooms in a large building used as a lodging house near the works.

Her children had not turned out very well. They learned early—too early—in life that they must take care of themselves, and had become more familiar with the street than the school-room, and looked upon the Sabbath only as a day of legalized idleness and unwholesome recreation.

It cannot be said that they ever knew what it was to have a home in the true sense of the word, for their father was one of those men who never remain long in one shop or employ. He was what may be called an automatic mechanic. Given the proper tools and a piece of work to do he would finish it off in a satisfactory manner; but so far from being able to tell what relation his particular job had to other pieces of work in the same shop, he rather prided himself upon not bothering about anything but the one piece of metal under his hammer, chisel, or file. The rest was the business of the boss, and so he was classed with that numerous body of mechanics who, when times are dull, are sure to be the first to be laid off. At such times he was industrious enough in seeking another job, which when found often led to a removal of the family to a neighbor-

hood nearer his new field of employment. At each remove the chances were that there was a new baby to take along, and that the household belongings became more scanty. The natural consequence was that Mrs. Pledgitt gradually lost her temper, and with it went the last tie that bound the children to their home. It was not her fault that she became discontented, peevish, and jealous of the better "luck" of those about her; all the same she gained the name of being a slattern and scold among her neighbors, and certainly lost the respect of her children. She felt herself neglected by them, and so used to exclaim at the foolishness of mothers who, like Tom's wife, "just wrapped themselves up in their babies, never dreamin' what thankless things they 'ze coddlin'."

Baby Tom was—notwithstanding Mrs. Pledgitt's prophetic warnings—the idol of Tom's household; by which dignified term is meant Tom, (all day at the works), Kitty, (all day at home), and the baby, who was so much a part of Kitty's own self that he was always in her thoughts, not often out of her arms, *never* out of her sight.

Kitty—and the baby—took care of the few rooms in a great, rambling building, where they lived because it was close to Tom's work and *very* cheap, (as goodness knows it *ought* to be, considering how poor, not to say squalid, were their surroundings).

There was a neat little dwelling out at The Mission, that they had taken baby to see once or twice, and into which they hoped to move some fine day; but that could n't be until a little debt that Tom had incurred—that time baby was so sick—was paid; and cheerfully the two endured their unlovely surroundings, in the hope of soon seeing better times.

After all, their plain rooms were neat and wholesome in themselves. They could not help being so, for Kitty was always bustling about, dusting here,



sweeping there, fixing this and that, singing all the while as happily and unconsciously as the birds sing; while baby was lying in glorious ease upon the neat, cool bed, laughing when his mother stopped,—as she often did in passing,—to chirp and call to him, touching his glowing cheek with her moist, rosy lips, while his chubby fingers tangled themselves in her pretty hair, and the two indulged in sweet, musical cooing and baby talk. Almost always their caresses ended in Kitty's yielding to the overpowering mother-love, and gathering the pretty child—Tom's baby—in her round, soft arms, almost smothering him against her swelling bosom.

Often, too, would Tom, coming home from a hard day's work, find his dear little wife waiting for him at the gate, ready to hold Tom Junior up for the first kiss from papa, she being well content to wait for her own special embrace to be given as soon as ever the front door closed after the happy pair.

'T was a pretty sight (enjoyed by no one but baby) to see Tom's wife kiss him on such occasions. First, Tom Junior was safely deposited on the bed or floor, while Tom put away his dinner pail. Then he would be seized by the whiskers and so held, while Kitty's clear blue eyes looked fondly into his honest brown ones, and his strong arms crept about her slender waist. For a moment would Kitty mischievously tantalize the poor fellow, by drawing back her sweet mouth from his bearded lips, and then, yielding to his nervous clasp, she would snuggle her head on his broad shoulder, and with a glad little hug give him the kiss he sought.

Then would follow some light chatter about baby and the little events of the day, while Kitty busied herself in putting supper upon the table, Tom, meanwhile, being hard at work at the wash-basin, cleaning away the last traces of smoke and grime, which his hurried rinse upon knocking off work had failed

to remove. Kitty would always have the supper ready in time to improve a little on Tom's arrangement of his dark brown, curly hair, rounding off with a twirl of his moustache, and a kiss on the little dimple in his chin; and then, with baby in her lap, or perhaps perched in his high chair alongside of Tom, (where he was no sooner placed than he would make a dive for a spoon, and with it beat out a rousing rat-a-plan on his tin plate, while Tom asked a blessing on the food,) the trio would enjoy their homely but abundant meal.

Kitty had a neat little girl to help her about sundry small matters,—it being a matter of loving pride with Tom that he could afford this slight expense, just as he could his evening pipe of tobacco; and it was the delight of this young maid, Mary Jane by name, to see how briskly she could clear away and wash up after supper, while Kitty with the baby, and Tom with his pipe, talked over their little affairs, the daily paper being glanced at between whiles, and matters at the works discussed.

And then Mary Jane, having with great clattering and rattling of crockery and table-ware made all things tidy about the table, would bid Kitty good-night and seek her own home, poorer and more cramped, to be sure, than Tom's, but made more comfortable by even her small labors; and Kitty would find it was time to put baby to sleep. Then would Tom retire to his own particular little room,—a small space partitioned off at the rear of the hall,—where, seated at a little work bench covered with neat tools, he would work away at his model. For Tom, in a small way, was an inventor. That is, he had, since serving his apprenticeship, stood by the lathe, or planer, or handled the hammer, chisel, and file on the wood, with a patient intelligence that had enabled him to master the *principle* of every machine, and see clearly wherein the merits or demerits of each one lay.

And Tom thought, and rightly, too,

that there is room for improvement in any and all of the many labor-saving devices by which he was surrounded. He thought, and again rightly, that it is those who handle these tools who are the quickest to find out their defects; and he further thought, and once again rightly, that he had discovered wherein at least *one* important machine, at which he worked almost daily, could be simplified, and at the same time made to do its work better and quicker.

Tom sat at his bench one evening, holding up before his eyes a perfected model. Turning it from side to side he examined it critically, and then, placing it on the bench, slowly turned the wheels, which in their evolutions developed a new and ingenious combination. Again and again did he revolve the roughly constructed gearing, and each time that he did so his brow grew clearer, until, at last, with a gesture of triumph, he swept with his strong hand the last lines of doubt from his brow, and drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, laid the model down, and indulged in a pleasant day dream.

Now if there was anything that Tom's wife *could* be jealous of, it was that same model. She knew but little of it, save that it seemed to occupy a large part of Tom's thoughts, and — dear, fond little woman — she did not see how there *could* be room in Tom's heart for anything besides herself and the baby.

So when, every night, while she was putting baby to sleep, Tom would shut himself up in that stuffy little room, and hammer, — softly, to be sure, but still *hammer*, — and file, and otherwise busy himself over his wheels and cranks and axles, sometimes long after all reasonable bed-time, this little woman would wonder what in the world he was about, and *almost* wish he had no inventive mind. But, after all, she was proud of him; proud when she heard him consulted — as he often was — by much older men on points connected with the

daily work of the shop, or, what quite frequently happened, heard him spoken of as one who was sure to be a boss before he was many years older.

Some such thoughts as these passed through Kitty's mind, as she sat in her low rocking chair nursing baby preparatory to his night's rest. As she rocked to and fro in the semi-darkness of the room, and gazed with a mother's love on the fair face of the baby at her breast, she made a picture as pure and sweet as that of a Madonna. Baby had been playing with her soft hair, and a few stray locks now hung over his white forehead in pretty disarray. One of the child's dimpled hands had crept into the fair bosom and lay now on her swelling breast. The round arms of the young mother clasped the unconscious infant in that fond embrace that is sacred to maternity, while the pretty pink toes of the child were gathered in her warm, soft palm. Gently this charming group of mother and child swung to and fro, unconscious of the gathering gloom; the one sunk in the sweet sleep of babyhood and the other in scarcely less sweet dreams of her child's future.

While they thus dreamed, Tom, who had been looking over once more the carefully and laboriously drawn plans and written description of his invention, set aside the model, and rolling up his papers started up, and with a glad heart stepped somewhat brusquely into the room where Kitty and the baby were. His step was checked by the warning "hush" of his wife, who, a little startled — but pleasantly so — by the unlooked-for interruption, quietly laid baby in his crib, and then, knowing instinctively that Tom had something out of the common to tell her, seated herself on — well, it should not surprise anyone if I say, on his knee.

"Kitty," began Tom quietly, though she could hear how his heart beat, "Kitty, suppose I should tell you that we were rich?"



"Why, you great, big old goosey," Kitty replied, "*ain't* we? I am, anyhow. There's baby worth—O, ever so much. Then you—" But there is something in the strong throb of the heart under her little hand, in the grave look of Tom's eyes, that checks her in her teasing. "Dear Tom, what do you mean? If we were rich—had *plenty* of money, you mean—why—!"

"Yes, Kitty," interrupted Tom, "*that's* what I mean. Suppose we had all we want, what would you do?"

"Do—you dear old fellow! I'll *tell* you what I'd do"—and she twisted round so as to face her liege lord, (his knee was stout and could bear the strain—besides, 'twas used to it), "I'd take you down on Market Street and buy you that silk hat you've been thinking about so long," (Tom blushed), "and baby that quilted cloak you've wanted me to get for him; and—and—Mary Jane should go to school—and—but, why do you ask me, dear?" And the excited little woman laid a glowing cheek alongside Tom's whisker, melting him at once.

"Why, Kitty, because—do you know—I've hit it in my invention," he said slowly.

Kitty was a brave girl. She loved Tom and believed in him. But—but—she had seen him fussing—as had been remarked by the widow Pledgitt—"a fussin' an' tinkerin' away, and wastin' good lamp oil night after night, an' nothin' to show for it," and such remarks had caused Kitty to doubt—a little—whether Tom had not, after all, been wasting his time. But, dear woman, she quickly suppressed such thoughts, and said:

"Dear Tom! I'm *so* glad! Do you really think your model is finished?"

"Yes, Kitty," replied Tom, drawing a deep breath, "It's finished, and what's more, it works. I've told Mr. Stotts what I've been trying to do, and he's promised me that if my idea works half as well as I'm—I'm *sure* it will, he'll

furnish the money to put it on the market, and set it to work right there in the shop, and see that I'm paid a royalty."

Kitty did n't say anything when Tom stopped talking. What could she say, poor girl? There floated before her a beautiful vision of baby arrayed in garments that Solomon dreamed not of; of Tom resplendent in a silk hat and a stylish overcoat, (something the dear good fellow needed); of Mary Jane going to school—daily—in the very nicest of school-girl dresses; while, perhaps way down in the bottom of her unselfish heart,—'t was a woman's heart after all,—there might have been a little, faint vision of herself in a plain, ('t would be *very* plain but neat, you know, and well fitting—trust Kitty for that), a neat silk dress with perhaps—she flattered herself that she was doubtful on this point—*perhaps*, a hat to match.

All these thoughts and others flashed through Kitty's brain, as she bent her pretty disheveled head and kissed Tom. Then having gained a moment's time, she said:

"I'm *so* glad, Tom—I've *always* thought," (the dear, little unconscious hypocrite!) "I've *always* thought you would get your model finished at last. I *hope*," (a shade on Tom's brow) "—I *know*, dear—old—Tom" (with a distinct hug for each pause) "that you *will* succeed in your invention,—God bless you, dear!" and the tender-hearted little woman fairly sobbed on Tom's shoulder.

Shall I try to tell how that fond couple soothed each other? No; the foolish talk they indulged in should not be intruded upon.

And then Tom showed Kitty how his plans were all drawn up, and she, to make them look smart, drew a bit of ribbon from around her throat, and tied the roll of paper up neatly. Then Tom Jr. must wake, and being awake have a romp with his father, which ended in his going to sleep again with the precious roll of plans fast clasped in his chubby fingers,

he having recognized the ribbon, and clinging to it, declined to part with the document, which after all, as Tom said, was his or for him, and so might remain for a while in his possession.

Leaving Tom and Kitty and the baby for a while, as the faithful chronicler of an incident in their simple lives, I must ask you to go with me to another quarter of the city, where I wish to introduce you to Tom's brother.

Jack, the brother of Tom, was one of San Francisco's careless boys, who always think they are going to do better by and by than they are doing just now. Jack, a little younger than Tom, had with him gained his education in the public schools of the city. With the very best intentions in the world his teachers there had—negatively—given him the impression that the school-house was a place to be shunned rather than frequented. Perhaps if he had been of a less volatile nature the same system of study would have proved attractive; as it was, however, Jack with not a few others found the three R's rather a bore in comparison with Base Ball and Billiards.

It followed then, naturally enough, that Jack had but a *very* common school education; but all the same he had what his associates termed "a heap of horse sense," and this stood him in good stead.

He adored his sister-in-law Kitty, but "Dear me," as old Mrs. Pledgitt used to remark, (*she* knew all about Jack,) "why shouldn't he kiss the ground she walks on? Does n't she *feed* him, and—and—I dare say—clothe him, and does n't he get the very car fare that brings him across the bridge from her?"—all of which was pure scandal born in the old woman's brain—"an' why *would n't* 'Tom's wife' be glad to see him, bein' things as they are?"

'Twas very few that minded what the old gossip said, and Tom least of all; and so Jack came and went as he pleased for a long time.

By and by he began to be missed. "I

haven't seen Jack for a long time," Kitty would say to Tom, and he would answer, "Neither have I, old woman," (it being a fiction between them that because baby was growing fast, Kitty must be quite advanced in years), "he's quieted down, I guess—got a place somewhere maybe that keeps him busy day and night perhaps," and the two laughed at the idea.

It was true, nevertheless. Jack's sprightliness, courage, and knowledge of the city had secured him a place in the fire brigade; and nothing would have surprised and pleased his brother and sister Kitty more than to have had the opportunity of seeing how prompt Jack was in his drill and duties as a fireman.

But nothing was further from their thoughts than that they would ever see Jack under a fireman's helmet; and still,—such are the curious freaks of fortune,—the very next time they were destined to meet him was when he was helmeted and on duty. It happened in this wise.

Jack, Kitty, and the baby had gone to rest. In the case of the baby, of course, it was but an incidental sort of slumber having been begun by him early in the evening, and therefore to be interrupted in the dead watches of the night. Kitty was—as mothers are—equal to the occasion. Tom Junior was cared for, Kitty, a "born mother," not allowing his sleepy whimpers to mount to a waking yell; and as she and the child sank into slumber again, she alone was conscious of the toll of a fire alarm in the air, and this so distant and undetermined that she only slid an arm softly across Tom's broad breast, and so sank to sleep again safe in the consciousness of his presence by her side.

Then she was awakened by the tramp of hurried feet, the roll of wheels, the hoarse shout of men in the street. Tom started too at the unaccustomed noise, and threw his arm around dear Kitty. She, bewildered by the sounds, clung to that strong support, and whispered, "O Tom! what is it? Is the fire *here*?"



Poor Tom! Dazed with the sudden wakening of a strong man from his accustomed slumber, he drew his wife to him, and answered, "It's nothing, Kitty. Get up and dress," he added hastily, as a fierce flame flashed through the rear of their dwelling. "Get baby—you have him, have n't you? Wait for me"; and slipping into a few bits of clothing, Tom again caught his wife in his arms.

"This way, dear," and O, who can give the intonation of his anxious voice? "You have baby? Come, Kitty, here, this way"; and amidst the blinding smoke and the cruel, overrunning flame, they groped their way to the door,—to find it locked.

Tom plunged at it, forgetful, ingenious mechanic as he was, of the key he had placed on the shelf near at hand, and soon forced it from its hinges. Then grasping Kitty and baby (blankets and all) in his strong arms, he rushed through the hall, and so out into the crowded street.

He was met by a dozen kind men, who helped take the group to a place of safety and comfort, and then he turned, remembering his model.

"I'll be back in a minute, Kitty," he hurriedly exclaimed, "I'm going to see what can be saved"; and before Kitty could say a word he pushed into the throng around the burning house. Before he could be stopped he was once more in the little hall, and was trying to reach the room where his model was.

But as he plunged into the dense smoke a fierce burst of flame issued from the little workshop, and he saw his model was doomed. Half crazed at the thought of his loss and bewildered by the smoke, choked by the acrid fumes and overcome by the intense heat, Tom groped wildly about for a moment, and then, with a despairing cry of "Kitty! Baby! Jack!" he sank to the floor. There was in his ears the sound of crackling timber, about him volumes of smoke

circling round and round; fiery tongues lanced at him through the thick vapor; and then followed unconsciousness—oblivion.

Then he awoke to pangs almost too hard to bear. His eyes opened to light, clear, soft, and beautiful; he saw friendly faces bending over him; and ah, what joy! Kitty's sweet voice assured him of her own and baby's safety; he felt her soft lips on his fevered forehead, and the touch of her trembling, gentle hand, and then again he sank back, too weak to speak, but sure, the doctor said, to come back to health and strength.

Tom's brother had done it all. Dropping at the sound of the gong from his warm cot in the engine house to his seat on the box of the engine, he was at the scene of the Potrero fire, "before he was fairly awake," as the veteran driver of the galloping team remarked.

Once there, however, and finding the fire was in the house where Tom lived, and learning that Tom was in the burning dwelling, he seized an ax, and with it soon smashed in door panels enough to crawl through into that "infernal smoke hole," as he called it, and soon dragged out his insensible brother.

The little family, thus suddenly deprived of all they possessed in the world of household goods, found shelter and loving attention with their friends, who, though themselves poor and many of them sufferers by the fire, did all they could for each other. In the works there were many small sums contributed, and the firm itself saw that none really suffered.

But Tom seemed to have lost heart and spirit.

"Dear girl," he would say to Kitty, "and you, dear Jack, what can I do without the model? There's a fortune gone as sure as can be. The thing's burnt up. I have n't the strength or the will to begin it again"; and poor Tom would give way to despondency.

"Look here, Kitty," Jack burst out

one day, "Have you any notion how Tom's machine was made? Can't we conjure up how the d——" (here he coughed) "blamed thing worked? Tom's laid by for a while, but by the — the —" (he had caught Kitty's reproachful look) "by the jumpin' jumper of Number 6," (his engine), "if we can't fix this thing, I'm a — a — base ball flat, I am!"

Kitty sympathized with him, and like the dear, good, courageous girl that she was, she went — with baby in her arms, you may be sure—to the managing partner, and told him of Tom's misfortune. She was met by the kindly man with such words and acts of encouragement, that she returned to her temporary shelter full of hope.

"Dear Tom," she said, folding him in her wifely arms, "Dear Tom, do not despair. You have the word of Mr. Stotts, that he will give you all you want to make a new model." Tom galvanically clasped her to him. "And then he says that the plans baby had in his arms are enough to get your patent on, anyhow." A new light crept into Tom's eyes. "And, Tom, you have — me — and baby, — and, — O Tom!" — and the little woman fairly broke down here, and lay on Tom's heart, sobbing as though her own would break.

But it did n't. Baby was there to call her back to the realities of married life, and in amusing and quieting him she forgot that she was a little time before prepared to die.

Tom's recovery was a tedious one, but he began to mend more rapidly after he had a long and interesting talk with the manager of the works, when sundry pencils were worn down to stubs, and many sheets of paper covered with all sorts of "wheelistics," as Mrs. Pledgitt called them. The conference ended by having Mrs. Tom, with the baby, called in to be told of the prospect. For it was finally determined that Tom's invention should be placed on the market; and that he, aided by his brother, who was quick at figures, should reap substantial benefit from the same.

Mrs. Pledgitt took occasion to jealously remark, (when Tom, still weak from the severe injuries he had sustained in the fire, hobbled away as happy as could be, with Kitty on one side, and Mary Jane wheeling the baby on the other,) that she always knew "*something* would happen to them," and that "the sooner they got out from that neighborhood the better for them," — which was very true.

*F. L. Clarke.*

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## NIGHT AND DREAM.

Sole, lone, — one island in the void, vast sea,—  
The one supernal night I knelt by thee,  
When heaven and happiness and thou, O Love,—for life's first time and last  
— shone full on me!

The summer night! — and we were all alone;  
Still, in the blessed moonlight ray that shone  
Into thine eyes to melt and soften in a heaven more blessed than its own.

Eyes where the holy soul its altar made,  
Where my soul all one endless gaze was laid,  
As to that purest, hallowed, mystic-lighted shrine my spirit knelt and prayed.



Wandering up on the hushed night, the air,  
Moving the mingled moonlight in thine hair,  
Chased, but might never drive away the enhaloing sheens that flecked the  
brown waves there.

Its clinging, faint caress played vague around  
The straying threads that by thy face it found,  
It whispered low into thine ear its unknown words of dim, dream-murmuring  
sound.

The breath of all the gods was in the breeze,  
All the deep hillside breaths of flowers and trees,  
Thou wert as with a thin, invisible, odored robe enwrapped about of these.

The moon, in lonely journey overhead,  
Her melancholy glory round us shed,  
For us, for us alone she made a lighted dream the earth o'er which she sped.

Thou the dream temple's God.—All utterance broke—  
Few, brief, the inarticulate words I spoke—  
But O kissed feet! and vows unsaid that death, nor hell, nor heaven may e'er  
revoke!—

The moon sank down, and with her bore the light,—  
That longed to linger,—from thee; and the night  
All soon, too soon, fled after, and the day rose up to wake the world to light.

The ghost, the dawn, beckoned above the hill  
That fended the dim lands—pale, cold as still,  
The night's first stars failed in their skies, that now with spreading dawn  
began to fill.

And ended with that night for earth the day:  
From me, in night, in life, Thou art away.  
But Earth—O swift!—yet, I will yet behold the light that here I never  
may.

For O lost night, whose fierce ghost haunts my brain,  
Thou shalt—death's long one night—be mine again!  
And then that deep, delirious dream, O one! of thee!—as heaven, it *shall*  
return—with all its rapturous pain.

*F. D. Bailey.*



## SAMUEL BRANNAN.

WE have no direct knowledge of the plans of the Mormon leaders in sending a colony to San Francisco early in 1846; but circumstances indicate that they intended to establish the sacred city of their faith in California.

They had been driven by popular persecution from their homes in Ohio, then in Missouri, and again in Illinois. There was evidently no peace nor safety for them in the settled portions of the United States. They must seek a refuge elsewhere. In Missouri they heard of the sunny region on the shore of the Pacific, where fertility of soil, geniality of climate, and cheapness of land and cattle offered attractions greater than those of Palestine in the time of the Hebrew patriarchs. The scantiness of the Mexican population and their lazy mode of life were guarantees of security. It was a land of promise.

Nothing but an American conquest and a large American settlement were to be feared, and they seemed remote. Before their occurrence a Mormon community might grow up with strength enough to defend itself against aggression, and perhaps to declare and maintain its independence. Brigham Young and his associates did not know that the American cabinet had for years been scheming to get possession of California, had given orders to their fleet on the western coast of North America to be ready to take possession of the coveted territory at the first outbreak of hostilities, and looked forward, at the close of 1845, to a war with Mexico as one of the events of the near future.

Undoubtedly the Mormon leaders regarded the conquest of California by the Americans as a not remote probability — as something that might occur within ten or twenty years — but they could not

anticipate that it would be followed promptly by a wonderful gold discovery and a great migration across the continent. There was still abundant room for settlers in Iowa, Missouri, Dakota, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska; and the remote California might be left for many years to the Latter Day Saints.

Concentration of forces has ever been the policy of the Mormon Church. They send their missionaries to distant lands, but urge all their converts to gather about the chief place of worship. It was so in Ohio, so in Missouri, so in Illinois, and it is so in Utah. They presumably intended that the Californian colony should be the nucleus of their new Zion, to be soon founded somewhere. If the pioneers sent favorable reports, all the others would soon follow. Such must have been the ideas with which the Mormons of the ship *Brooklyn*, under the leadership of Samuel Brannan, set sail, ostensibly for Oregon, in February, 1845, from the harbor of New York.

The party numbered about two hundred and forty, nearly all Mormons. The few Christians among them had been employed by the Mormons, and were regarded as prospective Mormon converts. The immigrants consisted mostly of families. The men were skillful, industrious, and honest mechanics or farmers, men of average intelligence and more than average moral character, as they proved afterwards by their lives in California. They were generally good citizens and good neighbors.

Brannan, then only twenty-seven years of age, was a native of Maine. He had been converted to the faith of Joseph Smith in Ohio, and had published a Mormon journal in New York city. He had all the mental and physical activity



all the enterprise, courage, and decision of character required for leadership in such an enterprise.

The voyage was made without disaster, and after being at sea nearly six months, the immigrants sailed into San Francisco Bay, where, to their astonishment and dismay, they found themselves under the American, not the Mexican, flag. The situation was one for which they were not prepared, but from which they saw no escape. They settled themselves in the village of Yerba Buena, soon to become San Francisco, went to work, bought lots, built houses, and were a valuable and harmonious addition to the American population.

Brannan had brought his press and a young type-setter, Edward C. Kemble, one of the few who were not Mormons. With Kemble's aid, Brannan's printing office was soon open for job work, issuing handbills, placards, and official blanks. In October, a sheet of war news was printed; in January, 1847, the weekly California "Star" made its appearance; and in April, 1848, a special edition of the paper was issued for circulation in the Mississippi valley, containing an excellent essay, six columns long, by Dr. V. J. Fourgeaud, on the resources of California. Two thousand copies of this issue of the "Star" were sent overland by express, for the purpose of attracting immigrants, with a promise that another paper with useful information for immigrants should be published and dispatched on the 1st of June. But that promise was not kept. Before June the importance of the gold discovery—which had been made on the 24th of January—had so impressed itself on the public mind that nobody wanted to make any effort to attract immigrants: Brannan's April "Star" for distribution in the Mississippi valley was the first publication of its kind, and indicated as much enterprise and public spirit as anything since printed to boom California.

Besides owning the printing office,

Brannan was partner in a store at Sutter's Fort. There the miners went for supplies in the summer of 1848, and as prices were very high, Brannan made immense profits for a time—rumor said more than \$100,000 a month. He became the owner of many lots in the new town of Sacramento, and sold them at a great advance. He chartered ships to go to distant ports for provisions. He erected a number of buildings, including some of the most substantial and elegant of the early business houses in San Francisco. The oldest house, except some at the Mission, now standing in San Francisco, was built by him, in 1847, at what is now 30 Washington Alley, near the corner of Jackson and Dupont streets.

He was noted for his public spirit. He gave money liberally to the volunteer Fire Department, and to various charities. He was an active member of the Vigilance Committees of 1851 and 1856. Between those years, he was generally regarded as the richest man in the State, and one of the most widely known in San Francisco. He was always full of business, and of bold enterprises, but he undertook too much. He lacked prudence, close calculation, attention to details, knowledge of men, and tact.

Fires and floods in Sacramento, fires in San Francisco, and the failure of his scheme to make a great pleasure resort of Calistoga, were causes of serious loss to him. Before 1865 many other men had become more prominent than he in the business of the State; and before 1870 he had gone to Mexico in the hope of making another fortune there. During the French invasion, Brannan had given liberal pecuniary aid to the Mexican republicans, and the government in return gave him a large grant of land; but after spending many years in attempting to convert it into cash, he had the mortification of seeing all his efforts there end in failure.

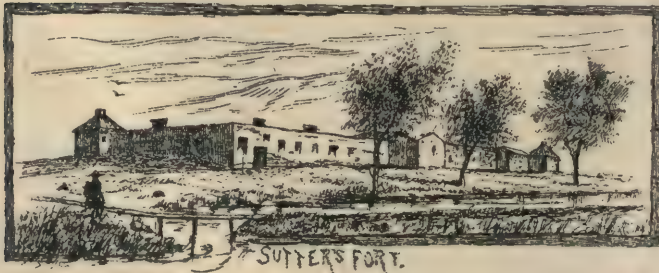
His character as a whole was not lovable. His intellectual fibre was coarse. He had scanty education, no refinement of manner, and little delicacy of feeling. His temper was high; his speech often coarse. He never was a polished gentleman, and when under the influence of strong drink, as he frequently was, he could be extremely rude and boisterous. But he had many admirable qualities. He was generous, bold, frank, and prompt. His wealth did not make him vain. He had no affectation or false dignity. While very rich he was cordial to those who had been his associates when poor. He was always ready to help those whom he liked and who needed his assistance. He was generally considered honest.

It was reported that as head of the Mormons in California he collected tithes from the followers of his faith, and that when an agent of Brigham Young demanded "the Lord's money," Brannan offered to pay it over for a receipt signed by the Lord—and not otherwise. Whether he had made considerable collection, whether he failed to pay it over, and

whether if so he had any good excuse, are questions about which no authentic information is accessible. Soon after the gold discovery, Brannan withdrew from the Mormon church; and he never joined any other.

When he died, on the 6th of May, 1889, in San Diego County, he had long ceased to be a familiar figure in the streets of San Francisco, and a prominent man in the business of California. He was no longer a leader in public subscriptions, in popular excitements, in building railroads, or in erecting costly houses. But his memory will long remain as that of a man of strong character and much influence in the early development of our State, a man whose career and its close deserve mention in a magazine which strives to make the history of California familiar to its people, and especially to its younger generation and newcomers who have no direct knowledge of the events that occurred in the first ten years after the American conquest. During that period Mr. Brannan was one of the leading Californians, in some respects second to none. Peace to his ashes.

*John S. Hittell.*





THE ETHICS OF TOLSTOÏ.<sup>1</sup>

OF Tolstōi the writer of fiction, beside the opinions expressed from time to time in the regular reviewing, OVERLAND readers have had a discussion at some length in a recent article on the realists,<sup>2</sup> of which he is easily the prince.

The present writing deals with him in quite a different aspect. It is of Tolstōi the philosopher, the reformer, the religionist. But whereas the former reviewers were standing on well known ground and could by applying the canons of criticism and the rules of literary art attain to some positive and definite opinion as to his proper place in the catalogue of nineteenth century writers, the present inquiry goes so deep into the fundamentals of philosophy and religion that no man is justified in giving dogmatic judgment. But it is in these aspects that Count Tolstōi has deliberately chosen to place himself. Beginning as the literary man pure and simple, he has constantly tended to become more and more of the philosopher and teacher, till it is now announced that he has given up fiction altogether as being too cumbrous a vehicle for the thought which it is the work of his life to propagate.

But why not judge him, it may be asked, in each of these several categories by the long established and generally accepted principles of each,—as a Christian, by the dogmas of universal acceptance in the churches,—as a philosopher, by the standards of Hegel or of Spencer,—as an economist, by the doctrines

common to Smith and Mill, to Walker, Sumner, and Fawcett? But although nobody can read Tolstōi carefully without being convinced that he is a man of sense, that he has a message for mankind which it is not well to pass by carelessly, yet to apply the conventional tests to him is impossible,—he is so absolutely outside of them that they do not fit. He calls himself a Christian,—he bases his doctrines on the Sermon on the Mount, and yet he teaches that Christ did not rise from the dead, did not expect to rise from the dead, and gave his disciples no ground for expecting or desiring a personal immortality for him or for themselves. (My Religion, p. 145.) The theories of Hegel and Comte are to him but “justifications for men’s idleness and cruelty,” (What to Do? p. 176), and Spencer and all the evolutionists he dismisses with a sneer, “I firmly believe that, a few centuries hence, the history of what we call the scientific activity of this age will be a prolific subject for the hilarity and pity of future generations.” (My Religion, p. 127.) As a political economist he is no less of an Ishmael. The economists talk of wealth, of capital and labor, of taxation. Tolstōi abhors wealth, teaches that all service not rendered for love,—that is, all hired service,—is a form of slavery, and that all taxation is robbery. He would remove all the bulwarks of property and civil order as we know it, and abolish all military, all police, all courts.

It would seem from these statements that the apologist and defender of Tolstōi has a difficult task before him. And this is true. But without defending him or apologizing for him, without denying that there are inconsistencies and faults in his views that seem to verge close on insanity, it may be possible to tell enough

<sup>1</sup> Napoleon and the Russian Campaign. By Count Leo Tolstōi. Translated by Huntington Smith. New York. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Life. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. *Ibid.*

What to Do? *Ibid.*

My Confession. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

My Religion. Translated by Huntington Smith. *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> Realism in Prose Fiction: Wilbur Larremore, in the May, 1889, number.

of his ideas to interest some readers and lead to further study of a man that seems to many the greatest Russian of an age that has produced a Tourgénéieff and a Gogol.

English readers must make their acquaintance with Tolstói's philosophical and ethical works, as with his literary productions, in translations that have many of them passed through the distortion of a double translation, Russian into French, French into English. In some cases, notably in *What to Do?*, the translation is from the authorized Russian edition, mangled by the official pencil of the press censor. Some allowance must be made for this, and yet the reader may feel fairly satisfied when he has read these translations that the strongly marked outlines before him are those of the real man.

The readers of his novels will not find the picture of Count Tolstói formed from these other works, where he speaks in his own proper person, altogether strange. It has been affirmed and denied by seemingly good authority that the novels are consciously autobiographical. Prince Nekhliudoff, Pierre Besukhoff, and more especially Levin, each is supposed to be the Count himself, and it seems sufficiently established by internal evidence that, however unconsciously, these characters are pictures of the stages of Tolstói's personal development.

It is no part of the purpose of this writing to relate the story of Tolstói's life or to trace the steps of his transformation from the wealthy, licentious, and aristocratic soldier to the humble religious enthusiast and shoemaker. In *My Religion* is found a biographical note giving the main facts of his career, and in *My Confession* we have his own account of his education, and the mental struggle that brought that transformation about.

To understand him fully one would need to know Russia and its social con-

ditions thoroughly,—its aristocracy steeped in Capuan luxury, its muzhiks but little lifted from the absolute barbarism of the state of serfdom, when a man sometimes gave three families of house-servants for a dog. In a land of free institutions Tolstói's mental activities would inevitably have taken other directions, and it is interesting to speculate as to what those directions would have been. Surely the radicalism and violence of his present views are largely due to the unequal conditions and severe repressions of the Russia of today.

But let us take up the books in turn and speak of the contents of each. The easiest to dispose of is *Napoleon and the Russian Campaign*, wherein the "Physiology of War" is discussed. This book is made up of passages from War and Peace, and it should have been so stated in its advertisements and title page. None the less it was worth compiling and printing, whether authorized by Tolstói himself or done solely on the motion of the American publishers; for many persons not fond of fiction find it beyond their patience to read through the many volumes of a novel in which life likeness is carried to the extent of introducing much of the ennui, the long waiting between acts of real life, so that the lapse of time in the story is something tangible. Here they have the historical and philosophical gist of the ponderous narrative in small compass and see as it has seldom been seen elsewhere the grim reality of war. To Count Tolstói war is an abomination as in violation of the fundamental principles of his creed, of which we shall speak further on; and patriotism also is forbidden by express command of the Master. But his method in this book opposing war is the method of exact description, of analyzing with a keen and merciless touch,—of which he in common with all the great Russians is a master,—the ground on which the hero worshiper



bases his adoration. He turns on Napoleon the force of a search-light that is more powerful than "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," and when his claims are examined in this crucial way, the Emperor loses the great proportions often given him, and is so completely stripped of illusion that not even a re-reading of Abbott and Headley would reinstate him.

Military genius, according to Tolstōi, is a purely imaginary quality; no man can direct a battle after it is once joined, from the absolute inability to watch more than an infinitesimal part of the great mass of events that are occurring simultaneously over square leagues of ground, or impress his personal will on any considerable number of the excited crowds nominally under his orders. The event shapes itself according to myriads of causes reaching far back in time, and the general in command is as purely a part of the machine and is carried by its force as completely as are the hands of a watch. General Koutouzof is Tolstōi's hero of the campaign, for he alone realized how circumstances were fighting for the Russians, and tried to interfere as little as possible with the natural course of events. Automatism is taught by this book in a degree that hardly comports with other doctrines of Tolstōi's system.

The most purely philosophical of the works in hand is *Life*. In it is discussed the meaning and the objects of the range of conscious activities. For the scientific discussions of life as to its origin and development Tolstōi has great contempt, because the only value in life for him is consciousness, and the only definition of it is "a striving from evil towards good." (*Life*, p. 18.) He girds at the senselessness of calling the phenomena we observe in a cell "life," and the study of biology is as foolish in his eyes as the action of a miller whose only function is to grind good meal, and who yet forgets the art of grinding good

meal in an investigation of the river that turns his mill, on the ground that the force all comes from the river. A man's life does not begin in the ovum, nor yet at birth, but only when the mind assumes its conscious self-government.

Before every man is set the great problem: I desire to possess certain things; all men desire to possess these things also; the supply is limited; to get them I must fight for them; but if I and all men fight for them, these objects will be destroyed and I and these other men will inflict grievous pain and injury on each other; at best, if I by endless and unendurable strife gain the things I desire, it can be but for a little season, and then death will take me from them; life then is endless striving and endless loss.

But there is another course. Instead of striving for selfish happiness, shown by the reasoning adduced to be absolutely impossible of attainment, I may renounce my personal desires and seek to find happiness in the good of others. Now the atmosphere of strife is gone, I cease to suffer from envy and unsatisfied longing, I cease to hate and learn the delight of loving, instead of rousing enmity I make friends. I shall endure but for a moment, but I can act so that unborn ages will be the happier and better. This is happiness and the only real happiness, because it is the only attainable and the only lasting happiness. This is life, and life, then, consists in self-renouncing love.

With something like this reasoning Tolstōi solves the great life problem as many a teacher and sage before him has also solved it; for there is no new truth in Tolstōi's doctrine. But it is seldom that the problem has been stated so unflinchingly and met so squarely with the absolute mental honesty that is characteristic of the great Russians. If we are as honest with ourselves as he is, we can hardly fail to follow in his footsteps in our reasoning, and arrive at much the same conclusions, and if every man

should do this, how the face of the world would be changed!

But the practical application of this doctrine staggers many a man who is convinced of its binding force. I believe in self-renunciation and in doing good to all men, but how shall I begin to carry into actual life my belief? The question is *What to Do?* That is the title of the book in which Tolstói tells of his own efforts in this direction, and the quandaries and difficulties that beset him.

Taking the census of Moscow as his opportunity, he appealed to men of his class to go with him into the Tar Flats of Moscow and rescue the hundreds of starving and freezing wretches from their living deaths. But he was amazed at the lack of response on the part of the noble and wealthy people. Well, he would go alone, so he visited the Ržhanoff House and the Lyapinsky lodging-house and there saw much that amazed and sickened him; but the most astonishing thing of all to him was the indifference and incredulity with which his advances were received and his inability to render any valuable service to these people. Money he could give them, but that only corrupted those that were industrious and postponed for a very little while the misery of the improvident.

It is interesting to follow his reasonings from these premises to the conclusions that the whole social fabric is wrongly constructed, that by the idleness of the wealthy classes the honest poor are overburdened with work and the less honest are attracted to cities where they seek to live by their wits. There is a strong arraignment of science and art for their subservience to wealth, and their forgetfulness of the common people. Some points in this will strike an American as peculiarly unfair, however true they may be in Russia. He complains that science has studied protoplasm, but from antiquity "not a single plant has been added to the food of the people, with the exception of the

potato and that was not obtained by science." "The spinning wheel, the woman's weaving-loom, the plough, the hatchet, the chain, the rake, the bucket, the well-sweep, are exactly the same as they were in the days of Rurik; and if there has been any change, then that change has not been effected by scientific people." (p. 199.) "All questions as to how the time of labor is best divided, what is the best method of nourishment, with what, in what shape, and when it is best to clothe one's self, to feed the children, to swaddle them, and so on, in just those conditions in which the working-people find themselves,—all these questions have not yet been propounded." (p. 203.)

All things must be judged by their value to the lowest orders of society, or rather there must be no orders of society,—and things must be of universal use to be valuable. An artist is a usurper when he occupies for a studio a room that forty carpenters or shoemakers could use.

In this book too is developed Tolstói's doctrine as to the duty of labor. He declares it to be

the first act of—I will not say every good man—but of every man who is not wicked: to cut his own wood with which his food is cooked, and with which he warms himself; to clean those boots with which he has heedlessly stepped in the mire; to himself fetch that water with which he preserves his cleanliness, and to carry out that dirty water in which he has washed himself. (p. 140.)

On this requirement of physical toil he insists at great length and with a great wealth of argument and illustration; it is the basal principle of his political economy. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, and in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children," is the law of man. The final chapter of *What to Do?* is addressed to women and is an eloquent exposition of the second half of the text just quoted. The faithful mother has never had her claims to consideration more nobly advocated than by Count Tolstói, and the falseness of



the woman of society, who fears the irksomeness of childbearing and who entrusts the care of her children to other hands, is scathingly rebuked.

This book, dealing as it does with practical questions, is in many respects the flower of all Tolstōi's writings, and it is hardly to be doubted that he himself would so consider it, placing it above the two books yet to be discussed, *My Confession* and *My Religion*, which deal with subjects that we are apt to deem of supreme importance.

For Tolstōi is practical to the extent of refusing to tolerate any study or inquiry that does not lead directly to conduct, and when he comes to the stated study of Christianity it is purely from the rationalistic and ethical standpoint. Does he believe in the supernatural?—in prayer?—in miracles? It is hard to say. He considers such questions of so little importance that he has made no statement of them. The implication is that he does not; as for example, when he speaks of the feeding of the multitude, his version is:

There were several thousand men and women to be fed. One of the disciples told Jesus that there was a lad who had five loaves and two fishes. Jesus understood that some of the people coming from a distance had brought provisions with them and that some had not, for after all were filled the disciples gathered up twelve basketsful of fragments. (If no one but the boy had brought anything, how could so much have been left after so many were fed?) If Jesus had not set them an example, the people would have acted as people of the world act now. (*My Religion*, p. 206.)

*My Confession* is the direct autobiographical story of Tolstōi's religious life beginning with his childhood's training in the Orthodox Greek Church, relating the youthful skepticism of his college days and the manner in which he was roused from it and set to seeking an escape from that skepticism, telling of his earnest attempts to make the church of his youth satisfy his craving for truth, and how he was step by step driven to separate himself from all bodies of believ-

ers and to make for himself a new statement of Christ's doctrine as given in the Gospels. Here at last his reason was satisfied and he found peace. This is followed by a statement of Christian doctrine,—by which Tolstōi always means ethical teachings,—based on the clauses of the Lord's prayer. But in *My Religion* this is more fully developed and we turn to that.

In the Sermon on the Mount, Tolstōi finds what he calls the five commandments of Jesus, each beginning with an "It hath been said [was said]. . . . But I say unto you." The first is against anger. In it Tolstōi finds one difficulty; he cannot make the words, "without a cause," seem right to him. In this trouble he goes to the Greek texts, and finds that many of the best authorities omit the word [eiké], therefore it must be spurious, and all anger is forbidden.

The second commandment is against divorce, and here also is a stumbling block,— "saving for the cause of fornication." Tolstōi does not believe that Jesus meant to sanction divorce on any grounds. Again a recourse to the Greek: "outside of lewdness," the words mean literally, and Tolstōi interprets, Whoso putteth away his wife, beside being lewd himself, compelleth her to commit adultery. The difficulty is gone.

The third commandment, "Swear not at all." No trouble with the text here, but much trouble with the interpretation that does not make it apply to judicial and military oaths. But without oaths of this sort it would be impossible to hold a court or gather an army,—so much the better.

The fourth commandment, "Resist not evil." Much of the book is taken up with the discussion of the bearings and practical carrying out of this command,—the central doctrine of Tolstōi's Christianity. He gives it the broadest possible scope and most rigorous application.

The fifth commandment, "Love your

enemies." Again a difficulty,—“To love one's enemies?—this was impossible.” More recourse to Greek and Hebrew: result,—“enemies” equals “hostile people,” that is, foreigners. Patriotism also is a part of *tohu*, the idol of vain things,—which includes as well “all the empty idols that we try to except from the category of errors by dubbing them ‘Church,’ ‘State,’ ‘Culture,’ ‘Science,’ ‘Art,’ ‘Civilization.’” (p. 42.)

On these five commandments Tolstor—and Christ, according to Tolstor—hangs all the law and the prophets. Whoso obeys these is a Christian without reference to his theology. Such a one finds the meaning of life and achieves immortality, that is, union with God.

But it is vain to attempt to give a fair idea of the teachings of Tolstor in the little fragments that space permits to be introduced. A few of the salient points, most of them those in which he seems to the popular mind to be most unreasonable, are all that have been attempted. It is to be hoped that the reader will go to Tolstor's own words to gain a knowledge of the work he is doing for man. That his work in calling men away from their unrighteousnesses, their formalisms, their practical irreligion, has power, is witnessed by the formation of a distinct “Tolstor cult”; that it is honest is

shown by the man's own life, in which he puts to most practical effect the leadings of his philosophy. It is a familiar story how he divided his day into nearly equal parts—in the first he did hard manual labor, shoveling or digging,—“work that makes you sweat,”—in the second, literary toil, writing the books that are here reviewed; in the third, some artisan task, shoemaking or the like; and in the fourth he performed his social and family duties.

Contrary to the often-expressed experience,—for example, the testimony of Miles Coverdale in the Blithedale Romance,—Tolstor does not find hard labor incompatible with intellectual work, though perhaps his intellectual work is incompatible with his artisanship; for it is said he made very bad shoes.

It is surprising that the Russian government has not taken harsher action than in modifying his manuscripts before allowing them to go to press in Russia; for he spares not to lift his voice against the iniquities of governments, as of society, and his service is the kind of service that men usually repay by martyrdom. Of one who also spent his life in calling men to repentance it was said, “Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist.” No less authority can fix the place of Lyof Nikolaevitch Tolstor.

### THREE CRUISES OF THE BLAKE.<sup>1</sup>

It was only a few years ago that thalassography, or the description of oceanic basins, began to be considered an important subject of investigation. All the more important voyages of exploration made during the last century paid more or less attention to dredging and sounding, but owing to the imperfect

methods then in use, the results attained were meager, and really little was known of depths of the sea or of its inhabitants until the publication of the results of the studies of Lové and the elder Sars upon the pelagic fauna of the Norwegian coast in 1863 and 1868. Since then great advances have been made: the substitution of wire for hemp line has made it possible to extend soundings from four hundred to nearly forty-five hun-

<sup>1</sup>Three Cruises of the Blake. By Alexander Agassiz. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. 2 vols. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.



dred fathoms; the introduction of the Miller-Casella thermometer has enabled investigations of the temperatures of the sea at various depths to be made with considerable accuracy; while with the improved collecting cylinders, a specimen of the bottom can be brought up for examination; these and a host of other improvements in dredging apparatus have rendered it possible to study the deep sea fauna with almost as much ease as that at the surface.

To England belongs the credit of fitting out the celebrated Challenger expedition, — the greatest expedition ever engaged in deep-sea investigation. The Challenger, a man-of-war of 2300 tons, spent three years and a half in cruising back and forth over the ocean basins in all parts of the globe, and the reports of the expedition, now being published, form a monumental work in thalassography.

No such extended explorations have been undertaken by the United States, but systematic deep-sea exploration was begun in 1867 under the Coast Survey, by Pourtalés and Mitchell in the Bibb and the Corwin; five years later investigations in the Gulf of Mexico were begun and successfully concluded (1875-78) by Lieutenant-Commander Sigsbee, of the Coast Survey steamer, Blake. Recently, the thalassographic work of the Coast Survey has been supplemented by the explorations of the United States Fish Commission, which has carried on its work in the Albatross with great vigor and success.

During the years 1877-80 the Blake made three cruises in the Gulf of Mexico, Caribbean Sea, and the Straits of Florida as far north as St. Georges Bank. This region has been almost exclusively the scene of the explorations of the Coast Survey, owing to the extreme interest connected with the topography of the sea bottom and its fauna. The dredging operations of this expedition were carried on under the direction of

Alexander Agassiz, who began his thalassographic work forty years ago with Professor Louis Agassiz.

Mr. Agassiz has published in two volumes, magnificently illustrated, the results of the work done on the Blake under his direction. He has discussed quite fully the many facts and questions relating to thalassography and has shown their bearing on geology and zoology. The importance of this work must be evident, when it is considered that it is the only book of its kind, so far as we know, that is readily accessible to the American public. There are, to be sure, monographs on various subjects connected with deep-sea work, published in the reports of the Fish Commission and in the proceedings of various societies, but the character of these works is such as to recommend them only to the specialist.

Of the many interesting chapters of this book, none possesses a more general interest than that devoted to the Florida reefs. Professor Louis Agassiz, in his study of these reefs years ago, showed that Darwin's subsidence theory could not explain the phenomena here observed. Later investigators have nearly all inclined to the same view, and have added evidence to the theory now accepted as the most probable one for the explanation of the geological structure of Florida. The very thorough explorations of the Blake on the structure and formation of the great reefs at the southern extremity of the peninsula and on the formation of the great Florida Bank, have thrown much additional light on the subject.

The explanation of Mr. Alexander Agassiz of the formation of Florida is told very briefly as follows: During the upper Eocene a fold of the earth's crust was gradually elevated above the sea, from the north southward, in the form of a double ridge, somewhat to the westward of the ridge of hills now forming the axis of the Florida peninsula. Sub-

sequent depression and re-elevation, followed by erosion, modified the outline of the ridge and left it in its present form. On both sides of this fold (which extends as far south as the Everglades) limestones were deposited similar in character to those now in process of formation on the Florida Bank; these were subsequently elevated, and formed the foundation on which the modern bank and coral reefs have been built. The author thus describes the important part played by the Gulf Stream in the formation of the Florida Bank:

Then, as now, it swept across, and not parallel with, the line of the peninsula, and though it undoubtedly assisted in the building up of Florida, it simply brought then, as it does today, the food, or the greater part of the food, consumed by the animals living on the Bank of Florida. These animals supply, by their growth and decay, the building material for the great Florida Bank. No doubt, the floating animals brought by the Gulf Stream add something besides to the mass of the bank itself; but they are chiefly consumed by the animals living upon it. (p. 56.)

A careful study of the Tortugas and of the great Alacran Reef developed the same fact, on which Mr. Agassiz dwells at some length, viz., that the chief part played by the Gulf Stream is in carrying food to the animals.

One other condition was, however, essential to the development of the coral reef,—that of the existence of a powerful current, such as the Gulf Stream, bringing an immense quantity of pelagic animals to serve as food for the corals found along its path.

There is practically no evidence that the Florida Reef, or any part of the southern peninsula of Florida which has been formed by corals, owes its existence to the effect of elevation; or that the atolls of this district, such as those of the Marquesas or of the great Alacran Reef, owe their peculiar structure to subsidence. (p. 61.)

And again, he notes the absence of any indications of subsidence.

On the Yucatan, as on the Florida Bank, the conditions favorable for coral-reef growth have been produced, not by the uplifting of the continent, but by the gradual rising of the bank itself in consequence of the accumulation of animal debris upon it. The requisite level once attained, reef-building corals would first establish themselves on such spots as were most favorably situated with reference to cur-

rents and prevailing winds, both of which are essential to their healthy growth, and thus the reef would be begun. (p. 74.)

The soundings made by the *Blake* off the southeastern coast of the United States have developed some interesting facts in the topography of the ocean bottom. They have shown the existence of an immense triangular plateau extending north from the Bahamas nearly to Cape Hatteras, and beginning at a point near the coast, extending out at its widest part nearly three hundred and fifty miles. This plateau, known as the Blake Plateau, varies in depth from four hundred to six hundred fathoms, and at the present time forms the bed of the Gulf Stream for a considerable distance.

It is interesting to speculate how this peculiar profile so different from that of any other part of our coast, was formed. The explanation to my mind is comparatively simple. The present outer eastern edge of the Blake Plateau, which is now at a depth of six hundred fathoms, was at one time at a much higher level. In fact, I assume that this slope probably represents the remnant of the slope formed at the time when it began at the hundred-fathom line, and that this trough with unequal sides has been worn away by the action of the Gulf Stream acting upon the Blake Plateau from a geological time which we can trace with a certain degree of accuracy. (p. 136.)

Mr. Agassiz supposes that this plateau was elevated at the end of the Cretaceous period,—at the same time that the Mexican plateau and many of the islands of the Greater and Lesser Antilles were formed and all communication that formerly existed between the Atlantic and Pacific was cut off. The Gulf Stream in its passage across this shallow plateau deposits no silt; on the contrary, its action is entirely erosive, but at the northern edge, where the great volume of water pours down the steep slope into the ocean depths forming what may be considered a huge submarine waterfall, extensive deposits are being formed both by the debris carried along by the Gulf Stream from farther south, and by that worn away from the plateau itself. Geologically speaking, the erosion of this mighty



thalassic river can be used as a measuring rod for estimating the lapse of time since the end of the Cretaceous period. Were the annual rate of erosion accurately known, this length of time could of course be determined with some degree of precision ; this unfortunately has not yet been determined, but supposing the erosive action to be equal to that of the Mississippi, we should have about ten million years as the time since the beginning of the Tertiary—a very rough approximation, probably twice too great.

Our author follows the custom of other hydrographers in regarding the hundred fathom line as the "true continental outline"; it is to be questioned if any such arbitrary depth can be accepted as representing the true continental edge, but assuming that this is the case, it shows a former extension of the North American continent to the southeast nearly three hundred and fifty miles beyond our present coast line, and including the Bahama Islands, the Bahama Bank, and the so-called Blake Plateau.

The question of the permanence of continents and oceanic basins, though by no means a new one, is presented in an interesting and forcible manner. The tendency on the part of some writers to explain the presence of strange and often aberrant forms in the faunæ of certain regions by supposing that in some remote geological period a connection with a neighboring continent existed which was subsequently submerged, is well known in the case of the hypothetical Lemuria or the supposed connection between South America and Australia. Not until soundings have been actually made can this question be definitely settled, but the teaching of modern deep-sea dredging seems to be in opposition to the theory of the existence of former continents now submerged in mid-ocean, and seems to point toward the idea that within certain limits, the outlines of the larger masses of land are practically permanent.

The study of the existing marine fauna furnishes the key to the solution of many of the more difficult questions of palæontology and historical geology, and the many strange forms dredged from the ocean depths have thrown much light upon the relationships of certain fossil species. In the sea are found the oldest living representatives of animals formerly very abundant. Species belonging to several Mesozoic genera are known, but the search for living representatives of Palæozoic genera has thus far proved unsuccessful. The brachiopods and the crinoids, popularly known as "stone lilies," afford examples of genera supposed to be on the verge of extinction, but which thalassographic investigations have shown to be still common in certain favored localities. These animals were very rare in collections a few years ago, but many specimens have recently been obtained by various expeditions ; the Blake was particularly successful in finding a large bed of crinoids near Havana, from which she secured in a few hauls, more specimens than previously existed in all the museums of the world.

The second volume of this work is entirely devoted to an account of the vertebrates and invertebrates obtained by the Blake, and is copiously illustrated with figures of the rarer or more interesting forms. The material for this volume has been chiefly drawn from the reports of the various specialists to whom the collections of the Blake were submitted. Following a general discussion of the West Indian fauna, the various classes are taken up in the order: Fishes, Crustacea, Worms, Mollusks, Echinoderms, Aculephs, Polyyps, Rhizopods, and Sponges.

The connection with the work of such names as those of Professors Allman, Clarke, Milne-Edwards, Fawkes, Verrill, Goode, J. D. Dana, and a number of others, to whom Mr. Agassiz has acknowledged his indebtedness, is a sufficient indication of its high standard.

## DR. WILLEY'S HISTORY OF THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA.

It is already nearly two years since the publication of a book that should have received especial notice at the time from the *OVERLAND*. The founding of the College of California is probably the most striking expression of the best side of California pioneer life. It was an achievement fine in its conception, picturesque in its circumstances, and large in its results. It was on the same moral level with those early educational efforts that add such distinction to the founding of the New England colonies, but it has a certain dramatic value, beyond the story of Harvard's or Yale's beginnings, in that the men who sought in 1849 and the early '50's to found a college here were only a knot of individuals, amid a community devoted with passionate impetuosity to money-getting.

As early as 1849, Mr. Willey, the writer of this history, and Mr. Thomas O. Larkin, both then living at Monterey, consulted on the founding of a college here, and corresponded with Dr. Rogers, an overseer of Harvard College, who was a kinsman of Larkin. Although the Harvard influence has generally been against the multiplication of new colleges throughout the West, and in favor of the concentration of effort for the higher education in the country on a few strong centers, Dr. Rogers approved entirely of a foundation here, on the ground of California's extreme isolation. He disapproved, however, of a "State college," because of its susceptibility to political agitations.

No college could be chartered, however, till after the adoption of the State constitution; and when the convention met at Monterey in September—a very hurried convention, for the miners were eager to get back to work—the same persons that had the college in mind had

also, and first, to watch over the provisions for common schools. They secured these, on a generous scale, (although there was then not a school in the State, and very few American children,) but the matter of the college had to lie over till the legislature of the following December. This famous legislature met at San José; and around San José all the earliest educational plans centered. Oakland did not exist at all, though three or four years later she had become the natural place for the college school. They had already selected a board of trustees, and obtained promises of gifts of land, waiting only for a charter. They passed their bill providing for college charters, but the courts decided that in the unsettled condition of land titles it was not certain that they had property enough to meet the requirements. This ended the matter for a few years. The men connected with this earliest effort, as named by Mr. Willey, were, besides himself and Mr. Larkin, James Stokes and Kimball H. Dimmick, Forrest Shepard, Chester S. Lyman, John W. Douglass, Benjamin Corey, T. Dwight Hunt, Thomas Douglass, S. V. Blakeslee, Sherman Day, Frederick Billings, and J. A. Benton.

These men had all their personal occupations, and personal occupations were no leisurely matter in '49 and '50. They were among those on whom the main burden fell of carrying on the dozen or so pioneer churches, and of organizing the elementary and grammar schools. In 1853 a man came to the State whose express business here was the college. It was to begin with an academy, and develop into a college as soon as possible. "The enthusiasm of youth—for we were all young then—and the stimulus of the mountain air, made the most difficult



work seem quite possible," says Dr. Willey. The dramatic struggle of the few years that followed, the picturesque encounters of the slender, fine-faced Yale scholar with the Oakland squatters and jumpers, are told again in Mr. Willey's book, as they have been told and retold in these pages, in President Durant's own words, which President Gilman had the inspiration of getting into a short-hand report not long before his predecessor's death. The academy "came to be the characterizing feature of Oakland, and its anniversary occasions were the great days of the year in the place." In 1855 the college was chartered; and from that time on the struggle for proper endowments began. The short of the story was that California was not so much better able than other new communities to find heavy educational endowments, while Eastern friends of education *would not* send help to the "land of gold."

"The visit of Horace Bushnell to this State, and his share in this early work, form one of the most important parts of the history. Dr. Bushnell's rides about the State in 1856, investigating sites, have often been told, and his already published letters contain some interesting descriptions of them. His "Appeal" to the public, just before he left the State, is, we think, less generally known, but a document full of interest and instruction still. It contains some prophesies that time has more or less amusingly refuted, — such as that one great recommendation of the site in the Napa Valley is, that at the Soda Springs "the great watering place, or Saratoga, of the West is certain to be seen at some future day"; but also much of far reaching and wise forecast, both in material matters and in deeper ones. There was never any neglect, for instance, of the point of water supply, so vital in California. As to the spirit and standards in which these founders worked:

They propose to create not an academy only, or a high school, but a college; nor this only, in its most

limited and historic sense, but a college that will be the germ of a proper university, and will not fulfill its idea till it becomes, on the western shore, what Harvard and Yale are on the other; and finally, a complete organization of learning, such as even they are not, except in a rudimental and initial way.

The plan was that the Protestant denominations should unite to carry the college.

Nor is there any reason for concealing our anxiety lest even so we may not be able to secure the endowment necessary to a hopeful beginning. The creation of a great university involves a much heavier expenditure than is commonly supposed. . . . We really want for this purpose \$500,000. We can possibly get on with \$300,000. . . . A considerable part of the sum proposed can be raised, I am confident, in the Atlantic States. . . . They are debtors, all, to California, every day of the year. Many of them have made princely fortunes out of the trade and travel that connect the eastern with these western shores. A still greater number are persons who have been raised from poverty to riches by only a short stay in California, and have gone back there to enjoy their gains, creating thus a heavy drain upon the State, in the removal of that property which justly belonged to the community in which it was acquired. It is inconceivable that so many men of wealth and commerce, holding California tributary to their own advancement, and knowing the very great impoverishment created here by the continual drain of earnings that go to their benefit and never return, should not be ready to acknowledge the obligation that rests upon them, by generous and substantial endowments conferred on the institution now proposed.

These hopes were never fulfilled. The point that Dr. Bushnell emphasized, viz, that while California was a great producer of wealth, the most of it was perpetually drained away, was never clear to Eastern people, and the one feeling that to send money to *California* was absurd, proved invincible.

"It will be seen at once," said Dr. Bushnell farther, "that we must look for an endowment in large sums. It would even be fatal to our success to receive mites and fractions, however sincere and real the beneficence of the givers." Exactly this, however, in default of the large endowments hoped, was what did happen, and with exactly the results Dr. Bushnell foresaw. The final outcome

of these conditions is unconsciously touched on in an interesting paragraph.

I believe it is the hope of some of your citizens that a State university is to be erected, and they will not therefore see any urgent reason for a university to be endowed by private means. . . . This hope of a State university is a hope which embraces the impossible. Facts give it no complexion of favor. A remarkable fatality has attended the efforts to create universities by State patronage, . . . and this for the manifest reason that the State university becomes a mere prize for place-men, subject to all the contests, agitations, and changes of dynasty that belong to party politics. There is no place for that quiet which is the element of study, of genuinely classic atmosphere. The Faculty come in at the same gate with the constables and marshals: the professors that are *ins* and the professors that are *outs* have the same things to say of each other as other kinds of office-seekers, and their dignity is of the same order. Meantime the students are rushing into cabals of party to oust some obnoxious president or professor; and on the other hand he is called to administer the discipline in peril of a retaliatory discipline that takes away his bread. It is little to say that no university can live in such an element. The sooner, therefore, you are disabused, as a people, of any expectation of a university to be erected by the State, the better it will be for you.

The history passes on to the development of the college from the academy in 1859, — Dr. Durant and Professor Kellogg its faculty; the academy, which continued as a preparatory school, was turned over to Mr. Brayton. The admission requirements in the classics were nearly as high as in our University today; in mathematics, science, and English decidedly lower, as we suppose those of all American colleges then were. There were still no endowments; in 1862 Dr. Willey states the real property at \$35,600, while the income was entirely from subscriptions, fees, and the earnings of the academy. The plans and anxieties; the acting president walking the streets "many days and even weeks," and climbing stairs to visit offices, to get together an endowment fund of \$25,000; the successive commencements; the distinguished scholars from other colleges who from time to time visited the little institution and encouraged it to hold to high standards; the

loss of Frederick Billings and other friends, (it is interesting to know that Mr. Billings was at one time asked to take the presidency of the college — Dr. Bushnell having been the first choice, and Dr. Shedd and Dr. Hitchcock others that were sought for the place); the real estate "homestead" speculation at Berkeley — the idea of Mr. Willey, then and for some time acting president, under title of vice-president — and its partial success, inadequate, however, to the growing needs of the college, prosperous in all but money; — these things, together with reviews of the college work, and the text of addresses and papers concerning it, make up the story for some eight years. The grade of scholarship was good, and approved by scholars of the highest standing from the Atlantic, who examined it; the press was cordial, the faculty devoted, the students satisfactory; but no one appeared or could be found by search to make any considerable endowment. Both here and in the East men refused to consider the opportunity, who have since given their hundreds of thousands to similar but less broad foundations elsewhere, — Lick, Vanderbilt, Roberts, the founder of Roberts College, Clark, founder of Clark University. The much greater opportunity to work from the beginning on virgin soil, to be the John Harvard of the Pacific, strangely enough, caught no one's fancy. Mr. Lick "listened patiently to all I had to say; but it made no more impression on him than on the fruit trees we were walking under. He had no idea of a college or what it was worth, none whatever. He could see the use of a flour mill, and of a fruit orchard, and of a hotel; but as to a college, he knew nothing whatever about it, and I have always thought that his providing in his will for the endowment of an astronomical observatory must have been the idea of some one else, and not himself." "The world has already been told that this conjecture of Dr.



Willey's is quite true, and that Mr. Lick's own idea, from which he was dissuaded with difficulty, was to build a marble pyramid, bigger than those of Egypt, in his own memory). "Where I succeeded was with the active business men of moderate means, and whatever support the college had came from them."

Contrary to the impression made by the occasional lavish outbursts of munificence in California, all this is the experience of every such effort as that of the college in this State. The fact that the institution was already organized, that its plans were already laid out, and its management in the hands of a group of men who had little in common with the wealthy men they addressed, doubtless had much to do with their failure. Rich men desire to endow it in the interest of their own hobbies. Moreover, the ones that did most of the soliciting were quiet and more or less diffident scholars, not so likely to break through the guard of a wealthy man as less fastidious persons might have been. There were only two outcomes possible: to sink into a meager sectarian college of low standards, or to accept the opportunity of consolidation offered by the proposed State University. The consolidation was made in 1869.

What of this concluding and decisive chapter in the history of the College of California? Was it failure or success? a surrender or an achievement? Many of the friends of the college regretted it bitterly, but felt that it was "inevitable." The historian himself is of these. Plainly, if it could have had an endowment that would yield even \$20,000 a year, — say the half million spoken of by Dr. Bushnell, — Dr. Willey would have preferred to see it go on as a private college, and to let the State University go its own agricultural, mechanical, and mining way, with all its millions. The surrender of the college, bitter enough of itself, was made more so by the apparent or real necessity of placing these technical

colleges first in the organic act, and making the college a sort of appendix, instead of accepting it as a center, around which these things should be grouped as secondary. As time went on and the prestige of the old nucleus was lost in the new institution, the foretold political clamors took place; dismissed professors behaved much as Dr. Bushnell said they would; popular ignorance tried in the interest of a purely material ideal to swamp the ideal of liberal education imported by the College into the University; instead of being secondary, or even equal, the technical courses, cried demagogues, should be *all*. Was this the justification of forebodings? To our mind it was the converse: it was the justification of the action of the college. For its first object was not its own individual existence, but the ideal of education in this State: the State University was to be, and unless the college intervened to save it, it would have gone the way of other State universities, and become a mere technical school. To the action — almost unprecedentedly liberal — of the college is due the fact that it followed the course of the Michigan University, and not that of the many that had been giving the name of failure to the State plan. From the outset — from the time of Dr. Bushnell's "Appeal," — yes, from the time of Dr. Rogers's first letter to Mr. Willey at Monterey, — the ideal of a *university*, not merely of the best college, had been in the minds of the founders: by the consolidation they saved the university ideal at once for themselves and for the University. During the worst political conflicts, when the ideal a dozen times seemed lost, it was the old college leaven that saved it: and we see today its success in the main. No one can read this remarkable history, — a very plain and quiet story of the facts — without realizing what it was that gave, in this materialistic State, so high an impulse to our chief institution of learning. Witness Dr. Bushnell again:

The place of the university in society is like that of the great powers of Nature, which maintain their work in silence, and to a great extent unobserved. . . . When peoples come into law, whether moral or civil, the university is commonly the prior condition. . . . What we call self-education is after all a mere finding of one's way into the moulds of the university without being in it . . . and there is no one interest of society—religion, medicine, law, agriculture, mining and metallurgy, mechanical art and invention,—that is not most interiorly related to the university life. Hence the immense importance of a university to a new people. They never become a people in the proper and organic sense of that term, . . . until they begin to gravitate and settle into unity in terms of the university. Until then they are incoherent and singular; the bonds of good keeping are loosened, and a considerable lapse towards barbarism is observed. It was so even in New England, as any one may see who will only look into the public records of the courts and towns and churches of the early times. The founders came over as a people strictly homogeneous; their leaders in church and state were men of the highest personal accomplishments;

they planted the university, as we may say, the next day after they landed; and yet before it could attain to its legitimate power, a generation appeared who compared with their fathers were as daws to eagles. They spelled badly, wrote bad English, tore themselves in barbarous neighborhood and church quarrels, fell into base incontinence, and covered their names with disgrace in the church records. It was only by a slow and gradual process that the ground lost was recovered. . . . This one thing is remarkable, that the social improvement and culture have exactly kept pace with the university culture, and have seemed to punctually wait upon it in its successful stages of advancement. In all which may be discovered the interest California has in the establishment of a proper university. . . . We must go back to the silent world of thought and reason, of religion, science, and taste, a common culture, and a regulated opinion, before we come to any power that is capable of gathering toward the state of order and consolidated happiness a new people. The doing world of California will be right when there is a right thinking world of California prepared before the doing to shape it.

## ETC.

THE volume of laws passed at the last session of the Legislature has made its appearance, and we may now form some judgment of the work accomplished by that body. During the sixty-nine days of the session, more than 1,300 bills were introduced, almost equally divided between the two houses. Of these proposed measures 290 became laws—148 Senate Bills and 142 Assembly Bills. With regard to their object, these laws are divided as follows: Appropriations, 137; Amendments to the codes, 67; City government, 18; County government, 14; and Miscellaneous, 54.

THE appropriation bills are numerous, and this legislature has the distinction of having been unusually lavish in its expenditure of the people's money. The appropriations amount to \$6,565,073. The expenses of the State government head the list, as regards the amount appropriated, with a total of \$4,075,697, or about three-fifths of the total amount. Deficiencies in former appropriations, mostly for the State government, increase this amount by \$253,865.75; and State Institutions get \$1,868,721 for buildings and furniture. The expenses of the legislative session foot up \$186,500, or \$2,703 for each day of the session. Claims of different individuals to the amount of \$134,265 were allowed, and miscellaneous appropriations came in for \$46,024.25 more. Of the State institutions remembered by the legisla-

ture, the insane asylums head the list with \$796,251 for buildings and repairs. The State prisons receive \$236,200; the home for feeble minded children, \$200,000; the blind asylums, \$95,000; and the normal schools, \$56,400. The more important new institutions founded by this legislature are the "Preston School of Industry," located at Ione (\$160,000) and the "Reform School for Juvenile Offenders" at Los Angeles (\$200,000), two reformatory institutions for youthful criminals; the "Southern California Insane Hospital" (\$350,000); an asylum for insane criminals, located at San Quentin (\$20,000); a home for soldiers' widows and orphans and army nurses (\$25,000); and an insane asylum at Ukiah (\$175,000), though, by an apparent oversight, no appropriation has been made for a railroad by which patients may be transported to the town.

A NUMBER of constitutional amendments were proposed, but only one succeeded in passing both houses. This amendment proposes to extend the provisions for adopting charters prepared by boards of freeholders, now existing in cities having ten thousand or more inhabitants, to all cities having 3,500 or more; with the single exception that in cities of less than 10,000, the proposed charter may be published in one paper of general circulation instead of two. This is an abandonment of the idea of general laws for the government of cities adopted with the



new constitution in 1879. Here is the old problem of municipal government always so difficult in this country. Mr. Bryce, in "The American Commonwealth," declares that the government of cities is the one conspicuous failure in the American plan of self government, and few will question the justice of this criticism. A most potent influence in corrupting city politics has been the legislative tinkering with city charters. The city of New York furnishes an example of the pernicious effect of this practice. The remedy proposed for this evil was that city charters should be granted only by general laws, and California, in prohibiting special legislation regarding cities, only followed the lead of other States. Carrying out the intention of the Constitution, the cities of the State were divided on the basis of population into six classes, and an elaborate Municipal Government Act provided a scheme of government for cities of each class. The proposed charters were not acceptable, however, and no city availed itself of the provisions of the law. Accepting the adverse criticism of the law implied in this inaction as a condemnation of the system, the legislature in 1877 proposed to amend the Constitution, to the end that all cities of 10,000 or more inhabitants might prepare their own charters. The importance of the matter would seem to have justified a more thorough consideration before the change was adopted, but it went through with almost no discussion. Four of the seven cities of the State to which the provision was thus extended — Oakland, San Diego, Stockton, and Los Angeles — have prepared charters that were ratified by the last legislature. The practical success of this method, rather than any conviction of its theoretical advantages, has inspired the proposal of the new amendment. Yet the plan may be equally justified on theoretical grounds. It certainly frees the cities from the dangers of legislative tinkering, and places the government of each city completely in the hands of its own citizens. It offers immunity from interference by the legislature, not by restricting, but by abolishing the opportunity for such interference. Local self-government furnishes the best possible political education, and, though the charters may suffer for a time, the result will undoubtedly prove beneficial.

THE "labor" laws of the session are three in number. The Labor Commissioner is clothed with more authority than before in the matter of collecting the statistics of industry, and a refusal to furnish him proper information is made a misdemeanor. On the other hand, his information must be treated as confidential, and it is a misdemeanor for any person connected with his office to divulge any facts concerning the business of any individual. The information gained is to be used in the preparation of tables, but the names are to be suppressed. The other two laws relate to the sanitary condition of factories, and to the employment of minors. The Labor Commis-

sioner is made the executor of these laws, and is given authority to inspect the sanitary condition of factories, and to see that all females employed in manufacturing or mercantile pursuits are furnished with seats. Minors under the age of ten years are not to be employed at all; those under eighteen are not to work more than six days of ten hours each during the week. Not much of a protection to minors in these days of eight-hour agitations.

THE election laws have been quite extensively changed, the object of the change being to obtain a better class of citizens on the election boards, and to secure a more rapid count. The equally important question of securing the secrecy of the ballot, and the prevention of bribery at elections, was not acted upon, though an adequate measure to secure this end was before the legislature. The new law provides that in all counties of the State, except San Francisco, a new registration of the citizens shall take place before every general election, commencing one hundred days before the election and continuing for eighty-five days. Election precincts are to be re-established within ninety days after any general election, in such manner that there shall not be more than two hundred voters in each precinct, as nearly as can be ascertained, and no precinct polling place is to be in a saloon, or in any room adjoining where liquors are sold. Election boards are increased by the addition of one inspector, and the election clerks are to be appointed by the election commissioners, and not by the judges and inspectors of election as heretofore. No person is eligible to act on an election board who has been employed in any official capacity in any county or city and county within ninety days prior to the election, or who cannot read and write the English language. Any person called upon to act on an election board who refuses, is guilty of a misdemeanor, and is subject to a fine of five hundred dollars. The polls are to be opened one hour earlier than under the former law (*viz*, at sunrise) and to close at four o'clock instead of sunset. In order to avoid the "thumb-nail dodge," a voter erasing a name on a ballot and substituting no other for it, must write "no vote" opposite, or the erased name will be counted. In the same line is the improvement of the "Vignette Law," which provided for the copyrighting of a vignette by any political party, and made it a misdemeanor to counterfeit it. The vignette is now taken to indicate the intention of the voter, and where there are no substituted names, the name of the regular candidate of the party whose vignette heads the ticket is counted, even though the name of another candidate should appear on the ticket. This will nullify the effect of bogus tickets, even when they have been successfully palmed off on the voter. These are the provisions of the bill prepared by a conference committee of both parties in this city, and introduced in the legislature at their suggestion.

THE "Story system" of counting was also adopted, and, though it was explained at the time of its introduction, its provisions may be described again. Immediately after the closing of the polls, the ballots are separated in piles, two for each party, one containing the straight tickets of that party, the other the scratched tickets. The tickets are then counted, and the number of straight and scratched tickets of each party is noted. The straight tickets are then strung upon a string and securely tied. The scratched tickets are tied in bundles, one for each party, and replaced in the ballot box. The first bundle is then untied, and the ballots being taken from the box one at a time, the names erased from each are tallied, and after this the substituted names are tallied. This process is continued until all the ballots have been treated in this manner. In making out his return, the clerk writes down the name of the office to be filled, and the name of each person voted for to fill that office. Opposite the name of each such candidate, the number of straight and also the number of scratched ballots on which the name was printed are written, and after this the number of times that his name has been erased, and the number of times it has been substituted on other ballots. His net vote is then found by subtracting the number of erasures from the sum of scratched and unscratched ballots, and adding to the remainder the number of substitutions. The returns are made out in triplicate, one copy being posted in the room where the counting was conducted, the second on the outside of the building, and the third is sent to the county clerk, or the registrar of voters.

THESE changes, while not as complete as might have been desired, will probably effect an improvement in our election machinery. Positions on election boards are not so desirable pecuniarily as formerly, and will therefore not prove so attractive to political manipulators; while the more rapid and improved method of counting will greatly diminish the opportunities for fraud. It would have been well, however, if the plan by which the election commissioners now shirk their responsibility, and hand over the nomination of judges, inspectors, and clerks of election to the party committees, had been prohibited. This patronage of the committees might have been curtailed with benefit to the election boards, and to the committees themselves. The provisions against the contiguity of saloons and polling places will also probably diminish, if not abolish, the unpleasant sight of intoxicated members of election boards. The closing of the polls at four o'clock may be attended by hardship to the laboring classes, for it compels them to vote before going to work in the morning, and an organized delay at the polls might delay them so long as to prevent their voting. The Massachusetts law, allowing a laboring man to be absent from his place of business two hours at any time during the day, for the purpose of voting,

might have been copied with advantage. The object of closing the polls so early is to allow the counting of the vote to be completed at an early hour in the evening. It is estimated that by the Story system two hundred votes can be counted in six hours, and thus the count could be completed by ten o'clock. Frauds now occur chiefly in the early hours of the morning, when the self-appointed watchers are becoming exhausted, and their vigilance is relaxed.

THE principal changes in the school law are those developing the course preparatory to the scientific colleges of the State University, already established by the "Caminetti Law." It is called the "Grammar School Course," extends over four years, and covers about the same ground as the corresponding high school course. It is optional with the several school districts whether or not they shall adopt this course, but if they do, a special grammar school course fund is at their disposal, amounting to three dollars received from the State for each pupil enrolled in the course. To carry out the same purpose, certificates issued by the county boards of education are to be of three classes—grammar school course, grammar grade, and primary—instead of two, as heretofore. The first authorizes the holder to teach in any high school or inferior grade; the second in any grammar or inferior grade, and the third in any primary grade; and they are valid for four, three, and two years, respectively. Applicants for primary certificates must pass examinations in school law, industrial drawing, physiology, elementary book-keeping, vocal music, entomology, and civil government, in addition to the previously required subjects. The last two subjects have also been added to the public school course of study. We believe the theory of teaching entomology to all the infants of the State is that in a fruit-growing community it is held desirable to have them posted on the orange scale, the codling moth, and similar pests. Another change is that which reduces the requirement of four years' experience for teachers of beginners to two years,—long enough to acquire the management of the schoolroom, without losing freshness and zeal; and less wisely throws these positions open to holders of normal school certificates without any practical experience. Certificates, without examination, may be granted to holders of Oregon and Nevada State educational diplomas, and grammar school course or grammar grade certificates from other counties, in addition to the cases in which such certificates were formerly granted,—in effect making a county certificate equivalent to a State certificate, a distinct lowering of standard. An increased efficiency of the schools is made possible by an increase of the minimum amount of the school fund from three dollars for each census child to four dollars. The aggregate effect of the changes is toward more liberality of scope in the schools, but laxer standards of teaching.



















